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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



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THE  
**EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;**  
OR,  
WEEKLY REGISTER  
OF  
CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

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## TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will perceive, that with our new type, which we this day beg to introduce to their favour, we have made one or two slight alterations and improvements in the getting up of the LITERARY JOURNAL. These consist principally in the rejection of the lines formerly used, by which means we are enabled to add materially both to the breadth and length of our columns, and to give, we think, a lighter and less monotonous air to our pages. The quarto weekly periodicals have now very slightly the advantage of us in regard to the quantity of matter they contain, while they have all the disadvantage of being sold at a higher price.

As to our future literary exertions, we can only say that we shall proceed as we have begun, anxiously studying to make each succeeding number better than its predecessor. In the critical department, whatever weight may be attached to our judgment, we are resolved that our opinions shall always be delivered faithfully and impartially; and we trust that we have already acquired some character upon this score. It is, upon all occasions, our most earnest desire to avoid falling into so serious an error as that to which Pope alludes, with his usual precision, in these lines;—

" 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;  
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

It is now well known that our JOURNAL enjoys the contributions of many of the most eminent men of the day; and hoping that what has been already done may serve as some guarantee for what we shall yet do, we have only to thank the public for the smiles they have so lavishly bestowed upon us, and repeat our assurance that we wish to be judged of not by our promises and intentions, but by our deeds.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.* From the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida. By Washington Irving. In two volumes. London. John Murray. 1829. 8vo, pp. 407 and 421.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S reputation in this country depends on his "Sketch Book." Neither his "Tales of a Traveller," nor his "Life of Columbus," have met with nearly so much success. There is a great deal of merit, however, though of different kinds, in both these works. Irving is not a very powerful or original thinker; but he possesses, to perfection, the art of expressing winning sentiments in graceful and elegant language. He has cultivated his taste in composition with almost Addisonian nicety; and he sails over the summer sea of prose rejoicing in the soft breezes that follow his track. Like his prototype, he perhaps sacrifices too much to the Graces; yet he is so full of refinement and polish, that it is not difficult to forgive him for being less masculine and nervous.

"A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," is a title which very imperfectly explains the nature of the exceedingly handsome book before us. On seeing it announced, we were unable to make out whether we were to expect a piece of fiction, a history, or a mixture of both. The mixture of both comes nearest the truth. Taking for the basis of his work certain voluminous manuscripts left scattered, through different convent libraries in Spain, by a monk of the name of Antonio Agapida, (for the existence and authenticity of whose writings, we are, of course, willing to take Mr Irving's word,) he contrives to present us with a well-connected and glowing narrative of the ten years' war, which commencing in 1748, terminated with the extinction of the Moorish dynasty in Spain. As we have a great deal to say in favour of this production, it may be as well to pave the way for our praise, by pointing out in the first place, what we feel to be its defects, although these, we are glad to say, are not numerous.

We have to remark, *primo loco*, that the "Chronicle" commences too abruptly. Had Mr Irving favoured us with a brief historical introduction for the purpose of tracing rapidly the leading events which had characterized the dominion of the Moors in Spain, beginning with their memorable victory over Roderick, on the banks of the Guadalete, nearly eight hundred years before their final overthrow, and including some short notices of the Ommeyyades, the Almoravides, and other illustrious houses, and of the wars they had so frequently carried on against the Christians, he would have invested his subsequent details with greater interest than they are at present likely to possess for the general reader, who is plunged at once *in medias res*, though in all probability sufficiently ignorant of the political and civil relations which had previously subsisted between the two people. In like manner, our author errs towards the conclusion of his Chronicle, which ends nearly as abruptly as it begins, leaving the reader's curiosity only imperfectly satisfied. Another fault we have to find is, that Mr Irving has too easily fallen into the tone of the old Monk Agapida, with regard to the comparative merit of the Moors and Christians, whom the Catholic chronicler of course viewed in very different lights, invariably undervaluing the Moors, and servilely extolling the worshippers of the cross. Mr Irving, who affects to be indebted to Agapida only for his facts, ought to have been cautious of introducing into his own narrative, the prejudices of a party writer. In the war, whose incidents he describes, the Moors were, in point of fact, the injured people, for a kingdom and country were wrested from them, to which conquest originally, and subsequent possession for many generations, had confirmed their title. They were, besides, an heroic and noble-minded race; and it is well known that their progress in civilization, aided as that had been by the reminiscences of their Eastern descent, was more rapid and efficient than that of their Spanish neighbours. We do not therefore like to think that a "Chronicle of Granada" should deny to its most distinguished possessors, the praise so justly due to them. One other objection, and we have done. There is a little too much monotony especially in the first volume, in the perpetual succession

of forays, and rencounters, and petty engagements, and small military expeditions, which it describes. Some of these are highly interesting and full of romance, and as the work proceeds the operations become more important; but we cannot help regretting that the narrative is not more frequently relieved by incidents which would have broken in upon the interminable series of skirmishes, sieges, and battles, and which, in the glimpses they might have presented of the domestic manners of the times, would have afforded a profitable and agreeable variety. Mr Irving might easily have availed himself of the facilities afforded by his present residence in Spain, to achieve this additional object.

As a whole, however, we have been very much charmed with this work. The subject is a remarkably happy one; and its execution is worthy of the best days of chivalry. The Moors, who, in the time of their greatest glory, reigned masters over all Spain, had, in the decay of their power, gradually been deprived of territory after territory, till the kingdom of Granada alone remained. It remained, however, powerful and flourishing, and there was not a Moor who did not feel towards it as a father who has lost all his children save one, and who heaps upon the survivor the whole affections of his heart. And Granada was worthy of a patriot's love, with the tideless Mediterranean on its shores, with its green hills and majestic sierras, with its deep, rich, and verdant valleys, with its cities and their alhambras, and with an air so pure, and sky so serene, that the Moors believed the paradise of their prophet to be situated in that part of the heaven which overhung their kingdom. When, therefore, the ambition of Ferdinand and Isabella, who had united under one sceptre, the kingdoms of Castile, Leon, and Arragon, directed its attention to the conquest of Granada, it was no marvel that one of the fiercest and most anxiously contested wars took place that ever depopulated a country;—it was no marvel that every inch of ground was disputed, and that the Spaniards, animated by a desire to drive the infidels finally and for ever out of Spain, and the Mahometans, no less desirous of preserving a country and a name in Europe, should perform such prodigies of valour as had rarely been equalled, and have never been surpassed. These are the deeds which Mr Irving undertakes to recount, and he does so in a style such as becomes the author of the "Sketch Book,"—flowing, graceful, and picturesque.

In the year 1478, a Spanish cavalier was dispatched by Ferdinand to the court of the Moorish sovereign, Muley Aben Hassan, to demand the tribute which it had been customary for his father to pay, but which the son had allowed to fall into arrear. When the Spaniard delivered his message, a haughty and bitter smile curled the lip of the fierce monarch. "Tell your sovereign," said he, "that the kings of Granada, who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of cimeters and heads of lances." The defiance thus boldly thrown down was the immediate prelude to the war of ten years. It is impossible for us to attempt following that war through all its various fortunes and chivalrous exploits; but a few of the titles to the different chapters, which are given in the quaint style of the old Spanish writers, will afford our readers some notion of the nature of the contents. We meet with many such headings as these:—"How the Moor determined to strike the first blow in the war;"—"How the people of Granada were affected on hearing of the capture of Alhama, and how the Moorish king sallied forth to regain it;"—"How the Count de Cabra sallied forth from his castle in quest of King Boabdil;"—"Of the high and ceremonious reception at court of the Count de Cabra and the Alcaide de los Donzeles;"—"Foray of Christian knights into the territories of the Moors;"—"How Hamet el Zegri sallied forth with the sacred banner to attack the Christian camp;"—"How two friars arrived at the camp, and how they came from

the Holy Land;"—"How Queen Isabella took a view of the City of Granada, and how her curiosity cost the lives of many Christians and Moors;" &c. &c.

It would not be difficult to select numerous passages, each more interesting, and displaying finer powers of writing, than the other; but we shall content ourselves with only two or three, leaving the reader to enjoy the rest of the work at his own best leisure. Chapter XVII. begins in the following simple and beautiful manner:—

"The sentinels looked out from the watch-towers of Loxa, along the valley of the Xenil, which passes through the mountains of Algaringo. They looked to behold the king returning in triumph, at the head of his shining host, laden with the spoil of the unbeliever. They looked to behold the standard of their warlike idol, the fierce AM Aten, borne by the chivalry of Loxa, ever foremost in the wars of the border.

"In the evening of the 21st of April, they descried a single horseman, urging his faltering steed along the banks of the river. As he drew near, they perceived, by the flash of arms, that he was a warrior; and, on nearer approach, by the richness of his armour, and the caparison of his steed, they knew him to be a warrior of rank. He reached Loxa faint and aghast; his Arabian courser covered with foam and dust and blood, panting and staggering with fatigue, and gashed with wounds. Having brought his master in safety, he sunk down and died before the gate of the city. The soldiers at the gate gathered round the cavalier, as he stood, mute and melancholy, by his expiring steed. They knew him to be the gallant Cidi Caleb, nephew of the chief alfaqui of the Albaycen of Granada. When the people of Loxa beheld this noble cavalier thus alone, haggard and dejected, their hearts were filled with fearful ferebodings. 'Cavaller,' said they, 'how fares it with the king and army?' He cast his hand mournfully towards the land of the Christians. 'There they lie!' exclaimed he: 'The heavens have fallen upon them! all are lost! all dead!' Upon this there was a great cry of consternation among the people, and loud wallings of women; for the flower of the youth of Loxa were with the army. An old Moorish soldier, scarred in many a border battle, stood leaning on his lance by the gateway. 'Where is Ali Atar?' demanded he eagerly.—'If he still live, the army cannot be lost!' 'I saw his turban cloven by the Christian sword,' replied Cidi Caleb. 'His body is floating in the Xenil.' When the soldier heard these words, he smote his breast, and threw dust upon his head; for he was an old follower of Ali Atar. The noble Cidi Caleb gave himself no repose; but, mounting another steed, hastened to carry the disastrous tidings to Granada. As he passed through the villages and hamlets, he spread sorrow around; for their chosen men had followed the king to the wars.

"When he entered the gates of Granada, and announced the loss of the king and army, a voice of horror went throughout the city.

"'Beautiful Granada!' they exclaimed, 'how is thy glory faded! The vivanambra no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with the youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in the tourney and the festal tilt of reeds. Alas! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land! The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets, the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills, and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers! Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate! In vain do the orange and myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills! Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within those halls; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever!'—Vol. i. pp. 163-9.

Our next extract is of a more spirit-stirring kind:—

## THE DARING EXPLOITS OF A MOORISH AND A CHRISTIAN CAVALIER.

"When the Moorish knights beheld that all courteous challenges were unavailing, they sought various means to provoke the Christian warriors to the field. Sometimes a body of them, fleetly mounted, would gallop up to the skirts of the camp, and try who should hurl his lance farthest within the barriers; leaving his name inscribed on it, or a label affixed to it, containing some taunting defiance. These bravadoes caused great irritation; but still the Spanish warriors were restrained by the prohibition of the king.

"Among the Moorish cavaliers was one named Tarfe, renowned for his great strength and daring spirit, but whose courage partook of fierce audacity rather than chivalric heroism. In one of these sallies, when they were skirting the Christian camp, this arrogant Moor outstripped his companions, overleaped the barriers, and, galloping close to the royal quarters, launched his lance so far within, that it remained quivering in the earth, close by the pavilions of the sovereigns. The royal guards rushed forth in pursuit; but the Moorish horsemen were already beyond the camp, and scouring in a cloud of dust for the city. Upon wresting the lance from the earth, a label was found upon it, importing, that it was intended for the queen.

"Nothing could equal the indignation of the Christian warriors at the insolence of the bravado, when they heard to whom the discourteous insult was offered. Fernando Perez del Pulgar, surnamed 'he of the exploits,' was present, and resolved not to be outraged by this daring infidel. 'Who will stand by me,' said he, 'in an enterprise of desperate peril?' The Christian cavaliers well knew the hair-brained valour of Del Pulgar; yet not one hesitated to step forward. He chose fifteen companions, all men of powerful arm and dauntless heart. In the dead of the night he led them forth from the camp, and approached the city cautiously, until he arrived at a postern gate, which opened upon the Darro, and was guarded by foot soldiers. The guards, little thinking of such an unwonted and partial attack, were for the most part asleep. The gate was forced, and a confused and chance-medley skirmish ensued. Fernando del Pulgar stopped not to take part in the affray. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped furiously through the streets, striking fire out of the stones at every bound. Arrived at the principal mosque, he sprang from his horse, and, kneeling at the portal, took possession of the edifice as a Christian chapel, dedicating it to the blessed Virgin. In testimony of the ceremony, he took a tablet, which he had brought with him, on which was inscribed in large letters, 'Ave Maria,' and nailed it to the door of the mosque with his dagger. This done, he remounted his steed, and galloped back to the gate. The alarm had been given; the city was in an uproar; soldiers were gathering from every direction. They were astonished at seeing a Christian warrior speeding from the interior of the city. Fernando del Pulgar, overturning some, and cutting down others, rejoined his companions, who still maintained possession of the gate, by dint of hard fighting, and they all made good their retreat to the camp. The Moors were at a loss to conjecture the meaning of this wild and apparently fruitless assault; but great was their exasperation, when, on the following day, they discovered the trophy of hardihood and prowess, the Ave Maria, thus elevated in the very centre of the city. The mosque, thus boldly sanctified by Fernando del Pulgar, was eventually, after the capture of Granada, converted into a cathedral."—Vol. ii. pp. 327-30.

The matter did not end here. Shortly afterwards, Isabella rode out from the camp to take a nearer view of the town of Granada. She was attended by a retinue of knights, who had the strictest orders not to leave her side under any circumstances. Many Moorish horsemen came galloping towards them, brandishing their lances

and cimeters, and defying them to single combat, which they found themselves most unwillingly obliged to decline. The "Chronicle" then proceeds thus:—

## THE FATE OF THE MOORISH CAVALIER.

"While this grim and reluctant tranquillity prevailed along the Christian line, there rose a mingled shout and sound of laughter near the gate of the city. A Moorish horseman, armed at all points, issued forth, followed by a rabble, who drew back as he approached the scene of danger. The Moor was more robust and brawny than was common with his countrymen. His visor was closed; he bore a large buckler and ponderous lance; his cimeter was of a Damascus blade, and his richly ornamented dagger was wrought by an artificer of Fez. He was known by his device to be Tarfe, the most insolent, yet valiant, of the Moslem warriors; the same who had hurried into the royal camp his lance, inscribed to the queen. As he rode slowly along, in front of the army, his very steed, prancing with fiery eye and distended nostril, seemed to breathe defiance to the Christians. But what were the feelings of the Spanish cavaliers, when they beheld, tied to the tail of his steed, and dragged in the dust, the very inscription, Ave Maria, which Fernando Perez del Pulgar had affixed to the door of the mosque! A burst of horror and indignation broke forth from the army. Fernando del Pulgar was not at hand to maintain his previous achievement, but one of his young companions in arms, Garcilasso de la Vega by name, putting spurs to his horse, galloped to the hamlet of Zubia, threw himself on his knees before the king, and besought permission to accept the defiance of this insolent infidel, and to revenge the insult offered to our blessed Lady. The request was too pious to be refused; Garcilasso remounted his steed; he closed his helmet, graced by four sable plumes; grasped his buckler, of Flemish workmanship, and his lance, of matchless temper, and defied the haughty Moor in the midst of his career. A combat took place, in view of the two armies, and of the Castilian court. The Moor was powerful in wielding his weapons, and dexterous in managing his steed. He was of larger frame than Garcilasso, and more completely armed; and the Christians trembled for their champion. The shock of their encounter was dreadful; their lances were shivered, and sent up splinters in the air. Garcilasso was thrown back in his saddle, and his horse made a wide career before he could recover his position, gather up the reins, and return to the conflict. They now encountered each other with swords. The Moor circled round his opponent as a hawk circles when about to make a swoop; his Arabian steed obeyed his rider with matchless quickness; at every attack of the infidel, it seemed as if the Christian knight must sink beneath his flashing cimeter. But if Garcilasso was inferior to him in power, he was superior in agility; many of his blows he parried, others he received on his Flemish buckler, which was proof against the Damascus blade. The blood streamed from numerous wounds, received by either warrior. The Moor, seeing his antagonist exhausted, availed himself of his superior force; and, grappling, endeavoured to wrest him from his saddle. They both fell to the earth; the Moor placed his knee on the breast of his victim, and, brandishing his dagger, aimed a blow at his throat. A cry of despair was uttered by the Christian warriors, when suddenly they beheld the Moor rolling lifeless in the dust! Garcilasso had shortened his sword, and, as his adversary raised his arm to strike, had pierced him to the heart. 'It was a singular and miraculous victory,' says Fray Antonio Agapida; 'but the Christian knight was armed by the sacred nature of his cause, and the holy Virgin gave him strength, like another David, to slay this gigantic champion of the Gentiles.'—Vol. ii. pp. 335-38.

We have room for only one extract more. It describes, in moving and eloquent terms, the departure of Boabdil, the last Moorish King of Granada, together with his fa-

mily, from that splendid palace which his forefathers had built, and which stood in the midst of that princely city he was never again to revisit :—

"It was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra, for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures, and the most precious effects of the Alhambra, were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, whom he sent off thus privately that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers, or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the Sultana Ayzn la Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanour; but his wife, Zorayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they gave a last look to their favourite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defence of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep, as they passed through its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears as they opened it for their departure. They tarried not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenil, on the road that leads to the Alpuxarias, until they arrived at a hamlet, at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by King Boabdil.

"Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Pochena. At two leagues distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarias, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself,—'Allah achbar! God is great!' said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears."—Vol. ii. p. 372.

This hill, from which Boabdil looked back, for the last time, on fair Granada, is still known in Spain by the poetical name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or "the last sigh of the Moor."

To those who love to dwell on all that is brilliant and chivalrous, and to whom the glories of the old days present a theme for rich and splendid thought,—to those who love to study the romance of real life, and to forget their own misfortunes in the far more startling reverses with which the men of forgotten generations were familiarized,—to those who love to see the tedious details of history woven into a narrative, which, in many respects, rivals in interest the most cunningly devised fable, we heartily recommend Washington Irving's "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada."

*Trials and other Proceedings in Matters Criminal before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland; Selected from the Records of that Court, and from Original Manuscripts preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh.* By Robert Pitcairn, W.S. Part I., from the commencement of the reign of King James VI., to July 22, 1590. Edinburgh: published by William Tait, and by John Stevenson. London: by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, and by John Cochran. 1829.

THERE are two very different classes of readers who find pleasure in perusing the records of a criminal court. The mere lover of the interesting or the horrible, who runs over their contents as he would the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, looks merely to the tale, the truth or falsehood of which it is the object of the proceedings to elicit, and his pleasure is derived from the shuddering interest all feel in the story of fierce passion and crime, heightened occasionally, and rendered more *piquant*, by the *naïve* manner in which a witness may deliver his evidence. The student of man and society, however, finds in such pages a wide field for deep reflection. The very forms of judicial procedure—the mere abstract canvassing of points of law, interest him; for, in following them out through a lapse of years, he sees how the principles of justice, at first vaguely conceived, become more and more distinctly apprehended; how gradually a comprehensive and consistent system emerges out of a few apparently unconnected rules; and how long practice gives fitness and efficiency to the institutions for enforcing law. In the deeds which are submitted to the investigation of the court, in the bearing of the perpetrators, nay, in the manner in which the witnesses, subject to bias and misapprehension, vary and perplex the tale, he learns to know the human heart in all its waywardness. It is this that makes the law of a nation, and particularly that part of its law which takes cognizance of crime, one of the most instructive chapters in its history.

The present number of the work, the name of which we have transcribed above, will be found possessed of comparatively few attractions for the former class of readers. It is more likely to be rightly appreciated by the latter, who, devoted to historical research, and the study of human nature, know how to value every piece of additional authentic information, completing with it the knowledge of some point which they had already acquired, or storing it up, broken and fragmentary as it is, in the hope, at some future period, to be able to reunite it to the mass from which it has been shivered. Even to this class, the work may possibly not yet appear so valuable as it will hereafter prove, when eked out by the selections from the earlier part of the records, which we are told, in the *Prospectus*, are to follow.

Part I. contains the proceedings before the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, during the stormy period which intervened between the accession of James VI. to the Scottish throne, and his return from Denmark with his Queen in 1590. We must confess that we have not received so much information respecting the principles of law which dictated the decisions of the Court, or respecting the forms which it observed, as we had anticipated. We are not quite certain whether the Editor be altogether free of blame for this. It is true, as he tells us in the preface, that the "Books of Adjournal" must have been very carelessly kept during the period which it embraces; that the proceedings are often recorded "in a very brief and unsatisfactory manner;" and that, in many instances, the minute books alone have been preserved. It is likewise true, that there is strong ground of suspicion, that in some instances portions of the Record have been suppressed by one or other of the prevailing factions. At the same time he confesses, that along with the minute books, "the dittays, evidence of witnesses, and other productions," have been preserved. It

might have been difficult, even with all these "appliances and means to boot," to have got up such a detailed statement of some of the cases on record, as would have shown, with some degree of clearness, the form of procedure observed by our Justiciary at that period; but still it was possible; and, for such an attempt, it is natural to suppose that Mr Pitcairn's habits, as a regular bred lawyer, would have been of advantage to him. No attempt of this kind, however, is made: and this we are inclined to regard as a neglect not very pardonable in the editor of a work of such national importance. We have not, after two careful perusals of the book, been able to ascertain from Mr Pitcairn's selections, at what stage of the proceedings, or in what manner, the witnesses were examined, or even whether it were thought necessary to examine them at all. We could have wished more clear information on this particular, for, from what appears, we are inclined to suspect that the officers of the crown were at that time in the practice of receiving the information, upon which they proceeded, on oath; and that if the "dittay" bore that the communications were so made, or, if the king's advocate swore to the truth of the facts therein stated, the assize required no further evidence. The only information we obtain on this point is:—first, in the case of "William Hucheson, and his spouse," (p. 43,) where we find the woman's prelocutor calling upon the King's advocate to swear to the truth of one of his assertions;—in the case of Grahame of Fyntrie, (p. 74,) where the "prelocutor" for the panel produced, after the "dittay" was read, a letter from one of the pursuers, declaring "that he was onlie mouelt be malice of utheris personnis to persew the same;" which does not seem to have been attended to;—and lastly, in the case of Johnne Mayne, (p. 82,) where the "testimoniallis and writtis" produced both for and against "the pennall" are inserted at full length, but without any notice how or when they were laid before the assize. The only other ground we have to go upon, is the general form of recording the verdict; from which it would seem, that the assize were in the habit of retiring immediately after the reading of the libel, and the conclusion of the pleadings to the relevancy, taking with them the "takinnis and depositioneis producelit," and making up their minds among themselves. This, joined to the possibility (vide case of Megot and Doby, pp. 4 and 7) that months might elapse between the commencement and termination of a case, during the whole of which period the jurors were mixing in society as usual, left great room for undue bias and misrepresentation. For the sake of having some elucidation of this point, as well as for the great skill and subtlety shown in the drawing of some of the indictments and pleadings on the relevancy, we could have wished a greater degree of fulness in the selections; and we hope to find this wish gratified in future numbers.

A good number of our readers will, in all probability, give us small thanks for dwelling so long on this subject. We can only say, in our defence, that it seemed important; and we now turn to that view of the work in which all take an interest—the picture it gives us of the age.

From what we have said of the nature and form of the Records, the reader will easily conceive that we hear in them, as it were, but the echo of the waves of society which were at that time lashed into such noise and commotion. We see the facts through the cold medium of abbreviated legal forms; and, moreover, the selection of the editor is confined almost exclusively to offences of a political nature, or connected with political feuds, or originating in the superstition or bigotry of the age. We are not very conversant with the records of our Justiciary Court, and cannot, consequently, say from experience whether the kinds of crime which now-a-days keeps it exclusively employed, were then thought scarce worthy its notice; but if theft, fraud, and such matters, are to be found in the original, we should have liked to have found some notice of them here; for, from their comparative

frequency and aggravation, shrewd guesses may be made at the progress of a nation in population and in wealth,—in luxury, refinement, and knowledge, and in the consequent more marked and felt inequality of rank.

The picture presented to our view, is such as the previous history of Scotland would have led us to expect. The long and frequent minorities of its kings,—the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a not very numerous nobility,—the close union of these few into clans, by means of frequent intermarriages, had been successful in keeping the executive too weak to organize and quiet the country. Literature and science had for some time found their way into the nation; but they were as yet only struggling for a firm footing, even among the wealthier and more easy classes. A few bright lights there were, but the mass of the nation remained as yet dark—neither softened nor warmed by their ray. Turbulence and rudeness, but, to counterbalance them, a want of the more polished vices, were the characteristics of society. Among the people had been kindled the zeal of an ascetic and intolerant system of religion. The deep devotion which it recommends as the motive of every action, the rigid correctness of life which it enjoins, were destined, at a later period, to form a peasantry of high and severe moral worth; but, at that time, they seem but to have exaggerated the unquiet and harsh features of the Scottish character.

In accordance with this sketch, we find, in the book now before us, a court of justice, timid and dilatory in its proceedings; interrupted now by the non-appearance of the culprit, now by a deficiency in the number of those who ought to have taken a part in its deliberations, and not unfrequently by the interference of the King. Most of the offences, we have already said, originated in the disturbed political state of the country. We have frequently instances of men called on to undergo the penalties of law for absenting themselves from the King's army—from the raids, as they were then called. The Court of Justiciary seems not unfrequently to have been used by political parties as a means of wreaking their malice upon each other, after the civil power had wrested their weapons from their hands. In the numerous cases of "slaughter," when we find a number of men put to the bar for a murder, we may be almost sure that, in the course of a page or two at furthest, we are to find the kin of the murdered man arraigned for killing a friend of the first accused. Comparatively few of these cases of slaughter and oppression seem to have had their origin in private brawls, and these few are confined, in a great measure, to the Highlands and Borders, which, from very different causes, seem to have been equally behind the rest of the country in civilisation. Of treason, we have ample store in these pages. The murder of Darnley, and of the two regents, Murray and Lennox; the execution of Morton and the Raid of Ruthven, occupy a goodly portion of them, and some interesting and authentic, if not exactly new information, on these points, is given. The book bears testimony, in like manner, to the zeal with which priests and their favourers were hunted out. With regard to private criminality, we are sorry to say that three very improper connexions with married women have a prominent place; and that the money and plenishing of the jolly dames seem in all the three to have been the chief object of the gallant, as their waste seems to be the chief topic of the husband's complaint. In the case of the Mongomeries of Scotstoun, we have a tale of the most unmanly and brutal violence that ever disgraced a country's annals, (p. 60.) The only remaining matters that can have any interest for a general reader, are three rather minutely detailed cases of witchcraft. The first is the case of Bessie Dunlop, (p. 49.) This poor woman seems to have been a visionary: there is nothing malicious in her self-delusion, nor impure in the feelings upon which her day-dreams seem to have been founded. Though all had been true that was laid

to her charge, we cannot for our life see its guilt. Her story contains an interesting exposition of the popular superstition of the time. The case of Alesoun Peirsoun (p. 161) is yet more pitiable. She seems to have been alike weak and sickly in body and in mind. The fearful reality with which her nightmare dreams presented themselves to her fancy, is the only crime that we find brought home to her. There is not even an allegation that she ever did, or wished, harm to any human being. Yet both of these women were burnt by the orders of men, who showed themselves in other matters noways deficient in strength or acuteness of intellect. The case of Lady Fowls is one of a more criminal cast. It is one where we admit the justice of the ultimate sentence, notwithstanding the ridiculous by-ways by which it is come at.

This is a dreary view of human nature; but what else is to be looked for in the records of crime? On the whole, this book is an interesting one, and worthy of the public attention. If some parts of the detail of its execution be amended in the future numbers, it will prove highly valuable.

We have felt considerably interested (and perhaps our feelings may be shared by some of our readers) to find, in perusing these volumes, those whose names we have been accustomed to meet with only in the narrative of high political emulation, or (higher yet) in the poet's song, discharging quietly the ordinary vocations of life. That the names of Darnley, Morton, and Gowrie should occur, and that our distinguished lawyers should play a distinguished part in these annals, was to have been expected; but among the jurymen also, we meet with old acquaintances. We have only time to specify George Heriot, goldsmith. His habit of serving as jurymen, sufficiently accounts for the intimate acquaintance he displayed in after life with the law of Scotland, as the reader may find recorded in the pages of that true history, "The Fortunes of Nigel."

*Sir Thomas More; or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureat, &c. &c. with Plates. Two vols. London. John Murray. 1829.

THE purity of Mr Southey's style, and the varied stores of his information, make him the best writer of English prose now living. We do not mean to apply this praise so much to his master, as to his execution; for though the former is commonly far above mediocrity, it is seldom so conspicuously excellent as the latter.

The work which the Poet Laureat has now given to the public, is of no small dimensions, and bears the traces of careful and laborious composition. The great research which he displays in the course of it, and the extent of reading and learning which he calls to his aid, without ostentation or pedantry, are perhaps its most prominent features. With many parts of it we have been much pleased. The tone of the whole is grave and dignified, and at the same time benevolent and gentle. We cannot, however, say that, after a pretty attentive perusal, we have been so much struck with the profundity or originality of the author's views, as with the copiousness of his illustrations, the fine English richness and vigour of his style, and the interesting manner in which lighter and more imaginative writing is occasionally dovetailed into the serious disquisitions and abstract reasonings in which the work abounds. The Colloquies, of which there are fifteen, bear the following titles: 1st, Introduction—2d, The Improvement of the World—3d, The Druidical Stones—Visitations of Pestilence—4th, Feudal Slavery—Growth of Pauperism—5th, Decay of the Feudal System—Edward VI.—Alfred—6th, Walla Crag, Owen of Lanark—7th, The Manufacturing System—8th, Steam—War—Prospects of Europe—9th, Derwentwater—Catholic Emancipation—Ireland—10th, Crosthwaite Church—11th, Keatigern—The Reformation—Dissenters—Method-

ists—11th, Church Establishment—12th, Blencathra—Threlkeld Tarn—The Cliffords—Privileged Orders—The American Government—13th, The River Greta—Trade—Population—Colonies—14th, The Library—15th, The Conclusion—A number of learned Notes and an Appendix are added.

It will thus be seen that a great variety of subjects come under discussion, on all of which something is said worth reading, though on some of them Mr Southey holds peculiar tenets, with which we are by no means disposed to agree, and his enlarging upon which, may prevent his book from becoming so popular, as on the whole it deserves. The conversations are supposed to take place between the spiritual essence of Sir Thomas More (who is allowed to revisit the glimpses of the sun for this special purpose) and Mr Southey himself, under the fanciful name of Montesinos. We must refer our readers to the work for any accurate notion of its contents; but one or two short and detached passages we shall have much pleasure in extracting, as specimens of our author's truly excellent style. The first relates to one of his own lakes,

#### DERWENTWATER.

"A tall, raw-boned, hard-featured North Briton said one day to one of our Keswick guides, at a moment when I happened to be passing by, 'Well, I have been to look at your lake; it's a poor piece of water, with some shabby mountains round about it.' He had seen it in a cold, dark, cheerless autumnal afternoon, to as great a disadvantage as, I suppose, from the stamp of his visage, and the tone and temper of his voice, he could have wished to see it, for it was plain he carried no sunshine in himself wherewith to light it up. I have visited the Scotch Lakes in a kindlier disposition; and the remembrance of them will ever be cherished among my most delightful reminiscences of natural scenery. I have seen also the finest of the Alpine lakes, and felt on my return from both countries, that if Derwentwater has neither the severe grandeur of the Highland waters, nor the luxuriance and sublimity and glory of the Swiss and Italian, it has enough to fill the imagination and to satisfy the heart."—Vol. i. pp. 237-8.

Our next quotation we consider a passage of much beauty:

#### ON THE FEAR OF DEATH.

"Surely to the sincere believer, death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heart-strings—by which we are attached to life. Nor indeed do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that where it exists, it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor, the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief, as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. Who, indeed, is there that would not gladly make the exchange, if he lived only for himself, and were to leave none who stood in need of him, no eyes to weep at his departure, no hearts to ache for his loss? The day of death, says the Preacher, is better than the day of one's birth.—a sentence to which, whoever has lived long, and may humbly hope that he has not lived ill, must heartily assent. The excellent Henry Scougal used to say, that, 'abstracted from the will of God, mere curiosity would make him long for another world.' How many of the ancients committed suicide from the mere weariness of life, a conviction of the vanity of human enjoyments, or to avoid the infirmities of old age! This, too, in utter uncertainty concerning a future state, not with the hope of change, for in their prospect there was no hope; but for the desire of death."—Vol. i. pp. 241-3.

The following will be read with interest :

MR SOUTHEY'S LITERARY CAREER.

"Never can any man's life have been past more in accord with his own inclinations, nor more answerably to his own desires. Excepting that peace, which, through God's infinite mercy, is derived from a higher source, it is to literature, humanly speaking, that I am beholden, not only for the means of subsistence, but for every blessing which I enjoy;—health of body, and activity of mind, contentment, cheerfulness, continual employment, and therewith continual pleasure. *Suavissima vita indies sentire se fieri meliorem*; and this as Bacon has said, and Clarendon repeated, is the benefit that a studious man enjoys in retirement. To the studies which I have faithfully pursued, I am indebted to friends with whom, hereafter, it will be deemed an honour to have lived in friendship; and as for the enemies which they have procured to me in sufficient numbers, happily I am not of the thin-skinned race: they might as well fire small-shot at a rhinoceros, as direct their attacks upon me. *In omnibus requiem quaerivi*, said Thomas à Kempis, *sed non inveni nisi in angulis et libellis*. I too have found repose where he did, in books and retirement, but it was there alone I sought it: to these my nature, under the direction of a merciful Providence, led me betimes, and the world can offer nothing which should tempt me from them."—Vol. II. p. 346.

We subjoin only one other extract on an important subject, and on which no one has a better right to deliver an opinion than Mr Southey :

THE CORRUPTION OF ENGLISH STYLE.

"More lasting effect was produced by translators, who, in later times, have corrupted our idiom as much as, in early ones, they enriched our vocabulary; and to this injury the Scotch have greatly contributed; for, composing in a language which is not their mother tongue, they necessarily acquired an artificial and formal style, which, not so much through the merit of a few, as owing to the perseverance of others, who for half a century seated themselves on the bench of criticism, has almost superseded the vernacular English of Addison and Swift. Our journals, indeed, have been the great corruptors of our style, and continue to be so; and not for this reason only. Men who write in newspapers, and magazines, and reviews, write for present effect; in most cases, this is as much their natural and proper aim, as it would be in public speaking; but when it is so, they consider, like public speakers, not so much what is accurate or just, either in matter or manner, as what will be acceptable to those whom they address. Writing also under the excitement of emulation and rivalry, they seek, by all the artifices and efforts of an ambitious style, to dazzle their readers; and they are wise in their generation, experience having shown that common minds are taken by glittering faults, both in prose and verse, as larks are with looking-glasses.

"In this school it is that most writers are now trained; and after such training, any thing like an easy and natural movement is as little to be looked for in their compositions, as in the step of a dancing-master. To the views of style, which are thus generated, there must be added the inaccuracies inevitably arising from haste, when a certain quantity of matter is to be supplied for a daily or weekly publication, which allows of no delay,—the slovenliness that confidence as well as fatigue and inattention will produce,—and the barbarisms which are the effect of ignorance, or that smattering of knowledge which serves only to render ignorance presumptuous. These are the causes of corruption in our current style; and when these are considered, there would be ground for apprehending that the best writings of the last century might become as obsolete as ours in the like process of time, if we had not in our Liturgy and our Bible, a standard from which it will not be possible wholly to depart."—Vol. II. pp. 390-3.

These volumes are got up in a manner which reflects credit even on Mr Murray, and are enriched with several beautiful engravings. There can be little doubt that they will still farther increase the well-earned reputation of one of the most industrious, learned, and zealous authors of the present age.

*Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs; with a copious Appendix on the Breeding, Feeding, Training, Diseases, and Medical Treatment of Dogs; together with a Treatise on the Game Laws.* By Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E., &c. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829. Pp. 570.

WHEN Pierre says that he is "a friend to dogs," he gives for his reason, that they are "honest creatures." Now "honesty" implies virtue, and virtue implies reason, and reason mind, and mind soul, and soul immortality. This is just the point we wish to come to;—we cannot help believing that dogs have souls, and that those souls are immortal. Put an intelligent dog by the side of a silly man, and what will be the result of the comparison?—unquestionably this, that in all things the quadruped is superior to the biped, only, that the one, possessing accidentally the power of speech, which has been denied to the other, has been enabled, by the facilities thus afforded for mutual co-operation with his fellow-men, to make farther advances from a state of primitive nature. Yet even with the vast advantage to be derived from the power of uttering articulate sounds, are the naked savages of central Africa—men though they be—entitled to look down with proud contempt upon the Newfoundland or the shepherd's dog? Deprive these savages of speech, and we question very much whether they would conduct themselves with so much moral and intellectual propriety as dogs generally do. And, on the other hand, give speech to dogs, and thus enable them to form themselves into communities, and we see nothing chimerical in supposing, that their progress in civilisation, science, and the fine arts, would be great and rapid. Intensity and ardour of feeling are universally allowed to lie at the foundation of the brightest achievements of genius; and where do we find such devoted attachment—such unshrinking fidelity—such unhesitating confidence—such generous heroism—such disinterested friendship, as in dogs? We ask the question with a grave and melancholy conviction, that the answer must be—"Nowhere!" Man, it is true, can give his sentiments expression, clothing them in the pleasant garb of flowery language, and thus attach to them an importance which they do not possess, and an apparent durability which is no part of their nature; but then how are the virtues which he can thus occasionally display alloyed and debased by the continual intermixture of more sordid elements! Dogs cannot blazon forth their good deeds, nor can they write sonnets to the lady of their love; but if their lives are more obscure, they are far less characterized by the indulgence of vice and unholy passions. Far better to shake the honest paw of a dumb Newfoundland dog, than to grasp the hand of many a plodder through the tawdry meanness of his selfish life!

If any one wishes to entertain enlarged and enlightened opinions regarding this noble class of animals, (whether he coincide in the sentiments we have just expressed or not,) let him peruse these "Biographical Sketches" and "Authentic Anecdotes" just published by Captain Brown. He will here find, besides a mass of highly useful and delightful information regarding the natural history and habits of every species of dog, upwards of two hundred and twenty anecdotes, illustrative of their dispositions, and all of the most entertaining kind. Captain Brown has pursued his subject with indefatigable industry and enthusiasm, and hesitates not to express his conviction, that the dog "possesses intellectual qualities of a much higher nature than mere instinct, and that many of his actions must be ascribed to the exercise of reason, in the proper sense of the word." Elsewhere he dwells on the unsullied and inviolable ardour and purity of the dog's attachment,—on his anxiety to execute, and even to anticipate, his master's wishes,—on his dread of giving offence,—on his zeal, vigour, and gratitude for the little kindnesses he receives,—on his firmness in submitting to punishment, and on his indignation at unmerited injury. With such dispositions and capabilities, give dogs language, and

why might we not see among them orators, statesmen, poets, and warriors? Educate them on the system of Lancaster, Hamilton, or Sheriff Wood, and we feel certain that many of them would make the best wranglers of Cambridge and Oxford look to their laurels.

Without farther preface, we shall present our readers with a few amusing extracts from this work, the whole of which we have read with the highest satisfaction. Our first quotation treats of

## THE ENGLISH GREYHOUND.

"We owe much of the superiority of our present breed of greyhounds to the perseverance and judgment of the late Earl of Oxford, of Houghton in Norfolk; and it is supposed he obtained the great depth of chest and strength of his breed from crossing with the bull-dog. At his death his greyhounds were sold by auction, and some of his best were purchased by Colonel Thornton; from one of them, Claret, which was put to a favourite bitch of Major Topham's, was produced the best greyhound that ever appeared, Snowball; although, indeed, he was nearly equalled by his brothers, Major and Sylvia, who were all of the same litter. They were never beaten, and may be considered as examples of the most perfect greyhound. The shape, make, elegant structure, and other characteristics of high blood, were equally distinguishable in all the three; the colour of Snowball was a jet-black, and, when in good running condition, was as fine in the skin as black satin. Major and Sylvia were singularly, but beautifully, brindled. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, his master having accepted every challenge, whatever might be the dogs of different counties which were brought against him. His descendants have generally been equally successful. The last match run by this celebrated dog was against the famous greyhound Speed, the property of Hall Plumber, Esq. of Bilton Park, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He gained the match; and so severe was the run, that Speed died soon after it. This terminated the career of Snowball's public coursing, as the owner, in consideration of his age, then declared he should never run another. This dog was perhaps the fleetest of his race that ever ran, and, like the Flying Childers, which was the swiftest of horses, may never be outstripped in rapidity of movements."—Pp. 109, 110.

One of the most placid, obedient, serene, and grateful members of the canine race, is the shepherd's dog, whose greatest delight seems to be when he is employed in any kind of useful service. Captain Brown has given many anecdotes of this animal's instinctive propensity to industry, and inviolable fidelity; but we have room for only one, which, we believe, has been supplied by Mr Hogg:

## THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

"Mr Steel, fletcher in Peebles, had such an implicit dependence on the attention of his dog to his orders, that, whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride in leaving them to herself, and either remained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he had made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly-defined path to it. Whether Mr Steel remained behind, or chose another road, I know not; but, on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had not made her appearance with the flock. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but, on their going out to the street, there was she coming with the drove, no one missing; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! She had been taken in travail on those hills; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage the drove in her state of suffer-

ing, is beyond human calculation, for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected: but she was nothing daunted, and having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another and another, till she removed her whole litter one by one; but the last one was dead. I give this as I have heard it related by the country people; for though I knew Mr Walter Steel well enough, I cannot say I ever heard it from his own mouth. I never entertained any doubt, however, of the truth of the relation; and certainly it is worthy of being preserved, for the credit of that most docile and affectionate of all animals,—the shepherd's dog."—Pp. 159, 160.

But, in a state of purity, and uncontaminated, by a mixture with any inferior race, the Newfoundland dog is unquestionably the noblest of all. His docility, his sagacity, his anxiety to excel, the pliability of his temper, his fidelity, and activity, are all conspicuous. We select, though almost at random, a few of our author's anecdotes, illustrative of this animal's character. No one can read them without feeling that the Newfoundland dog has a right to be viewed as a friend and fellow-creature.

## ANECDOTES OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

"There is another remarkable instance which also came under the observation of the owner of the dog just mentioned. One of the magistrates of Harbour-Grace had an old animal of this kind, which was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when he made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow. If his owner was from home, as soon as the lantern was fixed to his mouth, and the command given, 'Go, fetch thy master,' he would immediately set off, and proceed directly to the town, which lay at a distance of more than a mile from the place of his residence. When there, he stopped at the door of every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting; and, laying down his lantern, would growl and beat at the door, making all the noise in his power, until it was opened. If his owner was not there, he would proceed farther in the same manner, until he found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house, this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round."—P. 206.

"A gentleman residing in the city of London was going one afternoon to his country cottage, accompanied by Caesar, a favourite Newfoundland dog, when he recollected that he had the key of a cellaret, which would be wanted at home during his absence. Having accustomed his dog to carry things, he sent him back with the key; the dog executed his commission, and afterwards rejoined his master, who discovered that he had been fighting, and was much torn about the head. The cause he afterwards learned on his return to town in the evening. Caesar, while passing with the key, was attacked by a ferocious dog belonging to a butcher, against which he made no resistance, but tore himself away without relinquishing his charge. After delivering the key in town, he returned the same way, and, on reaching the butcher's shop from which he had been assailed, he stopped and looked out for his antagonist; the dog again sallied forth,—Caesar attacked him with a fury which nothing but revenge for past wrongs could have inspired, nor did he quit his enemy until he had laid him dead at his feet."—Pp. 208, 209.

"Mr McIntyre, patent-mangle manufacturer, Regent Bridge, Edinburgh, has a dog of the Newfoundland breed, crossed with some other, named Dandie, whose sagacious qualifications are truly astonishing, and almost incredible. As the animal continues daily to give the most striking proofs of his powers, he is well known in the neighbourhood, and any person may satisfy himself of the reality of those facts, many of which the writer has himself had the pleasure to witness.

"When Mr M. is in company, how numerous soever it may be, if he but say to the dog, 'Dandie, bring me my hat,' he immediately picks out the hat from all the others, and puts it in his master's hands. A pack of cards being scattered in the room, if his master has previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him.

"One evening, some gentlemen being in company, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Mr M. seeing his dog sitting in a corner, and looking as if quite unconscious of what was passing, said to him, 'Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit.' The dog immediately jumped upon the table and laid down the shilling, which he had previously picked up without having been perceived.

"One time having been left in a room in the house of Mrs Thomas, High Street, he remained quiet for a considerable time; but as no one opened the door, he became impatient, and rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. Since that period, which was the first time he was observed to do it, he pulls the bell whenever he is desired; and what appears still more remarkable, if there is no bell-rope in the room, he will examine the table, and if he finds a hand-bell, he takes it in his mouth and rings it.

"Mr M. having one evening supped with a friend, on his return home, as it was rather late, he found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could he find it anywhere in the room, after the strictest search. He then said to his dog, 'Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack,—search for it.' The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room-door, which his master opened—Dandie proceeded to a very distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which Mr M. now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa.

"A number of gentlemen, well acquainted with Dandie, are daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he takes to a baker's shop, and purchases bread for himself. One of these gentlemen, who lives in James's Square, when passing some time ago, was accosted by Dandie, in expectation of his usual present. Mr T. then said to him, 'I have not a penny with me to-day, but I have one at home.' Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic Mr T. gave him a bad one, which he, as usual, carried to the baker, but was refused his bread, as the money was bad. He immediately returned to Mr T.'s, knocked at the door, and when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt.

"Although Dandie, in general, makes an immediate purchase of bread with the money which he receives, yet the following circumstance clearly demonstrates that he possesses more prudent foresight than many who are reckoned rational beings.

"One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed to bring home a loaf. Mr M. being somewhat surprised at this, desired the servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task, the dog seemed quite unconcerned till we approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her back from it. Mr M. then secured the dog, which kept struggling and growling while the servant went under the bed, where she found 7s.6d. under a bit of cloth; but from that time he never could endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide the money in a corner of a saw-pit, under the dust.

"When Mr M. has company, if he desire the dog to see any one of the gentlemen home, it will walk with

him till he reach his home, and then return to his master, how great soever the distance may be."—Pp. 218-22.

"The late Rev. James Simpson of the Potterrow congregation, Edinburgh, had a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. At that time he lived at Libberton, a distance of two miles from Edinburgh, in a house to which was attached a garden. One sacrament Sunday the servant, who was left at home in charge of the house, thought it a good opportunity to entertain her friends, as her master and mistress were not likely to return home till after the evening's service, about nine o'clock. During the day, the dog accompanied them through the garden, and indeed every place they went, in the most attentive manner, and seemed well pleased. In the evening, when the time arrived that the party meant to separate, they proceeded to do so, but the dog, the instant they went to the door, interposed, and placing himself before it, would not allow one of them to touch the handle. On their persisting and attempting to use force, he became furious; and in a menacing manner drove them back to the kitchen; where he kept them until the arrival of Mr and Mrs Simpson, who were surprised to find the party at so late an hour, and more so to see the dog standing sentinel over them. Being thus detected, the servant acknowledged the whole circumstances, and her friends were allowed to depart, after being admonished by the worthy divine in regard to the proper use of the Sabbath. They could not but consider the dog as instrumental in the hand of Providence to point out the impropriety of spending this holy day in feasting rather than in the duties of religion."—Pp. 227-8.

A circumstance, indicative of the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog, has come under our own observation, which is perhaps worth stating:—In his early youth, the dog to which we allude had been called Hector, but passing into the possession of a new master, he was re-baptised Nero. He soon got not only reconciled to his new name, but much fonder of it than his old one, seeing that his master preferred it; and what we consider remarkable, is, that when any one, either through mistake or ignorance, still called him Hector, he never failed to testify his displeasure by growling, and sometimes even by more active measures. It was plain that he did not agree with Shakspeare in thinking there was no value in a name.

We subjoin three miscellaneous anecdotes, which are curious, though not more so than many others we are obliged to omit:

#### A DRAMATIC POODLE.

"My friend Robert Wilkie, Esq. of Ladythorn, in the county of Northumberland, had a black Poodle, which he had instructed to go through the agonies of dying in a very correct manner. When he was ordered to die, he would tumble over on one side, and then stretch himself out, and move his hind legs in such a way as expressed that he was in great pain; first slowly, and afterwards very quick; and after a few convulsive throbs, indicated by putting his head and whole body in motion, he would stretch out all his limbs and cease to move, as if he had expired, lying on his back, with his legs turned upwards. In this situation he remained motionless till he had his master's commands to get up."—P. 248.

#### A PUZZLING DILEMMA.

"There was a French dog which was taught by his master to execute various commissions, and, among others, to fetch him victuals from the *traiteurs* in a basket. One evening, when the dog was returning to his master thus furnished, two other dogs, attracted by the savoury smell of the *petits pâtés* that this new messenger was carrying, determined to attack him. The dog put his basket on the ground, and set himself courageously against the first that advanced; but while he was engaged with the one assailant, the other ran to the basket, and began to help himself. At length, seeing that there was no chance of beating both the dogs, and saving his master's dinner, he

threw himself between his two opponents, and, without further ceremony, quickly dispatched the *petits pâtés* himself, and then returned to his owner with the empty basket."—P. 472.

#### THE PLAYER'S WIG.

"Mr C. Hughes, a son of Theopis, had a wig which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the said article to a brother player, and some time after called on him. Mr Hughes had his dog with him, and the other happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. The actor staid a little while with his friend, but, when he left him, the dog remained behind. For some time he stood looking the player full in the face, then, making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured, by jumping, to hang it up in its usual place.

"The same dog was one afternoon passing through a field in the skirts of Dartmouth, where a washerwoman had hung out her linen to dry. He stopped and surveyed one particular shirt with attention, then seizing it, he dragged it away through the dirt to his master, whose property it proved to be."—P. 476.

The appendix is not the least, and the wood-cuts certainly not the most, valuable part of this work. We recommend it heartily to all those who take an interest in an animal, which, in the words of Lord Byron, "possesses beauty without vanity—strength without insolence—courage without ferocity—and all the virtues of man without his vices."

*Sermons, by the late Rev. John Campbell, D. D., one of the Ministers of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh; with an Appendix, containing some Minor Theological Pieces. To which is prefixed, the Sermon preached on the occasion of his Death, by the Rev. Robert Lorimer, LL.D., one of the ministers of Haddington. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 8vo. 1829.*

WHILE the volume before us, as being a memorial of a truly good man, and a most zealous minister, will be duly appreciated by those connected with the congregation over which Dr Campbell presided, as well as by his numerous friends in the church, it is at the same time well worthy of a serious perusal, by all who are interested in the elucidation of Christian truth. The Sermons, as was to be expected, from Dr Campbell's reputation as a preacher and theologian, are faithful, earnest, and affectionate discourses on the Gospel; and as such, written with all that warmth of feeling and genuine devotion which characterized their venerable author. Though this is a posthumous publication, and contains only two sermons by Dr Campbell which were ever before printed, one of which is the tenth, entitled "The Acclamation of the Redeemed," a truly admirable discourse, (preached in London in 1808, before the London Missionary Society,) Dr Lorimer, nevertheless, informs us, that, posthumous as they are, they do not labour under all the disadvantages which usually attend writings of this description, as the author had, for some time before his death, intended to publish them, and they were fairly written out for this purpose. The volume will recall to the recollection of many the instructions and the admonitions they were wont to hear from its venerable author; while it will edify and strengthen the faith of all in the doctrines of the Gospel.

The Sermons are eleven in number. 1. The Christian's Confidence. 2. The Christian's preparation for Duty and Trial. 3. God the Portion of his People. 4. The Way of obtaining Peace with God. 5. Children encouraged to come to Jesus. 6. The Gospel preached to the Poor. 7. The Faithful Minister's Character and Reward. 8. Jesus Christ the First and the Last. 9. Christ having the Keys of Hell and of Death. 10. The Acclamation of the Redeemed. 11. The future Bless-

edness of the Christian. To these is added an Appendix, containing some theological tracts on various subjects, found among Dr Campbell's papers.

Dr Campbell, like his colleague, Dr Davidson, who died a very short time before him, was a theologian and a preacher of a somewhat antiquated, but highly respectable school. His life was pious, unostentatious, and serene,—passed in virtue and benevolence; his death was peaceful and affecting. From a note furnished by his friend Dr Lorimer, the excellent and able editor of these Sermons, we obtain the following simple particulars. Dr Campbell "was born May 24, 1758, at Glasgow, and educated at the University of that city; licensed to preach the Gospel, August 1781; ordained minister of Kippen, May 8, 1783; translated to Edinburgh, October 1805; appointed secretary of the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge, January 1806; chosen moderator of the General Assembly, May 1816; died August 30, 1828,"—thus having obtained the 70th year of his age, after a life of piety and peace.

Dr Lorimer of Haddington performed the last tribute to his departed friend, by preaching his funeral sermon in the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, on the 7th of September, 1828, being the Sunday after Dr Campbell's interment. This sermon, which is entitled "Christ's Dominion over Death and the Invisible World," begins the volume, and has been inserted by particular request. We regret that our limits will not permit us to select a few passages from it. Dr Lorimer is well known as an able, eloquent, and indefatigable minister, and his name is honourably connected with every humane and generous institution in the vicinity of Haddington, pointing him out as the enlightened friend of science and education. His diligent and faithful editorship of the volume of Sermons now before us, entitles him to much praise; and Dr Campbell's friends will ill acquit themselves, and will be considered wanting in respect for the memory of their late venerable minister, if these Sermons do not soon see a second edition.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### THE PAINS AND TOILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

*By the Editor of the Inverness Courier, and of the Poetry of Milton's Prose.*

INDEPENDENTLY of the labour requisite to supply the staple material of genius or learning, the craft of authorship would seem to be by no means so easy of practice as is generally imagined. Almost all our works, whether of knowledge or of fancy, have been the product of much intellectual exertion and study, or, as it is better expressed by the poet,

"The well-ripened fruits of wise delay."

Pope published nothing until it had been a year or two beside him, and even then his printers' sheets were full of alterations; and, on one occasion, Dodsley, his publisher, thought it better to reprint the whole than attempt the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a-day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the *Deserted Village*. Hume wrote his delightful history on a sofa, (not much of a "task" to him,) but he went on silently correcting every edition till his death. Robertson used to write out his sentences on small slips of paper, and, after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which, in its turn, underwent considerable revision. Burke had all his principal works printed two or three times at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Akenaide and Gray were indefatigable correctors, labouring every line; and so was our more prolix and imaginative poet, Thomson. I have compared the first edition of the *Seasons* with the last corrected one, and am able to state, that there is scarcely a page which does not bear evidence of his taste and industry. Johnson thinks

they lost much of their *raciness* under this severe regimen, but they were much improved in fancy and delicacy. The episode of Musidora, the "solemnly-ridiculous bathing scene," as Campbell justly describes it, was almost entirely re-written, the poet having originally peopled the "refreshing stream" with three innamoratos. Two of our most ambitious authors, Johnson and Gibbon, were the least laborious in arranging their thoughts for the press. Gibbon sent the first and only manuscript of his stupendous work to his printer; and Johnson's high-sounding sentences, which rise and fall like an Æolian harp or cathedral organ, were written almost without an effort. Both, however, lived and moved, as it were, in the world of letters, thinking or caring of little else,—one in the heart of busy London, which he dearly loved, and the other in his silent retreat at Lausanne. Dryden wrote hurriedly, to provide for the day that was passing over him, and, consequently, had little time for correction; but his Absalom and Achitophel, and the beautiful imagery of the Hind and Panther, must have been fostered with parental care. St Pierre copied his Paul and Virginia nine times, that he might render it the more perfect. Rousseau exhibited the utmost comcombrity of affection for his long-cherished productions. The amatory epistles, in his new *Héloïse*, he wrote on fine gilt-edged card paper, and, having folded, addressed, and sealed them, he opened and read them in his solitary walks in the woods of fair Clarens, with the mingled enthusiasm of an author and lover. (Wilkie and his models—the "timmer mannies," as an Aberdeenshire virtuoso styled them—are nothing to this.) Sheridan watched long and anxiously for a good thought, and, when it did come, he was careful to attire it suitably, and to reward it with a glass or two of wine. Burns composed in the open air,—the sunnier the better; but he laboured hard, and with almost unerring taste and judgment, in correcting his pieces. His care of them did not cease with publication. I have seen a copy of the second edition of his poems with the blanks filled up, and numerous alterations made, in the poet's handwriting: one instance, not the most delicate, but perhaps the most amusing and characteristic, will suffice. After describing the gambols of his "Twa Dogs," their historian described their sitting down in coarse and rustic terms. This, of course, did not suit the poet's Edinburgh patrons, and he altered it to the following:

"Till tired at last and duncer grown,  
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Still this did not please his fancy; he tried again, and hit it off in the simple, perfect form in which it now stands,—

"Untill wi' daffin weary grown,  
Upon a knowe they set them down."

Lord Byron was a rapid composer, but made abundant use of the pruning knife. On returning one of his proof-sheets from Italy, he once expressed himself undecided about a single word, for which he wished to substitute another, and requested Mr Murray to refer it to the late veteran editor of the Quarterly. This at once illustrates my argument, and marks the literary condescension of the noble bard. Sir Walter Scott has just evinced his love of literary labour, by undertaking the revision of the whole Waverley Novels—a goodly freightage of some fifty or sixty volumes! The works of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Moore, and the occasional variations in their different editions, mark their love of re-touching. The Laureat is indeed unweariable, after his kind—a true author of the old school. The bright thoughts of Campbell, which sparkle like polished lances, were manufactured with almost equal care: he is the Pope of modern bards. His corrections are generally decided improvements; but in one instance he failed lamentably. The noble peroration of *Lochiel* is familiar to all:—

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;  
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

In the quarto edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, when the poet collected and reprinted his minor pieces, this lofty sentiment is thus stultified:—

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,  
Or look to you heaven from the death-bed of fame."

The original passage, however, was wisely restored in the subsequent editions.

Allan Cunningham unfortunately corrects but little: his gay and gorgeous genius requires the curb of prudence, excepting, perhaps, in his imitations of the elder lyrics, which are perfect centos of Scottish feeling and poesy. I see, by the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, that the Ettrick Shepherd is disposed to place the credit of the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" to the genius of Allan; and he is right. Their publication, as "Remains," may have been "a fraud," (as Mr Jeffrey terms it,) but so was the Castle of Otranto—so were the strains of Chatterton—the "Vision" of Allan Ramsay—the sentimental prefaces of the Man of Feeling—and a thousand other productions. The origin of the *Remains* was as follows:—When a very young man, Mr Cunningham, by the side of his father's fire in the winter evenings, wrote some of the sweetest of his Scottish songs. These were shown to Cromek, when in Dumfries, by a relative of the bard; but they found no favour in the eyes of the collector of "relics."—"Could the young man," said he, "but assist me in procuring some of the fragments of ancient song, with which the country abounds, he would be much better employed." Upon this hint Allan spake. He soon supplied him with abundance of lyrical antiques, which seemed to be more common in the vale of Nith, than were ever relic of our Lady of Loretto in the dominions of the Pope. The unconscious Cockney adopted the whole as genuine, and, with the help of their author, manufactured the volume which occasioned some surprise and conjecture among the lovers of Scottish song and antiquities. This is the head and front of Mr Cunningham's offending; and there are few authors, we suspect, who would object to being placed in the confessional, if they had no heavier sins to acknowledge or to atone for.

The above are but a few instances of authors' cares—the *disjecta membra* of literary history. Of many illustrious men, we have few memorials. Shakespeare was in all things a "chartered libertine," and could not have been a very laborious corrector. His free genius must have disdaind the restraints of study, and the unities of time and place, as much as his own beautiful, inimitable Ariel would have scorned the fetters of this mortal cell. Milton—the "old man eloquent"—the poet of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*—was "slow to choose," and sedulous to write for immortality; but his great mind, like the famous pool of Norway, embraced at once the mightiest and the minutest things, and his thoughts disdaind to appear in an imperfect shape. "What was written—was written"—and was incapable of improvement. Of his gifted contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, few records have survived that "great storm, which dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces." When prescribing rules for the employment of their time in the morning, he does not fail to counsel his readers to be "curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east;" and we know that he was zealous to present "a rosary or chaplet of good works" to his Maker every evening. Such a man would, from taste and genius, be careful of the conceptions of his immortal mind: all that was tender, pious, and true, would be cherished and adorned, while the baser alloy of human passions and infirmities would be expelled from such consecrated ground. Cowper, the lights and shades of whose character have been spread before us almost as plainly and beautifully as the face of nature, in composition had only to transfer his thoughts to paper. He never forgot the man in the poet: he does not, like Milton's sirens, "with voluptuous hope dissolve," but he

more than realizes our expectations, and he bounds them all within the "charmed ring" of virtue. In his Letters, as in those of other authors, we may sometimes trace the germ of his finest poetical pictures,—

"As yon grey lines that fret the east  
Are messengers of day."

Who does not wish that he had foreseen the splendour of his meridian reputation?

But it is time to close these disjointed notes. However delightful it may be thus to string them together in the silence and sunshine of a Highland glen, every nook and crevice of which is now instinct with life and beauty, they will be read with different feelings in the saloons of the "city of palaces."

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

##### THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY—CLERICAL ORATORY.

At the west end of the manse, and immediately betwixt me and the north-east wind, there grew, and there still grows, a small clump of firs. In fact, they were rather useful than ornamental, as they were all of the dull, stupid, leaden Scotch kind, and had been spared when their betters fell around them, on the same principle that some of us have attained to manhood. The crows, however, found them convenient for nest-building. So soon as the snowdrop thrust its snowy point through the softening soil, there they were, morning and evening, hard at work, in spite of wind and weather, croaking, fighting, and choking. In these crows, however, and their yearly labours, my feelings were interested. They came careering, on the retiring blasts of winter, black and dark as the departing clouds, lively and cheerful as the returning brightness of heaven. And then I could not avoid associating their advent with other convocations, and other contested labours. They reminded me of the General Assembly of our Church, wedded, as it is, to the freshness and the splendour of confirmed spring. When I saw the glossy blackness of their habits, the wayward sagacity of their aspects, and listened to their notes of friendship, contest, debate, and war, I immediately bethought me of the right reverends, and right honourables, right and left of the throne.

Such had been my thoughts, when a few years ago I packed up my trunk with the regular allowance of necessities, for my General Assembly expedition. It was but a spring from the ground to the top of the stage-coach, a careful wrapping of the neck, and buttoning of the coat, till I found myself rumbled and boated into Princes street. By this time the Assembly had met, and a number of the sharp-set lads were down from the mountains, and up from the glens, glossy as the evening cloud, good-humoured as the season itself, and open-hearted, fisted, and mouthed, as old recollections and unexpected recognisances could make them. At every corner I met and recognised some friend of the olden time, and mutual exchanges of good-will were made on both sides. The fatness of the once thin man, and the thinness of the once fat man,—the wig, where wigs were formerly unknown,—the single tuft in the wilderness of baldness, where hair once flourished bushy and bristly;—all these, and similar circumstances, called forth, and do constantly, on similar occasions, call forth, a great deal of half-jocular, half-mournful chat. And there are the clubs to attend. I do not mean those political convenings where Assembly business is discussed ere it be debated; but the clubs I speak of are very innocent and pleasant meetings of old college acquaintances, who draw upon past reminiscences, as the prodigal does upon the accumulated treasures of his sires; who, in one evening of renewed friendships and tremendous excitement, live over the intermediate happiness of twenty years.

Last of all comes the Monday's, the Tuesday's, and the Wednesday's debate. "The combat thickens—on, ye brave!"—and happy he whose voice is of that firm com-

manding tone to secure a hearing, otherwise there are mouths and lungs strong and large enough to convert his incontinent efforts into the chirpings of the Robin during the passing of a mail coach. The subject is an old and a tough one—nothing less than the "Plurality question." Doctor Tough is now on his legs, and even the darkness of his eye becomes meaning, mixed with threat, humour, dying into sarcasm. Arguments, lambent with illustration, are mixing and mingling like the merry dancers in the tempestuous north. Anon, his eye is brightened and his brow lighted;—he has trode upon the dragon, and, with his foot upon his neck, he flourishes aloft his defiance; and bold is he, and fearless, who dares to accept of it. Snell, cutting, unsparing, reckless, cruel, he moves like an ancient scythe-armed chariot,—his very tread is terror—his every advance is death;—there is a breadth in his devastation, an extension in the zone of his overthrow, which occasions a fearful recoil in the ranks of opposition. "Longe fuge!" is the watchword; "fenum habet in cornu." The victory is his; and in an hour of reckless impetuosity and ungoverned triumph, he may order his victims to immediate execution. After a three hours' infliction, he sits down, having apparently dove-tailed every argument, and hermetically sealed up the mouth of opposition.

But it is not so. He has defied armies,—but he is challenged to single combat—not indeed by little David, but by large Saul;—not by a commoner in the ranks, but by the king himself in his armour.

The voice is, for a time, shrill, tenor, and even peep; but there is a mouth, and a face, and a brow of mighty compass and promise; the tenor is suddenly, and even over the accentuation of a single disyllable, exchanged for the bass,—the rattle of the kettle is exchanged for the solemn rebound of the bass drum,—the warp of sound plays up and down; now the tenor and now the bass, are supereminently, till the opponent's argument is so loosened and unravelled, so twisted and twined into opposite meanings and constructions, that even Doctor Tough is at a loss to recognise the texture of his own workmanship. To mind, all things are possible; and here is mind enthroned on memory, a giant on a rock bobbing for whale. A seventy-four gun-ship does not move more unmovably, and with greater certainty, over and through the flood, than Doctor Drive does to his mighty, luminous, and unanswerable conclusion.

But scarcely has he resumed his seat, and received the congratulation of his friends around him, when a whisper is felt to travel with a sawing severity, from left to right. The Doctor is on his legs—that is he, holding with one hand by the railing on the further side of the throne, the other hand being reserved for action—action—action. With this hand he begins his speech—not with that graceful air with which an outstretched palm is sometimes waved to the admiring multitude—but he is undoubtedly cutting the air into faggots, upwards and downwards—backwards and forwards—"punctum et cæsim," it passes. All this while Dr Blast is silent; it is his hand that speaks, and claims for the tongue's work the indulgence of a hearing. Silence gives way to sound,—sound and hand equally at variance with taste and elegance; the demon of embarrassment seems to have fixed his disfiguring claws in the very front of his oratory, and there is every chance that he will not get on. But the waters of the mountain lake have been troubled, and lifted in their level by the descent of the avalanche; and their roar and impetuosity is now in the gullet,—they are struggling, wheeling, hurling, and bursting onward; and so soon as they have overtaken the extension and the freedom of the valley below, they will carry tower and tree, hut and palace, before them. The shepherd, however, has marked their approach, and has betaken himself to his mountain; and the very roar of their approach has contributed to the safety of all. Dr Blast is now in his element. He dives and plunges in the flood; the triton of

the mermaids; not a fin from beneath the bank but shivers with apprehension, nor a supple-tailed tenant of the mud but dives to Orcus. The Doctor is now in his element;—he rides on the wind, and the inhabitants of earth and air are trembling spectators of his flight; the eagle screams, and is lost in the sun; the ravens croak, and are incontinently on the wing; the very *doves and jackdaws* desert their outfields and resort to their cots and chimneys. The famous mirk-Monanday was nothing to this. It seems as if a new terror had been discovered, and a mental steam-engine of incalculable power had been set in motion. Imagination herself has run riot, and seems startled at her own imaginings. Involuted, and convoluted, she rolls herself onward, head over heels, till the heads of the spectators are bedazzled with the whirl!—

And some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,  
And some say that nane wan ava, man;  
But of one thing I'm sure, that mid uproar and stour,  
A contest there was, which I saw, man.

T. G.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

*By J. H. Wiffen, Author of "Anion Hours," and the Translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."*

To the greenwoods and waters one midnight I went;  
The thoughts of my soul were of memory and grief,—  
All was wet with a cloud, that in misty descent  
Fell gloomy and sad on each murmuring leaf;—  
But I heard, in the shade of my favourite beech,  
A nightingale near, through the storm singing loud,—  
Like a spirit endued with the accents of speech,  
Like a rainbow of music adorning the cloud.

In that music was transport! I smiled through my tears:  
Even now, in dark moments, when exiled from bliss,  
From the baseless illusions of Hope's coming years,  
I turn to the truth and the sweetness of this!  
Such in life's lonely walk, is a delicate deed;  
Its music breathes forth in a desolate hour,  
Surpassing the nightingale's voice in its meed,  
Which more sweetly resounded the darker the shower!

## TO A LADY, WITH A BOOK OF MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

*By Alaric A. Watts.*

[This poem, and the one which follows, were both written fourteen years ago, and were presented to us by an early friend of the poet in the author's own handwriting. They have never before been published.—ED. LIT. JOUR.]

THE gift I have reserved for thee  
May well, dear girl, my emblem be;  
For, ere my heart had bled to know  
The ills that wait on all below,  
Life's book its fairest leaves display'd,  
Unsullied by the blots of Care,  
And not the slightest mark betray'd  
That Sorrow's hand had written there!

But oh! not long did thus remain  
Each snowy page without a stain;  
For Folly, with her sister, Grief,  
Soon came and darkened many a leaf;  
And though, with fairy fingers, oft  
Hope fond devices traced,  
Yet were her pencils all so soft,  
They quickly were effaced.

Some hours of bliss my bosom knew,  
As a few scattered leaves will show,

When Love was wont in song to tell  
The feelings thou mayst guess so well;  
And who, as what he said was sweetest,  
Inscribed his characters the neatest!  
At length there came a gentle maid,  
Who found one page, though ruffled, fair,  
And as the book had often stray'd,  
She smiled, and wrote a spell-word there,  
Which, spite of Folly, Grief, or Pain,  
Will never let it roam again!

## SONG.

*By Alaric A. Watts.*

Oh, say not, dearest! say not so;  
My heart is wholly thine;  
And if I ever seem to bow  
Before another shrine,  
I do but court the Muse's smile,  
And sing of love and thee the while!

Beloved, this tender truth believe,  
Thou'rt all the world to me;  
And if the minstrel-lay I weave,  
'Tis but to sing of thee!  
And if I seek the wreath of fame,  
'Tis but to twine with it thy name!

Then say not, dearest! say not so;  
To thee alone belong,  
In grief or gladness, weal or woe,  
My sweetest thoughts and song;  
Then fear not I can ever be  
False to my heart, my lyre, and thee.

## SONNET.

*By Thomas Brydson, Author of "Poems," &c.*

There is a happiness we cannot find  
When wandering through the crowded ways of men;  
Yet day by day it lies in distant ken,—  
A lovely thing unto the eye of mind:  
So have I seen amid the summer hills,  
(In early life) a shade-encircled spot  
Of sunniness—as 'twere a place forgot  
When earth was blasted by sin's thousand ills;  
I bounded o'er the turf with panting haste,  
As if a kingdom would have been my dower  
Could I have kiss'd the sunshine from one flower  
Of that bright fairy-land.—Lo! from the waste  
Around me, while I knelt, there came a cloud,  
And blotted out the scene.—I wept—I wept aloud!

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—It may not perhaps be generally known to our readers, that Mr Jeffrey resigned, a few weeks ago, the Editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he has conducted with so much talent since its commencement. It is generally believed that the likelihood of a speedy professional appointment is at least one cause which has induced Mr Jeffrey to take this step,—not that he would for a moment compromise his principles, but that it might be prudent and necessary for him to bring them less conspicuously before the public. Mr Jeffrey is probably tired also of the toils of Editorship, and having done all that Editor could do, he may feel disposed to devote his attention to other pursuits.—We are enabled to state positively, that no one has yet been fixed on as his successor; and indeed it will be no easy task to find a successor, especially if the Review is still to retain the character of being a Scotch publication. Mr Rees, of the house of Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. (who have the principal interest in the work,) is now in Edinburgh, making arrangements; but as these are not concluded, we refrain from mentioning the names of the one or two literary gentlemen who are spoken of as candidates for the situation. If the work is to enjoy any share of its former success, the new Editor must be

an active-minded and nervous writer, well acquainted with the bearings of the times, and prepared to start upon a fresh and vigorous course with spirit and with principle. How would it do to put the *Review* under commission, as has sometimes been done with Ireland, and other places difficult to manage?

**THE ANNIVERSARY.**—*Extract of a Letter from Allan Cunningham.*—"The Anniversary will be published in monthly portions of forty pages each. The first Number appears on the 1st of July, embellished with a Plate, and accompanied by eighty pages of other miscellaneous matter, which will be superintended by Theodore Hooke. My part (adds Mr Cunningham) will, at the end of a twelvemonth, assume the form of a volume of Poetry and Prose."

We are glad to understand that Mr Silvery, whose name as a young poet is already so favourably known to the public, has nearly finished a new Poem, in two Books, and in the Spenserian stanza, which is to be entitled *Eldred of Elin, or the Solitary*. We have been favoured with a short and very beautiful extract from this Poem, which we propose laying before our readers next Saturday.

Mr Alaric Watts has nearly ready for publication the Second Volume of the Poetical Album, containing a selection of all the best fugitive poetry of the day.

The Rev. Alexander Fleming, A.M., of Neilston, has made considerable progress in revising a new edition of Pardon's Collections concerning the Church of Scotland; in which will be incorporated the History, Jurisdiction, and Forms of the several Church Jurisdictions, together with the civil Decisions relative to the rights and patrimony of the established church and her clergy.

The rudiments of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities, in a course of Lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge, by the Marchese di Spineta, are about to be published in Numbers, (each Number to contain one Lecture,) by Mr Murray, of London.

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have just published an Address, in which they present a rapid and satisfactory retrospect of the progress of their labours, which seems to augur well for the future. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, (in which the Society is interested) is also proceeding prosperously; 14,000 copies having been already sold of the first volume, and 9000 of the second.

A circumstantial account of persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity, by a Physician, is nearly ready for publication.

We understand, that among other new works, Mr Colburn will speedily publish,—*The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Germany and France in 1813 and 1814*,—*Geraldine of Desmond*, an Historical Romance,—*The Book of the Boudoir*, in two volumes, by Lady Morgan,—*Stories of Waterloo*, in three volumes,—*The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most eminent persons of his times*,—*Memoirs of the Bedouins*, with a history of the Wahabites of Arabia, from the original manuscripts of the late celebrated John Lewes Burckhardt,—*The History of Modern Greece*, by James Kemmons,—*Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Louis XVIII.*, by a Lady,—*Recollections of the East*, by John Carne, Esq. author of *Letters from the East*,—*Random Records*, by George Colman, Esq.—*Tales of my Time*, by the author of *Blue Stocking Hall*,—and *Stories of a Bride*.

The Rev. Robert Everett, A.M., of Oxford, has in the press a Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden; with remarks on the Geology of the country, Statistical Tables, Meteorological Observations, &c. To two of these countries Mr Derwent Conway's recent work has been very successful in directing public attention.

The second Number of the London Review, edited by the Rev. Blanco White, has just appeared. The following are its contents:—*Mineral Waters*—*Records of History*—*Peru and the Andes*—*Spanish Poetry and Language*—*Juvenile Library*—*Fashionable Novels*—*Mathematical writers*—*Human Phynology*—*War with Turkey*—*Game Laws*—*French Public Charities*—*Bishop Heber*.

**THE TRUE MEANING OF WORDS.**—In the twenty-ninth edition of "Guy's English Spelling-Book," just published, revised and improved, and stated in the Preface to be "the result of a combination of talent," we meet with the following definitions, which we beg to submit to the serious attention of our philological readers:

WORD.	GUY'S DEFINITION.
Sink . . . . .	to fall down!
Complement . . . . .	remainder.
Heel . . . . .	of a shoe.
Incision . . . . .	a graft!
Kill . . . . .	to murder!
Litum . . . . .	to point.
Wear . . . . .	to put on!
Weigh . . . . .	IN SCALE!
Loin . . . . .	OF VEAL!!
Metre . . . . .	poetry!!
Satire . . . . .	poetry!!
Rhyme . . . . .	poetry!!

Mr Guy must surely be a descendant of Guy FAUX, for he seems, with his "combination of talent," to have entered into a conspiracy against the English language.

**PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES MONCRIEFF.**—Mr Walker has published a mezzotint engraving from Watson Gordon's fine picture of this eminent lawyer. The likeness is happily preserved;—indeed, the print almost strikes us as more like than the painting. With regard to the manipulation, it possesses all that delicacy in the management of light and shade, which is the exclusive province of mezzotint; and has less of that weakness and business, which is the inherent defect of that style of engraving, than any works of the kind we have seen lately, except those of Martin. Mr Walker is making rapid progress in his art. Might he not think of publishing a series of our eminent Edinburgh characters? The plate, we believe, is private, and not intended to come into the print shops.

**HAYDON.**—We are happy to understand that this able artist's most recent picture has been sold for five hundred guineas. The subject is the death of the heir of Pharaoh's throne,—his "first-born,"—at the passover, and the agony of the Queen and Royal Family in consequence. (Exodus, chap. 12.) It is of a small size compared with most of the artist's preceding works of this class; but it is said to possess many striking beauties.

**NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—This is a new work, to be published in numbers, each number to contain three portraits of illustrious and eminent personages of the nineteenth century, with short Memoirs. The first number contains Portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Byron, and the Marquis Camden. They are, on the whole, well executed, and the publication will be a valuable one, if followed up with due diligence.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—Kean has had a dispute with the Dublin manager, Mr Bunn, who, it is said, has refused to pay him his stipulated salary of £.50 per night. (a most disgracefully large sum,) on the odd enough plea, that Kean performs in a slovenly manner. This may be very true; but if the manager made a foolish bargain, he must abide by it.—Nothing very remarkable is taking place in the London Theatrical world. Charles Kemble is said to have cleared £.600 by his benefit, and the French actor, Laporte, £.1500. Ducrow is performing more equestrian wonders at Astley's. "His performances," says a critic in the *Court Journal*, "are the finest things extant; now that Kean is virtually defunct, and Macready asleep."—Pritchard's benefit here, last Monday, was quite a bumper. Madame Caradori renewed her engagement for three nights this week; the houses, however, have not been so crowded as at first. This is to be attributed to the monotony of a concert, where only one person sings a song worth hearing. We are glad to observe that, according to a suggestion made in our last, Madame Caradori is to appear in an operatic character this evening, having undertaken to perform *Polly* in the "Beggars' Opera,"—an arduous task for a foreigner, but which, we doubt not, will be triumphantly executed.—On Monday, Mr and Mrs Stanley take their benefit. Few members of our company deserve better of the public.—Mrs Stanley is a highly respectable actress of all work; and, in his own peculiar line of humour, mixed occasionally with a fine development of the stronger passions, her husband is unrivalled. Our readers are aware that we do not speak of benefits indiscriminately; and our words, on the present occasion, will perhaps have the more weight.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

May 30—June 5.

SAT.	<i>The Clandestine Marriage, &amp; The Sergeant's Wife.</i>
MON.	<i>The Hero of the North, &amp; The Slave.</i>
TUES.	<i>Queen Mary Stuart, a Concert, Pong Wong, &amp; The Three Hunchbacks.</i>
WED.	<i>Paul Pry, &amp; Charles XII.</i>
THURS.	<i>George Heriot, Free and Easy, &amp; The Gentle Shepherd.</i>
FRI.	<i>The Heart of Mid-Lothian &amp; Rob Roy.</i>

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS from Derwent Conway, Esq., John Malcolm, Esq., and others, together with a very interesting unpublished Poem, by Mrs Elisabeth Hamilton, Authoress of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie," will appear in our next number.

Several poetical pieces, which are in types, are unavoidably postponed.

The "Sonnet to —," by "N. C." of Glasgow, shall perhaps have a place when the Editor is next in his Slippers.—"King Edward's Dream," though not destitute of poetical merit, is too long for our pages.—We regret we cannot give a place to the lines "On seeing a Picture of Mary, Queen of Scots," nor to the verses of "Zella."

Specimen copies of the First Volume of the LITERARY JOURNAL, boarded in a neat and substantial manner, may now be seen at our Publishers'. A few remain on sale.

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 31.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*The Scottish Songs.* Collected and Illustrated by Robert Chambers, Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "The Picture of Scotland," &c. In Two Volumes. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1829.

*The Scottish Ballads.* Collected and Illustrated by Robert Chambers. In One Volume, uniform with the *Scottish Songs*. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1829. (Unpublished.)

A COMPLETE, full, and compact collection of the Scottish Songs and Ballads,—carefully collected, and judiciously purged of every thing spurious,—was felt to be a want; and the present work will supply that want. Some of our former collections are too voluminous and expensive,—weighed down and rendered heavy by a ponderous appendix of pedantic Notes, which, though they may evince the editor's antiquarian lore, are, in point of fact, a mere intellectual lumber-room. Others are too imperfect and exclusive, to present any thing like a satisfactory body of national poetry, and are to be regarded in the light of minor, and often injudicious, abridgements from the general store. The work before us is modelled after a plan the most appropriate for such a publication; for while it embraces every thing really worthy of preservation, (erring, perhaps, on the safe side, in one or two instances, by taking in too much,) it excludes all tedious disquisitions, whether historical, geographical, or chronological, and shows a more laudable anxiety to preserve the very best version of a song or ballad, than to make laborious attempts to fix the date of its composition, or ascertain the name of its supposed author. Such of our readers as are at all acquainted with the peculiar habits and talents of Mr Chambers, will have little hesitation in confessing, that scarcely any man living was likely to have entered, with greater enthusiasm and success, into the researches necessary for putting into a proper shape and arrangement the mass of materials which Scottish poetry presents. Himself a poet of no inconsiderable merit, as the pages of the LITERARY JOURNAL attest, and, besides, deeply imbued with a love for every thing Scottish, especially for that "voice of song" which, for centuries past, has been "daily heard on the lea and on the mountain side," Mr Chambers has traced the stream to its source, and followed it thence with patriotic ardour and useful industry, as "it stole along, a little hidden rill of quiet enjoyment, beneath the incumbent mass of higher, and graver, and more solid matters." The result is, that his three volumes bid fair to become the standard book of Scottish song and legendary lore.

By way of introduction, we are presented, in the first volume, with an "Historical Essay on Scottish Song." It is written in that light, popular, and traditional style in which Mr Chambers has few rivals. It commences with some observations on the origin and early history of our endeared national treasures of song and music, which it, of course, admits to be involved in much mystery. The truth is, popular song, in all countries, springs up with the country itself, and will ever retain, throughout its progress to refinement, the peculiar features stamped

upon it by the climate, government, and dispositions of the people. It is labour, therefore, thrown away to talk of its origin;—one may almost as well talk of the origin of language. It is curious, however, to know, that the earliest Scottish song, of which we have any account, is one composed on the occasion of Alexander III. being killed by a fall from his horse in 1286. The wars with England, the exploits of Sir William Wallace, of Bruce, and other national heroes, also presented fertile themes for song, which, we learn from the old chroniclers, were not overlooked. Mr Chambers enters, with a good deal of antiquarian unction, into an examination of some of these early compositions; and perhaps it is in us a grievous fault that we are not moved to great delight by the ingenious elucidation he gives of certain obscure points, which many worthy members of the Bannatyne Club would, no doubt, willingly spend years in discussing. We can even read, unmoved, a passage so replete with interest as the following:—"I may further venture to express a conjecture, that *Trolly lolly* is the same song with *Trollee lollee lemandow*, which is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, and also with that which Mr Ritson has printed in his 'Ancient Songs,' under the title of *Trolley lollee*." But if this fails to excite us, it is not long before we come to "metal more attractive." In speaking of a song of unknown antiquity—"The frog cam to the myl dur,"—and of another, printed in 1580,—"*A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse*,"—Mr Chambers introduces the following very amusing nursery tale, for which, it appears, he is indebted to one of those numerous old women, whose reminiscences he can turn to better account than any writer with whom we are acquainted:

"By the way, the frog seems to have been a favourite character, and a distinguished figurante, in old popular poetry. There is still to be found in the Scottish nursery a strange legendary tale, sometimes called 'The Padda Sang,' and sometimes 'The Tale o' the Well o' the World's End,' in which the frog acts as the hero. It is partly in recitative, and partly in verse, and the air to which the poetry is sung is extremely beautiful. I give the following version of it from the recitation of an old nurse in Annandale.

"A poor widow, you see, was once bakin bannocks; and she sent her daughter to the well at the world's end, with a wooden dish, to bring water. When the lassie cam to the well, she fand it dry; but there was a padda (a frog) that came loup-loup-loupin, and loupit into her dish. Says the padda to the lassie, 'I'll gie ye plenty o' water, if ye'll be my wife.' The lassie didna like the padda, but she was fain to say she wad take him, just to get the water; and, ye ken, she never thought that the puir brute wad be serious, or wad ever say any mair about it. Sae she got the water, and took it hame to her mother; and she heard nae mair o' the padda till that night, when, as she and her mother were sitting by the fireside, what do they hear but the puir padda at the outside o' the door, singing wi' a' his micht,

'Oh, open the door, my hinny,\* my heart,  
Oh, open the door, my ain true love;

\* Honey—a very common phrase of endearment among the lower orders of the people in Scotland. One of the 'twa mairit women,' whose tricks are so deftly delineated by Deuchar, says, on one occasion, to her husband,

'My hinny, hald abak, and handle me nocht mair.'

Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

Says the mother, 'What noise is that at the door, daughter?'—'Hout!' says the lassie, 'it's naething but a filthy padda!'—'Open the door,' says the mother, 'to the puir padda.' Sae the lassie opened the door, and the padda cam loup-loup-loupin in, and sat doun by the ingle-side. Then, out sings he:

'Oh, gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,  
Oh, gie me my supper, my ain true love;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout!' quo' the daughter, 'wad I gie a supper to a filthy padda?'—'Ou, ay,' quo' the mother, 'gie the puir padda his supper.' Sae the padda got his supper. After that, out he sings again:

'Oh, put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,  
Oh, put me to bed, my ain true love;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout!' quo' the daughter, 'wad I put a filthy padda to bed?'—'Ou, ay,' says the mother, 'put the puir padda to his bed.' And sae she put the padda to his bed. Then out he sang again (for the padda hadna got a' he wanted yet:)

'Oh, come to your bed, my hinnie, my heart,  
Oh, come to your bed, my ain true love;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout!' quo' the daughter, 'wad I gang to bed wi' a filthy padda?'—'Gae 'wa, lassie,' says the mother, 'e'en gang to bed wi' the puir padda.' And sae the lassie did gang to bed wi' the padda. Weel, what wad ye think? He's no content yet; but out he sings again:

'Come, tak me to your bosom, my hinnie, my heart,  
Come, tak me to your bosom, my ain true love;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Lord have a care o' us!' says the lassie, 'wad I tak a filthy padda to my bosom, d'ye think?'—'Ou, ay,' quo' the mother, 'just be ye doing your gudeman's biddin, and tak him to your bosom.' Sae the lassie did tak the padda to her bosom. After that, he sings out:

'Now fetch me an aix, my hinnie, my heart,  
Now fetch me an aix, my ain true love;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

She brought the axe in a minute, and he then sang again:

'Now chap aff my head, my hinnie, my heart,  
Now chap aff my head, my ain true love;  
Remember the promise that you and I made,  
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

I've warrant she wasna lang o' obeying him in this request! for, ye ken, what kind of a gudeman was a bit padda likely to be? But, lock-an-dayis, what d'ye think?—she hadna weel chappit aff his head, as he skit her to do, before he starts up, the bonniest young prince that ever was seen. And, of course, they leaved happy a' the rest o' their days."

Some interesting notices follow of the "godly and spiritual ballads" introduced at the time of the Reformation, and of many detached songs which appeared at different periods, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but we prefer descending at once to the commencement of the eighteenth century, when, under the superintendence of Allan Ramsay, Scottish song came at length to have "a local habitation and a name." Of that poet's "Tea-Table Miscellany," we have the following account, which will be read with greater interest, when it is known that it was the fashionable work of the day, and was universally in the hands of the fair sex, Ramsay himself having finely said of it,—

"The wanton wee thing will rejoice,  
When tented by a sparkling ee,  
The spinnet tinkling to her voice,  
It lying on her lovely knee!"

#### ALLAN RAMSAY'S TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY.

"The impulse which had been given to the public taste for Scottish song and music about the end of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century, was the proximate cause of this invaluable publication. The time had now gone past when the modulations of sound and sentiment which nature dictated to the simple swain, were esteemed as only fit to charm the class of society which gave them birth, and when music and poetry were only to be relished in proportion as they were artificially and skilfully elaborated. Society, emancipated from its

childhood, during which, like individual man, it is always an imitator, had now ventured to feel and profess an appreciation of what was originally and truly beautiful in these divine arts; and the Muse of the heart had at length asserted her empire over all ranks of men. Poetry was now no longer supposed to consist in awkward allusions to an exploded mythology, or in accurate versification. Music was not now believed to consist only in an ingenious machinery of collusive sounds. Men had at length permitted themselves, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family, to be happy without regard to system.

"The Tea-Table Miscellany, the very name of which proves it to have been designed for the use of the upper ranks of society, might be said to consist in four different sorts of song.

"I. Old characteristic songs, the productions of unknown poets of the populace; of which kind there were the following: Muirland Willie; Nancy's to the greenwood gane; Maggie's tocher; My jo Janet (*probably*;) Peggy and Jockey; Katherine Ogie (*probably*;) Jocky said to Jenny; Fy, let us a' to the bridal; The auld gudeman; The shepherd Adonis; She rase and loot me in; John Ochiltree; In January last; General Leasley's march; Toden name; Although I be but a country lass; Waly, waly, gin love be bonny; Ower the hills, and far away; Norland Jockey and Southland Jenny; Andro and his cutty gun.

"II. Songs of the same sort, but altered and enlarged at the discretion of the Editor; of which kind there were the following: Lucky Nancy; Auld Rob Morris; The Ewe-buchts; Omnia vincit amor; The auld wife ayont the fire; Sleepy body, drowsy body; Jocky blythe and gay; Haud awa' frae me, Donald; The Peremptor Lover; My Jeany and I have toiled; Jocky fou, Jenny fain; Jeany, where has thou been?

"III. About sixty songs, composed by Ramsay himself, and thirty written by his friends, as substitutes for older compositions, which could not be printed on account of indecency and want of merit. It is customary to hear honest Allan rail against, for thus annihilating so much of the old characteristic poetry of Scotland. But it should be recollected, that, even if preserved, these things could only be interesting in an antiquarian, and not in a literary point of view; and also that the new songs thus projected upon the public were possessed of much merit. If the old verses had been better in a literary sense than the new, they would have survived in spite of them. But they were not better; they had no merit at all; and of course they perished. Those who declaim against Ramsay for this imaginary offence, forget that, amidst the poems he substituted for the old ones, are, "The Lass o' Patie's Mill;" "The last time I came ower the muir;" "The Yellow-haired Laddie;" "The Waukin o' the Fauld;" and "Lochaber no more," by himself; "My dearie, an thou die;" the modern "Tweed-side;" and "The Bush above Traquair," by Crawford: "I be Broom o' the Cowdenknowes," by somebody signing himself S. R.: some of Mr Hamilton of Bangour's beautiful lyrics: "Were na my heart licht I wad die," by Lady Grizel Baillie: and a great many more capital compositions, forming, it may be said, a large proportion of what is at present the staple of Scottish song.

"IV. A multitude of English songs, which, of course, it is not necessary to notice in this place."

Some account of Mr David Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs, published in 1769—of Mr William Tytler's "Dissertation on Scottish Song and Music," published in 1779—of "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum," commenced in 1786—of "Ritson's Scottish Songs," published in 1794—of Burns, his Writings, and his Biographers—and of Thomson's "Select Melodies of Scotland," an excellent, but expensive work, brings us down to the present day, and to Mr Chambers's own compilation.

We have already expressed ourselves well pleased with the manner in which Mr Chambers has executed his task. "Books of this sort," he has correctly said in his preface, "are generally crude and hasty compilations, from the most obvious sources, got up without the intervention of any responsible Editor, and intended for circulation only amongst the humbler orders of the people." It has been the object of Mr Chambers, on the contrary, to make a collection which should comprise all our really good songs, accompanied by as much information regarding them as possible, conveyed in short and popular notes,

and put into a shape at once handsome in appearance and moderate in price. This object has been fully accomplished; and the only fault we can find, which is one that "leans to virtue's side," is the insertion of a few songs of little or no merit, which might, with advantage, have been omitted. In one or two instances, our Editor has been led into this error, by his anxiety to preserve every thing, however trifling, which particular associations might render interesting. Thus, at page 62, vol. i. we are presented with the following

## FRAGMENT,

*Recovered from Tradition by the Editor.*

"Dunfermline, on a Friday night,  
A lad and lass they took the flight,  
And through a back-yett, out o' sight,  
And into a kilgyle!"

We confess we are at a loss to discover the merit of this editorial relic. It may, perhaps, be urged by some, as another objection, that there is not the slightest arrangement, either into periods or classes, of the numerous songs which the volumes contain; but we do not know that we are disposed to find fault with Mr Chambers upon this score. A song is a song under whatever head it may be placed, and one reads through the work with greater interest, not knowing whether he is to meet with a production of Ramsay, Burns, Macneil, Tannahill, Hogg, or Sir Walter Scott, on the next page.—Mr Chambers's Notes are not the least valuable part of his book: they are at once instructive and amusing. We can afford room for only two specimens. The first is the note on Burns's fine song, "Their groves o' sweet myrtle," &c.

"This beautiful song—beautiful for both its amatory and its patriotic sentiment—seems to have been composed by Burns during the period when he was courting the lady who afterwards became his wife. The present generation is much interested in this lady, and deservedly; as, in addition to her poetical history, which is an extremely interesting one, she is a personage of the greatest private worth, and in every respect deserving to be esteemed as the widow of Scotland's best and most endeared bard. The following anecdote will perhaps be held as testifying, in no inconsiderable degree, to a quality which she may not hitherto have been supposed to possess—her wit.

"It is generally known, that Mrs Burns has, ever since her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event, and that it is customary for strangers, who happen to pass through or visit that town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbour, or any other public object of curiosity about the place. A gay young English gentleman one day visited Mrs Burns, and after he had seen all that she had to show—the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family-bible, with the names and birth-days of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature—he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in his own country. 'Indeed, sir,' said Mrs Burns, 'I have given away so many relics of Mr Burns, that, to tell ye the truth, I have not one left.'—'Oh, you must surely have something,' said the persevering Saxon; 'any thing will do—any little scrap of his handwriting—the least thing you please. All I want is just a relic of the poet; and any thing, you know, will do for a relic.' Some further altercation took place, the lady remarking that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs Burns said to him, with a smile, 'Deed, sir, unless ye tak *myself*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for, really, I'm the only relic o' him that I ken o'.' The petitioner at once withdrew his request."

The following highly interesting and hitherto unpublished letter of Burns is given in a note, on "Scots wha hae:"—

"The reader will find Burns's own opinion of this favourite war-song, in the following letter, which was written by him, at Dumfries, on the 6th of December 1793, to a coun-

try gentleman of Perthshire, who was residing there in command of a party of Fencibles. I am indebted for this very interesting document, which is here printed with all the literal peculiarities of the original; to Mr Stewart of Dalguise. It is perhaps one of the most characteristic letters Burns ever wrote:

"Sir,—Heated as I was with wine yesternight, I was perhaps rather seemingly impertinent in my anxious wish to be honoured with your acquaintance. You will forgive it: 'twas the impulse of heartfelt respect.—'He is the father of the Scotch County Reform, and is a man who does honour to the business, at the same time that the business does honour to him!' said my worthy friend Glenriddel, to somebody by me, who was talking of your coming to this country with your corps.—Then, I replied, I have a woman's longing to take him by the hand, and say to him, Sir, I honour you as a man to whom the interests of humanity are dear, and as a Patriot to whom the Rights of your Country are sacred.

"In times such as these, sir, when our Commons are barely able, by the glimmer of their own twilight understandings, to scrawl a frank; and when Lords are—what gentlemen would be ashamed to be; to whom shall a sinking country call for help? To the independent country gentleman! To him who has too deep a stake in his country, not to be in earnest for her welfare; and who, in the honest pride of man, can view with equal contempt, the insolence of office, and the allurements of corruption.

"I mentioned to you a Scots ode or song I had lately composed, and which, I think, has some merit. Allow me to enclose it. When I fall in with you at the Theatre, I shall be glad to have your opinion of it. Accept of it, sir; as a very humble, but most sincere tribute of respect, from a man, who, dear as he prizes Poetic Fame, yet holds dearer an Independent mind.—I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your very humble servt.

"ROBT. BURNS."

Of the songs themselves it is needless to say much, familiar as most of them are to the Scottish reader. There are a good number, however, which are less frequently met with, and one or two of these we feel much pleasure in transplanting to our pages. We begin with the following *naïve* and amusing composition, which, it is probable, was written early in the seventeenth century:

## ROBIN REDBREAST'S TESTAMENT.

Gude day, now, bonnie Robin,  
How lang hae ye been here?  
I've been a bird about this bush  
This mair than twenty year.

But now I am the sickest bird  
That ever sat on brier;  
And I wad mak my testament,  
Gudeman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonnie neb o' mine,  
That picks upon the corn;  
And gie'to the Duke o' Hamilton,  
To be a hunting-horn.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,  
The feathers o' my neb;  
And gie to the Lady Hamilton,  
To fill a feather bed.

Gar tak this gude right leg of mine,  
And mend the brig o' Tay;  
It will be a post and pillar gude,  
It will neither bow nor gae.

And tak this other leg of mine,  
And mend the brig o' Weir;  
It will be a post and pillar gude,  
It will neither bow nor steer.

Gar tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,  
The feathers o' my tail;  
And gie to the lads o' Hamilton  
To be a barn-fail.

And tak thae bonnie feathers o' mine,  
The feathers o' my breast;  
And gie them to the bonnie lad,  
Will bring to me a priest.

Now in there cam my Lady Wren,  
Wi' mony a sigh and groan,  
O what care I for a' the lads,  
If my ain lad be gone!

Then Robin turn'd him round about,  
E'en like a little king;  
Gae pack ye out at my chamber-door,  
Ye little cutty-quean!

We recommend the following elegant and spirited composition to the especial attention of all our fair readers. It breathes sentiments which every man ought to feel, and which, we believe, every man, in a greater or less degree, does feel:

I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH AND FAIR.

By Sir Robert Aytoun, *Secretary to the Queen of James VI.*

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee;  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak had power to move thee:  
But I can let thee now alone,  
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
That kisses every thing it meets.  
And since thou can with more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,  
Armed with her briars, how sweetly smells!  
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,  
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;  
But scent and beauty both are gone,  
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been a while;  
Like scree flowers to be thrown aside,  
And I will sigh while some will smile,  
To see thy love for more than one  
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

The finest song, without exception, which has been written within the last century—perhaps the finest song in the language—is “Bonnie Lady Ann,” by Allan Cunningham. We are astonished that it has not long ago been set to an air worthy of it, and sung on the stage,—in the drawing-room,—at the social-board,—everywhere. We request that each of our readers will peruse it three times, and then say whether or not he is of our opinion:

BONNIE LADY ANN.

By Allan Cunningham.

There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips,  
And gowd among her hair:  
Her bracelets are lapt in a holy veil;  
Nae mortal een keek there.  
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,  
Or what arm o' luve daur span,  
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
Maun touch her ladie mou.  
But a brodered belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
Her jimp waist maun span:  
Oh, she's an armfu' fit for heaven—  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,  
Tied up wi' ailler thread;  
And comely sits she in the midst,  
Men's langing een to feed:  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
Wi' her milky milky hand;  
And her every look beams wi' grace divine;  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tassel wi' gowd,  
Like my luve's broderedcap;

And on the mantle that my luve wears,  
Is mony a gowden drap.  
Her bonny ee-bree's a holy arch,  
Cast by nae earthly han'!  
And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips  
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,  
And I beet a hopeless flame!  
To my luve, alas! she maunna stoop;  
It would stain her honoured name.  
My een are bauld, they dwell on a place,  
Where I darena mint my hand;  
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I'm but her father's gardener lad,  
And puir puir is my fa';  
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
My lady comes, my lady goes,  
Wi' a fou and kindly han';  
O their blessin' maun mix wi' my luve,  
And fa' on Lady Ann.

We have met with few sea-songs more spirited than that which we subjoin, and we should like to know something more of the author:

THE ROVER OF LOCHRYAN.

By H. Ainslie.

The Rover of Lochryan he's gane,  
Wi' his merry men seae brave;  
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel  
Ne'er bowled ower the back of a wave.

It's no whan the loch lies dead in its trough;  
When naething disturbs it ava,  
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide,  
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw;

It's no whan the yawl, and the licht skiff, crawl,  
Ower the breast o' the ailler sea;  
That I look to the west for the bark I loe best,  
And the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flood,  
And the sea lays its shouter to the shore,  
When the wind sings high, and the sea-whelps cry,  
As they rise frae the whitening roar;

It's then that I look through the blackening rook,  
And watch by the midnight tide;  
I ken that the wind brings my rover hame,  
On the sea that he glories to ride.

O, merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,  
Wi' the helm-haft in his hand;  
And he sings aloud to his boys in blue,  
As his ee's upon Galloway's land:

“Unstent and slack each reef and tack,  
Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit:  
She has roared through a heavier sea before,  
And she'll roar through a heavier yet!”

Having dwelt thus long on the songs, we must speak very briefly of the ballads. It is a very excellent collection; made up principally of the best things to be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, Finlay's *Historical and Romantic Ballads*, Kinloch's *Ancient Ballads*, Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Ancient and Modern, and Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland*. This country possesses, altogether, about two hundred distinctly different ballads, but some of these have been laid before the public in no fewer than six different forms. Mr Chambers has aimed at condensing the diffused merit of all his predecessors. “I have not only made a careful selection,” he says, “of what appeared to me in every respect the best of the whole mass of published ballads; but, by a more daring exertion of taste, I have, in a great many instances, associated what seemed to me the best stanzas, and the best lines—

may, even the best words, of the various copies extant." In some hands, this would be a very dangerous sort of tampering; but we have good confidence, both in the experience and judgment of the present Editor. He divides his Ballads into four classes:—I. Historical Ballads; II. Ballads supposed to refer to real circumstances in Private Life; III. Romantic Ballads; and IV. Imitations of the Ancient Ballads. This arrangement is very satisfactory; and, whilst we observe no omissions of any consequence, we scruple not to say, that, in many instances, we find better versions of our popular ballads than we have met with any where else. We may conclude, therefore, as we began, by expressing our conviction that this work, which is just on the eve of publication, must speedily win for itself a large share of popular favour and applause.

Before concluding, we are desirous of giving our readers some little personal information concerning Mr Chambers, whose name has, of late years, been a good deal in the mouth of the public, and in whom the readers of the LITERARY JOURNAL, in particular, can scarcely fail to be somewhat interested. Although his productions are already so numerous, and have been, for the most part, so popular, Mr Chambers is only twenty-seven years of age. He was born at Peebles in 1802, his father having been a cotton-manufacturer, and the descendant of a line of worthy burghesses of that town. There was a peculiarity, worth mentioning, in our author's person at birth;—he had six toes on each foot, and six fingers on each hand. A blundering country surgeon attempted to reduce them to the ordinary number, by means of a large pair of scissors; but he performed the operation so awkwardly, that the greater part of the superfluous toes still remained. In one view this was a grievous calamity, for it not only rendered his infancy one of tears, and prevented him from participating in the usual sports of boyhood, but it has had the final effect of making him slightly lame. In another view, however, the accident had its advantages, since to it is to be attributed the acquirement of those studious habits, which, in their subsequent application, have enabled Mr Chambers to gain for himself a name. Before he was ten years old, he had read the greater part of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in twenty volumes. Perceiving his attachment to books, his parents destined him for the church, and he accordingly went through a course of classical literature. Circumstances, however, afterwards occurred, which prevented his entering the Divinity Hall; and at fifteen he found himself in the disagreeable situation of a person who has lost one aim in life, and not found another. Eventually he determined on becoming a bookseller, to which profession he has since steadily and successfully adhered. Mr Chambers' first attempt in literature was a little volume, entitled, "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being notices of the real persons and scenes supposed to be described in his works." It was published in 1822, when he was twenty years of age. His second effort was the "Traditions of Edinburgh," published in Numbers, and completed between March 1824 and November 1825. Such a work, to use the phrase of the trade, "had long been wanted;" and it therefore succeeded amazingly. We believe so many copies of any local or topographical work have seldom been sold in this country. The book was enriched with anecdotes by Sir Walter Scott, Charles Sharpe, Esq., and other eminent *literati*; but we are inclined to think that the chief cause of its success was the unblushing tone of agreeable gossip and garrulous old-wifery which pervaded it. In 1825 and 1826 Mr Chambers published two small works, subsidiary to the "Traditions," namely, "Walks in Edinburgh, or a Guide to the Scottish Capital," and "The Popular Rhymes of Scotland." His next work of any magnitude was "The Picture of Scotland;"—a work which none but an enthusiast would have undertaken, and to do justice to which, he employed the whole summer of 1826

(one of the hottest that has ever been known since the descent of Phaeton) in making a peregrination over the country. We understand, however, that the manner in which this book has been received, leaves the author no cause to regret his exertions. In 1827, his "History of the Rebellion of 1745-6," and in 1828, his "History of the Rebellions, under Montrose, from 1638 to 1660," appeared in Constable's Miscellany. He has now two other works on the eve of publication—the *Song and Ballads*, which we have just reviewed, and a "History of the Rebellions in 1689 and 1715," for Constable's Miscellany. We may likewise mention, that a translation of the two former "Rebellions" has been announced in France; and what is of greater importance, that Mr Chambers is to be engaged immediately with a still more voluminous work than any he has yet produced. It is to be called, "The Domestic Annals of Scotland," and, beginning with the era of the Reformation, it is to contain every thing about Scotland, except the political history, of which there will be no more than enough to make the rest of the contents intelligible—a wire strong enough to support the stories and anecdotes which are to be hung upon it. It is to bring into view all those private transactions and familiar circumstances which lie beneath the stream of history, and are therefore generally overlooked. It is to contain, among other things, accounts of all remarkable criminals, curious notices of costume and manners of former times, and innumerable amusing stories and traditional anecdotes. It will be chiefly compiled from the public records, and the pages of the early simple historians and diarists. For the convenience of both author and purchasers, it is to appear in numbers, under the auspices of our enterprising and successful Edinburgh publisher, Mr Tait. It is expected that the work will extend to five or six octavo volumes; and Mr Chambers has himself informed us, that he intends it to be his *opus optimum et maximum*—the work to which he will point, in future years, when he wishes to tell what he did in his youth.

We have made this statement, with regard to Mr Chambers, with no view but that of doing justice to a deserving and able man. He has already done more work as an author, than we believe, any other person living of the same standing. He has to write, too, under many disadvantages; and the light and anecdotal character of many of his works has been a matter more of necessity than of choice. When it is known that he is obliged to attend, during the whole day, to the concerns of a retail business, and that it is only little nooks and odd corners of his time that he can allot to writing, the wonder must be, how he has been able to achieve one half of what he has done. We suspect there are many, who, from not taking this view of the case, hardly do Mr Chambers justice. Can a man stand behind a counter, and think poetically? Can a man go by fits and starts into his back-shop, and abstract himself sufficiently for a sustained effort of thought? Yet he has, in more instances than one, actually done so; and we do say, that, all these things considered, we know of few men, under seven-and-twenty years of age, more remarkable, or of better promise, than Robert Chambers.

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*History of the Ottoman Empire, from its establishment till the year 1828.* By Edward Upham, Esq. M.R.A.S., Author of the *History of Buddhism*, &c. In two volumes, (forming Vols. XL. and XLI. of Constable's Miscellany.) Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1829.

AN acquaintance with the public and private history of Oriental Nations, although perhaps of less practical importance to the statesman than a knowledge of European history, is more calculated to enlarge the views of the scholar. The common religion of Europe—the common source from which its nations have derived their political science—and a community of feeling produced by the general diffusion and rival cultivation of science, have given

to Europeans, amid all their minuter differences, a strong similarity of character. But the character of the people inhabiting the East has been developed under different auspices. It shows how different a thing human nature may be made. It shows us people influenced by opinions and habits so materially dissimilar to our own, that it is more likely to excite a spirit of self-scrutiny, and to dissipate false views, to which custom alone may have reconciled us, than any thing else we know.

Mr Upham has very properly prefaced his History of the Ottoman Empire with a brief sketch of the progress of Muhammedan doctrine, and of the various nations which embraced it. He then proceeds with the history of Othman and his descendants. We could have wished that he had marked more minutely the character and earlier fortunes of Othman—for, in the individual character of the mighty mind that plans and executes the foundation of a dynasty, may not unfrequently be traced those peculiarities which his institutions afterwards stamp upon the whole nation. In the continuation of his work, Mr Upham presents us with a succinct but spirited account of the progress of the Ottomans in subduing both Mussulmans and Christians; and of the management and adventures of their empire down to the present time.

The spectacle is, on the whole, a magnificent, if not always a pleasing one. The doctrines taught by Muhammed were, in all probability, inculcated by that extraordinary man, as much with a view to the moral improvement of his countrymen, as to his own aggrandizement. But the conscious want of that supernatural authority to which he laid claim, together with an impatience of character, which made him spurn the slow and narrow workings of the mere teacher, led him to a spirit of compromise. In order to secure the obedience of men in several important points, he left them to indulge, to the utmost, some of their most dangerous passions. The consequence is, that the Muhammedan belief has evolved, in minds of superior power, a character made up of the strangest inconsistencies, even when approaching nearest to the ideal it recommends. There is a mixture of high feeling and self-indulgence,—of ferocity and benevolence, even in the best Mussulman. Their creed knows nothing of restraint and self-denial, and thus all the energies of their nature grow up to their full strength.

The power of the Ottoman Empire is lodged in the hands of one, who, for the time of his sway at least, is obeyed in every thing. The rest of the nation may be divided into those whose sole trade is war, and those whose business it is to feed and clothe them. The whole empire, in short, is one vast encampment. The precepts of their religion enjoining the conquest of infidels; the want of any engrossing employment at home; and the natural turbulence of their character, render war to them a necessary of life. A kindred spirit in their rulers, and the necessity of employing in external aggression those unruly spirits, who would, if inactive, turn like ban-dogs and throttle each other, keep them perpetually at logger-heads with one nation or another. The Ottoman Empire is the thunder-cloud of nations—it exists but to explode, and after a short calm to gather again into darkness. It has swallowed up in its career all the disorganized states which have come in collision with it; and the only countries which have stood firm against its aggressions, are those in which law and government were so established, that even when thrown into temporary confusion, there was, in the common feeling, a principle of vitality which re-united again.

Such is, or rather such has been, the Ottoman Empire. It rose and spread itself with the same rapidity as that of the Saracens and the Moguls. Its character was the same; the principle of its success the same. Its greater permanency is owing to this, that its founders transferred to the laws the power of enforcing discipline, which in the shorter-lived dynasties was attached only to the individual. It was the spirit of Othman and Amurath living

on in their institutions that upheld the power of the Osmanlie. But these institutions have at length been overturned. The present Sultan, Mahmoud II., felt that the safety they insured to the governed was not shared by the head of the state, and to secure himself, he destroyed, in the persons of the Janizaries, the peculiar constitution of his nation. It remains to be seen whether he has power to give it a new one; or whether the old adage holds true here, "that he may destroy a palace who has not the art to build a hovel." If he succeed in organizing a new form of military government, the Ottoman Empire may yet weather the storm impending over her: if he fail in this, she may be looked upon as speedily destined to be blotted from among the nations.

Mr Upham's history of this remarkable people is composed with much candour and impartiality; and contains a great deal of information not to be met with in any other English book with which we are acquainted.

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*Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron; containing an entire new Edition of the "Hebrew Melodies," with the addition of several never before published; the whole illustrated with Critical, Historical, Theatrical, Political, and Theological Remarks, Notes, Anecdotes, Interesting Conversations and Observations, made by that Illustrious Poet; together with his Lordship's Autograph; also some Original Poetry, Letters, and Recollections of Lady Caroline Lamb. By I. Nathan, Author of an "Essay on the History and Theory of Music," "The Hebrew Melodies," &c. &c. London, Whittaker & Co. 1829.*

Pooa Mr Nathan! what a nest of hornets this book has brought, and will bring, about his ears! It is certainly one of the silliest we have had the happiness of meeting with for some time; and though it is a good-natured piece of drivel, it is, nevertheless, rather of a provoking, than an amusing, kind. Heaven forgive Mr Nathan for his "critical, historical, theatrical, political, and theological remarks!" But, though Heaven may forgive him for these, (intolerably inane as they are,) it is impossible that Lord Byron ever can, for the "interesting conversations" he has published in his name;—the very sweepings of the illustrious poet's mind!—the nothings which all men must say every day of their lives, but which Nathan "conned and got by rote," and now gives to the world! What is it possible that any man, with such a name as *Nathan*, could know of Byron? except, indeed, that a parrot once pecked at his lordship's toe, and that the author of "*Childe Harold*" was partial to crust!

Instead, however, of exposing Mr Nathan's imbecillities, which are so palpable, that we disdain the ignoble task, we prefer culling the only things worth reading in his book; and even these are nothing very extraordinary. The following relates to the pronunciation of Lord Byron's name:

"This composition brings to my recollection a conversation with the noble author relative to the pronunciation of his name. His Lordship's family have differed; some calling it *Byron*, others *Byron*. On his entering the room, while this was the subject of conversation, his own pronunciation was asked. He replied, somewhat indifferently, 'Both were right:' but catching the eye of a very beautiful young lady near him, he said, 'Pray, madam, may I be allowed to ask which you prefer?' 'Oh, *Byron*, certainly.' 'Then, henceforward,' exclaimed his Lordship, '*Byron* it shall be!' If the foregoing anecdote is illustrative of his Lordship's attention to the fair sex, the following is, perhaps, not less characteristic of the poetical feeling which usually accompanied his complimentary effusions of gallantry. At a party where his Lordship was present, a reference to those elegant lines commencing with, 'If that high world,' had given rise to a speculative argument on the probable nature of happiness in a future state, and occasioned a desire in one of the ladies to ascertain his Lordship's opinion on the subject; requesting, therefore, to

know what might constitute, in his idea, the happiness of the next world, he quickly replied, 'The pleasure, madam, of seeing you there.'

The subjoined anecdote of Kean may amuse our readers:

"When Kean was first introduced to Lord Byron, his previous intercourse with refined society had been only limited, and, meeting the first poet of the age, he appeared rather abashed in his presence, till the pleasing urbanity of his lordship's manner gave courage to the tragedian, and rendered him in a short time quite at his ease, and the moments passed in the most social manner. Kean, after relating many anecdotes, with which Lord Byron was highly delighted, performed a simple, but truly ludicrous exhibition, at which his lordship was convulsed with laughter, and threw himself back upon the sofa quite in ecstasy. Kean, with a burnt cork, painted the face and body of an opera-dancer upon the back part of his hand, and making his two middle fingers represent the extremities, the upper part the thighs, the lower part the legs, and having painted the nails black to represent shoes, he wrapped his handkerchief round his wrist as a turban: the dancer, thus completed, commenced an opera with great agility and effect; the ludicrous attitudes and nimbleness of the fingers gave such zest to the increased laughter, that his lordship encored the performance with the same enthusiastic rapture as if Kean had been actually engaged in Richard the Third."

There is something more worthy of preservation in the two following songs, which have not before been published:

I SPEAK NOT—I TRACE NOT.

By Lord Byron.

I speak not—I trace not—I breathe not thy name,  
There is grief in the sound—there were guilt in the fame;  
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart  
The deep thought that dwells in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,  
Were those hours;—can their joy or their bitterness cease?  
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,  
We must part—we must fly—to unite it again.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt;  
Forgive me, adored one—forsake if thou wilt;  
But the heart which I bear shall expire undebased,  
And man shall not break it—whatever thou mayest.

And stern to the haughty—but humble to thee,  
My soul in its bitterest blackness shall be;  
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,  
With thee by my side, than the world at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,  
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;  
And the heartless may wonder at all we resign,—  
Thy lip shall reply not to them—but to mine.

SONG.

They say that Hope is happiness;  
But genuine Love must prize the past,  
And Mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bliss—  
They rose the first, they set the last;  
And all that Memory loves the most,  
Was once our only hope to be;  
And all that Hope adored and lost,  
Hath melted into Memory.  
Alas! it is delusion all:  
The future cheats us from afar;  
Nor can we be what we recall,  
Nor dare we think on what we are.

The "Recollections" of Lady Caroline Lamb are, if possible, still more contemptible than those of Byron. The following Epigram may serve as a specimen. It is addressed to her husband:

Yes, I adore thee, William Lamb,  
But hate to hear thee say, God d—:  
Frenchmen say English cry d— d—,  
But why swear'st thou?—thou art a Lamb!

People of genius should be careful whom they admit into their society, for we can conceive of few things more annoying, than to be tossed on the rack of a fool's admiration, and held up to the public gaze as the object of his eulogium.

*Geraldine de Desmond; or, Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth. An Historical Romance.* In three volumes. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

GERALDINE OF DESMOND is evidently the work of an author whose powers are considerably above par. Faults it has, but they are compensated by the beauties which crowd around them, and by the indications of mental capabilities, both intellectual and imaginative, which promise yet better things in future.

The object at which the fair author aims is stated, in the Preface, to be the production of a modern historical romance, possessing a character of solid excellence, and avoiding that slipshod flimsy style, of which we have of late had so many specimens. This is a highly laudable object; but, nevertheless, some of the most striking faults of the book have originated in a partial misapprehension of this excellent principle. The historical romance takes for its subjects either persons who have figured in history, or fictitious persons who are supposed to have lived during some interesting period of history. The great aim of the author ought to be to concentrate the interest on his characters, and to introduce surrounding events, only with a view of showing how they modify or illustrate the peculiarities of the *dramatis personæ*. Now, Miss Crumpe, in her anxiety to give solidity to her work, has brought the state of the country far too prominently forward, by which means, in the first place, she has deviated into the province of political history; and, in the second, she has given to her background a force and prominence that subdues the figures in the foreground. This causes the interest of the story to flag occasionally, especially in the first volume, and the first half of the second. Another objection that we have to the book is, that the principle, though good in itself, is too much forced upon our notice. We see the labour which ought to be glossed over. The authoress is continually bracing her nerves to some great exploit. This conscientious labour is the vital principle of a book, but it ought to rest unseen, like the foundation of a house, or like the inward workings of vegetable life, visible only to the eye of the contemplative beholder in the compactness of the building and the richness of the foliage, not bare like an anatomy, so that he who runs may read all the hidden economy of nature.

Having premised thus much with regard to the plan of the work, we add a word or two as to its execution. Miss Crumpe has brought to her task abundant stores of reading, reflection, and imagination. She is evidently well versed in the history of Ireland, as was, indeed, implied in our complaint that she had obtruded it too much on our notice. Many of her occasional disquisitions afford proofs both of power and delicacy in investigating the recesses of the human heart; and there is a warm glow of poetry struggling through the whole book, and bursting forth, not unfrequently, in the most beautiful flashes. Our authoress, however, is not yet sufficiently *au fait* in her profession, to have learned the art of making all her abilities work with due subordination to each other. The one or other of them starts every now and then into an undue prominence, which mars the harmony and unity of the work. It may also be observed, that in her anxiety to express her fervid ideas with equal warmth, she sometimes indulges in a strained language, which can scarcely be called English. As to the story, its scene is laid in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth. It narrates the feuds of two noble families, whose fate had become interwoven with the political broils of their country; and the misadventures of two ill-starred lovers, whose parents are at the head of the opposite factions. We do not think that Miss Crumpe (would to Heaven she had another name!) discovers a very acute perception of the outward differences of national or individual character; but if her personages want that air of reality which some novelists communicate to theirs, the loss is, in a great measure, compensated by the high poetical feel-

ing which is inherent in them, and a purity, such as could be communicated by woman's mind alone. We have room for only one extract. It describes, in vigorous terms,

#### THE DEATH OF AN IRISH CHIEF.

Meanwhile the contest of O'Nial and Thurles continued within a few yards of the precipice that yawned outside the chapel. They wrestled until they reached the very edge of the cliff. At the moment when they did so, the Chief, in endeavouring to evade a well-directed stroke from his opponent, made one false step, and staggering back, fell flat upon the ground. Thurles sprung forward, laid his right foot on the chest of O'Nial, and holding the point of his sword above the body, gaspingly exclaimed,—“Rash man! force me not to murder! Resign the Lady Geraldine, and I will spare your life.”

For a second there was stillness. The clear radiance of the moon streamed full upon O'Nial, as he fixed the blaze of his eye on the figure that stood over him. The Chief-tain's body strained in a mighty but vain attempt to rise. His hair stood erect with rage as he fell back to the earth, and a sort of ghastly grin convulsed his face with an expression of ironical scorn, that writhed him to torture, while the words,—“You spare me! You!” broke forth in a stifled groan, like that of death's last agony.

“Your answer!” cried Lord Thurles, in a voice of thrilling energy.

“See it!” gasped the Chief.

He felt about with his hand, drew a dagger from his vest, and aimed a furious plunge at his victor, before the latter was aware of the intent.

An involuntary start, which moved him some steps backward, saved our hero from the stroke. On seeing this, O'Nial raised his hand still higher, uttered a second fiend-like laugh, and, preferring death to submission, plunged the dagger through his own heart. An ejaculation of horror broke from Lord Thurles. Every feeling of his soul was swallowed up by that of humanity, and he was in the act of springing back to wrench the weapon from his side, when O'Nial, perceiving the intention, in a transport of desperation, thrust both his hands into the clayey soil that was dabbled with his blood, and collecting all his strength in a last convulsive effort, the dying Chief heaved his body so close to the edge of the precipice, that it fell over the brink, and, with an appalling sound, dropped heavily from point to point of the projecting rocks beneath.

On the whole, this book is one which, with not a few faults, does credit both to the head and heart (we cannot find a more original phrase) of its authoress.

*The Nature and Obligations of Christian Benevolence, a Sermon, preached in St John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 15th December 1828, when a Collection was made in aid of the Funds of the Edinburgh Benevolent and Strangers' Friend Society. By the Reverend E. B. Ramsay, B.A. F.R.S.E., &c. Assistant Minister of St John's Chapel. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1829.*

It is pleasing to think that the humane and generous institutions which exist among us have always found able and eloquent advocates to bring their claims before the public. Mr Ramsay, in the discourse before us, has proved that few could have pointed out, with more effect, the merits of the excellent institution in whose behalf the sermon was preached. Mr Ramsay's talents as a clergyman are well known in this city; as well as his unwearied zeal in the discharge of his duties, honourable at all times, but especially praiseworthy in a man of birth and family. We sincerely recommend this discourse, which is now published in the hope of aiding, by its sale, the funds of the Society for which it was preached. We know of few institutions which have greater claims on the generous and humane. At first established by a few philanthropic individuals, it has been the means of affording relief to many who might otherwise have perished of want. It is a Society which belongs to no religious party: the widow, the fatherless, the stranger, and the destitute, of all creeds and countries, are objects of its care. The following extract from Mr Ramsay's able

sermon will explain more fully the nature of the Society:

“I cannot, perhaps, do better than state the object of the charity in the simple statement made in the third general rule of the Society, which is as follows:—‘That the object of this Society shall be, to give temporary relief to such cases of distress in Edinburgh and its vicinity for which no provision is made by any of the existing institutions of public charity; more particularly, to assist *strangers*, who can satisfy the committee that their circumstances require aid—to get *them*, and also *those* in Edinburgh who belong to distant places, removed to their friends, or to where they have the prospect of getting their wants supplied. *The most particular attention is paid to those discharged from the Royal Infirmary.*’ And that the Society,” adds Mr Ramsay, “has fully performed this part of its intentions, so far as means have been afforded, will appear when I mention, that, during the last year, the number of cases visited and relieved amounts to 750, which, upon an average of the number in each family, will amount to between two or three thousand individuals. Of these, 227 were strangers, who have been enabled, in part or entirely from the funds of the Society, to reach their homes.”

We are glad to aid Mr Ramsay, and the other friends of this institution, by giving, through the medium of our pages, a more extended publicity to the laudable objects it has in view.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### THE RED COAT.

*By John Malcolm, Author of “Scenes of War,” “Tales of Field and Flood,” &c.*

THE proudest and happiest day of my life—says the unpublished autobiography of Captain Gay—was not that on which I first received a bow from Lord B., and a smile from Lady C. as her carriage whirled past—nor that on which I first discovered, what I had long suspected to be true, namely, that I was a genius—nor even that on which the hope that I was not indifferent to the object of my adoration was crowned with conviction, by her returning my emphatic squeeze of the hand. No, reader! these were all doubtless happy days—too happy ever to return; but the proudest and happiest one of my life was that on which I found myself fixed, as by a spell, in a reverie of self-admiration before a huge mirror, worshipping my own image as it first met my eye, arrayed in a red coat; and the deepest transport with which I ever gazed upon a fair girl was faint indeed to what I felt upon that blessed occasion, while surveying my own fair self from top to toe. As attitude is every thing, I, that morning, devoted several hours to the study of the graces—and practised, at my rehearsal in private, what I intended to act in public. I then held imaginary conversations with ladies of rank—handed them their fans, which they had dropt, with an air altogether irresistible—promenaded them to the dinner table—bowed them to their carriages—and spouted extempore verses composed for future occasions.

My red coat was to me a mantle of inspiration, prompting a thousand romantic visions of “love and glory”—of laurels won in the battle and the ball-room—and of conquests over England's foes and England's fair.

I had obtained my appointment in consequence of the retirement of an old subaltern, disgusted with a service in which he had grown grey; but which, in other respects, had left him without any memorials except his wounds and half-pay.

Upon the eventful day of which I have been speaking, he met me at the gate of the barracks occupied by my regiment, and thus accosted me:—“Young man, make the most of this day, and enjoy it as you can—it is destined to be the happiest of your life. I have only had two happy ones in the course of sixty years—the one was, that on which I put on a red coat for the first, and the other, that on which I put it off for the last time.”

Alas! how little did I then suspect that I had met with a prophet in my path!

Having reported my arrival at head-quarters, and waited upon the Colonel, I was forthwith introduced to my brother officers, with whom I dined at the mess; and the following day I was given over in charge to a drill sergeant, in order to receive my first lessons in military education. From that day I date the commencement of my troubles. My progress, I must say, was slow. I went through my facings with reluctance, and but indifferently. The manual and platoon exercises seemed altogether too low and mechanical for a gentleman—and the goosestep I considered a downright insult to human nature. "Little things might be great to little men;" but a genius like mine, I conceived, was meant to command armies. The sergeant thought differently; and declared that he had more trouble with me than with the whole awkward squad together. But this I considered a compliment, having heard that your great generals had been, for the most part, but indifferent subalterns.

At length, I was attached to a company, and took my post upon parade, where I was completely bewildered—dressing my company from the wrong flank—and at every movement committing a blunder. "Rear rank, take open order," exclaimed the Colonel. "What am I to do now, Sergeant?" exclaimed I. "Step out to the front, sir."

Col.—"What are you about there, Mr Gay?—you are out of the line altogether—dress by the right."

"Rear rank, take close order—march."—"What am I to do now, Sergeant?"

"Face to the right, sir, and step to the rear." (Laughter among the men.)—"Some of the men are laughing, Sergeant. Mark them down for drill; and, in the meantime, tell me who they are."—"The whole regiment, sir, including the Colonel."

In this way did I struggle through the difficulties of my profession, until the regiment received orders to hold itself in readiness for foreign service, when I obtained a month's leave of absence, to pay a farewell visit to my friends.

Great was the attention which I received upon arriving at my native village. I was adored by the women, and envied and hated by the men. My red coat was too much for them. However, I was not satisfied with being the first man in the village, but resolved to extend my conquests to the neighbouring towns—at one of which, about six miles distant, I had promised to open a ball with the then reigning belle of the place—to which, having forwarded a pair of snow-white *inexpressibles*, and some other ball-room requisites, (reserving my red coat to walk in,) I proceeded towards the scene of elegant gaiety in the evening.

I had travelled about half the distance, when, at a solitary turn of the road, which winded along the foot of a hill, I suddenly popped upon a bull, who, far from being infected with the general partiality for scarlet, no sooner beheld the colour of my coat, than, setting up a wild roar, he instantly gave chase, and came after me at full gallop.

I had fancied myself a hero. I thought I could march up unshrinking to the cannon's mouth; but, like many other gentlemen of the sword, though proof against a charge of cavalry, I could not stand a charge of *horning*; so, leaving the main road, I dashed along the foot of the hill towards a swamp, with the recollection and geography of which my good genius at that moment supplied me. Meantime, the bull came roaring after, and was rapidly gaining ground, while I, (oh, humbling thought to the pride of valour!) the love of the ladies, and the envy of the men, was running in mortal fear, like a hare before the hounds.

The bog was now close before me, and the bull close behind—my bane and antidote—and yet the swamp might be soft enough to drown me—(what a death for a soldier!)—so, betwixt the bog and the bull's horns, I felt myself betwixt the *horns* of a dilemma.

The animal was now at my back, foaming and fuming. I heard and fancied that I felt his hot breath behind me, just as I reached the margin of the bog. There was no time to hesitate—so I made a leap, and lighted on the quaking quagmire, in which I sunk to the knees.

My enemy having an instinctive feeling that he was treading upon tender ground, suddenly came to a halt; but, by scraping the earth with his feet, and eyeing me with orbs of flame, gave manifest symptoms of unabated fury, and showed no disposition, by retreating, to release me from "durance vile."

Alas! what we suffer for our country! (thought I, as I stood cold and wet, without prospect of release;)—my fair partner will now be in the ball-room—all smiles and blushes, and gentle tremors—waiting for my arrival, and wondering at my delay. Anon, her young heart will palpitate with fears of illness, or some fatal accident; but, could she see her Lothario, in full uniform, stuck knee-deep in a bog, with a bull standing sentry over him, it were death to romance, and could call forth no tears but those of laughter.

At length I was observed by some pedestrians, passing along the road, who came to my assistance, and succeeded in driving away the bull, and relieving me from my ludicrous misery; but the story got abroad in the neighbourhood, and, embellished with numerous facetious additions, became the subject of village mirth;—my rivals gloated on it, and the old maids, whom I had incautiously neglected, caught the echo, and carried the tale from house to house. I was saved, however, from the agony of encountering the public gaze and mock sympathy, by being suddenly recalled to the regiment, then about to proceed on foreign service from Dublin, where I arrived a few days previous to embarkation.

Among the many ways in which I had paid for the pleasure of wearing a red coat, I had, somehow or other, neglected the trifling one of paying my tailor; and one day, while sporting my figure, and escorting a fashionable beauty along Dame Street, just at the most interesting moment of a most tender and interesting conversation, I received a somewhat unceremonious slap on the shoulder, and turning round, in no very gentle mood at the impatient interruption, was thus accosted by the vulgar intruder:—"By your *love*, sir, and begging your pardon, I arrest you at the suit of Mr Tick, the tailor, for a regimental coat,—the same, I suppose, at present on your back."

To have knocked the fellow down would, doubtless, have been my first impulse; but of all power of action and thought I was, for the moment, utterly deprived by the shock of such a dreadful exposure.

A flash of fire shot through my brain, the sight forsook my eyes, and the last sound of which I was conscious, after the words of the accursed dun, was a loud burst of laughter, amidst which my fair friend vanished like a witch in a clap of thunder. Upon recovering my senses, I made the tipstaff call a coach, in which we proceeded to the barracks, where my debt was discharged, *pro tempore*, by the paymaster, and the following day saw me fairly afloat upon the wide ocean.

Once more behold me restored to my country, after being baptized with fire, of which I bore a certificate in the shape of a bad wound. Upon arriving at my native village, I received a friendly visit from the doctor, who made many kind enquiries after my health, and expressed a curiosity to look at my wound, which had only just healed. He gazed upon it in mysterious silence, and upon being asked what he thought of it, replied, that a gun-shot wound was a very complex thing, combining in itself the nature of three different mischiefs, viz. a cut, a tear, and a bruise; and before he could give any opinion, it would be necessary to lay it open from the bottom—a piece of kindness on his part which I begged leave to de-

cline. He put in an account, however, charging an exorbitant fee for his gratuitous call, and (I suppose) for not performing the operation, thinking, no doubt, that the intention was equivalent to the act, the non-performance of which was not his fault, but mine. I paid his demand, and took my revenge by making him the theme of some doggerel verses, the two last of which, touching the most prominent features of his countenance and character, namely, great goggling eyes, and most unconscionable cupidity, run thus :

Far out the doctor's large eyes lolling  
Seem as about to leave their sockets;  
Like billiard-balls they still are rolling  
About the corners of the pockets.

If bleeding good for health thou deemest,  
And dost consult this doctor bold,  
Thou'lt find in him the true Alchymist,  
Who makes thy vein a vein of gold.

Such, reader, are a few of the miseries arising from my red coat. Its brightness has now faded like the hopes to which it gave rise, and is, indeed, so very dark, that I fancy it is going into mourning for all the ills of which it has been the cause.

#### THE ALEHOUSE PARTY.

*A Chapter from an unpublished Novel, by the Authors of the "Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.*

"The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And aye the ale was growing better."

BURNS.

ON the evening of that day which saw Mrs Wallace enter Park a bride, Robin Kinniburgh and a number of his cronies met at the village alehouse to celebrate the happy event. Every chair, stool, and bench, being occupied, Robin and his chum, Tammy Tacket, took possession of the top of the meal girnel; and, as they were elevated somewhat above the company, they appeared like two rival provosts, looking down on their surrounding bailies.

"It's a gude thing," said Tammy, "that the wives and weans are kept out the night; folk get enough o' them at hame."

"I wonder," said Jamie Wilson, "what's become o' Andrew Gilmour."

"Hae ye no heard," said Robin, "that his wife died yesterday?"

"Is she dead?" exclaimed Tammy Tacket: "faith," continued he, giving Robin a jog with his elbow, "I think a man might hae waur furniture in his house than a dead wife."

"That's a truth," replied Jamie Wilson, "as mony an honest man kens to his coat.—But send round the pint stoup, and let us hae a health to the laird and the leddy, and mony happy years to them and theirs."

When the applause attending this toast had subsided, Robin was universally called on for a song.

"I hae the host," answered Robin; "that's aye what the leddies say when they are asked to sing."

"Deil a host is about you," cried Wattie Shuttle; "come awa' wi' a sang without mair ado."

"Weel," replied Robin, "what maun be, maun be; so I'll gie ye a sang, that was made by a laddie that lived east-awa; he was aye daundering, poor chiel, amang the broomie knowes, and mony's the time I hae seen him lying at the side o' the wimpling burn, writing on ony bit paper he could get haud o'. After he was dead, this bit sang was found in his pocket, and his puir mother gied it to me, as a kind o' keepsake; and now I'll let you hear it,—I sing it to the tune o' 'I hae laid a herrin' in saut.'"

SONG.

It's I'm a sweet lassie, without e'er a fault;  
See ilka ane tell's me,—see it maun be true;  
To his kail, my auld fither has plenty o' saut,  
And that brings the lads in gowpens to woo.  
There's Saunders M'Latchie, wha bides at the Mill,  
He wants a wee wife, to bake and to brew;  
But Saunders, for me, at the Mill may stay still,  
For his first wife was puishioned, if what they say's true.

The next is Tam Watt, who is grieve to the Laird,—  
Last Sabbath, at puir me a sheep's ee he threw;  
But Tam's like the pickers I've seen o' Blue Beard,  
And sic folk's no that chance, if what they say's true.  
Then there's Grierson the cobbler, he'll sneech, an' he'll beg,  
That I'd be his awl in awl, daulin', and doo;  
But Grierson the cobbler's a happily leg,  
And nae man that hobbies need come here to woo.

And there's Murdoch the gauger, wha rides a blind horse,  
And nae man can mak' a mair beautifu' boo;  
But I shall ne'er tak him, for better, for worse,  
For, sax days a-week, gauger Murdoch is fou.  
I wonder when Willie Waught's fither 'll die,  
I wonder how that brings the bluid to my brow;  
I wonder if Willie will then be for me;  
I wonder if then he'll be coming to woo.

"It's your turn now to sing, Tammy," said Robin, "although I dinna ken that ye are very gude at it."

"Me sing!" cried Tammy, "I canna even sing a psalm, far less a sang; but if ye like, I'll tell you a story."

"Come awa then, a story is next best; but haud a' your tongues there, you chieels," cried Robin, giving the wink to his cronies, "we a' ken Tammy is unco gude at telling a story, mair especially if it be about himself."

"Aweel," said Tammy, clearing his throat, "I'll tell you what happened to me when I was ance in Embro'.—I fancy ye a' ken the Calton hill?"

"Whatna daftlike question is that, when ye ken very weel we hae a' been in Embro' as weel as yoursel?"

"Weel then," began Tammy, "I was coming ower the hill—"

"What hill?" asked Jamie Wilson. "Corstorphine hill?"

"Corstorphine fiddlestick!" exclaimed Tammy; "did ye no hear me say the Calton hill at the first, which, ye ken, is thought there the principal hill?"

"What's that ye're saying about Principal Hill?" asked Robin; "I kent him weel ance in a day."

"Now, Tammy," cried Willie Walkinshaw, "can ye no gang on wi' your story, without a' this balwaving and nonsense about coming ower ane o' our Professors; my faith, it's no an easy matter to come ower some o' them."

"Very well," said Tammy, a little angrily, "I'll say nae mair about it, but just draw the hill."

"Where, where?" cried several voices at once.

"I'm thinking," said Robin, drily, "some o' the Embro' folk would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would drap it in the Nor' Loch."

"Ye're a set o' gomerils!" exclaimed Tammy, in great wrath, "I meant naething o' the sort; but only that I would gie ower speaking about it."

"So we're no to hae the story after a'," said Matthew Henderson.

"Yes," said Tammy, "I'm quite agreeable to tell't, if ye will only sit still and haud your tongues.—Aweel, I was coming ower the hill ae night—"

"Odsake, Tammy," cried Robin, "will ye ne'er get ower that hill? ye hae tell't us that ten times already; gang on, man, wi' the story."

"Then, to mak a lang story short, as I was coming ower the hill ae night about ten o'clock, I fell in—"

"Fell in!" cried Matthew Henderson, "where? was't a hole, or a well?"

"I fell in," replied Tammy, "wi' a man—"

"Fell in wi' a man!" said Willie Walkinshaw; "weel, as there were two o' ye, ye could help ane another out."

"Na, na," roared Tammy, "I dinna mean that at a'; I just cam up wi' him—"

"I doubt, Tammy," cried Robin, giving a sly wink to his cronies, "if ye gaed up the Calton hill wi' a man at ten o'clock at night, I'm thinking ye'll hae been boozing some gate or ither wi' him afore that."

"Me boozing?" cried Tammy; "I ne'er saw the man's face afore or since; unless it was in the police office the next day."

"Now, Tammy Tacket," said Robin, gravely, "just tak' a frien's advice, and gie ower sic splores; they're no creditable to a decent married man like you; and dinna

be bleezing and bragging about being in the police office ; for it stands to reason ye wouldna be there for ony gude."

"Deil tak' me," cried Tammy, jumping up on the meal girdel, and brandishing the pint stoup, "if I dinna fling this at the head o' the first man wha says a word afore I be done wi' my story :—And as I said before, I fell in—"

Poor Tammy was not at all prepared for his words being so soon verified, for, in his eagerness to enforce attention, he stamped violently with his hobnailed shoe on the girdel, which giving way with a loud crash, Tammy suddenly disappeared from the view of the astonished party. Robin, who had barely time to save himself from the falling ruins, was still laughing with all his might, when Mrs Scoreup burst in upon them, saying, "What the sorrow is a' this stramaash about?"—but seeing a pale and ghastly figure rearing itself from the very heart of her meal girdel, she ejaculated, "Gude preserve us!" and, retreating a few steps, seized the broth ladle, and prepared to stand on the defensive.

At this moment Grizzy Tackett made her appearance at the open door, saying, "Is blethering Tam here?"

"Help me out, Robin, man," cried Tammy.

"Help ye out!" said Grizzy; "what the sorrow took ye in there, ye drucken ne'er-do-weel?"

"Dinna abuse your gudeman, wife," said Jamie Wilson.

"Gudeman!" retorted Grizzy; "troth, there's few o' ye deserve the name; and as for that idle loon, I ken he'll no work a stroke the morn, though wife and weans should want baith milk and meal."

"Odsake, wife," cried Robin, "if ye shake Tammy weel, he'll keep ye a' in parrish for a week."

"She'll shake him," cried the angry Mrs Scoreup; "cocks are free o' horses' corn; I'll shake him," making, as she spoke, towards the unfortunate half-choked Tammy.

"Will ye faith?" screamed Grizzy, putting her arms akimbo; "will ye offer to lay a hand on ye gudeman, and me standing here? Come out this minute, ye Jonadub, and come hame to your ain house."

"No ae fit shall he steer frae this," cried Mrs Scoreup, alapping to the door, "till I see wha is to pay me for the spoiling o' my gude new girdel, forby the meal that's wasted."

"New girdel!" exclaimed Grizzy, with a provoking sneer, "it's about as auld as yourself, and as little worth."

"Ye ill-tongued randy!" cried Mrs Scoreup, giving the ladle a most portentous flourish.

"Whisht, whisht, gudewife," said Robin, "say nae mair about it, we'll mak it up amang us; and now, Grizzy, tak Tammy awa hame."

"It's no right in you, Robin," said Grizzy, "to be filling Tammy fou, and keeping decent folks out o' their beds till this time o' night."

"It's a' Tammy's fault," replied Robin; "for ye ken as well as me, that when ance he begins to tell a story, there's nae such thing as stopping him; he has been blethering about the Calton hill at nae allowance."

The last words seemed to strike on Tammy's ear; who hiccuped out, "As I cam ower the Calton hill—"

"Will naeboddy stap a peat in that man's hause!" exclaimed Matthew Henderson; "for ony sake, honest woman, tak him awa, or we'll be keepit on the Calton hill the whole night."

"Tak haud o' me, Tammy," said Robin; "I'll gang hame wi' ye."

"I can gang mysell," said Tammy, giving Robin a shove, and staggering towards the door.

"Gang yourself!" cried Grizzy, as she followed her helpmate; "ye dinna look very like it:" and thus the party broke up;

And each went aff their separate way,  
Resolved to meet anither day.

#### A MODERN EPICUREAN'S HINTS FOR AN ADDITIONAL RELISH.

*By Derwent Conway, Author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands," "Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," &c.*

It surprises me that I have found courage to commit to paper my "Hints" upon this subject, because I have lived long enough in the world to have discovered how ill-natured a world it is, and how difficult a matter it will be to get through this article, and speak my mind as I go along, and, at the same time, avoid the charge of sensuality. I have considerable hopes, however, that my real motive and character will be discovered by some grave, reflecting old gentleman, who is anxious to enjoy life as much as possible, and who, sitting perhaps with his pint of pale sherry before him, may silence any such impertinence as meets his ear, in some such words as the following:—"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I really think you have mistaken the character of the author of the Hints, and his motive in making them public; he seems to me to be more of a philanthropist, than either an epicure or a sensualist;" and the old gentleman would speak nothing but the truth. I have communicated my Hints to the world, from a conviction that one-half of the world bid adieu to it, without having once partaken of any enjoyment with the highest relish of which it is susceptible. It is true, indeed, that the varieties which exist in the mental and corporeal capabilities of mankind, fix precisely as many limits to the powers of enjoyment; but my desire is, that every man should have the power of filling his own measure to the brim;—if this be not a philanthropic desire, then God help the abolitionists; they stint their philanthropy to the "poor Blacks," including the "climbing boys,"—but mine embraces in its design the whole human race,—it is neither limited to sect nor colour; Jew, Christian, and Infidel, Whites and Blacks, are alike capable of enjoyment, and therefore may equally profit by my "hints for an additional relish." This, I think, forms a very pretty introduction to my subject, upon which the good-natured reader is now, I daresay, disposed to enter, with a prepossession in favour of me and my philanthropy: as for the censorious, I leave them to the chastisement of the old gentleman, who has ordered another pint of sherry, and has taken up the cudgels for me very warmly.

I incline to refer the contempt which is sometimes expressed for the pleasures of the table to one of three things;—a morbid state of the moral judgment, which looks upon the enjoyments of this life, and the powers which can make them our own, only as so many temptations to be resisted, and so many enemies to be vanquished; or, an imperfect organization of certain of the senses, which hinders the individual from perceiving the enjoyments which he affects to perceive, and yet to despise; or, lastly, hypocrisy, which parades an indifference that is not felt, and probably not acted upon. I think I am quite warranted in concluding, that no man, in the full possession of his reason, with the perfect use of his senses, and with sincerity in his character, will either despise, or affect to despise, the pleasures of the table.

I have now reached a most important part of my subject. I shall suppose the company blessed with a reasonably good appetite,—for I have no concern with dyspeptic,—and that no one is either too warm or too cold; dinner is served,—and the question I put is, are you all prepared to enjoy it? Ay, and there are few questions more important. If a man dies at seventy, he has lived forty years, during which the question might be put to him every day,—(for it is absurd to speak to a man much under thirty about stuffing for a roast pig, or sauce for a pheasant :) forty years, in the course of which he has eaten fourteen thousand six hundred dinners. Prince of gods and men, what happiness *ought* to be ours! Fourteen thousand six hundred opportunities of enjoying one—

self!! I ask of every man who has finished his toilette, and who is descending to the dining-room, if he be prepared to enjoy the good things that await him?

I recollect to have once heard a greenhorn say, "If there be a good dinner, there can be little question about the enjoyment of it;" but nothing can be more erroneous, as applied to mankind in general; though to such men as Dr Johnson, a good dinner, and the enjoyment of it, were indeed inseparable, because he knew the secret of making them so. There are, in truth, so many things indispensable to the highest enjoyment of a good dinner, that, for greater clearness, I shall throw my Hints into sections.

§ 1. AN UNOCCUPIED MIND.—To throw off our cares with our *surtout*, is not indeed in the power of every one; but, with very few exceptions, it is possible for every one so to arrange the day, that when the dinner-hour arrives, nothing that presses upon the mind shall be left undone. The most trifling matter will mar the enjoyment of the most delicious feast; an unanswered letter,—a dun, unattended to,—the prospect of an unpleasant duty,—things, ten times more insignificant than these, will neutralise the flavour of the finest turbot that ever was slid into the fish-kettle. The citizen drives to his retreat at Clapham, and recollects, at the moment he cuts into the sirloin, that he has neglected to provide for a bill for £1000;—the lounge saunters into the Claremont, and remembers, just as he immerses his spoon in his turtle soup, that he has forgotten to leave a card for my Lord This or That;—and thus the appetite of the one and the other is equally ruined;

A card forgotten, or a bill to pay,  
Alike will fright the appetite away;—  
As the rude gust, or as the lightest breath,  
Brings to the taper's flame an equal death.

But not only must we approach the dinner table with an unoccupied mind, we must give to it, as to any other piece of important business, that which I shall insist upon in

§ 2. UNDIVIDED ATTENTION.—Every body has read Boswell's Life of Johnson, and therefore every body remembers that profound remark made by the great moralist, that, "In order to enjoy a good dinner, we must talk about it all the while." It is certain, at all events, that conversation must not be too excursive; for be it a work of business, or a work of pleasure, in which we are engaged, it will be best done, and most enjoyed, if the mind be wholly given up to it. There is not one reader who is not conscious of this truth; not one upon whom the pleasures of the eye, the ear, or the palate, have not, upon some occasions, been lost, through the pre-occupation, or abstraction, of the mind;—and I have no doubt that Clarke and Leibnitz might have discussed a brace of woodcocks, without being conscious of their good fortune, if they had, at the same time, discussed the question of liberty and necessity. My philanthropy is not confined to the living; it grieves me to think, that want of attention to so simple a precept as that which I have laid down in this section, should, for ages, have stunted the enjoyment of the most frequent of all the pleasures which lie on the highway of life. Dr Johnson properly makes use of the word "talk," in contradistinction to the word conversation; for, if undivided attention be given to the employment of the table, it is impossible that there should be any such thing as conversation. There must be nothing argumentative,—nothing that involves much difference in opinion,—nothing that rouses the attention, or awakens interest,—for it is impossible to "lend your ear," without also admitting a claim upon the sensibility of the palate; table-talk, if not rigidly confined within the horizon of the table, must, at all events, make but short excursions beyond it. The philosophy of this section may be thus summed up: There is no such thing as a corporeal pleasure, independent of mind; the external organs of sense are but *media* of communication;

the mind it is that takes cognizance of the qualities of objects; and it is undeniable, that a state of mental abstraction might exist, in which no object brought in contact with the external organs of sense would create any perception of its quality; and if this be true, it must necessarily follow, that the more intently the mind is fixed upon any animal enjoyment, the keener will that enjoyment be.

§ 3. REGULATION OF THE APPETITE.—The man who is in too great haste to be rich, sometimes misses his object; the gambler who throws down all his gold on the first stake, runs a risk of coming away penniless; the jockey who makes too much speed at the beginning of the race, has little chance of winning the plate; and in every pleasure and every pursuit in which mankind is engaged, precipitancy is the neutraliser of enjoyment, and the enemy of success. Keep this truth especially in mind, when you take your seat at a feast. He who is desirous of extracting the essence from it, will be as wary as an old trout that nibbles at the bait—the young things only gulp hook and all; he will dally with his delights, and never swallow a second mouthful until judgment has pronounced her verdict upon the savour of the first. Sip and enjoy: even the most arrant bungler would not gulp a glass of Maraschino, as he would a basin of camomile tea. The *non-gulping* principle may be carried with advantage into all our pleasures. A man who is ignorant of it, may gulp a new novel without tasting it; it is possible to be so great a gulper in sight-seeing, as to leave nothing behind but headache; and the man who should perform a journey on a race horse—and who might well be classed among gulpers—could not tell, when he came to the end of it, whether the road was skirted by fruit or forest trees.

For the present I shall leave the reader to the important work of digestion, concluding with this single observation, that nothing can be sillier than the common and specious morsel of morality, so dogmatically levelled against the pleasures of the table, that they are short-lived, and perish in the using. I should be glad to know what pleasure does not. We have, indeed, agreeable reminiscences of a fine poem which we have read,—of delightful scenery which we have passed through,—or of sweet music to which we have listened; but the pleasure of these reminiscences is faint, in comparison with present enjoyment. My recollections of Winandermere and its surrounding beauties are, indeed, of the most agreeable kind; but can they be compared with the rapturous feelings with which I have watched, from the bosom of that lovely lake, day die upon the rosy mirror, and the hills fold themselves in their dusky mantle? And so is it with all pleasures,—be they pleasures of a moment, a day, or a lifetime—they perish in the using.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### AN INVITATION TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By the late Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, Authoress of the  
"Cottagers of Glenburnie."

I FAIN would find an open door  
Straight leading to your heart;  
But, oh! in vain I round me glow'r,—  
Yet, ere I hopelessly gie o'er,  
I'll try, though feckless, gif I've power  
To tirl ere I depart.

Ye winna lift the sneck, I trow,  
To Flattery's supple tongue;

\* We can assure our readers that they may fully rely on the authenticity of these lines, which have never before appeared in print.  
—Ed. Lit Jour.

For Truth herself presents to you  
Sic loads of praise, as homage due  
Frae a' the world, that naething new  
Can garnish Flattery's song.

'Tis no, then, at the Poet's yett  
That I sall tak my stand;  
But Friendship's wicket I'll beset;  
For ne'er, oh Scott! can I forget  
How cordially langsyne 'twas let  
To ope to Friendship's hand.

And maun thae days nae mair return—  
Maun neebors now be strange?  
When land-loupers are free to sorn,  
Maun auld acquaintance seem forlorn,  
Nae mair to meet at e'en or morn?—  
Oh, what a dismal change!

Then hear me, honour'd neebor, hear!  
Nor let me plead in vain;  
A boon I crave my heart to cheer—  
A puir auld heart,—but hale and fere,  
That while it beats, will beat sincere,  
And warm in likka vein.

The boon I ask, at hour o' nine  
The morrow's e'en to meet,  
And round our blazing ingle twine  
The social wreath,—ae sprig of thine  
Wad make it doubly sweet.

#### HANNIBAL, ON DRINKING THE POISON.

*By Dugald Moore, Author of "The African, a Tale;  
and other Poems."*

AND have I thus outlived the brave  
Who wreath'd this wrinkled brow?—  
And has earth nothing but a grave  
To shield her conqueror now?  
Ah, glory! thou'rt a fading leaf,—  
Thy fragrance false—thy blossoms brief—  
And those who to thee bow  
Worship a falling star—whose path  
Is lost in darkness and in death.

Yet I have twined the meed of fame  
This ancient head around,  
And made the echo of my name  
A not undreaded sound;  
Ay—there are hearts, Italia, yet  
Within thee, who may not forget  
Our battle's bloody mound,  
When thy proud eagle on the wing  
Fell to the earth, a nerveless thing!

Yes, mid thy vast and fair domains,  
Thou sitt'st in terror still,  
While this old heart, and these shrunk veins,  
Have one scant drop to spill;  
Even in the glory of thy fame  
Thou shrinkest still at Afric's name,—  
'Tis not a joyous thrill;  
Thou hast not yet forgotten quite  
The hurricane of Cannæ's fight!

Though chased from shore to shore, I yet  
Can smile, proud land, at thee;  
And though my country's glory set,  
Her warrior still is free!

On prostrate millions thou may'st tread,  
But never on this aged head—  
Ne'er forge base bonds for me!  
This arm, which made thy thousands vain,  
May wither—but ne'er wear thy chain.

True, they are gone—those days of fame—  
Those deeds of might—and I  
Am nothing—but a dreaded name,  
Heard like storms rushing by;  
Then welcome, bitter draught—thou'rt sweet  
To warrior spirits that would meet  
Their end—as men should die,—  
Hearts that would hail the darksome grave,  
Ere yet degraded to a slave.

Carthage—farewell! My dust I lay  
Not on thy summer strand;  
Yet shall my spirit stretch away  
To thee, my father's land.  
I fought for thee—I bled for thee—  
I perish now to keep thee free;  
And when the invader's band  
Thy children meet on battled plain,  
My soul shall charge for thee again!

*Dunlop Street, Glasgow.*

#### A SONG OF THE CUCKOO.

[The following spirited and original lines are the production of a popular living poet, whose name we regret we are not at liberty to mention.—*Ed. Lit Jour.*]

WHEN Spring with her girdle of roses comes forth,  
Like a fair blushing bride from the clime of the north,  
How man's heart bounds with gladness his gay bosom  
through,  
At her charms, and the song of her merry cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

We have gazed on bright forms, such as angels above  
Might leave heaven, and come down on this dull earth to  
love;  
But no face is like Nature's to man's longing view,  
When she laughs out in Spring with her joyous cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

We have felt—who has not?—as we clasped the fair hand,  
How the pulse bounds to bliss at the dear one's command;  
But are those warm pulsations more thrilling or new  
Than sweet Spring's when she dances, and warbles cuckoo?  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

Though we've look'd in their eyes, until feeling arose,  
And the white of the cheek took the red of the rose,  
Who would say that those eyes were of tenderer blue  
Than Spring's heaven when she comes with her merry  
cuckoo?

Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

Who could swear—I would not—that their voices are clear  
As Nature's sweet speech at the spring of the year?  
This we know, if far softer, their tongues are less true  
Than hers is when she speaks by her herald cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

We have drank of the wine-cup—who has not?—in mirth,  
And believed nothing like it is found upon earth,  
But that draught would be bitter and dark, if ye knew  
The rich cup which she sends by her Hebe cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

We have read the rare books of the wise ones of old,  
And perchance touched their wand that turns all things  
to gold;  
But their tomes and their spells are as old things to new  
When fair Nature's are shown by her envoy cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

Woman's love's not like hers;—rosy wine makes us gay,  
But, like beauty, it leads the pure bosom astray;  
Fly them both—tear your volumes—your spells break in  
two,  
And woo Nature, and sing with her shouting cuckoo,—  
Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo!

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that Messrs Longman and Co. are preparing for speedy publication, among other works,—Sermons on various Subjects, by the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.,—A System of Surgery, by John Burns, M.D., Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow,—A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, by William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow, and senior Surgeon to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary,—Beatrice, a Tale founded on Facts, by Mrs Hoffman,—The Venetian Bracelet, and other Poems, by L. E. L., &c. &c.

Mirza Mohammed Ibrahim, a Persian gentleman resident in England, who is attached to the East-India College, is employed, and has made considerable progress, in translating Herodotus from the English into Persian;—thus the earliest accounts of his country which Europe received, and of the dynasty which was overthrown by Alexander, is, after a lapse of twenty-two centuries, likely to be introduced to the present inhabitants of that country in their vernacular tongue.

One of the most interesting works lately published in Paris is the "Memoirs of the Duke of St Simon." It comprehends the history of the character of Louis XIV. and his mistresses; and some very curious details relating to the Revolution of 1688.

Rochevouscauld's Maxims have been translated into modern Greek, and published with an English version.

A French and Arabic Dictionary is about to be published, which will be exceedingly useful to all Europeans travelling in the East.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.—Private letters have reached this country, announcing the death of this eminent man, who expired at Geneva, on the 29th of May, after a lingering illness. Science and Great Britain have thus lost one of their brightest ornaments.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.—We had much pleasure in attending, on Saturday and Monday last, the examination of the pupils of Mr Espinasse, one of the most successful French teachers now resident in Edinburgh. The rooms were, on both days, crowded with a fashionable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, who must have been equally pleased with the proficiency which the pupils evinced in reading, translating, writing, and speaking French, and with the enthusiasm and earnestness of the teacher. There was evidently no collusion between the two parties;—the whole was an intellectual display of a very interesting and delightful kind.

FRANCE.—We heartily recommend to our readers a new descriptive Road-book of France, just published by Samuel Leigh. It contains an account of all the post-roads, cross-roads, cities and towns, bathing-places, natural curiosities, rivers, canals, modes of traveling, diligences, packets, inns, expense of living, coins, passports, weights and measures, together with an excellent map and plans of several of the principal towns. It is a work which every Englishman who crosses the Channel ought to take with him.

THE ISLE OF MAN.—We have read with much pleasure a little work, recently published, entitled, "Sketches of the Isle of Man, by a Tourist." It is from the pen of Mr Bennet, Editor of the *Glasgow Free Press*, and does him much credit. Whoever bends his excursive steps, in these blue and sunny days, to the Kingdom of Manx, will do well to provide himself with a copy of the "Sketches." This may be set down as a puff collateral; but it is not, any more than praising a book which deserves to be praised is a puff.

THE MODERN ATHENS.—We observe that our *arbitri elegantiarum* are again beginning to "agitate" regarding the improvements of Edinburgh. Mr Gourlay has done us the favour to send us a copy of his "Plans," which, we think, contains some very sensible remarks; but as we shall probably have something to say more at length upon the subject soon, we shall not at present enter into the question of their superiority or inferiority to those already suggested. One thing we are clear of, that, seeing the gross blunders, in point of taste, some of our Junos of wise men have already made, the public should look well to it before they allow any decided steps to be taken.

*Theatrical Gossip.*—A part of the original "Der Freischütz" has been performed at Covent Garden, by native Germans. The performance went off well enough, but we do not see any great merit in the innovation.—It is said that the present season has been a bad one both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and that the managers of both establishments will find themselves *minus* several thousand pounds. We cannot say that we regret this, as we hope it will teach them the propriety of reducing, to one-fourth or fifth, the extravagant salaries now paid to leading performers. Laporte, the manager of the Italian Opera, is believed to have been, on the whole, more fortunate, though he has had a hard push for it. Matthews and Yates, at the Adelphi, have made the most successful hit; Astley's also is doing well; but the Surrey, Sadler's Wells, and the Coburg, have not been very prosperous.—Liaton has been engaged for the Haymarket, which is to open immediately, at £20 per night,—a shameful sum to be paid by a small summer theatre.—It is rumoured in Paris that Miss Smithson is about to be married to a French Count. It is the best thing she could do.—Miss I. Paton entered upon an engagement at the Liverpool Theatre on Monday last. She played *Lucilla Hardy* in the "Belle's Stratagem," to Vandenhoff's *Doricourt*.—Miss Foote, who is about to leave the stage, is concluding her theatrical career, by a short engagement in Plymouth—her native town.—Kean is now at his country residence in Rothsay, and we are glad to understand he is much reinstated in health. He will do us a personal favour if he will perform a week or ten days here at his first convenience.—Canadori's *Polly*, on Saturday last, was, as we anticipated, one of the most brilliant things we have seen on this stage. She is to repeat the performance this evening.—Denham takes his benefit on Tuesday, and deserves to have a good one. He plays *Flavius*, which is a bold attempt, but he will do it well.—We are glad to understand that a new dramatic piece, written by a literary gentleman of some eminence in this city, has been read in the Green-Room, and is to be brought out soon. It is entitled "Willie Armstrong, or Durie in Durance;"—the principal parts to be supported by Messrs Murray, Mackay, and Denham. The plot is founded on an interesting anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." We are well pleased to see some of our own literary characters thus rallying round our own national Theatre, in which honourable ambition, it ought not to be forgotten that the fair authoress of "Aloyse" led the way.—OLO CHAMBERS informs us, that he proposes making a few remarks on the present state of the Edinburgh Company next Saturday.—The Caledonian Theatre opens to-night under a new Manager—Mr Bass, of the Dundee and Montrose Theatres;—we shall inform our readers what we think of his arrangements in our next.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

June 6—12.

SAT. *The Beggar's Opera, & Charles XII.*  
MON. *Speed the Plough, The Mogul Tale, & Amateurs and Actors.*  
TUES. *Midnight Hour, a Concert, & Modern Antiques.*  
WED. *St Roman's Well, & Guy Mannering.*  
THURS. *Isabella, & Ivanhoe.*  
FRI. *Gilderooy, The Mogul Tale, & George Heriot.*

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE able Article by the Author of "Anster Fair," will appear next Saturday.

Mr Brydson's verses shall have a place soon.—We are obliged to postpone several interesting poetical articles which are in type.—We reserve Dr Gillespie's amusing anecdote for the next appearance of the "Editor in his slippers."—We have to request of the Editor of a Newspaper north of the Forth, when he favours us by copying into his columns articles communicated to the LITERARY JOURNAL by Dr Gillespie, or any other person of eminence, to acknowledge the source from which they are taken, as his not doing so may be fully as disagreeable to our correspondents as to ourselves.—We cannot at present find room for a notice of the last number of the *Monthly Magazine*.—There is considerable promise in the verses "To F—y;" and likewise in the Lines by "Edwin."

The author of one of the articles in to-day's Number will perceive that we have been under the necessity of curtailing it to adapt it to our limits; but we have no intention of abridging the other able communication with which he has favoured us.

"R. C." is informed that we cannot possibly give a place to documents connected with Mr Galt, which originally appeared in a Liverpool Newspaper.

We observe that a writer in the *Weekly Journal* has misapprehended the tenour of our remarks on Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, reviewed in our last. We did not complain of the paucity of materials in that work, but of the Editor having, to a certain extent, neglected to arrange these materials in the most judicious manner.

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*The Five Nights of St Albans.* In three volumes. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1829.

THIS is a romance from the pen of Mr Mudford, who was for a considerable period editor of the London Courier. We have read the book with some attention, and we regret to say that our verdict concerning it cannot be a favourable one.

The plot or machinery upon which the romance is founded is simple enough. Two persons, of the name of Peverell and Clayton, returning home one night to the town of St Albans, where they live, observe an old abbey in the neighbourhood supernaturally illuminated. Next day they inform their fellow-townsmen of what they had seen; and, in conjunction with the rest of the inhabitants, they determine to watch that night for the recurrence of the phenomenon. The phenomenon not only takes place, but is accompanied with still more extraordinary appearances than on the preceding evening. This induces twelve of the bravest citizens of St Albans to form themselves into an association, for the purpose of watching in the Abbey, till they have discovered the cause of these fearful portents. Their watch is held for five nights, in the course of which innumerable horrible and supernatural events occur; and with a detailed account of these the three volumes are entirely occupied. By fortitude and perseverance the powers of darkness are at last overcome; and, in conclusion, a very ridiculous and unsatisfactory explanation is given of the cause which induced the goblins and malicious spirits to fix upon St Albans as the scene of their nocturnal revels.

It will thus be perceived that the author, avoiding all the usual subsidaries of romance, wishes to rest the interest and success of his work solely upon its uninterrupted appeal to the superstitious feelings of our nature. But he has undertaken to handle a weapon, with the mode of using which he is very imperfectly acquainted. In the first place, the very assumption upon which the whole book proceeds, is, in these days, much more calculated to excite mirth than to create awe. It stoutly sets out with the tangible introduction of devils and "demogorgons dire," and leaves the reader no hope that towards the conclusion of the third volume a long string of mysterious circumstances will be satisfactorily cleared up, and shown to have been nothing counter to the established laws which regulate the material universe. Before we have proceeded six pages, we find that we must, with our author, cut the cable of reason, and drift away on the wildest tide of imagination. To get at all interested in the work, we must be content to believe, not only that supernatural appearances are possible, but that the earth, the air, and the sea, are, in reality, peopled with beings of a nature different from our own, with whom we are brought into immediate contact, and, as it were, rendered familiar. In the next place, besides the absence *ab initio* of all doubt, (one of the great engines of superstition,) and the consequent certainty that what appear to be goblins

are goblins, we have so minute an account of their hideous sayings and doings, that terror is, for the most part, merged either in disgust or amusement. Mr Mudford seems to be profoundly ignorant that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Having supped full of horrors, he seems anxious to treat his readers to a similar banquet, simply by crowding together all the loathsome and fantastic images which ever came, in the shape of nightmare or stifling dreams, to the unhappy wretch who has eat at supper seven or eight pounds of pork sausages, and an unweighed quantity of toasted cheese.

Do not let us be mistaken. We are perfectly willing to admit that considerable genius may be shown in successfully grouping together a number of strange and grotesque images, whether of heaven or of earth; but if the leading object be to excite terror, no little caution and delicacy will be necessary, in order to keep this grouping within proper bounds, and likely to produce the end in view. A very good illustration of what we mean may be had by contrasting the *Temptation of St Anthony*, as painted by Teniers, with the same subject as treated by several Italian artists. The latter commonly represent the saint in a dark cave, through which the surrounding horrors glimmer dimly upon the eye, stimulating, but not satiating, the imagination; whereas the former brings every thing into view with the most laborious minuteness, and fills his picture with shapes of unclean birds, loathsome beasts, crawling reptiles, and all the similar disagreeables of a vivid, perhaps, but certainly a far less poetical fancy. The consequence is, that, in the first case, we sympathize with the undefined terror of St Anthony's situation, and in the other, wish only for a good sword or sturdy stick to drive the four-footed abominations away. In the same manner, in fictitious composition, there is a certain boundary, past which terror changes into disgust. None but a man of coarse feelings would, for a moment, suppose that a full, true, and particular account of a raw-head-and-bloody-bones was nearly so spirit-stirring as one or two mysterious and indistinct hints of some undescribed horror. Mr Mudford entirely overlooks this fundamental law in the use of the terrible in composition; and he has been pleased, therefore, to present us with a tissue of descriptions, much more calculated to turn our stomach than to freeze our blood.

It would be unfair to make this assertion without proving its truth; and with this view alone we shall introduce into our pages a few passages, to which we should certainly never have given a place on any other account. We need only open any one of the three volumes to meet with whole pages of coarse and loathsome bombast like the following:—"His flesh was one putrid mass of dissolving jelly; his face livid, with here and there broad blotches of cadaverous green; his features bore no distinguishable resemblance to what had been their character in life; while the black mark round his throat, which had been observed in the first instance, had eaten itself, as it were, into a trench or gash of fluid corruption." Or again,—"This imp of Acheron dwelt in a cave or den, a mile beyond the city, whose entrance was guarded by a monster,

engendered, as it was said, by his necromantic art, from the seed of the serpent, cast into the seething blood of infants (the first-born of their parents) during an eclipse of the moon; and kept boiling for nine times nine hours, by a fire fed with maidens' eyes." Or again,—"Peverell stood, for a moment, gazing on the shocking object that lay before him. The eyes were staring—the features distorted, and smeared with blood—the wound gaping; but the sun shone brightly—all nature smiled around—while a bloated toad, unscared by the presence of Peverell, was dabbling in, and sucking up, the clotted lumps that lay congealed upon the ground." Or again,—"If any neighbouring farmer, or his wife, sickened, it was because the hag Margery had stuck a heart of wax full of magic needles; or had made an exact image of the sick person, in wax, and roasted it before a slow fire; the marrow of the sufferer melting away, drop by drop, as the image itself dissolved." Or again,—"Some human bones, a skull, and what seemed to be the body of a new-born infant, with the dried skin of a water-snake coiled tightly round its neck, and two glow-worms shining in the sockets instead of eyes, stood on a table, in a dark corner, near the fire-place. In the opposite corner was a brood of enormous rats, weltering in blood, which was contained in a brazen cauldron."

These examples would probably be enough to prove that, in this particular style of writing, the "Five Nights of St Albans" will not yield to the most consummate trash that ever issued from the Minerva Press; but as the charge we make is a serious one, we must, however reluctantly, add a specimen or two additional. The whole scene in the witch Margery's cottage, which occupies a prominent part in the second volume, is in the highest degree disgusting, and almost unfit to be read by persons possessing minds of the most common degree of refinement. Here is one short sample of it:—"There stood a coffin, not a span long, with the untimely yielded burden of an abortive womb in it; and close by its side the delicate white pap of the dead mother, seemingly fresh severed from the body. A knife, crusted with blood, was fitted into the throat it had cut, which lay, still dripping, in the hellish circle. There, too, was a cadaverous heart, half gnawed away, as if it had been tossed for food to the blood-weltered rats. A grey scalp, with the skeleton fingers of a clenched hand, tugging at the thinly-scattered hairs, was beside it; and Helen fancied it might have belonged to some despairing wretch, who had died blaspheming! Between these horrible objects, burned low, red flames, issuing from human fat and flesh, and emitting a most noisome smell." What can any one think of the taste and dispositions of the ex-editor of the *Courier*, who allows himself to gloat over such descriptions as these? The story of Alice Gray, the midwife, is, if possible, (and one would think it barely possible,) still worse. Here is a brief sample of this most amiable episode:—"The maddened husband, and self-denying father, with the look and gesture of a demon, cast the innocent babe upon the blazing fire, and then heaped upon it the burning embers! Its screams were loud and terrific! The noise of its crackling flesh, as it shrivelled up in the fierce flames, could be distinctly heard!" These are not accidental passages, for we could, with equal ease, quote pages of similar stuff. As the main horrors of the book are connected with the Abbey of St Albans, it may be proper to give one short specimen of what these horrors are. On one of the nights that Peverell and his companions went to watch, the following is a short view of the *exterior* of the Abbey:

"As they approached the Abbey, the voices were redoubled. Monstrous shadows reared themselves in threatening attitudes along the walls—the bell tolled, and its beat was like the roaring of cannon—purple and sulphureous flames seemed to burst from the windows—the earth trembled beneath their feet—the rushing winds blew from every quarter of the heavens:—blazing meteors flashed across the darkened sky—dery hall fell before them at each step, as if

to drive them back—corpse-like faces grinned and chattered around them—unseen, icy hands clasped theirs—night-ravens shrieked: toads croaked, and adders hissed; the ground was strewn with loathsome reptiles of all kinds: low, moaning voices smote their ears, crying, 'Beware! beware!' and a fast-swelling river of blood seemed to ex-hale from the earth, like a moat, before the doors of the Abbey!"

The sketch of the *interior*, which follows immediately afterwards, is still more delightful:

"The interior was lighted, if light it could be called, with that kind of dusky gloom which is shed over every object by the descending shadows of evening. The eye could distinguish neither the height, nor the length, nor the breadth of the aisles. But pale phantoms, in shrouds and winding-sheets, and in every stage almost of mortal decay, were visible. Some looked as if life had just departed—others with that green and yellow hue, as if they had not lain in the earth a week—some showed incipient rottenness, in the loss of lips, and eyes, and cheeks—others, with the features dissolving into putrid liquefaction—some were brushing away the worms that crawled out of their ears and mouth—and some, more horrible still, seemed to dress up their dry, fleshless bones, in the living characters of thought and passion! On every side these hideous spectres were seen, sweeping slowly along in the air, or gliding upon the ground, or stalking backward and forward with noiseless motion. Sometimes they would bring their pestiferous faces close, and their smell was of corruption; but if the uplifted hand was raised to put them back, it passed through mere vacancy."

We doubt not our readers think that we have now favoured them with a sufficient number of extracts; but there is one other we beg to recommend to their attention, as peculiarly characteristic of Mr Mudford's style. We shall entitle it

#### AN INCANTATION SCENE.

"Margery now laid herself flat down, with her mouth close to the ground, and remained in that position for several minutes, writhing her limbs and pronouncing strange words. Sometimes she was still and motionless."

"She arose. Her look was angry. 'There is some power near, or at work,' said she, 'which he dreads. I heard his groan in the centre of the earth.'"

"Helen remembered the signet, and felt it clip her finger with a burning pressure."

"'I will tear him up,' she continued, stamping her foot violently, 'though his yells affright the dead, and drive back the moon from her path in the heavens! I am strong enough for that.'"

"She threw her crutch upon the ground, and exclaimed, 'Unfold thyself!'"

"Helen gazed with mute terror, as she saw the crutch heave, and swell, and enlarge itself, till it gradually assumed the shape of an enormous black serpent, curling and waving about in massy folds."

"'Suck me one drachm of blood!' continued the hag, uncovering her withered neck, and dragging out a shrivelled breast."

"The reptile coiled itself round her body with a hissing noise, and its eyes gleaming like two rubies. Helen shuddered; and the hag herself screamed, when the serpent darted its forked tongue into her nipple!"

"'Bravely done!' she exclaimed. 'Hold it till I bid thee; and then void it, drop by drop, in the cauldron! Each charmed drop is able to confound the elements, and make turreted castles rock to their foundations in the sudden tempest. But it must fall on the precious syrup made of child's grease, melted by a blue fire, kindled with lizard's brains, or it will not have power to compel Alascoo when he is moody.'"

"She then poured some of this 'precious syrup' into the cauldron, and walked to the four corners of the room, exclaiming, 'I call you from the east—I call you from the west—I call you from the south—I call you from the north!' She next stood in the middle of the room, and whirled round three times, saying all the while, 'I call you from graves, from woods, from fens, and from rocks! I call you from the deep river and the stagnant pool—I call you from charnel houses, and the grave of the unbaptized babe!'"

"Helen remained motionless—silent—but almost frenzied! Her cheek was pale—her eye wildly following every motion of Margery—her body trembling. The incantation had

already gone beyond her acquaintance with such fearful rites; and she knew Margery was now working by tremendously powerful charms—an exertion of her art which she shuddered to think was probably required, in consequence of that golden signet on her finger. She began to dread, too, lest her resolution should be subdued by the intensity of her excited feelings. Once or twice it required all the command she could still exercise over herself to refrain from giving utterance to her agony of mind, though she knew a single word from her, even a half-stifled exclamation, would destroy the whole.

"The hag now bade the serpent give the charmed blood, drop by drop; and no sooner had the gorged creature, rearing its wretched neck, distilled the warm gore from its opening jaws, than Helen's ears were assailed by the most dismal wailings, and by deep hollow groans from beneath her feet. The walls shook—the earth trembled—the loathsome objects which formed the circle leaped and danced about—skulls rattled against skulls—the iron teeth chattered—the low red flames, issuing from the unhallowed human fat and flesh, blazed like torches—the thunder pealed—and the blue lightning flashed—and there were loud howling and screaming, as if the place were filled with ravening wolves and famished eagles.

"In the midst of this wild tumult of unearthly noises, the voice of Margery was heard crying aloud, 'Arise, Alascon! Alascon, arise! Ascend, mighty Spirit of the future!'"

*Oho, jam satis!* From beginning to end, this book seems to us an outrage upon common sense, and common decency. There is a certain degree of rude strength in some of the conceptions, but it is a strength more befitting a butcher in the shambles, than a Christian knight at tilt or tournament. Besides, all the horrors are gratuitous to a most unjustifiable degree;—they answer no end,—they elucidate no secret,—they point no moral. They are a mouldering heap of cross bones, which ought to be buried again in the charnel-house, from which they have been sacrilegiously dug.

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*An Experimental Enquiry into the Laws which regulate the Phenomena of Organic and Animal Life.* By George Calvert Holland, M.D., Bachelor of Letters of the University of Paris, formerly senior President of the Hunterian Medical Society, and President of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh. Edinburgh. Mac-lachlan and Stewart. 1829. Pp. 466. 8vo.

THE study of Physiology is commonly regarded as forming one of the most pleasing branches essential to Medical Science; yet it embraces so many subjects of an interesting nature, that they require only to be stripped of the technicalities with which they are often obscured, to command general attention, and be appreciated by the more popular class of readers. The voyager, who, in traversing the wide ocean, is the first to discover some previously unknown island; or the astronomer, who first perceives and demonstrates the existence of some new and distant planet, is not entitled to more credit and praise from his fellow-creatures, than he who is the first to disclose some new and important truth, prevailing as an established law throughout the animal economy. To enter the fields of science with an ardent and anxious mind,—to explore their hitherto untrodden paths with unwearied assiduity and zeal, will almost guarantee some degree of success to every enquirer; for so much has yet to be accomplished, and there remain so many truths that have even yet escaped our investigation, that none need despair of ultimately triumphing over difficulties, and making discoveries that may still be of essential benefit to mankind. The experimental philosopher cannot fail to feel animated by this hope; it is the star at once to guide and cheer him in his progress; and thus he may reconcile himself to tasks otherwise of a most irksome and even painful description. But think not, fair and gentle reader! that we wish to summon the spirit of the charnel-house from Surgeon Square to discompose

you;—we are not about to describe the sufferings of the rabbits, guinea-pigs, pigeons, pigs, and chickens, that have from time to time been gasping in *articulo mortis* beneath the scalpel of the physiologist;—we have no desire at this moment to excite your sympathy with such horrors, and would not disturb the summer serenity of your thoughts by one unpleasant or unhallowed reflection. Our present remarks are simply to preface a notice of a very interesting and valuable work by Dr Holland, who has devoted much time and industry to physiological pursuits, and whose name, from the freshness of his mind, and the obvious zeal of his disposition in the acquisition of knowledge, is likely, at no distant period, to rank very high in Medical literature.

The limits which must be prescribed to the present review, and the circumstance of our Journal not aiming at the discussion of controversial points in physiological and medical science, must preclude us from disputing with our author many theoretical opinions, on which we are inclined to differ from him. Our notice of his work we wish to be rather analytical, than controversial; and we leave him and his contemporaries, whose opinions he arraigns, to discuss them more at length in the periodicals which are avowedly devoted to this subject. Dr Holland's enquiries refer principally to the cause of *animal heat*; a subject that has engaged the attention of the most distinguished physiologists, and which has, unquestionably, a high degree of interest attached to it. All animals, it is known, have a tendency to preserve a temperature that is more or less distinct from the medium wherein they live, and which, in diseases, is ascertained to undergo remarkable variations. In fever, the heat of the body has been observed at 107°, in tetanus at 110°, and on some occasions has been said to rise still higher. It manifests variety according to age, season, and climate. According to Dr Edwards and Despretz, it is said to be lower in the young than in the adult; in infancy, the former has remarked the temperature to be 94°<sup>10</sup>, whilst in the adult it varies from 96° to 98°. The latter asserts, that while in birds it is 105° in winter, it is nearly 111° in summer, gradually increasing in spring, and decreasing in autumn. There appears, also, to be a remarkable difference in the young of warm-blooded animals, as to their power of producing heat. A guinea-pig, soon after birth, is able to resist a low temperature, nearly as well as an adult; but kittens and puppies, when newly born, lose their temperature rapidly, when the external heat is artificially lowered; in a fortnight, however, they again acquire the power of evolving heat. Those animals which are born with their eyes open, can sustain themselves at a given temperature; the opposite class resemble at first cold-blooded animals, and their temperature falls with that of the surrounding media.

John Hunter, Wilson Phillip, Crawford, Edwards, Brodie, and numerous other distinguished physiologists, have exercised their abilities in endeavouring to explain the source of animal heat; and although various ingenious theories have been hazarded, and experiments performed, very different opinions respecting it are still entertained. Black was the first who regarded the respiratory function as producing changes on the inspired air analogous to those of combustion; and when this resemblance was ascertained, the lungs, which had formerly been supposed to act in cooling the heart, were invested by physiologists with the power of producing animal heat. To this it was replied, that if the heat of the body radiated from the lungs, their temperature must be much superior to that of the other organs of the body;—an objection which appeared at that time of so formidable a kind, that Black did not, it is said, attempt its refutation. Lavoisier advocated a similar theory, but speaks of the hypothesis as being entirely his own, and founded on his own experiments. Crawford, by numerous experiments, carefully conducted, became satisfied that arterial blood has a greater capacity for heat than venous

blood; and thence inferred, that the heat liberated in the lungs instantly became latent, and thus formed an unobserved element of arterial blood in its flow through the body, so that, at the subsequent conversion of arterial into venous blood in the capillaries, the quantity of heat became evolved and equalized throughout the system. These conclusions of Crawford have been ably contested by Drs Delaroche, Berard, and Davy, who, from their experiments, conclude that the difference of capacity between the arterial and venous blood is not so considerable as Crawford represented. Whether his theory, however, be correct or not, it may be said to be the prevailing opinion, that our temperature is dependent on respiration, and therefore on chemical changes. Opposed to this, it has by some been ascribed to nervous energy. Mr Brodie, an advocate of this opinion, removed the brain of animals, and continued the respiration artificially. The usual chemical changes of the blood he observed to continue in the lungs—but the temperature of the animal diminished, and even more rapidly than if the respiration had not been continued. He therefore concluded, that animal heat is dependent on nervous energy, rather than on chemical changes of the blood. Le Gallois, Dr Phillip, and other physiologists, by experimental investigations carefully conducted, subverted this opinion; but to detail further the evidence that is recorded on this subject, would far exceed the limits that could be allotted to it in our present Number. We thought it necessary, however, to enter into these preliminary details, that those of our readers who have not devoted time to this interesting enquiry, may more fully appreciate the investigations of the author of the work at present under review.

Dr Holland endeavours to prove, "that the Nervous System has no influence whatever upon the generation of animal heat, excepting in diminishing or retarding those chemical changes on which it depends, by destroying the natural proportions of blood submitted to the action of the air." Our author details a number of interesting experiments, which appear to have been very carefully conducted, and which fully establish this opinion. As the machine used by him in these experiments, for inflating the lungs with air, during the time he destroyed the brain and spinal cord, &c. is an invention of his own, and obviates the objection of injecting cold air, it deserves particular attention. By this simple contrivance, Dr Holland was enabled to perform a variety of experiments on a great number of rabbits, all of which tended to confirm him in the opinion, that the removal of the brain, or spinal cord, has no influence whatever on the apparent development of animal heat, nor on the degree and velocity of cooling.

Dr Holland proceeds to consider and refute the opinion of Dr Edwards, to which we have above referred, that the temperature of infants is above that of adults; and objects, with some reason apparently, to the method which Dr Edwards adopted in taking the temperature:

"In his experiments," says Dr Holland, "the thermometer was placed in the *arm-pit*. There are many objections to this mode of ascertaining the degree of animal heat. The part is particularly subject to perspiration, which may modify very much the results; or, if the arm has been removed from the contact of the body, it will be cooler than usual; or if it has been long applied to this, it will be warmer at one time than another. These circumstances are of sufficient importance to occasion great variations in the indications of the thermometer, and consequent fallacies in the reasoning. The plan which I followed appears to me more correct. Mr Moir, surgeon—accoucheur to the Lying-in-Hospital, Edinburgh, had the kindness to allow me the opportunity of taking the temperature of infants. The temperature of the body was at all times indicated by the indications which the thermometer gave in the mouth when the infant was asleep. To make the instrument as delicate as possible, it was dipped, for a moment before it was employed, into a cup of warm water, from 5 to 10 degrees above the animal heat. The bulb being thus slightly warmed, did

not awake the infant by its application, and was made much more sensible than the most delicate thermometer. The same method was in the greater number of instances attended to in taking the temperature of adults."—Pp. 122-123.

We are then presented with two tables,—the first containing the temperature of forty infants, the second, of forty adults; and, in each example that is included, the age, number of respirations, and state of the constitution, are noted. The result of this *experimentum crucis* is, that the medium temperature in the infants is reported at 99 degrees—the medium temperature in the adults at 97½.

The author next proceeds to consider the manner in which the system is adapted to the influence of cold; and afterwards devotes several pages to the torpidity of hibernating animals:

"The subject of torpidity has engaged the talents of the physiologist and naturalist, and is enveloped in much mystery. The greatness of an effect too often blinds the mind in attempting to ascertain its cause, by mingling in the enquiry a degree of wonder or admiration; and I am disposed to think that the subject of torpidity has been investigated by some with a feeling of this kind. The regularity with which animals have retired to their convenient resorts, the duration of their repose, and the comparative vigour with which they have returned to active life, are certainly occurrences that cannot be regarded by the reflecting mind without a degree of wonder and admiration."—P. 161.

"Many theories have been proposed to explain the cause of torpidity. Mangili imagined that the veins are larger, in proportion to the arteries, in hibernating than in other animals. He supposes, in consequence of this arrangement, that there is only as much blood transmitted to the brain, during summer, as is necessary to excite that organ to action. In winter, when the circulation is slow, the small quantity of blood transmitted to the brain is inadequate to produce the effect. Pallas observed the thymous gland, and two small glandular bodies under the throat and upper part of the thorax, unusually large, florid, and vascular, during torpidity. The opinion I have brought forward, to account for the occurrence of the phenomenon—viz., that it depends on the character of the external circulation, the effects of which modify the production of animal heat, whose influence is felt, whether excited or depressed, by every organ of the body—is consistent with a variety of facts and analogies, and in harmony with every appearance which these naturalists have adduced in support of their own view."—P. 167.

We have next, successively, chapters on "the means by which the system is enabled to bear a temperature superior to that of the body;" on "the influence of disease in the production of heat;" on "the function of the eight pair of nerves;" on "the influence of narcotics on the generation of animal heat and the digestive powers;" on "the causes which influence the action of the heart;" on "palpitation—syncope;" on "the physiology of the passions;" on "the nature of the vital principle;" on "sympathy;" &c.

Many of the subjects treated of in this work of Dr Holland's are not adapted for discussion in a general literary miscellany; nevertheless, we have perused the volume with very considerable interest. The popular reader will find in it much that cannot fail both to amuse and instruct the mind; whilst it claims more imperatively from the man of science, and especially from medical men, a more than ordinary attention. It is obviously the production of a very able writer, who, in discussing the doctrines of Hunter, Wilson Phillip, Brodie, &c. has displayed a degree of logical acumen and strength of reasoning, that render him worthy as an antagonist and competitor of all who have preceded him in the same interesting investigation.

*Waldstein, or the Swedes in Prague. From the German of Madame C. Pichler. By J. D. Rosenthal. In two volumes. Second Edition. London. J. Rodwell, and J. D. Haas. 1829.*

We have not visited every corner of this world. We have not (any more than Captain Parry) reached the

North Pole; and, to the best of our knowledge, we never yet were on the highest pinnacle of Chimborazo. Yet, before we undertook to conduct a periodical like the *EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL*, it was natural that we should, like Ulysses, seek to increase our experience of men and their ways, by visiting foreign shores. It so chanced, that, in the course of our rambles, we stumbled upon Bohemia,—a country seemingly set apart from the rest of nations by the hand of Nature. Bohemia is a kind of natural basin. It is surrounded on every side by a ring of mountains, (to the north by a double belt.) The land sinks down on every side, from the circumference to the centre. Thither all the various watercourses find their way, and are drained off by the broad Elbe, which has burst a course for itself through those giant mountains which separate Bohemia from Saxony.

It was with a strange feeling that we first set foot in the diligence from Dresden to Prague, for the purpose of visiting a country of which we had no more definite idea, than could be gathered from the perusal of some thousands of romances and romantic dramas. It was most cruel that there was no less commonplace way of visiting this land of inaccessible mountains, dark forests, and darker deeds. The inns on the road, too, although bad enough to please the veriest novel reader, did not furnish us with a single adventure. We have since visited it in a more adventurous way; but to talk of that now were to wander from our subject. We found, that although the progress of arts has made every country patent to modern travelling, and spread a tiresome similarity of character over every European nation, yet the jealous care of the Austrian government has been, in a great measure, successful in keeping its subjects safe from the contamination. Not that it has been altogether successful. Some slight glimmerings of European culture have found their way thither in spite of it. But, on the whole, there are more peculiarities in Bohemian society, than in that of any other western nation.

The people may be divided into two great nations,—the governing and the governed. The former—the Austrians—engross all places of power and profit, and constitute almost exclusively the military establishment of Bohemia. The Austrians are the least refined and instructed of the Germans; and though, at home, honest and good-natured to a proverb, they are notorious as oppressive masters in other lands. The latter—the native Bohemians—acute and sensitive,—proud,—of an Oriental disposition, more prompt and active than persevering—subside in their forced state of inactivity into torpor. The peasantry seem to have no notions beyond what can help them to the pleasures of sense, and a rooted hatred of the Germans. The aristocracy, not permitted to take the share in the business of the state which belongs to them, seem to lose their relish even for the social pleasures, and shut themselves up each in his family circle. The system of political espionage completes the repulsion engendered in society; and the body politic, kept from falling asunder by military force, resembles a mass of atoms, which, without any internal attraction for each other, are held together by an external force. In this discordant mass are to be found occasionally ingredients of a foreign character; such as the Jews, who, in the interior, compose the exclusive population of villages,—gipsies, who have generally abandoned their roving life, but retain the features and much of the character of their tribe,—on the frontiers, large bands of fearless smugglers, called into existence by Austria's exclusive system, from whom the bands of robbers, who still occasionally infest the country, draw most of their recruits.

Yet, as Nature (never at a loss) knows always to make up for deficiencies occasioned by accident—compensating the loss of sight by increased intensity of the sense of hearing, and supplying the want of good government and social order, by invigorating personal friendship—there is much to be found in the individual characters of the Bo-

hemians, which almost makes amends for their wretched state of society. There is warmth and endurance in their friendship, when once it is obtained. There is something primitive about them—even in their greetings. "Praised be Jesus Christ," is the salutation. "To all eternity, Amen," is the response. We love them all—their reserved and sturdy men—their dark and stately women, with eyes all liquid fire, and hearts all love—their patron saint, (the holy St John of Nepomuc,) who, having been deprived of life by being tossed from a bridge, has since been constituted the special and exclusive guardian of all such structures—no doubt on account of the affection with which he must, after such an event, be inclined to regard them.

Prague, the capital, (really, gentle reader, considering that we started from Dresden, we have arrived at the scene of the novel now before us with tolerable speed,) is characteristic, and worthy of such a land. Surrounded by slight elevations, highly diversified and romantic, the site of the city is, not in its individual features, but in the relative elevations and depressions of its surface, not unlike what Edinburgh might be, did a broad and placid stream flow between the Castle-hill and Prince's-street. On the highest elevation stand the Castle and the Minster. Around the base of the hill, and down to the river side, clusters a city of palaces. A stately bridge connects this part of Prague, with the more thronged and busy districts which lie beyond the Moldau. The aspect of the city tells its history at once, as we may read dead passions and the sufferings of other years in the face of him who has undergone strange fortunes. Not a street,—scarcely a building in the city, but carries the mind centuries back to the time when its foundations were laid; and yet scarcely one, but, from the repairs which frequent sieges and bombardments have rendered necessary, wears a modern look.

It is not, however, the Prague of our day, but Prague at the conclusion of the thirty years' war, that has called into exertion the graphic powers of Madame Pichler. We are not quite certain, but we have a dim recollection of having heard the name of this lady among the four thousand respectable and industrious ladies and gentlemen who are at present earning their daily bread in Germany by the manufacture of romances. It strikes us, (if we do not confuse her with some one else,) that she has executed elegant and spirited translations of several of the *Waverley Novels*. The Swedes in Prague is an attempt at something in the same style. The time is favourably chosen—near enough the end of the war to admit of a fortunate termination; a time when all the strange characters a civil war can evolve have received the last finishing touch; a time when, the fierce and reckless character of the mercenary troops having reached its wildest extreme, there is ample scope for adventure. The more prominent characters are well chosen. A highly-gifted and beautiful, but vain and ambitious woman, feels flattered by the attentions of a young nobleman, beneath whose pacific and domestic demeanour she cannot discover a mind capable of the most noble conceptions and energy sufficient to give them reality. Her cold heart is hurried away, her dull apprehension impressed by qualities more evident to the vulgar gaze, by a man of boundless ambition, fierce passion, and versatility of talent. In the progress of the story, the former is awakened by events into the character of his country's preserver; the latter, goaded on by his passions, entangles himself deeper in the meshes of intrigue, and falls in battle, after having seen, one by one, his most cherished hopes decay. The vibrating of Helena's selfish heart between them, as a union with the one or the other seemed most likely to cast a splendour on her, is finely portrayed. Several of the subordinate characters play happily into the plot. What most pleases us in the work, is the delicate tact with which the workings of the human heart,—the growth and decay of attachment between individuals of

different sexes, are drawn. What we most want in it, is power. In what are meant to be the more stirring scenes, there is a dreadful feebleness. It is not bringing them vividly before us, as some authors do—it is the cold second-hand narrative of one before whose imagination they have been made to pass. After all, however, the story carries us along with it without fatiguing us, and is just such reading as we would recommend to all our fair friends in the approaching hot weather. The translation is well executed.

*Some Account of the Writings and Opinions of Justin Martyr.* By John, Bishop of Lincoln, and Master of Christ's College, Cambridge. Cambridge, J. and J. Deighton; London, C. J. G. and F. Rivington. 8vo. 1829.

THE work before us, by Dr Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln, will add to the reputation which that prelate has already acquired as a theologian, a scholar, and an ecclesiastical writer, both by his very learned work on the writings and opinions of Tertullian, and by other disquisitions on the early Fathers of the Church. We feel well pleased that the LITERARY JOURNAL should be the first periodical in this country to introduce the Bishop of Lincoln to Scottish readers. The Church of England had never, perhaps, greater cause than at present to be proud of her governors. In her Augustan days, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., she could boast of a Parker, a Whitgift, and an Andrews, the last of whom was so very learned, that he used to be termed "a living Lexicon;" but, not to mention other illustrious Bishops, she at this moment can exultingly point to the names of Blomfield, Marsh, Kaye, and Burgess, prelates whose profound learning, the first as a Grecian, the second as a theologian, the third as an ecclesiastical writer, and the fourth as a Hebraist, reflects a lustre on the times in which they live, and on the church over which they preside. "We may be thankful," says Mr Southey, in his last work, "that the Church of England is at this time, according to the prayer of her own true poet (Wordsworth)—

"For her defence replenished with a band  
Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts  
Thoroughly disciplined: nor (if in course  
Of the revolving world's disturbance  
Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!  
To meet such trial from their spiritual lives  
Degrade, who, constrained to wield the sword  
Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed  
With hostile din, and combating in sight  
Of angry umpires, partial and unjust."

Sound Presbyterians though we be, far be it from us to refuse the homage of our admiration to episcopalian genius and profound acquirements.

The work before us contains the substance of a Course of Lectures which the learned Bishop delivered in the Lent term of 1821. That our readers may form an idea of its plan, we shall enumerate the heads of the nine chapters into which it is divided. 1. On the Writings of Justin Martyr. 2. The Opinions of Justin respecting the *Alogos* and the Trinity. 3. Justin's opinions respecting original sin, the freedom of the will, grace, justification, predestination. 4. Justin's opinions respecting baptism and the eucharist, with a particular reference to a passage in the first Apology. 5. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the millennium, future judgments, angels, demons. 6. The condition of the Christians in the time of Justin, and the causes of the rapid diffusion of Christianity. 7. The heresies mentioned by Justin,—miscellaneous observations. 8. An examination of the question, whether Justin quoted the gospels which we now have? 9. Illustrations of the preceding chapters from the writings of Fabian, Athenagoras, and Theophilus of Antioch, with additional remarks. Such are the interesting topics which the learned prelate discusses in the work before us. Justin Mar-

tyr was the earliest among the Fathers of whose works any considerable portion has reached the present time; and his appearance marks the commencement of what may be termed the Ecclesiastical, in contra-distinction to the Apostolic period. We must refer the curious reader to the work before us, for a vast mass of interesting theological matter.

As the Reverend Edward Irving is at present promulgating certain opinions on the Millennium, which are somewhat extravagant, and which do not seem to attract much attention in Scotland, notwithstanding the reverend orator and prophet's exertions, he will perhaps consider that we do him a service by making our readers acquainted with

#### JUSTIN MARTYR'S OPINIONS ON THE MILLENNIUM.

"We have seen, that among other questions put by Trypho to Justin," says the learned Bishop, "he asks whether the Christians really believed that Jerusalem would be rebuilt, and that they, as well as the patriarchs, prophets, and Jews, and proselytes, who lived before the coming of Christ, would be collected there. Justin replies, that although many pure (in doctrine) and pious Christians were of a different opinion, yet he himself, and as many Christians as were in every respect orthodox, *ἰσοϋμένους κατὰ πάντα*, were assured that they who believe in Christ should rise in the flesh, and for the space of a thousand years inhabit Jerusalem, rebuilt, and beautified, and enlarged. In confirmation of this opinion, he quotes Isaiah, lxxv. 17, and the Book of Revelation, which he expressly ascribes to the Apostle St John. At the expiration of the period of one thousand years the general resurrection was to take place, and after the general resurrection and judgment, this whole frame of things was to be consumed by fire."—P. 104.

In conclusion we have only to add, that we should be glad to see the Bishop of Lincoln's work in the hands of every clergyman and theological student, for it is a work which displays industry, talent, and research of the most striking kind.

*Florence, the Aspirant.* A Novel, in 3 vols. London. Whittaker & Co. 1829.

MANY and varied qualifications are necessary to enable any one to attain pre-eminence as a Novelist. He must be intimately acquainted with human nature—he must possess acuteness to distinguish, and skill to analyze, the peculiarities of different characters—he must have imagination to invent, and judgment to classify, striking incidents—he must uniformly render the situations of the personages interesting and probable; and, as a subsidiary requisite, his language must always be suited to the occasion by which it has been prompted. In addition to all this, it is obvious that success will, in an especial manner, depend on the choice of the *subject*. If it either relate to events, which though ingeniously depicted, are intrinsically common-place, or if it continually lead to abstruse and metaphysical enquiries, the chief aim of the writer will be frustrated. We therefore decidedly object to a religious novel—a work which blends the sublimest truths with the most absurd fictions, and which, under the garb of whining sentimentalism, manifestly degrades, while it professes to recommend, the doctrines of Christianity. If religion is to become the legitimate framework for romance, why ought we to exclude anatomy, algebra, or any other complex science? By the publication of a religious novel, there is a literary fraud practised on the reader, which he cannot fail to resent. He expects to trace a resemblance between the fanciful representation of the novelist, and the actual occurrences of life; but he finds, that the whole zest of the *eclaircissement* consists in the unnatural reformation of some confirmed rake, or in the miraculous endowment of some flirting chambermaid with the acumen of a pro-

fessor of ethics. Instead of epigrammatic dialogue, he only meets with inconclusive arguments and prejudiced opinions regarding the ritual of some peculiar sect. In the great majority of cases he can recognize no glowing delineations of female loveliness or of manly virtue—no bold development of the darker lineaments of humanity—no indications of humour—no masterly strokes of satire—no touches of pathos—no graphic descriptions—no elegant fluency of diction. In short, every page is full of dull monotonous cant; and it is, in general, difficult to determine, whether the work ought to be despised for its insipidity, or for the profane allusions with which it abounds.

The volumes now before us were written for the purpose of elucidating certain tenets of the Roman Catholic creed. We have expressed our general opinion regarding publications of this calibre, and certainly the present work tends to confirm that opinion. It may contain an accurate exposition of Catholic Theology; but, as a novel, it has no merit, and it is exclusively *as a novel* that it appears before the public. Indeed, we can hardly conceive a more ridiculous story than the one here unfolded. It would seem that the heroine, originally an Episcopalian, visits a Catholic chapel with her mother. On her return home, the young lady is taken violently ill, and a doctor having arrived, he receives the fearful intelligence that the amiable Miss Florence Stanhope, the paragon of beauty and perfection, had actually "shivered after having eaten half an egg;" although, as it is extremely important and instructive to observe, "she often eats a whole one without injury;" on which account, opines the sagacious Mrs Stanhope, "I should rather imagine, that the previous state of the stomach caused the aversion, than that it was occasioned by the food I speak of." This, however, though a very plausible supposition, and highly creditable to the gastronomical research of the author, is not the real cause of the malady. Florence has been impressed by the priest's eloquence—she wishes to become a convert to his principles, and her desires in this respect are ultimately gratified. The process by which her conversion takes place, constitutes the sole materials of the plot. And who are the principal actors that contribute to the advancement of this noble *denouement*? We are first introduced to the heroine, who possesses those attractions with which pulling sensibility can invest her. Her mother occupies a more prominent part in the scene. She relates her history at full length; and, judging from its incidents, the propriety of her deportment seems somewhat questionable. By her own confession, even *before* marriage, her mysterious seclusion from society for several weeks, without any apparent reason, tended to cast a suspicion over her conduct; and *after* marriage, she is rather awkwardly found in an arbour with another woman's husband, who, with all the ardour of impassioned love, beseeches her to be "his guardian angel." And yet this worthy matron can spiritualize, like Hervey, on a green gooseberry. She has a sister, whose great delight consists in field sports—in angling—in taking long journeys alone in public vehicles—and in sometimes assuming masculine attire. Her appearance awakens the amorous propensities of a Mr Ashburn, a Catholic divine, who is consulted on all occasions, as the infallible oracle of Scriptural knowledge. While in one page he inculcates obedience to God's law, he, in the next page, eloquently describes the graces of the fair nymph; and, as he gazes on her "well-proportioned feet and ankles, adorned in the Diana style," he candidly declares that she is "an extraordinary fine woman." Albeit such expressions, in such circumstances, are somewhat unsuitable to the clerical character, they are, perhaps, more excusable than the bigoted sentiments contained in a letter from a friend of his, who is on a visit to Edinburgh. In it the Scotch clergy are represented as licentious in their conduct—as lamentably deficient in intellectual attainments—as exhibiting in their church courts, "such rancour, backbiting, and forbidding,

as a set of banditti would almost blush for,"—and as guilty of making the Bible itself "food for low puns and wretched witticisms." It would be ridiculous to refute such aspersions. They are levelled against men whose respectability and talent as a body cannot be disputed; and we only pity the imbecility, and smile at the malignity, of the vituperator.

To complete the *dramatis personæ*, we meet with a Miss Jessy M'Fie, a half-crazed Scottish Dissenter, and a Dr Campion and his son, who have some scrambling for the hand of Florence; which, however, is interrupted by the apoplectic demise of the old gentleman.

Such are the main features of this novel (erroneously so called); and we submit to our readers whether or not they substantiate our verdict regarding it.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### A FEW REMARKS ON WORDS.

By William Tennant, Author of "*Anster Fair*," &c.

—ΣΤΙΣ ΣΤΙΣΤΑ:—

Wing'd words that fly, with eye-confounding speed,  
From Greece to France, from Tiber to the Tweed;  
From Babel first they flew, from their nest;  
And ever since they fly, and find no rest.

Of all the vocables uttered by man, the word ΣΤΙΣ, *istam, stro, stand*, is the most universal, and has the most multitudinous family of derivatives. We find it in an immense variety of shapes in every modern and ancient language. It is to be seen in maps of the south of Asia, in Hindoostan, Cafferistan, &c.; in maps of the north of Europe, in Carlsbad, Jacobstad, &c. We hear it every day in Scotland in farm-steadin', house-stance, &c. We cannot read a single page of a Greek, Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, or German book, without meeting it in one or other of its multiplied phases. A little volume might be made up of the many words formed, throughout the various languages, from this single syllable. Its root is to be found in Sanskrit and Hebrew.

What is the termination ΣΤΑ in the names of the months September, October, &c.? An eminent philologist suggests, that it may be the latter fragment of ΙΜΒΕΡ, as shewer—as if regular rains characterized the Latin months, which is not the case. As the Romans and Greeks took all their astronomical notions from the Egyptians and Orientalists, it is more likely, that, with the division of the year into twelve months, and the division of the day into twelve hours, they adopted also the Oriental word RAR or RER, signifying time, turn, or revolution, and annexed it, as the Orientalists did, to their own cardinal numbers, to denote the revolutions or turns of the moon. To this day (as the Indians did in Sanskrit) the Persians say YAK-RAR, DO-RAR, &c. *one-time, two-times*, writing them, not as two words separate, but as one word, just as the Latins did in the names of their months.

It is curious to observe how the same vocable, with the same signification, is current in countries separated by great distances; one or two instances only of such identities are sufficient to prove, that such nations must, at some period or other of their history, have been connected. Our Scottish word *dochter*, after gliding, like another Alpheus, through the German ocean, pops up its head, somewhat distorted and disguised, in Saxony, in the shape and sound of *rochter*; and, after an immense hiatus of separation, reappears, in the very same shape and guise, on the plains of Persia and Baloochistan. Our English word *tree* is to be found in Sanskrit. Our homely word *palaver* is, with short intervals of interruption, found current nearly in the same meridian line from pole to pole; it is a classical word, as we all know, in the Doric of Scotland; it passes subterraneously through the soil of England—reappears in Spain and Portugal—crosses the straits of

Hercules, and reigns predominant throughout all the gold-besmeared, semi-barbarous courts of Western Africa. The words *wine*, *linen*, *sack* (a bag), have been always current throughout ancient and modern Europe. The Phœnician traders, probably, exported these commodities to the various countries, and, with the commodities, exported also their *names*; just as the words *shawl* and *tea* are now current throughout the world.

In all cultivated languages, *saving one*, the substantive verb, unless used in the infinitive mood, has a nominative after it as well as before it. In the Arabic language, the substantive verb governs an accusative, like other active verbs. Our common people follow the Arabic idiom, and say, It is me, It was him, &c.

The word *barbarus* is, probably, of Ægyptian or Phœnician origin, and means only a foreigner. Herodotus says, the Ægyptians called all those βαρβαροι who spoke not their own language. Plutarch says it is a Spartan word, which strengthens our suspicion of its Ægyptian origin, as the Spartans regarded themselves as a colony from the Nile, and claimed cognation not only with Ægypt, but also with the Jews, as we learn from the second Book of Maccabees. βαρβαροφωνος therefore means, not those (as Strabo thinks) who stutter, speak negligently, or barbarously, but merely those who speak a foreign language. The word BARBAR occurs in the Old Testament, and is there used, I imagine, in its radical signification. It is translated by our interpreters "fatted fowl;" but, as Michaelis suggests, it more probably means wild fowls in opposition to tame—so that the primary meaning of this word may be found to be—wild in opposition to tame—foreign in opposition to native.

In the Latin language, the word *opus*—in the Greek, ἔργον—and in Persic, کار—all signifying *work* or *business*—are used in the sense of *need* and *necessity*. The Latin Grammarians have absurdly made of *opus*, used in this sense, an indeclinable substantive and indeclinable adjective.

The Phœnicians and Ægyptians, who seem to have had many words in common, appear to have given the first names to many islands, mountains, and countries. Mount Ætna, (a furnace,) Scylla, (destruction,) Charybdis, (hole of perdition,) Gades or Gadin, (fence or bound,) Ida, (a pillar or column,) are, in all likelihood, the names given to these places by the first Phœnician or Ægyptian navigators. If the Ægyptian word *olb* signified an island, it is perhaps the origin of *Albion*, a name given to our island, not by the natives, but by foreigners. One of the kings of Ægypt, according to Herodotus, constructed, in a marab, an artificial island for his residence, which he called *Olb*. The island Elba, the river Elb, from some island in its course, have, perhaps, had the same origin.

Words, in emigrating from one country to another adjoining, and thence to others more distant, suffer such dreadful mutilations and distortions, as scarcely to be recognized. Who, without knowing how much it has suffered in gliding to us through the French and Italian, could detect, in our English word *surgeon*, the two Greek words χειρ and ιατρος? Who could discover the dwarfish word *almas* to be the gigantic ἄλμαστρον? *kirk* to be κυριακή? *strange* to be ἐξωστρενός? Even when the sounds and the syllables are the same, their senses are utterly deflected. Of KNECHT, a hind or slave, we have made a *knight*, one of our highest dignities. Of ΒΑΝΚΟ, a poor plain plank for sitting, we have made *banker*, *bank*, *bench* of Bishops. ΚΑΤΗΔΡΑ, a chair, is converted into a huge church. Of the Hebrew negative, אֵין, (not, nothing,) the Greeks have stolen the *α*, the Latins the *ix*—thus dividing, like most conscientious thieves,

nothing between them. Of the Latin word *asinus*, the English language has appropriated to itself the *ass*, and the Greek has contented itself, we know not how, with the *ἴνος*. Of the Egyptian word ρηινομ, (a man,) the Latins have made two, chopping it down, like a polyplus, into two animated and current words, *via* and *homo*; and, by the by, the former word *via*, a hero, occurs in Sanskrit. In old Scythian, Herodotus says, ἀοα denoted a man. From the Egyptian word, probably the Greek ἀδελφωσις was likewise derived.

Of the words denoting parts of the human body, the *nose* appears to be the most cosmopolitan and prevalent. It occurs in Sanskrit in नासि, Latin NASUS, Greek (by Metathesis) ῥίνας, whence NARIS, French NEZ, Italian NASO, German NASE, &c. We have it in maps, denoting a cape or promontory, in Fife-ness, Buchan-ness, *Nase* of Norway; even up in Russia, beyond Archangel, in NANIN-NOSS, SVIATOI-NOSS, &c. The *foot*, too, is very prevalent; in Sanskrit पाद, Persic پا, Greek πους, Latin PES, &c.

It is worthy of observation, that in several languages, the word denoting *town* is either the same with, or obviously deduced from, that denoting a *hill* or *mountain*. In Sanskrit they differ only in one letter; the German *burg* (whence comes our word borough) is evidently derived from *berg*, a *mountain*. The Latin word *pagus*, a country-town, is the Greek πάγος; and our word *town* itself is nothing else than *dux*, an eminence or hill, which we prefix to our terms, as in Dun-edin, Dun-fermline; but the Latins postfixed, (as the Greeks did πόλις,) as in Carro-dinium, Ebro-dinium, and a multitude of other names, from Spain to Scythia. Either the first builders of cities might have chosen such elevated situations for the sake of greater security and defence; or, we may adopt Plato's notion, that, immediately after the flood, men, still trembling at that dreadful catastrophe, and yet not quite secure against its recurrence, chose the tops of hills as being less in danger of being surmounted by the waters.

The Sanskrit word पर, signifying *motion*, is the origin of the Latin verb *petere*, whose primary meaning Dr Hunter, with his usual acuteness, considers to be merely motion. This meaning of the verb, which ought to be its first and leading one, Ainsworth has made the eleventh and most remote. From this word are derived also the Greek words πειραιμα, πειρασμα, περιπαιτος, δειπτος, &c., and, perhaps, πειρα, contracted from πειραιμα—all including the idea of motion. Of the Latin verb, used in the sense of *aiming at*, *moving towards*, (as in the phrase, "Taurus petit cornibus,") the English have made, "the bull *butts* with his horns;" but our Scottish forefathers have stuck closer to the Sanskrit orthoëpy, and said, "the bull *putts* with his horns."

Devongrove, Dollar, 4th June, 1829.

#### A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.

By Robert Chambers, Author of "The Traditions of Edinburgh," the "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," &c.

In several parts of Scotland, such things are to be found as *tales* of the Plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that, occasionally, circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description,—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave, many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants,—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at the time, would be remembered, after much of the ordinary details was generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, is a case in

point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing as it does to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. Neither could such a tale of suffering and horror as that of the Teviotdale shepherd's family (already alluded to in a former article upon this subject) ever be forgotten in the district where it occurred,—interesting as it is, has been, and will be, to every successive generation of mothers, and duly listened to and shuddered at by so many infantine audiences. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with the last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh; which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent, allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight, pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering, their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for, as in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loop-holes of the dungeons in Doubting Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within, and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodiless form, leisurely dooming its subjects to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once, it began to appear that a good many people, especially those who were left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends, died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but, what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to engraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtle and fatal as it formerly was, it was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread, in consequence, over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was, of course, to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers, it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath, and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good

effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of any attention, was, that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped and lent a patient ear. She told him that on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour, who lay upon a lonely death-bed in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turn-pike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour,—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were well able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain, and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited, in that time of desolation, but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swooof* down the stair, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls of a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery of the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, or rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her, to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the ear of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst a people; and, as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly

well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to the panic, a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, sitting about various stairs and alleys, always in the shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who had thus come in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office with the greater promptitude. It was thought, if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty, that the grand destroyer, who, in ordinary times is invisible, might, perhaps, have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having dispatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph, and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They enquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes; for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, and only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant. They demanded to have the half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part, he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the behalf of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life, and remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in the Cap-and-Feather close, an alley occupying the site of the present North Bridge. The bottom of this alley being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened upon an alley to

the eastward, namely, Halkerston's Wynd.\* This house was, at the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods, plate, &c. which had been deposited in the provost's hands by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that, if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which, besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-ridden sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house; for the main-door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived,—that he was beginning to fall asleep,—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round, and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly, but hastily, from the apartment. Ha! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortal themselves—I shall pursue and try. He, therefore, quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep; but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the

\* This miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It received its name from the circumstance of a brave young man, by name David Halkerston, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Hackstoun of Rathillet, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the town against the English under the Earl of Hertford.

house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above-mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till, reaching an open area at the bottom, part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards before him, the figure as of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutrie Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when in a moment the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditional story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life, became, it is said, a douse Presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent *land* near the head of the Canon-gate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the Emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

### THE DRAMA.

In forming an estimate of the general respectability of the Edinburgh company, two things are to be taken into consideration; *first*, the present state of the British stage; and *second*, the comparative rank which, as belonging to a provincial theatre, our company ought to hold. To put these two things out of view, and then to launch forth into pompous commonplaces, which tend to prove that our resident performers are not the very best under the sun, and that a considerably better *corps dramatique* is to be met with in the metropolis of the country, is merely to state, under the pretended garb of impartial

criticism, what must be apparent to the meanest capacity, and what none but a frothy nincompoop would ever be at the trouble of gravely setting down on paper. We love to pry into abuses as much as most men,—it is flattering to our own discrimination to make them apparent, and to have them rooted out; and as all mortal managers are fallible creatures, it will be a long while before any of them find us telling them that we can see nothing about their establishment which demands improvement. Nevertheless, surly, rough, and sturdy though we be,—continually snuffing out hidden imperfections with all our three noses,—we have a touch of a softer nature about us; and we are well aware that no man is entitled to attempt criticism, who has not an eye as apt to perceive merit, and a heart as ready to feel it, as a tongue and pen prepared and willing to expose blundering imbecility, and check presumptuous ignorance. Criticism is not the art of finding fault;—it is the art of nicely discriminating between what is good and what is bad,—of praising the former, and of deprecating the latter.

On the whole, we are decidedly prepared to support the present management of our theatre. There is, occasionally, a little humbug in the system, and perhaps rather too great a leaning to parsimony,—a certain timidity and caution in the finance department, which leaves more room to laud the *prudence* than the *spirit* of the patentee; but take it for all in all, and we can state safely, and from some experience in these matters, that it would be difficult to point out a provincial theatre,—especially one which is not over-liberally encouraged,—better regulated in all its departments. To make this the more apparent, let us recur, for a moment, to what we stated at the outset. At present the stage over the whole country is at a low ebb. If we except a few respectable comedians, and these almost exclusively of the male sex, whom have we to boast of? Keane is a man of genius, but his own follies render that genius little to be counted on;—Young is falling into the sear and yellow leaf;—Charles Kemble was always pleasing and graceful, but rarely any thing more;—Macready is good only in a very few characters;—Wallack, Ward, Cooper, Pemberton, Vandenhoff, are, at the best, only *du minorum gentium*. With the exception of the two last named, all these persons belong to some of the theatres in London; and there is scarcely such a thing as provincial celebrity, either in England or Ireland. But even in London we have at Drury-Lane no *Othello* but Young, who is quite unfit for the part now, and no *Iago* but Cooper, who never was fit for it at all; and at Covent-Garden, when "*Venice Preserved*" was performed the other evening, the character of *Pierre* was sustained by Mr C. Kemble, and that of *Jaffier* by an unknown individual named Cathcart. As for a *Belvidera*, there is confessedly no such thing upon the stage.—for Miss Phillips is merely respectable, and Miss Smithson seems to be a failure. Now, this being the state of matters in the metropolis, with what kind of justice are we entitled to accuse a provincial manager of having no tragedians of eminence, or of great ability, in his company? We presume a provincial manager cannot make tragedians as Dutch potters make images. And if he cannot make them, where is he to find them? Before we get into a rage with deficiencies of this sort, let us point out an evident method by which these deficiencies might be supplied. We do not know of one tragedian worth having out of London, with the single exception, perhaps, of Vandenhoff,—and even in London, there is scarcely one we would go much out of our way to see. And all last season the worst houses here were invariably on the nights on which Vandenhoff performed; which showed, either that the people had got tired of him, or that, in these light fantastic times, tragedy was considered a drug. Vandenhoff was, therefore, not re-engaged this season; but, if our citizens wish it, we take it upon our responsibility to promise that he shall be brought back next,—that is to say, if he will come; for it is a remarkable fact, too little

known to the vulgar crew of mere grumblers, that actors have sometimes a will of their own, and will not be entirely swayed by the wishes of any particular manager.

But now that we have seen what it is impossible that the Edinburgh Theatre *could* be in the present state of the stage, let us look for a moment to what it is. We have already said that it is a Provincial Theatre, and that as such it must be judged. The question is, are its performances conducted in a style calculated to give a fair estimate of the existing capabilities of the provincial stage, and are they such as, considering how dramatic matters now stand, the Edinburgh public have a right to expect? We can see little difficulty in replying that *they are*; only stipulating, that we shall be understood as speaking of the company as it has existed for several years back, keeping out of consideration one or two defections which have taken place towards the fag end of the present season, and which there can be no doubt it is the manager's determination fully to supply before the commencement of his next campaign. Did we see cause to entertain a mean opinion of our stage, we should feel sore both for ourselves and other dramatic critics who have not scrupled, for a considerable period back, to bestow the best of their abilities in criticisms, both on the pieces produced here, and on the manner in which they were performed. We should feel sore, too, for the enlightened inhabitants of this city, who have so long permitted themselves to be galled into an enjoyment of theatrical representations altogether unworthy of them. It is true that a Cockney, whose whole ideas of terrestrial grandeur vibrated between Charing Cross and Hyde Park Corner, might assure us that our little Theatre was altogether contemptible; or a very empty and conceited goose, dressed in a little brief authority, by having it in his power to print nonsense *gratis*, might wish to show his own inconceivable superiority, by turning up the ugly point of his pedantic nose at our homely enjoyments; but we should be as much amused by the Cockney's attempt at ridicule—poor thing!—as at the human frog's gigantic efforts to puff himself into an ox. We should hand them both over to Donald the boxkeeper, advising him to administer to them a little of that wholesome chastisement, the application of which would be facilitated had they the sense to wear kilts, and the receipt of which might possibly send them back to their respective places of abode, wiser and better men.

We take a proper and honest interest in our own national Theatre, and should be sorry to see it traduced. This has never yet been done, so far as we know; and, considering the histrionic talent connected with it, the task would be at once an unthankful and malignant one. It is needless to repeat here what has been so often said already, and what is known and confessed in London no less than in Edinburgh, that, as a comedian of most exquisite finish and tact, the stage cannot boast of any performer *superior* to MURRAY, and we sincerely believe that, in several of his favourite parts, it has none *equal* to him. As a manager, we know it to be universally allowed by his brother-managers, that his system is such as to secure a regularity like that of clock-work in all his green-room arrangements, and to make it impossible that any thing can go egregiously wrong, either before or behind the curtain.—The manager's sister, Mrs HENRY SIMMONS, does not appear to us to be destitute of faults as an actress, but our own opinion coincides with what we know to be that of the most talented female dramatist of the day, that there is no lady now upon the stage equal to her either for versatility or intensity of power.—We are willing to admit, that between Mr Murray and his sister and any of the rest of the company, there is a considerable interval; but still much merit remains. For the fine gentleman, and similar parts, we could desire no better performer than Jones. It is true that his personifications are seldom very varied, and that he rarely goes far out of himself, as it were; but neither does the fine gentleman;

he belongs to a common *genus*, and it is only among this *genus* that Jones' forte lies.—For low life, in all its different grades and phases,—whether in happy or adverse circumstances,—whether comic or grave,—whether a Yorkshire clown or an Irish bog-trotter,—we are perfectly willing to rest content with STANLEY; for we are satisfied that he yields but little to either Edwin or Rayner.—We never thought PARRCHARD a great actor; but it is necessary that every provincial theatre should have a respectable actor of all work,—one who can turn with willingness and ease from tragedy to farce, from comedy to melo-drama, and from opera to pantomime. We do not know where we could, in this respect, find a substitute for Pritchard—certainly neither in Dublin nor Liverpool.—MASON is often a very facetious old man; and he makes, besides, an excellent starved apothecary, and a very mirth-exciting tailor.—In a Scottish theatre, nothing could be more desirable than one or two actors who can do justice to Scottish parts, and this desideratum is very completely supplied in Messrs MACKAY and DENHAM. It is true, that the powers of neither of these deserving actors are limited to the delineation of national character; but it is in this department that they both excel. Sir Walter Scott, by linking Mackay's name with one of his own inimitable creations, has unquestionably made the actor immortal; and we need only add, that *all* this performer's Scotch parts are delightfully true to nature, whether we see him in "Rob Roy," in "Guy Mannering," in "St Ronan's Well," in "The Heart of Mid Lothian," in "The Fortunes of Nigel," in "Cramond Brig," or in "Mary Stuart." Denham, in the same walk, is not inferior; and the *Dandie Dinmont* of the one is as firmly established in popular favour as the *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* of the other.—Though his voice is scarcely strong enough to enable him to gain much eclat as a public singer, THORNTON possesses a cultivated taste, which secures our always listening to him with pleasure; and though we often wish that he could do more, we are sure to be safe from the annoyance of his attempting too much. So long as he had Miss NOEL's powerful support, together with Miss TUNSTALL's still remaining assistance, we do not think we had any right to complain of the want of operatic force in the company. Miss Noel, it is true, has now left us; and her place has yet to be supplied.—We might allude to more members of the establishment—especially to Mrs STANLEY and Mrs NICOL;—but the list we have already given is sufficient to show that, for the performance of those pieces which are now the most popular—light comedy, melo-drama, opera, and farce,—than which, nothing else appears to go down—capabilities are to be found in the Edinburgh Theatre of the most respectable kind. We do not say that a better company may not be found in London, but we *do* say, that a better company will not be found out of London; and further, that the Dublin Company, which, in proportion to the size of the city, ought to be better, is not so good. At the same time, as we have already hinted, we think Mr Murray has a good deal to do, before he commences another season, in the way of repairing some holes which we could, at this moment, pick in his coat. To these we have already alluded on a former occasion; and, trusting that his own good sense will show him the propriety of our hints, we shall say nothing further of them at present.

The Theatre closes this evening for about three months. It is probable that it will re-open, towards the latter end of September, with the German Company who have been recently performing in London, and who will bring out upon this stage the original editions of the "Freischütz," the "Zauberflöte," the "Swiss Family," and other German operas. They are to be succeeded by Madame Vestris, who, we doubt not, will draw good houses; and we are happy to be able to add, that Kean has promised to visit Edinburgh about the same time.

Edw Ferberus.

## THE POET SHELLEY.

THERE has recently been put into our hands a manuscript volume, which we look upon as one of the most remarkable literary curiosities extant. It is a poem in four cantos, by the late poet Shelley, and entirely written in his own hand. It is entitled "THE WANDERING JEW," and contains many passages of great power and beauty. It was composed upwards of twenty years ago, and brought by the poet to Edinburgh, which he visited about that period. It has since lain in the custody of a literary gentleman of this town, to whom it was then offered for publication. We have received permission to give our readers a farther account of its contents, with some extracts, next Saturday; and it affords us much pleasure to have it in our power to be thus instrumental in rescuing, through the medium of the LITERARY JOURNAL, from the obscurity to which it might otherwise have been consigned, one of the earliest and most striking of this gifted poet's productions, the very existence of which has never hitherto been surmised.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## STANZAS.

From "Eldred of Erin, or the Solitary," a MS. Poem by Charles Doyne Sillery, Author of "Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake."

TELL me, ye midnight voices, where are they—  
 They who began life's pilgrimage with me?  
 Some are asleep in death; some far away  
 Beyond the billows of the boundless sea,  
 Never to meet but in Eternity!  
 They are all severed—long forgotten—fled—  
 Like wintry leaves wind-scattered o'er the lea;—  
 Time walked between with swift and silent tread,  
 Making alike unknown the living and the dead.

And yet mid them there smiled my earliest friends;  
 The sharers of my innocence and joy:—  
 Ah! how the rush of years to manhood tends  
 Our purer, perfect pleasures to destroy!  
 Who would not wish again to be a boy?  
 To tread the fields with light and bounding heart;  
 When no rough blasts, no hardships could annoy:  
 Our home our Heaven—simplicity our art;  
 When every various scene new rapture could impart.

Ah me! and those bright sunny days are gone!  
 Their very memory warms my weary soul:  
 Yet can they charm, though age apace comes on,  
 To cut "the thread" and "break the golden bowl."  
 Yes; years must change, and fleeting seasons roll,  
 And I fall off, as I had never been,  
 Hurried along to lingering life's last goal:  
 Yet shall I ne'er forget those days serene,  
 The lovely long-lost hours mine infancy has seen!

Lone be the place of my eternal rest;  
 May no vain marble mock my mouldering clay—  
 No "storied urn" weigh heavy on my breast,  
 To lure the passing Pilgrim from his way,  
 Or tell aught of the being fled for aye:—  
 But when soft twilight steals o'er purpled skies,  
 May some lone warbler lull me with her lay;  
 And while the pale flowers o'er my ashes rise,  
 May winds and waters mix in melody and sighs.

Oh! I do hate their vanity and pride;  
 I'm sick of all man's ostentatious show:  
 Will not his empty pomp be thrown aside  
 When life hath ceased to burn—life's blood to flow?  
 When the frail form is laid for ever low,  
 Will man yet bear his folly to the grave?  
 I would not have your chiselled scrolls—Oh, no!  
 O'er me alone let silent willows wave:  
 And take, my God in Heaven, take back the soul you gave.

How sweet is death! no sorrow clouds the tomb;—  
 How still is death! no voice breaks on his rest;—  
 How calm is death! no troubles there can come;—  
 How fair is death! the sunshine of the blest;—  
 Peace to the dead, whose souls are on the breast  
 Of their Redeemer. O! 'tis sweet to die  
 When Jesus calls, with wearied hearts oppress'd,  
 The rough race run, serenely down to lie,  
 And feel the ebbing soul expand into the sky!

## THE ROVER'S RETREAT.

By Thomas Atkinson.

My stride is again on the deck of my bark,  
 And my bark rides once more on the crest of the sea,  
 And I care not though round my track storm-clouds lour  
 dark,

While the breeze swells my sails thus with boisterous  
 glee!

And I've learn'd, as the hurricane tempest hath swept,  
 That to bend to the bounding is firmest to stand;  
 And through my last peril as now I have stept,  
 Till my foot was as free as 'tis here,—on the land!

But when next the broad deck of the Osprey I leave—  
 If it be not the guerdon of beauty to win—

May the billows that now my glad spirit upheave,  
 Never greet my dull ear with their soul-rousing din;  
 For the home of the Rover's the timber—where floats  
 The red flag of defiance to coward or churl;  
 And while these hold together, away with the thoughts  
 That would point to the hour when that banner we'll  
 furl!

Then her head to the wind and her breast to the wave,  
 The bright west is before us, though clouds close be-  
 hind!

In one moon the warm waves of the tropics shall lave  
 The prow that now points from a shore so unkind.  
 But yet, ere its bleak cliffs night veils from our view,  
 One look—but a proud one—Old Albion, to thee;  
 If we turn for a moment to bid thee adieu,  
 In the next we'll exult in the cheers of the free!

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

WE are informed that a New Monthly Periodical is to be published in September next, to be entitled, "The Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science." It will be conducted by an association of Naturalists, and is to embrace all the departments of Natural History and of Geography, both physical and descriptive; and while it will be quite scientific, it will at the same time be written in a popular style.

We understand that the Rev. A. G. Carstairs, minister of Wester Anstruther, is preparing for publication a volume containing the whole of the Scottish Communion Service, according to the usual form of the Presbyterian Church, including the services for the Fast-day, and the Saturday before and Monday after Communion.

The Life of Hernan Cortes, including a complete History of the Conquest of Mexico, and a faithful Account of the state of that Empire at the time, and the Life of Francis Pizarro, with an Account of the Conquest of Peru, &c., by Don Tellesforo de Trueba y Cosío, author of "Gomes Arias," "The Castilian," &c. are preparing for speedy publication in Constable's Miscellany.

We understand that Mr Derwent Conway, whose works must be well known to our readers, and whom we have the pleasure of ranking among the contributors to the LITERARY JOURNAL, is at present engaged with a poem, which will appear some time in the course of the present year, to be entitled the Chronicle of the Flowers.

Observations upon the Condition of Negro Slavery in the Island of Santa Cruz, and some Remarks upon Plantation Affairs; with a Notice of the Danish West India Islands, is announced.

The MS. note-books of the Rev. Gilbert White, the author of the Natural History of Selbourne, containing many curious observations not hitherto published, are at present in the possession of Mr Murray, of Albemarle Street, who will issue in a few days a cheap and elegant edition of that work.

The author of Reginald Trevor has a new novel in the press, entitled, Lawrence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales.

A Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, by Mrs A. T. Thompson, authoress of the Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth, is announced for early publication.

A poem, intended to recall to the attention of the public the son of Bonaparte, has just appeared in Paris. It is entitled, "*Le Fils de l'Homme*," and has been seized at the instance of the King's Attorney-General.

The *Courier Francoais* is undergoing a prosecution before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Paris, for an attack on public morals, the religion of the state, and the mode of worship legally recognised. In speaking of the picture of the King's Coronation, by Baron Gerard, it had said, "The immortal picture of the Supper, those of the Transfiguration and of the Communion of St Jerome, will remain master works of art, even when Christian creeds will be completely abolished, if their frail materials could last so long."

Proposals have been published, at Jassy, for a political and literary journal, in the Wallachian language, to be called the *Wallachian Bee*. The editors express a hope that this journal may tend to the cultivation of a language spoken by four millions of people, and which derives its origin from the Romans.

The Marquis of Hereford, now residing in Rome, and a munificent patron of the fine arts, has purchased the famous Spada Pompey for 24,000 Roman scudi, upwards of £5100! This is the statue at the base of which Cæsar was assassinated in the Senate-house; and besides the interest attached to it from this circumstance, it possesses intrinsic value as a specimen of ancient sculpture.

**ERON MONTM.**—This ceremony, the object of which is to obtain a collection for the head-scholar on the foundation, preparatory to his removal for the university, by laying all the spectators and passengers under a contribution, demanded as money for "salt," for which a ticket is given, with the motto of "*Mos pro lege*," took place on Tuesday. It was witnessed by a large number of visitors, and produced a larger sum than on any previous occasion. The King sent a contribution of one hundred guineas.

**NEW HIGH SCHOOL.**—This fine building is to be opened, with all due ceremony, upon Tuesday next; and a public dinner, commemorative of the occasion, is afterwards to be given, at which the greater part of the literary talent of Edinburgh will be present.

**PHRENOLOGY.**—We observe that the sensation excited by Mr Stone's recent attack on Phrenology has not yet subsided, and that the attempts made to rally by the Phrenologists have called forth a good deal of discussion in the public journals. We revert to the subject simply to state, that after all that has been said both *pro* and *con*, we remain fixed in our opinion, that Mr Combe has been decidedly unsuccessful in his "Answer" to Mr Stone. At the same time we think it right to mention, that one ingenious Phrenologist has directed our attention to several weak points in Mr Stone's pamphlet, to which Mr Combe has not adverted, and to which we believe Mr Stone would find it more difficult to make a "rejoinder." We cannot, however, give a place to any more controversy upon this subject, because we do not conceive it sufficiently interesting to the general reader. Talent may be elicited upon any subject under the sun, and it certainly has been elicited upon Phrenology; but the *sed-dicant* science is, at the best, a harmless delusion, and its disciples are trifling with a phantom.

**THE NEW DIORAMA.**—The Diorama of the Valley of Sarnen has been succeeded by a View of the Ruins of Holyrood Chapel by Moonlight. It is by far the finest specimen of pictorial art and mechanical ingenuity in this department of painting which has yet been exhibited here. The illusion is perfect, and the effect quite magical. The spectator is supposed to be in the interior of the Chapel, looking out upon the starry heavens through the ruined window in the east. The moon is seen slowly rising, and her light tips with silver all the projecting points of the ruins, and, in the most enchanting manner, streams in among the mouldering tombs and pillars. Occasionally, clouds pass across its disc, or what a less romantic imagination might conceive to be a sudden puff of smoke from the Old Town. The admirable manner in which the whole scene is managed cannot fail strongly to impress upon the mind the many historical associations—the brightest and the darkest in Scotland's annals—with which these Ruins are connected; and thus, the exhibition not only delights the eye, but is calculated to produce a moral effect upon the mind. The introduction of some subdued and pensive music, executed by an unseen minstrel, is a great addition. The *tout ensemble* is so delightful, that we scarcely have it in our heart to object that the stars are too large and brilliant, that too many of the first magnitude are crowded within a certain space, and that they represent no known constellation; or that the moon, like most theatrical moons, is not quite round; or that the woman, standing motionless, with a lamp burning before her, is an unnatural and disagreeable figure. We easily forgive these imperfections; for, in the fascination of the scene, with the gentle moon gliding through the air before us, and shedding her lovely light upon the walls, shafts, and shattered architrave, we forget that they exist.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—"The Beggar's Opera" has been performed at Covent Garden with the characters reversed,—that is to say, the male parts were sustained by females, and the female by males. If this

was not an absolute outrage on decency, it was, at all events, a very coarse and vulgar trick, and presents but a melancholy view of the theatrical taste of the metropolis.—Drury Lane closes for the season this day, and Covent Garden on the 24th. We are informed, by authority on which we can rely, that the new plays which Mr Price, the manager of Drury Lane, announced lately for next season, are from the pens of the late Mr Maturin, author of "Bertram," &c., and Miss Mitford, author of "The Two Foscari," "Rienzi," &c., one by each.—As we have occasionally mentioned Miss Smithson somewhat harshly, we think it right to quote the following passage from the letter of a London correspondent:—"I am sorry to see that you select the harshest opinions of the London papers concerning Miss Smithson. There are many who estimate her highly; and one thing is certain, that however she might rank with Mrs Siddons or Miss O'Neill, she is infinitely superior to Miss Phillips, Miss F. H. Kelly, or any other Miss or Madam on the boards of this great city, as a tragic actress."—We see it mentioned in the *Athenæum* that Sontag requires £350 per night to visit Edinburgh or Dublin! It is quite impossible that Sontag can be such an idiot. The house here, at the fullest, does not hold one-half the sum; and were she to ask £20 per night, she would be asking a great deal too much. She is no doubt a very fine singer, but we have heard Pasta, Catalani, and Caradori, and would not break our hearts though Sontag should retire forthwith into some Hungarian solitude with her reputed husband, Count Clam.—Catalani is at Belfast, and Madame Vestris in Dublin.—Poor Terry has had a stroke of paralysis, and is said to be dying.—The Haymarket has opened in considerable force.—Although Denham's powers are certainly not equal to the doing full justice to *Virginius*, he sustained the character with great respectability at his benefit on Tuesday last.—Caradori, who delighted us so much in the "Beggars' Opera," appeared last night in "Love in a Village," too late of course for any criticism of ours this week. She repeats the part this evening.—The new piece we announced last Saturday,—"Willie Armstrong, or Durie in Durance,"—has been very favourably received, and deservedly so. Its author is Dr Poole, who has no reason to be ashamed of his bantling, and who, we hope, will favour us next season with something still better; for, in writing for the stage, as in every thing else, practice makes perfect.—We have been much pleased with the neat manner in which the Caledonian Theatre is now fitted up; but we are sorry that we cannot speak very highly of the merits of most of the performers. Mr C. Bass himself we have not yet seen; we hope he plays fully better than his better half. "Anne of Gelestein" is being dramatised for this Theatre.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

June 13—19.

SAT. *The Beggar's Opera*, Mr Tomkins, & *He Lies like Truth*.  
MON. *Do.* & *Heart of Mid-Lothian*.  
TUES. *Free and Easy*, & *Cromwell* Brig.  
WED. *Rob Roy*, & *Willie Armstrong*.  
THURS. *Married and Single, Do.*, & *Bottle Imp*.  
FRI. *Love in a Village*, & *Gilderoy*.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"REMINISCENCES of former days—My first interview with Sir Walter Scott,"—by the Ettrick Shepherd, will appear in our next.

The learned and able reviewer of Dr Walker's Sermons has our best thanks: his communication will appear next Saturday.—The interesting article on St Fillan's Spring is in types.—We regret much that the tale of "Marina and Jacopo" is too long for our pages, but shall be glad to hear again from its talented Author.—The short article, by "A Friend," shall have a place.—"Q. Q." of Glasgow says, "Give me an answer next Saturday, although it should be a very ill-natured one; I have very little patience." We have a good deal, but it will cost us all we have, unless "Q. Q." pays the postage of his next letter: as he seems to be rather a good sort of person, we forgive him this time.—We have to thank our Correspondent at Kirkcaldy for his suggestion.

The Sonnet, by our friend "G. H. G." of London, shall have a place in our next.—Our Leith correspondent shows very distinctly, that in his Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan has in one or two instances copied from Shakespeare.—The Scotch Ballad, beginning,

"The crabbit auld farmer can hame at a'en,  
An' a sour an' greivous visage had he;  
The body a' day at the plough had been,  
An' he was as hungry as hungry could be,"

is rather too coarse in some of its stanzas; but we shall be glad to hear again from its author, who has a good deal of native humour and ability about him.—We regret that the verses by "A. P."—by "C. N."—by "J. B."—and by "S. N." of Inverness, will not suit us.

Several of our poetical friends must be content to wait a short while longer, like Peris, at the gate of Paradise; but their time is coming.

[No. 32. June 30, 1839.]

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THE POET SHELLEY—HIS UNPUBLISHED WORK,  
"THE WANDERING JEW."

We now proceed to redeem the promise we made last Saturday, to give our readers a more detailed account of this exceedingly interesting poem. There can be little doubt that, with the single exception of Lord Byron, no poet of our day has evinced a more strikingly powerful and original genius than Shelley,—indeed, in so far as originality is concerned, he is probably entitled to claim precedence even of Lord Byron. Hardly, therefore, could there have come into our possession any literary curiosity upon which we should have placed a greater value than an unpublished work by the author of the "Cenci;" for, much as we regret the fallacious and unhappy principles which Shelley was induced to adopt, and whose spirit he was too much in the habit of infusing into his writings, we hesitate not to own the great admiration we have ever entertained for his profound abilities.

We have already mentioned that the whole of the manuscript of "The Wandering Jew," now in our possession—and which, we have every reason to believe, is the only copy extant—is written in Shelley's own hand, and that it must have been composed about twenty years ago. This latter fact is sufficiently established by the date affixed to the Preface, which is "January 1811;" and the Preface bears internal marks of having been written after the poem, which may therefore be set down as belonging to the year 1810. It is, consequently, in all likelihood, the very earliest production of Shelley's pen; for that wild and astonishing poem, "Queen Mab," was not written till 1811, and was not given to the public till 1815. In 1811, Shelley was only eighteen, and he himself, writing from Pisa in 1821, says,—*"A poem, entitled Queen Mab, was written by me at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit,"* &c. It thus appears, that "The Wandering Jew" must have been written when the poet was only seventeen, and when his talents were entirely unknown. It may possibly have been offered to one or two booksellers, both in London and Edinburgh, without success, and this may account for the neglect into which the author allowed it to fall, when new cares crowded upon him, and new prospects opened round him. Certain it is, that it has been carefully kept by the literary gentleman to whom he intrusted its perusal when he visited Edinburgh in 1811, and would have been willingly surrendered by him at any subsequent period, had any application to that effect been made. A poem written by a lad of seventeen would, in most cases, possess little attraction; but when it is recollected that the same individual produced "Queen Mab" at eighteen, and afterwards, during his brief career, stood in the very first place of intellectual superiority, the case is altered, and the *primæ* of such a mind become perhaps still more interesting than its most matured efforts.

Mr Shelley appears to have had some doubts whether to

call his poem "The Wandering Jew," or "The Victim of the Eternal Avenger." Both names occur in the manuscript; but had the work been published, it is to be hoped that he would finally have fixed on the former, the more especially as the poem itself contains very little calculated to give offence to the religious reader. The motto on the title-page is from the 22d chapter of St John,—*"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?—follow thou me."* Turning over the leaf, we meet with the following dedication:—"To Sir Francis Burdett, bart. M.P., in consideration of the active virtues by which both his public and private life is so eminently distinguished, the following poem is inscribed by the Author." Again turning the leaf, we meet with the

## "PREFACE.

"The subject of the following Poem is an imaginary personage, noted for the various and contradictory traditions which have prevailed concerning him—The Wandering Jew. Many sage monkish writers have supported the authenticity of this fact, the reality of his existence. But as the quoting them would have led me to annotations perfectly uninteresting, although very fashionable, I decline presenting to the public any thing but the bare poem, which they will agree with me not to be of sufficient consequence to authorize deep antiquarian researches on its subject. I might, indeed, have introduced, by anticipating future events, the no less grand, although equally groundless, superstitions of the battle of Armageddon, the personal reign of J— C—, &c.; but I preferred, improbable as the following tale may appear, retaining the old method of describing past events: it is certainly more consistent with reason, more interesting, even in works of imagination. With respect to the omission of elucidatory notes, I have followed the well-known maxim of 'Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.'

"January, 1811."

The poem introduced by the above Preface is in four cantos; and, though the octosyllabic verse is the most prominent, it contains a variety of measures, like Sir Walter Scott's poetical romances. The incidents are simple, and refer rather to an episode in the life of the Wandering Jew, than to any attempt at a full delineation of all his adventures. We shall give an analysis of the plot, and intersperse, as we proceed, some of the most interesting passages of the poem. It opens thus, in a strain of subdued and tranquil beauty:

"The brilliant orb of parting day  
Diffused a rich and a mellow ray  
Above the mountain's brow;  
It tinged the hills with lustrous light,  
It tinged the promontory's height  
Still sparkling with the snow;  
And, as salant it threw its beam,  
Tipp'd with gold the mountain stream  
That laved the vale below.  
Long hung the eye of glory there,  
And linger'd as if loth to leave  
A scene so lovely and so fair,  
'Twere there even luxury to grieve;  
So soft the clime, so balm the air,  
So pure and genial were the skies,  
In sooth 'twas almost Paradise,—

For ne'er did the sun's splendour close  
On such a picture of repose ;—  
All, all, was tranquil, all was still,  
Save where the music of the rill,  
Or a distant waterfall,  
At intervals broke on the ear,  
Which Echo's self was pleased to hear,  
And ceased her babbling call.  
With every charm the landscape glow'd  
Which partial Nature's hand bestow'd ;  
Nor could the mimic hand of art  
Such beauties or such hues impart.

" Light clouds, in fleeting livery gay,  
Hung painted in grotesque array  
Upon the western sky ;  
Forgetful of the approaching dawn,  
The peasants danced upon the lawn,  
For the vintage time was nigh ;  
How jocund to the tabor's sound,  
The smooth turf trembling as they bound,  
In every measure light and free,  
The very soul of harmony !  
Grace in each attitude, they move,  
They thrill to amorous ecstasy,  
Light as the dew-drops of the morn  
That hang upon the blossom'd thorn,  
Subdued by the pow'r of resistless Love.

" Ah ! days of innocence, of joy,  
Of rapture that knows no alloy,  
Haste on,—ye resolute hours,  
Free from the world's tumultuous cares,  
From pale distrust, from hopes and fears,  
Baneful concomitants of time,—  
'Tis yours, beneath this favour'd clime,  
Your pathway strewn with flowers,  
Upborne on pleasure's downy wing,  
To quaff a long unfading spring,  
And beat with light and careless step the ground ;  
The fairest flowers too soon grow sere,  
Too soon shall tempests blast the year,  
And sin's eternal winter reign around."

Amidst the sights and sounds of the scene thus described, a traveller is seen descending the hills in the vicinity of Padua. He is attracted by the tolling of a convent bell, and seeing a crowd assembled at the gate, he enters, along with others, the convent chapel, after the sun has already set and vespers are over :

" Dim was the light from the pale moon beaming,  
As it fell on the saint-cipher'd panes,  
Or, from the western window streaming,  
Tinged the pillars with varied stains.  
To the eye of enthusiasm strange forms were gliding,  
In each dusky recess of the aisle,  
And undefined shades in succession were striding  
O'er the coigns of the pillar'd pile ;—  
The pillars to the vaulted roof  
In airy lightness rose ;  
Now they mount to the rich Gothic ceiling aloof,  
And exquisite tracery disclose."

A young novice is about to take the veil, or rather, it is about to be forced upon her. She is thus spoken of :

" Light as a sylph's, her form confest,  
Beneath the drapery of her vest,  
A perfect grace and symmetry ;  
Her eyes, with rapture form'd to move,  
To melt with tenderness and love,  
Or beam with sensibility,  
To Heaven were raised in pious prayer,  
A silent eloquence of woe ;  
Now hung the pearly tear-drop there,  
Sate on her cheek a fix'd despair ;

And now she beat her bosom bare,  
As pure as driven snow.  
Nine graceful Novices around  
Fresh roses strew'd upon the ground,  
In purest white array'd ;  
Three spotless vestal virgins shed  
Sabeen incense o'er the head  
Of the devoted maid."

Just as the ceremony is about to be performed, the intended victim, by a sudden impulse, throws herself among the crowd, and rushes from the chapel. The stranger, who has already felt interested in her fate, flies to her assistance, catches her in his arms, and bears her away through the gathering twilight beyond the reach of pursuit. A storm comes on ; they seek shelter, and briefly inform each other who they are. The nun's name is Rosa, and the stranger is Paulo—the Wandering Jew. They conceive, strangely enough, a sudden affection for each other, and the first canto closes with the expression of Rosa's consent to share the future fortunes of Paulo. It is curious to observe, before proceeding to the second canto, that, in illustration of something said by Paulo, Shelley quotes, in the margin, the following line from *Æschylus*, so remarkably applicable to his own future fate,—

" Εἰς ἑσπέρην γὰρ μέγαντο πόρην."

In canto second, we are introduced to Paulo's castle on the banks of the Po, where he lives in deep retirement with Rosa, visited only by Victorio, an Italian of noble birth, who resides in the neighbourhood. Some bold and vigorous descriptions of Alpine scenery follow. But it is evident that Paulo is not happy, and he spends a wild, uneasy life :

" Strange business, and of import vast,  
On things which long ago were past,  
Drew Paulo oft from home ;  
Then would a darker, deeper shade,  
By sorrow traced, his brow o'erspread,  
And o'er his features roam.  
Oft as they spent the midnight hour,  
And heard the wintry wild winds rave  
Midst the roar and spray of the dashing wave,  
Was Paulo's dark brow seen to lour.  
Then, as the lamp's uncertain blaze  
Shed o'er the hall its partial rays,  
And shadows strange were seen to fall,  
And glide upon the dusky wall,  
Would Paulo start with sudden fear.  
Why then unbidden gush'd the tear,  
As he mutter'd strange words to the ear ?—  
Why frequent heaved the smother'd sigh ?—  
Why did he gaze on vacancy,  
As if some strange form was near ?  
Then would the fillet of his brow  
Fierce as a fiery furnace glow,  
As it burn'd with red and lambent flame ;  
Then would cold shuddering seize his frame,  
As gasping he labour'd for breath.  
The strange light of his gorgon eye,  
As, frenzied and rolling dreadfully,  
It glared with terrific gleam,  
Would chill like the spectre gaze of death,  
As, conjured by feverish dream,  
He seems o'er the sick man's couch to stand,  
And shakes the dread lance in his skeleton hand.  
" But when the paroxysm was o'er,  
And clouds deform'd his brow no more,  
Would Rosa soothe his tumults dire,  
Would bid him calm his grief,  
Would quench reflection's rising fire,  
And give his soul relief.  
As on his form with pitying eye,  
The ministering angel hung,

And wiped the drops of agony,  
 The music of her siren tongue  
 Lull'd forcibly his griefs to rest.  
 Like fleeting visions of the dead,  
 Or midnight dreams, his sorrows fled :  
 Waked to new life, through all his soul  
 A soft delicious languor stole,  
 And lapt in heavenly ecstasy  
 He sank and fainted on her breast."

These and similar passages naturally prepare the mind of the reader for the history of the Wandering Jew,—to which indeed they are merely introductory. We can afford room for only one other extract from this canto ; it is a passage immediately preceding the commencement of Paulo's narrative, and is one not unworthy the future author of "Prometheus :"

" 'Twas on an eve, the leaf was sere,  
 Howl'd the blast round the castle drear,  
 The boding night-bird's hideous cry  
 Was mingled with the warning sky ;  
 Heard was the distant torrent's dash,  
 Seen was the lightning's dark red flash,  
 As it gleam'd on the stormy cloud ;  
 Heard was the troubled ocean's roar,  
 As its wild waves lash'd the rocky shore ;  
 The thunder mutter'd loud,  
 As wilder still the lightnings flew ;  
 Wilder as the tempest blew,  
 More wildly strange their converse grew.

" They talk'd of the ghosts of the mighty dead,  
 If, when the spark of life were fled,  
 They visited this world of woe ?  
 Or, were it but a phantasy,  
 Deceptive to the feverish eye,  
 When strange forms flash'd upon the sight,  
 And stalk'd along at the dead of night ?  
 Or if, in the realms above,  
 They still, for mortals left below,  
 Retain'd the same affection's glow,  
 In friendship or in love ?—  
 Debating thus, a pensive train,  
 Thought upon thought began to rise ;  
 Her thrilling wild harp Rosa took ;  
 What sounds in softest murmurs broke  
 From the seraphic strings !  
 Celestials borne on odorous wings,  
 Caught the dulcet melodies,  
 The life-blood ebb'd in every vein,  
 As Paulo listen'd to the strain.

## SONG.

What sounds are those that float upon the air,  
 As if to bid the fading day farewell,—  
 What form is that so shadowy, yet so fair,  
 Which glides along the rough and pathless dell ?

Nightly those sounds swell full upon the breeze,  
 Which seems to sigh as if in sympathy ;  
 They hang amid yon cliff-embosom'd trees,  
 Or float in dying cadence through the sky.

Now rests that form upon the moonbeam pale,  
 In piteous strains of woe its vesper sings ;  
 Now—now it traverses the silent vale,  
 Borne on transparent ether's viewless wings.

Oft will it rest beside yon Abbey's tower,  
 Which lifts its ivy-mantled mass so high ;  
 Rears its dark head to meet the storms that lour,  
 And braves the trackless tempests of the sky.

That form, the embodied spirit of a maid,  
 Forced by a perjured lover to the grave ;

A desperate fate the madden'd girl obey'd,  
 And from the dark cliff plunged into the wave.

There the deep murmurs of the restless surge,  
 The mournful shriekings of the white sea-mew,  
 The warring waves, the wild winds, sang her dirge,  
 And o'er her bones the dark red coral grew.

Yet though that form be sunk beneath the main,  
 Still rests her spirit where its vows were given ;  
 Still fondly visits each loved spot again,  
 And pours its sorrows on the ear of Heaven.

That spectre wanders through the Abbey dale,  
 And suffers pangs which such a fate must share ;  
 Early her soul sank in death's darken'd vale,  
 And ere long all of us must meet her there."

At the conclusion of the song, Paulo declares his intention to relate to Rosa and Victorio, who is also with him, his past adventures, which he accordingly does in the next canto. Cantos third and fourth are by far the finest ; but our extracts having been so copious already, we must postpone their consideration till next Saturday, when we promise our readers several passages of thrilling power and beauty.

*Sermons on various Subjects and Occasions; including three Discourses on the Evidences, the Obligations, and the Spirit of the Gospel.* By the Rev. James Walker, D.D., F.R.S.E., of St John's College, Cambridge, Episcopal Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh. To which is added, a Sermon on Redemption. By the late Rev. James Ramsay, A.M., Vicar of Teston, and Rector of Nettledon in Kent. London. Rivingtons. Edinburgh. Bell and Bradfute. 1829.

SERMONS may be divided into two classes, the purely didactic and the persuasive ; or, in other words, the doctrinal and the rhetorical. The French, generally speaking, excel in the latter, while the English are found to have devoted their talents and learning almost entirely to the former. The interests of a contested Reformation first led our countrymen to a minute examination of the grounds of their faith ; whereas the hereditary and more constant belief of the Roman Catholics has allowed their pulpit orators at all times to dilate more exclusively on the beneficence, the grace, the hopes and the fears of our holy religion ; to connect it more closely with sentiment than with reason ; and to employ its divine authority for stirring the affections of the heart, rather than for confounding the sophistry of the sceptic, or for strengthening the conclusions of the speculative Christian. The solemnities, too, of the Popish Church, invested with the powerful associations which have come down to her on the current of a venerable tradition, afford a subject extremely favourable to the declamations of an eloquent preacher ; who, on the annual festival, addresses not only the faith of his auditors, as applicable to the grand mysteries in which they are engaged, but also their imaginations, excited by the splendid accompaniments of their captivating ritual, and warmed by the recollection of those old times, when their remotest ancestors are supposed to have performed a similar service.

The people, moreover, in the countries of southern Europe, present in their ardent susceptibility, an advantage to the Christian orator, which is every where denied in these cooler and more argumentative latitudes. Hence the appeals of Massillon, which, in his native land, were attended with effects resembling the power of electricity, would have fallen on the ear of a Scotsman like the bursting of a soap-bubble, and, instead of alarming the conscience and shaking the nerves, would only have given birth to a feeling composed of surprise and ridicule. When placed on the narrow isthmus which divides the

sublime from the laughable, the British mind naturally steps aside into the latter, and, amidst all the tropes and figures of the rhetorician, measures, with unrelenting criticism, the approach which the theological declaimer makes towards the province of the buffoon or the mountebank.

It cannot be surprising, therefore, that the prevailing character of English sermons is founded upon clear reasoning and chaste illustration. Several attempts have, indeed, been made to approximate our pulpit oratory to the continental model; but owing to the decided bias of our national feeling, and to that modesty which our more lively neighbours have identified with boorish bashfulness, every effort has only contributed to establish the fact, that we are more an intellectual than an imaginative people, and hence, that those who wish to please us must address our judgment, and not merely our feelings. Even in a country kirk, the rugged features of the peasant are expanded towards the minister, in expectation that some doctrine will be opened up,—that some point of truth will be illustrated or defended,—that some heresy will be exposed to condemnation,—and that some perplexed portion of holy writ will be explained and brought within the limits of his comprehension. The perfection of a sermon, no doubt, consists in that lucid exposition of divine love, and of human duty, which affects at once the understanding and the heart; combining the *onction* of the French with the convincing argument of the English preacher; and eschewing equally the empty rhetoric which occasionally inflates the compositions of the one, and the dry discussion which ever and anon stiffens and deforms the logical essays of the other.

To justify these remarks, we might refer to the works of the principal authors at home and abroad, who, at various periods have written on practical theology. But the names of Bossuet, Flechier, Bourdaloue, and of the eloquent Bishop of Clermont, will immediately occur to every reader, contrasted with those of Barrow, Sharp, Tillotson, Sherlock, Secker, and even of Blair; on which account, instead of pursuing a comparison which would soon carry us beyond our limits, we prefer to illustrate the statement we have made by a reference to the able volume now before us.

The great merit of Dr Walker's sermons will be found to consist in the happy combination of doctrinal reasoning, with glowing pictures of Christian purity, and with animated exhortations to practical godliness. The first, which is on the "original, successive, and permanent evidence of revealed religion," contains many fine passages; setting forth, in a very convincing manner, the scheme of redemption, as it was announced immediately after the Fall, confirmed in the Abrahamic covenant, adumbrated in the Mosaic institutions, unfolded with a gradually increasing light to the several prophets, and finally established by the ministry of the Redeemer in the fulness of time. In reference to the patriarchal economy, he says,—

"It is not my present purpose to consider the personal character of Abraham, in the various and interesting lights, by which he is so eminently distinguished as the friend of God, and the Father of the faithful, but simply to consider him as the selected depository of revealed truth, and as the means of communicating it with authority and evidence to his posterity, and through them to us, and all mankind. In the history of the world he stands in a remarkable and conspicuous position, admirably fitted for the purpose which he was thus selected to fulfil. That purpose was to bear witness to ancient truths; to the first intercourse of God with man; to the first intimations of redemption, and to the practical effects which they at first produced; that purpose was, farther, to disseminate the knowledge and the influence of those ancient truths, and to prepare the way for future and clearer revelations of God, of redemption, and of human duty. How well Abraham was qualified, from his temper and moral qualities, to communicate the saving knowledge of religion to his children, and his household after him, and through them to preserve and disseminate it

in the world, may be generally seen by a reference to Scripture, and may be easily imagined, beyond what is there recorded, from his peculiar character. How well he was thus qualified from his position, as he stood connected with the very origin of the human race, and with ultimate purposes of redeeming mercy, we will now shortly consider. He was the tenth in lineal descent from Noah, and the nineteenth from Adam. We trace his descent from Adam and Seth, through a list of men who seem to have preserved the knowledge and the worship of the true God with great care. But Abraham's knowledge ascends to the origin of the world and of man, by a course still shorter, and therefore less liable to error, than that which we have just mentioned. Lamech, the father of Noah, was born fifty-six years before the death of Adam, with whom, of course, he would have frequent personal intercourse, and from whom he doubtless derived all which he could teach, and all which it was important for him to know. Lamech lived till within five years of the flood, when Noah, his son, whom it was his duty to instruct in all which he had learned, was 600 years old. Heber, the great-grandson of Shem, Noah's second son, was born 283 years before the death of Noah, and doubtless received from him all the information which he had derived with his father's personal intercourse with Adam. Heber, from whom Abraham was the sixth in lineal descent, died at the then uncommon age of 464, having survived his illustrious descendant four years.

"Thus, then, we have a short and easy line of communication from Adam, the first man, through Lamech, Noah, and Heber, to Abraham; so that he is removed three degrees only from personal intercourse with our first parent; while a thousand connected and concurring testimonies would still confirm their communications; to which even the appearance of the world, and the condition of mankind, would then add ample evidence."—Pp. 8-11.

Thus is there established a chain of evidence, reaching from the first dawn of time, even to our own days, and confirming the purpose of Divine Providence in the original promulgation of the Gospel to the parents of the human race. In later periods, indeed, there have been occasional epochs of darkness, when the light of Divine truth, and of historical evidence, appeared to be withdrawn from the church, and when the faith, the hope, and even the duties of a Christian, could not be perceived but through the medium of superstitious rites, which were not less likely to pervert his conscience than to regulate his actions. We request the reader's attention to the following judicious observations on the necessity of a fixed standard in national faith, and on the regard which is due to the constitution and verity of the church:

"The Scriptures contain all necessary truths; but the fact is notorious, that, respecting the truths therein contained, men vary exceedingly. Let us therefore consider for an instant what has been the result among those, who, lightly regarding the constitution and unity of the Church, the mission of her ministers, and the sacred mysteries of which they are the stewards, have left themselves without those sacred guides, which were given along with the Scriptures, in order to keep us in the way of truth and soberness. If we refer to the ancient Puritans of our own country, we shall find many of them men of learning and men of piety, mixed up, most unfortunately, with much passion and prejudice, and with an eager zeal, wasted upon absolute trifles; a zeal to which the Redeemer's reproof will frequently apply,—'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' While they disturbed most lamentably the peace of the Church, they very generally retained the great substantial articles of the Christian faith; sometimes, indeed, carried to excess, by dwelling exclusively on partial views, without attending to that necessary modification, which results from the first combination of all the parts, as they are, in fact, connected truths of one system. As those warm-minded men receded gradually more and more from the sacred forms of the society which they left—urged by feelings of prejudice at first, which were raised into feelings of hostility afterwards,—they came at length to consider preaching as the one thing needful—the essential ordinance and the only effectual means of grace. But, alas! the preaching of fallible men, in the very best circumstances, is peculiarly liable to error. Such was most lamentably the case in this country in the seventeenth century. Men, freed from the restraint imposed by the Church, not on liberty, but on li-

contumacious, fall into every variety of extravagance and absurdity. The Westminster divines lamented the errors and enormities of that unhappy age, which they themselves in fact commenced, and they attempted a remedy in their famous Confession and in endeavouring to enforce their discipline, taken, as they maintained, from Scripture. Look forward a little, and see the successors of these eager men, in whom, as they thought, centred all Christian orthodoxy, —see their successors swerving gradually from the doctrinal peculiarities of their fathers, into a system somewhat milder,—trace them forward still, as they deviate into high Arianism, and as they descend at length, with gradual steps, through the medium of Arius and Socinus, into that kind of Deism which has, in our own age, assumed the Unitarian name. When the eager zeal which leads to separation on minor points subsides, as subside it must, it is impossible to limit the subsequent deviations; because, the great safeguards of truth and uniformity being removed, the power of delusion is systematically placed in the hands of every popular preacher over whom those who give to preaching such perilous pre-eminence over all the other means and ordinances of religion can have no competent control.”—Pp. 26-9.

The second discourse, on “The obligations of the Gospel as they affect the final judgment of Christians,” is devoted to expose the errors which usually attach to the doctrine of merit, and to illustrate the fundamental tenet of the Reformation, that man is justified by faith alone.

We must not extend our extracts beyond the third sermon, which, by many readers, will be esteemed the best in the volume. Its subject is, “The spirit of the world and the spirit of the Gospel considered and contrasted.” Dr Walker, we believe, has been occasionally engaged in controversy in defence of his religious opinions, and hence we may infer, that the following remarks were suggested by experience in the course of his warfare with uncharitable adversaries:

“Controversy is necessary for the maintenance and for the elucidation of the truth. Many of the most important works in theology, both ancient and modern, are, in whole or in part, controversial. The spirit of Christian controversy is not a bad spirit. Even when the controversialist, heated with his subject, or prompted by the injustice and the intemperance, or, what is still worse, by the smooth malignity and by the cunning craftiness of his opponent, expresses his indignation with the force which every Christian will feel, still it is not a bad spirit, provided he does not exceed the bounds of Christian decorum—in which case, he injures himself much more than he injures his opponent.

“The honest warmth of fair and honourable controversy, even if it rise into indignation at artifice, ignorance, and injustice, not only may, but must be tolerated, and, if need be, encouraged; unless we would lose that which gives to controversy its value—which is sincerity, and the natural expression of sincerity. Nay, as there are gradations of evil, some more and some less tolerable, even Warburton, with all his violence, is better, his utmost virulence is more tolerable, less injurious to the fame, and less hurtful even to the feelings, of his opponents, than the cool malignity and the cunning craftiness of those whose words are softer than butter, having war in their hearts, and smoother than oil, yet be they very swords.

“This narrow and sectarian spirit, with whatever fair phraseology it may be decorated, darkens the understanding, destroys, to a certain, and sometimes to a fearful extent, the moral faculty, and cuts up charity by the very roots. You will seldom fail to detect in such men temporal views and selfish objects, such as actuated the apostles in their unconverted state. You almost always find them identifying themselves, their own condition in society, their own influence and personal consideration, with the progress of the peculiar system of religious belief which they have adopted. They promote this progress by every possible effort—by public preaching and speaking—ever pressing the same partial views, and the same peculiar phraseology, which draw an exclusive circle around them. They promote it, now by positive, and anon by artful insinuations, involving the most orthodox, and exemplary men beyond their circle; which may, if need be, be dissembled and disavowed, but which are ever and anon viewed with eager assiduity. They employ the agency of zealous friends of both sexes; they circulate cheap tracts and controversial treatises in every varied form.”

Dr Walker's own discourses, thirteen in number, are followed by a pious and most excellent sermon on “The purposes and effects of the mediation of Christ,” written by his uncle, the late Reverend James Ramsay, a clergyman of the English establishment. The style is very plain, partaking largely of that simplicity of diction which characterised the theology of this country during the earlier part of the last century; but the views are truly sublime, pointing to causes and effects in the history of redemption, which respect the eternal welfare of the whole creation of intellectual beings in this world and in all others. The argument is so constructed that it admits not of abridgement, for which reason we must leave to the reader the gratification of perusing the discourse at length, in the form in which it is now for the first time laid before the public.

Our opinion of the volume, of which we have given so meagre an account, (for our limits do not permit greater dilatation,) may be gathered from what we have already said. As Presbyterians, there are, we admit, some points in the sermons which we do not clearly comprehend, and of which we do not hold ourselves impartial judges, while there is certainly more stress laid on the authority of Bishop Bull, and other Episcopal writers, than we hold to be due to speculative theologians of any school, however great may have been their learning and reputation in their own communion. But, upon the whole, we are ready to acknowledge, that, since the commencement of our critical career, we have not seen a selection of religious discourses which unites so much sound discussion, professional erudition, and eloquent writing; and, were a few verbal inaccuracies corrected, and the composition in two or three places pruned of a little rhetorical excrecence, we should not hesitate to pronounce them equal to any which have issued from the British press during the last forty years.

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*Tales of the Wars of our Times.* By the Author of “Recollections of the Peninsula.” London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. Two volumes. 1829.

CAPTAIN SHERAR has been long and favourably known to the public as the author of “Recollections of the Peninsula,” a work which we consider among the very best of its kind which has appeared in this country. In its glowing and graphic pictures, the features of Spanish scenery, her modes of life, and the character of her late war, are delineated with such felicitous effect, that while perusing its pages, we seem to accompany the author through every scene which he describes, and to breathe the very air of that land of romance.

There are many persons, we are well aware, who give a decided preference to the cold, military, and gazette-like narratives, redolent of the names of places, dates of actions, numerical strength of armies, and plans of positions; such things being associated in their minds with the idea of truth, while descriptions of the former character they conceive to be pictures of imagination, rather than of realities. Never was there a more erroneous opinion. We maintain, that he only who has the eye of the painter and the poet, can truly and fully describe things as they exist in nature. Your matter-of-fact men, are no doubt very good, as far as they go; they tell the truth, indeed, but not the whole truth. They are excellent landsurveyors, and inform you for your edification, that here stands a hill, and there lies a valley; that the right of the British attacked and turned the left of the enemy's army, which, by retreating, caused a corresponding movement of its right, and so on. All this is very well to fill up the pages of gazettes, and general history; but of the appearance of a country, of the peculiarities of a soldier's life, and the real nature of war, such generalities not only give us no idea, but (to use the emphatic phrase of an Irish orator, with whom we once had the pleasure

of meeting) not even the "shadow of the ghost of an idea." To return from this digression.

The work before us consists of a series of tales, which the author informs us are "pure fictions," "inventions," but in which the character of the late wars is so completely preserved, that they seem "truth in fairy fiction dressed." They abound in tender, interesting, and often heart-rending incidents, beautifully relieved by consolatory glimpses of the brighter side of things. Throughout the whole work there runs a deep vein of piety, and of poetry; of amiable feeling, and frequently of strong and original conception. The first volume is entirely occupied by one tale, "The Spanish Brother." It opens with the following description of Cordova.

"Cordova, in Spain, is a city of ancient and fair renown, and has been always very famous in the history of that romantic land. The capitano of the mule train coming from Castile and La Mancha, as he winds down the bare and stony road which descends from the gloomy solitudes of the Sierra Morena, does always suspend his way-beguiling song at the welcome sight of its cathedral tower—points out to the traveller in his company where its white dwellings lie, sunny and shining among green and pleasant gardens, and promises him both plenty and pleasure in merry Cordova; is garrulous about its snowy bread—its fine fruit—its excellent chocolate—its delicious ices—tells of the famous mezuquitas—of the many and gay festivities—the bull-fights;—forgets not to narrate how black the eyes, how small the feet, of the pretty donnas; and above all, how that wine is so good and so cheap, that '*vino puro, e non poco*,' is the motto of the men of Cordova.

"It was, in truth, a merry city some twenty years ago, and the most aged person within its walls could not remember when it had been otherwise. Had any one at that period passed through its streets in the noon of a summer night, he would have heard the tinkle of light guitars, and the rattle of lively castanets, from many an open casement.—In the very midst of their accustomed pleasures, as they lay singing in the lap of peace, they were startled by the voice of war."

The entrance of the French into Cordova, and their consequent excesses, are thus described:—

"The trumpet of France already sounded at her gates—the eagle of Napoleon hovered over the devoted city, and the dusty Legion, which arrived before it on the burning noon of a hot June day, with scarce a pause for breathing or refreshment, formed its black column of attack.

"One hundred sappers, with the necessary tools, advanced briskly to the stockades and barriers; they were covered in their dangerous but familiar labours, by the quick and well-directed fire of a cloud of skirmishers, and a few pieces of cannon.

"The Spaniards were astonished: their own heavy but irregular fire, did neither check the boldness, nor disturb the good order of their enemies. Some of the French sappers fell by the very knives of the people; but after a short struggle, the barriers were in part demolished, a breach effected, and a heavy column of French infantry rushing through it, like the loosened torrent of a tumbling river, flooded the city. Alas, for Cordova! The troops and mercenaries retreated with despairing haste and terror—her citizens, resisting many of them to the very last, taking the last true shot, giving the last firm stab, fell slain upon their own thresholds, and saw not the miserable after-scenes—the swift and headlong runnings—the hands together smote, and uplifted in agony to Heaven—the pillaged altars—the defiled beds—babes in their innocent blood. Alas, for Cordova! At length the shades of evening closed in; from blowing open doors, and breaking in windows—from plundering and killing, the soldiers betook themselves to cooking and drinking. Furniture served for fuel, and wine ran free in the open cellars, and they sung—the happy and innocent fellows—about '*L'Amour et La Gloire*;' and at length, tired with the toil of their pleasant crimes, placed their booty-filled knapsacks beneath their heads, and slept—without a dream. The bright moon of a lovely June night, sailed calm and silent in the blue heavens above them, and looked with its soft light as kindly on their slumbers as on those of cradled infancy."

We cannot, of course, attempt any analysis of the different tales; but we shall present one other specimen of Captain Sherar's powers. It is the following spirited open-

ing of a story called "The Tyroler," the whole of which we like exceedingly:—

"Hand never rested more lightly on a stile, nor did the gathered feet ever clear a leap more cleanly, than those of Albert Steiner, as, late on a pleasant and sunny evening early in April 1806, he vaulted over the stone fence of a cattle yard, belonging to the good inn, the Golden Crown, in the small post town of Sterzingen. He had been journeying all day; but his heart was light, his rifle hung steady on his manly shoulder, and his thoughts were running on before faster than he could keep pace with them, to greet his dear Johanna, the kellerim of this clean and comfortable hostelry.

"It was a month, a long month, since he had looked into her soft eyes, and he came as usual by the mountain path, and entered, as was his custom, by this yard. Here he was not unfrequently met and smiled upon by the welcome of Johanna; but now, as he made his footing in it, a very different scene was presented to him. Instead of the lovely kine with the full udders waiting the milking-hour, there were a dozen or more fine stout tall chargers, with their heads fastened up against a dead wall, and a brawny Bavarian dragoon, in forage-cap and stable dress, with each. The jump of Albert, and his sudden turning of the corner, made the nearest horse start; and the like motion being instantly gone through by the whole squad of these full-fed animals, there arose a volley of rough curses, which, Albert was made sensible by look and gesture, he was at liberty to appropriate.

"Although a little startled himself, Albert readily recovered his self-possession.

"'You have brave cattle, friends.'

"'Yes, friend,' said the nearest soldier,—a fierce, surly-looking giant, with sandy moustaches o'ershadowing his mouth with their rude bristles; 'yes, and good swords to boot.'

"'A good horse is more to my fancy,' rejoined Albert.

"'I should guess so,' said the soldier, 'though I suppose it's not much use you could make of either; to be sure, if you held the mane fast, and put his head the right way, four legs would carry you faster out of danger than two.'

"'Did you ever see a bear?' asked Albert.

"'What do you mean, you goat-herd?'

"'I mean that I have killed many a one in these rocks above you, and made no words about it.'

"The slow and surly Bavarian did not understand Albert's words to the full; but as he looked into the blue and brilliant eyes of the fair and fearless youth, who stood erect before him, with very evident contempt in his smile, he saw that he was defied.

"'I will tell you what, my Jack-bird,' said he, 'you shall take your naked feet out of this quicker than you brought them in, and by the same road.' With that he dropped the wisp of straw from his hand, and, relying on his huge size and superior strength, advanced towards the youth to put his threat in execution. Albert, stung by the sneering mention of his mountain costume,—for he wore the sandal on his naked foot, and upon his graceful and well-proportioned legs the half-stocking without feet, gartered beneath his small firm knee; stung by this, and eager for an essay of his prowess against a Bavarian, he slipped his rifle quietly on the ground behind him, and, with fixed eye, awaited his antagonist. The heavy monster put out his broad and bony hands to seize the shoulders of Albert, but ere he had a firm hold of him, the active youth, with equal courage and address, had caught him behind the knees, and threw him prostrate in his cumbersome length upon the puddly ground.

"'There, bullock, lie there, and have a care in future how you play tricks with naked-footed mountaineers,' exultingly cried the young Tyroler; and, catching up his rifle, he walked past the man towards the house, before, stunned by the shock, the soldier had breath to regain his legs.

"The loud laugh of his comrades galled the savage soldier to madness, and with clenched fists, and an arm raised as though collecting all his strength for a ponderous blow, he ran after Albert, who turned to face him, and dexterously avoiding the descent of it, had the fresh triumph of seeing his clumsy assailant trip against a stone, and fall prone upon his face.

"With a fury as fierce and well-nigh as blind as Polyphemus of old, he roared out for his sword, and swore he would have the young brigand's blood. But by this time an officer, who had been spectator of the whole scene from a window above, called out in anger to the sergeant below, and bade him place the infuriated giant in confinement.

This was not effected without some little trouble, very loud remonstrances, and an oath, that if it came to war, he'd have the blood of as many of the ragamuffin rock-goats as he could lay hands on."

We are not acquainted with any two volumes of fictitious narrative, that have appeared within the last two or three years, whose contents have, upon the whole, pleased us more.

*History of the Rebellions in Scotland, under the Viscount of Dundee and the Earl of Mar, in 1689 and 1715.*  
By Robert Chambers. Constable's Miscellany. Vol. XLII. Edinburgh. 1829.

REALLY Mr Chambers is the most indefatigable and active writer extant. He is enough to kill any degenerate modern reviewer twice over, except ourselves, who being nearly seven feet high, are not easily killed, though we confess he works us hard. If he goes on publishing at this rate, the periodical press will all be seen puffing after him like so many wearied hounds chasing a stag up a mountain, who, fresh and agile, turns round now and then to snuff their approach, shaking his towering antlers in sportive ridicule. All his books, too, are so full of amusing and interesting matter, that it is impossible to give him any thing like an extinguisher, or even a check. We confess we should like exceedingly to ride our high horse over him,—to bury him under a few Johnsonian periods, from which it would cost him the labour of a month to have himself dug out. But there is no getting hold of him to give him a fair shake. He is one of those fortunate individuals whom every body seems to have a liking for, and whom no one can speak very severely of though he tries.

The volume before us gives an account of two distinct episodes in Scottish history, connected only by the reference which they both bear to the House of Stuart. These, together with Mr Chambers' two former histories, afford a complete narrative of the struggles made by the friends of the Stuarts in this country to support the fortunes of a falling family, and vindicate its hereditary right to the throne in opposition to the determination of the majority of the people. It is true that neither the insurrection in 1689 nor in 1715 is at all to be compared in importance and interest to the religious civil wars which agitated Scotland in an earlier part of the seventeenth century, or to the spirit-stirring Rebellion of 1745, when Prince Charles Edward passed through the land like a dream, and it was impossible to say whether the waking from that dream would be upon a throne or a scaffold. But, nevertheless, there is no inconsiderable degree of interest attached to the military exploits of Dundee; and the insurrection of 1715 deserves a faithful chronicler, more, perhaps, on account of the spirited expedition of the Brigadier MacIntosh, than for any thing that was done by the vacillating Mar, or the feeble and pusillanimous Chevalier. On the whole, we have been well satisfied with the manner in which Mr Chambers handles both his narratives. It is very well known that he is a Jacobite, and an incurable one; but we are not prepared to say that this is worse than being a Whig; and were he neither one nor other, we would not give a fig for him. What we have principally to object to in his first history, is the impression it gives of Dundee's character, which, if it be not a good deal too favourable, the "bloody Claverhouse" has been grievously wronged. As Mr Chambers, however, has a theory of his own regarding Dundee's character, and as the passage, though perhaps to some it may appear fully as ingenious as sound, is unquestionably an able one, we shall extract it:

"He possibly was one of those individuals, whose souls are such an exquisite compound of lofty aspirations and grounding common sense, that, for the very purpose of elevating themselves out of the irksomely humble situation in which they find themselves placed by fortune, they will heartily grapple with, and perform with the most serene

punctuality, every duty connected with their place in society, carrying through degradation and drudgery a spirit which will eventually shine out, when the grand object is attained, with uninjured splendour. Minds of this order resemble the fairy-gifted tent in the Arabian Tales, which was so small as to be carried in the pocket of the proprietor during the day, but at night could be expanded to such a width as to cover a whole army. The world, which is too apt to judge of men with a mere reference to their origin and early history, is seldom liberal enough to suppose, in the case of a man exalted above his native sphere, that he may have all along, from the very first, possessed a talent and a spirit which fitted him for high situations, but generally accounts for his rise by either the vulgar error of good fortune, or by suggesting that he was tempted forward, step by step, by prospects which gradually opened before him. It is, however, abundantly evident, that such minds often exist, and that their rise is entirely owing to the discretion with which they have managed their powers. Their merit was from the very first equally great, but only it was not prudent or possible, in their earlier situations, to give it ostensible shape. To such an order of minds—so great, yet so humble—so far reaching in contemplation, yet so diligent in minute employment—Dundee unquestionably belonged."

—Pp. 20, 21.

But, whatever Dundee's faults or virtues may have been, he was, beyond all doubt, a very able general; and of his qualifications in this respect, our author has drawn an animated, and, we believe, a just picture, in the following passage:

"During this campaign, which lasted from the beginning of April to the end of June, Dundee and his Lowland friends suffered all the hardships incidental to a residence in the Highlands at that early period; often wanting bread, salt, and all other liquors but water, for several weeks, and scarcely ever sleeping in a bed. Under any other commander, perhaps, than Dundee, such privations would have occasioned discontent and desertion. Under him, they were endured at least without complaint; for what gentleman or private soldier could think himself ill treated, when he saw his leader suffering the very same hardships, without uttering a murmur? Dundee was exactly the sort of general to sustain the spirits of men under the distresses of a campaign like the present. He demanded no luxury or indulgence which could not be shared with his troops. If any thing good was brought to him to eat, he sent it to a faint or sick soldier. If a soldier was weary, he offered to carry his arms. He had also the invaluable qualification of being able to exist with little sleep. Tradition, in Athole, records of him, that, during one night, which he spent in a gentleman's house there, he sat writing till morning, only now and then laying his clenched fists on the table, one above the other, and resting his head thereon for a few minutes, while he snatched a hurried slumber. Besides being able to sleep by mouthfuls, he had other qualifications which fitted him in a peculiar manner for keeping alive and controlling the spirit of a militia like the Highlanders. He adapted himself to the manners and prejudices of that people, and caused them, instead of regarding him with the jealousy due to a stranger, to behold him with a mixture of affection and respect superior even to what they usually entertain towards their chiefs. He walked on foot beside the common men, now with one clan, and anon with another. He amused them with jokes—he flattered them with his knowledge of their genealogies—he animated them by a recital of the deeds of their ancestors, and of the verses of their bards. He acted upon the maxim, that no general ought to fight with an irregular army, unless he be acquainted with every man he commands. He never, on the other hand, let this familiarity with his men go the length of generating contempt. The severity of his discipline was dreadful. The only punishment he inflicted was death. Like the corps of the Swiss guard at Paris, he thought that any inferior punishment disgraced a gentleman—all his men he held to be of that rank; and he would not put one of them to the shame of submitting to such an infliction. Death, he said, was properly the only punishment which a gentleman could submit to; because it alone relieved him from the consciousness of crime. It is reported of him, that having seen a youth fly in his first action, he pretended he had sent him to the rear on a message. The youth fled a second time: he brought him to the front of the army, and, saying, that a gentleman's son ought not to fall by the hands of a common executioner, shot him with his own pistol."—Pp. 66-70.

Mr Chambers divides his *History of the Rebellion* into eight Chapters, of which by far the most interesting is the fifth, in which we have an account of the battle of Killiecrankie. There is not a Chapter of greater merit in all our author's works than this. It is graphic, picturesque, and animated in the highest degree. We wish we could quote the whole of it, but can only refer to it. The Chapter which follows, and which contains anecdotes of the battle, we suspect is more apocryphal. Its authority rests principally upon certain Highland traditions, by which it appears that the Highlanders on this day performed exploits sufficient to have made Hector, Ajax, and Achilles, ashamed of their own feebleness. We have a great respect for the Highlanders; and by the use he has made of their traditions, it is quite evident that Mr Chambers must have a still greater.

As to the Rebellion of *fifteen*, we were very much pleased with the manner in which the narrative commences. It is in these words:—

"It is related, that on the 6th of December, 1688, when the Queen of James II. was in the act of flying from the kingdom, she was obliged to wait for an hour under the walls of Lambeth church, till a hackney coach could be procured from the city to convey her to the boat upon the Thames. She stood with the Prince of Wales in her arms, (then a child of four months,) very imperfectly sheltered from the heavy cold rain of a December night; not a single attendant, out of all that formerly constituted her court, was there to cheer her mind or relieve the irksomeness of her burden; and, as her eye wandered back upon the multitudinous lights of the far-spread city, she had ample time to compare the splendid retrospect of her fortunes, which that scene seemed to symbolize, with the dark future into which she was about to plunge. It is strange to think that the interests of a great people should have depended so much as they did, upon the fate of the miserable little infant which this desolate woman bore in her arms. Had a constable happened to come up during that hour, or had the coach been delayed, it is very probable that the House of Hanover would have never sat upon the throne—that we should have been spared the three rebellions of 1689, 1715, and 1745—that, indeed, a totally different turn would have been given to the fate of the British empire. It is vain, of course, to speculate upon what might have happened but for certain little circumstances; because, in the economy of both nations and individuals, little circumstances are perpetually affecting their fate; and what is there more in any one little circumstance than in another? Yet there is something peculiarly striking in the matter alluded to. It is allowed to have been the grand error, or rather, perhaps, the only misfortune, of the great men who achieved the Revolution, that they did not secure the person of the infant heir of King James, so as to educate him for eventual sovereignty in a style of politics and religion suitable to the wishes of the nation. By permitting his escape to France along with his parents, they insured his being brought up in principles which unfitted him for the government of the British nation; and thus inducing the necessity of adopting a Protestant heir from a distant branch of the royal family, they gave unnecessary occasion to a race of pretenders, and introduced an uncertainty of principle into the whole theory of succession, which may even yet be productive of mischief. It is certainly to be lamented, that the Queen was not arrested with her precious charge during that last hour of her residence in Britain, which she spent under the walls of Lambeth Church."—Pp. 157-9.

In this History also we have to complain that the real character of the Earl of Mar is too much sheltered for the sake of the cause he ultimately espoused. Mar was a mean, truckling, weak, and selfish politician; and yet, after in effect allowing this, Mr Chambers sums up by saying, "But it is but justice to the memory of a man who has been somewhat hardly dealt with by posterity, to say that, under better circumstances, he might have shone as one of the greatest and most unimpeachable characters." We confess we cannot understand this; if it means any thing at all it would serve as an apology for the most consummate villain that ever existed.

But take it for all in all, and this volume, of which we have given so imperfect an account, will be read with much pleasure over the whole country. Mr Chambers

has the art, as much as any living writer with whom we are acquainted, of mixing the *utile* with the *dulce*, and writing a book which is sure to be read. The consequence is, that his price is rapidly rising with the publishers, and, we doubt not but that in a few years, scarcely any literary man will be in the receipt of a better literary income.

*The Life and Actions of Alexander the Great.* By the Rev. J. Williams, A.M. Vicar of Lampeter. Being No. III. of the Family Library. London. John Murray. 1829.

This is the work of a scholar and clever man, and is vigorously executed. Mr Williams is well known in Edinburgh by his successful Rectorship of the New Academy. His *Life of Alexander* "is chiefly intended," he tells us in his Preface, "for youthful readers;" but we are well convinced that readers of far riper years, who take an interest in these classical subjects, will peruse it with no small profit and gratification. It is strange, however, to think how little the great mass of the reading public care about Alexander the Great. He is the very god of our boyish idolatry; but after we have been well buffeted through Curtius and Plutarch, our nature seems to undergo a change, and the fiery Macedonian is laid upon the shelf, probably for the rest of our lives, unless we happen casually to recur to him for the purpose of pointing a moral. Were more books at our command, like that now before us, this might not be the case. The only fault we can find with Mr Williams is, that his style is perhaps a little too dry. "There is something more wholesome and invigorating to the mind," he observes, "in the naked perception of truth, than in all the glowing colours of fancy." This is very correct; but the young reader, especially, looks for something attractive, as well as wholesome and invigorating. We could have wished, therefore, that the colours here and there had been a little more glowing. Yet the work is one which cannot but reflect high credit upon its author. It is full, accurate, and learned.

*The Christian Student. Designed to assist Christians in general in acquiring Religious Knowledge. With Lists of Books adapted to the various Classes of Society.* By the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Minister of Sir George Wheler's Chapel, Spital Square. London; Seeley & Burnside. 1829. 12mo, Pp. 636.

MR BICKERSTETH is well known in the religious world as a very useful writer, by several practical works on theological subjects, which are distinguished by their sound reasoning, consistent piety, clearness of arrangement, and simplicity of style. He has already given the reading public three or four treatises in the shape of modest duodecimos, and now we have a volume, which we cannot describe better than by saying, that it is, in appearance, a very twin brother to Mrs Dalgairns' *Cookery Book*, and contains an immense deal of advice and information on a variety of subjects. His former works are held in such estimation, that the "*Scripture Help*," his first production, has, we observe, reached a *fourteenth* edition; his other treatises, "*On Prayer*," "*The Lord's Supper*," and, "*On hearing the Word*," enjoy nearly an equal share of the public favour.

Touching Mr Bickersteth's new volume, "*The Christian Student*," it seems to be a work intended principally for theological students and young clergymen, but may be studied with advantage by all classes. We would particularly recommend to candidates for holy orders, Chapter X., "*Advice to a Student on entering the University*." The whole seven sections also of Chapter XI., containing, "*The Fathers,—The Schoolmen and their*

**Contemporaries.**—The Reformers and their Successors, —The Divines of the Restoration and Revolution, —and Modern Writers," embrace a great deal of useful and pleasantly written biographical sketches. The arrangement of the work is excellent; and the lists at the end of the volume display a comprehensive knowledge of books, old and new.

*Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels; with Illustrations.* London. Effingham Wilson. 1829.

THIS is a very pretty and entertaining volume. It contains abridged narratives from some of the most popular recent writers on South America, particularly Captain Basil Hall, Captain Head, Mr Waterton, and Mr Ward. It is illustrated with several excellent lithographic plates, and among the rest an admirable caricature by Cruickshanks, representing Mr Waterton riding on the back of the cayman or crocodile. To those who are not able to purchase, or who have no leisure to read, the larger original works, this volume will be both pleasant and profitable; and to the young it will serve the double purpose, of both tempting them to read, and repaying them for reading. We shall be glad to see the ingenious editor produce more volumes upon a similar plan.

**FINE ARTS.**—*Gleanings from the Portfolio of an Amateur.* By Sir James Stuart, Bart. Edinburgh. D. Lizars. 1829.

SIR JAMES STUART is well known as an amateur artist of great boldness and freedom of pencil. These *Gleanings* from his Portfolio are worthy of the reputation he has acquired. Including the etching on the cover, they are six in number:—1. The Studio; 2. The Stirrup Cup; 3. Ruins of Corfe Castle; 4. A Study from Velasquez; 5. A Study from Vandyke; 6. Fishing-Boat, Torbay. Of these the Stirrup Cup, and the two designs after Velasquez and Vandyke, please us most. We have seen the originals of the two latter, and can answer for the great truth and spirit of the copies. The grouping in the Stirrup Cup is exceedingly good; and in the sketch of Corfe Castle it is hardly inferior. Altogether these "*Gleanings*" are well worth the attention both of the artist and man of taste.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### REMINISCENCES OF FORMER DAYS.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

ONE fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House, Wat Shiel came over to me and said, that "I boud gang away down to the Ramsaycleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentlemen there wha wantit to speak to me."

"Wha can be at the Ramsaycleuch that wants me, Wat?"

"I couldna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i' the byganging. But I'm thinking it's the Shirra an' some o' his gang."

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of *The Minstrelsy of the Border*, and had copied a number of old things from my mother's recital, and sent them to the Editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of Old Maitlan' to

them, with which Mr Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed, and her answer was, "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae auld Baby Mettlin, that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushlaw."

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sange prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they're neither right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heb—heb—heh! Take ye that, Mr Scott," said Laidlaw.

Mr Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said "It was true enough, for a' that."

We were all to dine at Ramsaycleuch with the Messrs Brydon, but Mr Scott and Mr Laidlaw went away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramsaycleuch I met with Mr Scott's liveryman, a far greater original than his master, whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

"O, ay, lad, the Shirra's come," said he. "Are ye the chiel that mak the auld ballads and sing them?"

"I said I fancied I was he that he meant, though I had never made ony very auld ballads."

"Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an' speir for the Shirra. They'll let ye see where he is. He'll be very glad to see you."

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original black-faced Forest breed being always called *the short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed *the long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr Scott, who had come into that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr Walter Brydon and said, "I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this very important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?"

Mr Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity,—"It's the woo, sir—it's the woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing; and those are just kind o' names we gie them like." Mr Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation; it went gradually away, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the *Black Dwarf*, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary, for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankleburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleuch there were any relics of the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and churchyard, and a mill and

mill-lead, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

Had heather-bells been corn of the best,  
The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief's black-mails, which, it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way; and if report say true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country, that there was a font stone of blue marble, in which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, digged out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came upon one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers have been buistling their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "We had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to be seen."

I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, who had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes his rider kept his seat despite of his plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milney Bog, I said to him, "Mr Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "we have been very oft, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoes." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old Castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise. In the fields—on the rugged mountains—or even tolling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass himself, but that of all other men. I remember of leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by the same Mr Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him

survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better, than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I will draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the Forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. Of course I dedicated The Mountain Bard to him;—

Blest be his generous heart for aye;  
He told me where the relic lay,  
Pointed my way with ready will,  
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill,  
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,  
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy;  
He little wend'd a parent's tongue  
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

#### ST FILLAN'S SPRING.

Harp of the North, that mouldering long hast hung  
On the witch-elm that shades St Fillan's Spring,  
*Lady of the Lake.*

THE genius of the romantic poesy could not have chosen a finer retreat than the borders of St Fillan's Spring. It is a wild, luxuriant, unbroken solitude—a perfect cento of Swiss or Highland scenery. To be viewed aright, a Highland landscape should be seen in the pride of summer. Then, the most barren rocks are touched with verdure; alpine plants and trailing shrubs—the glossy arbutus, saxifrage, &c.—climb the steepest precipices, and every patch of sheltered greensward has its knot of wild flowers. Even the water, oozing through rents and fissures, and trickling down ledges of herbless granite, has, in its delicious coolness, something of summer beauty; and it is ten to one but we find a small shaded well, or bunch of primroses, at its base. In the old pastoral districts, the cattle of many hills may be seen grazing on the silvan plain by the side of the lake—the native woods, oak, larch, and birch, are full of leaf and fragrance—the streams, as they glance and fall in the sun, are rife with trout or salmon—and the blossomed heath and furze (emblems though they be of our churlish soil) are redolent of bees and birds. If it be the Sabbath morning—

Blest day, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky!—

the wanderer is touched by the spectacle of the whole population of the glen journeying to the house of prayer—the old men with their plaids and bonnets, the youngsters in their kilts, and the girls bareheaded—for you will not see a dozen female bonnets in a Highland church—but with their hair finely curled and plaited, and their garish red or chequered shawls hung over their arm. These, as they issue in separate groups from the rocky paces, or descend the braes and woods, give an interest and picturesque quality to the mountain landscape that is never forgotten by the spectator.

Such are some of the elements of a Highland strath or glen, arrayed in the glory of summer. Painters, who love contrast, prefer the commencement of autumn, when the "sere and yellow leaf" is superadded to the staple green of the woods; but there is more of mirth

and joyousness in the full luxuriance of summer. Old thoughts and feelings come back to the mind with greater vividness and freshness, and new fancies stream more freely into the imagination. Dr Johnson seems to have partaken of this feeling, when, in the course of his tour, he sat down on a bank in Glen Morrison. He had no trees to whisper over him, but a clear rivulet streamed at his feet: "the day was calm, the air was soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude." We have here concentrated the essence of a thousand descriptions of wild mountain scenery. The "melancholy" Jacques, with his intellectual revellers in the forest of Arden, has nothing finer.

The river Fillan derives its source from the pure springs of the lofty Benlaidh, in the western extremity of Breadalbane, Perthshire. It waters the beautiful vale of Strathfillan, to which it gives name, and falls into Loch Dochart at Benmore. Issuing from this lake with the floating isle, it winds its way through another glen, and is finally merged in the waters of one of our finest lakes, Loch Tay. About six or seven miles from its source, at the edge of a plain on which Robert Bruce fought with the Cumings, and near the ruins of St Fillan's Cathedral, is St Fillan's Spring, or the Holy Pool. The river is here as pure and pellucid as crystal, and the pool about fourteen feet in depth. A ridge of rocks runs midway into the stream, forming an effectual screen to the bathers on either side.

The waters of the Holy Pool are believed to possess unnumbered medicinal virtues, and are still resorted to by pilgrims in the summer months. Fletcher, in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, has beautifully described one of these sainted wells, which was scarcely more efficacious in working cures than St Fillan's Spring:—

In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,  
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,  
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,  
Was ne'er the like to this. By it doth grow,  
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,—  
All simples good for medicine or abuse,—  
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day.—  
With all their colours; there the month of May  
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;  
There's not a grass on which was ever seen  
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand,  
So full of heat and virtue is the land  
About this fountain, which doth slowly break  
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek  
That waters all the valley, giving fish  
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.  
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,  
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,)  
Hath power to change the form of any creature,  
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head.

The manner in which the pool obtained its healing powers is thus described by the natives. Fillan, the patron saint, possessed a certain stone or talisman, by whose virtue he was able to cure every disease incident to mankind, and also the irrational creation. When on his death-bed, the holy man foresaw that, after his decease, disputes would arise among his kindred as to who should possess the gifted stone; and, in order to avoid all such unseemly brawls, he one day rose from his couch, and, calling his friends together, proceeded with them to the edge of the pool. He then told them, that he was resolved not to bestow the talisman upon any single individual, but to render it useful to all mankind. So saying, he dropped the stone into the pool, and no man has since dared to take it up. After the death of Fillan, the people flocked from all quarters at the appointed times—Whitsun and Lammas eve—to bathe in the holy pool before sunset. They were ordered to go three times over the head, and to take the same number of pebbles from the bottom of the well. After dressing, they went three times round each of three cairns on the top of the rock, leaving a pebble at each cairn, and some small portion of their raiment. The same process was observed on the following morning, before sunrise. In cases of insanity, the formula was more trying and severe. The poor patient was tied round the middle with a rope, and either carried or wiled on to a

stone in the water near the rock. Thence he was pushed into the pool, and submerged three times in its healing waters. A friend of mine lately saw this operation performed upon a poor maniac, and not without difficulty, for the patient contrived to slip his cable and swim to the opposite shore. Having made the round of the cairns, after submersion, the unhappy individual is conducted about half a mile to the ruined Cathedral, where there is a large hollow stone, called "St Fillan's pillow." Into this his head is laid, and the body fastened with ropes to huge logs of wood, placed adjacent for the purpose. In this position he remains all night, unless relieved by the interposition of supernatural agency, in which case the patient recovers his lost senses, and returns cheerfully with his friends. Should he happen, however, not to be so fortunate—and this is the more frequent result of the ordeal—the dipping is repeated next morning, and the party resort to the *fuaran dery*, or red well, a mineral spring on the south side of the river, opposite the ruins, and drink of its waters. There are certain insects or animalcules in the well, from the appearance of which auguries of good and evil are drawn. An old woman, who lived lately in a hut near the spring, was specially versant in this strange species of augury, and would freely communicate the result of her divinations for a small reward, proportioned to the circumstances of her visitors. On the face of the rock, there is also a small crevice called *Clach na'mbonnach*—the Bannock stone—where the friends of the patient used to bake oaten cakes for the sickly. If, after all these trials had been thrice repeated, the party did not recover, he was justly deemed incurable, and his friends resigned themselves to the will of Providence.

These old traditions are fast fading from among the bulk of the people, and only exist in remote districts—the dying embers in the crucible of superstition. R. C.

## FINE ARTS.

### SOME REMARKS ON ARCHITECTURE.

THE works of Architecture must be measured by other standards than even the purest conceptions of general good taste and refinement. In Sculpture and Painting, the prototypes by which their copies are to be judged, will ever remain to us, and any accurate observer of nature will be enabled to draw conclusions, at least with regard to their accuracy. But for the models which guided man in his architectural creations, where are we to look?—certainly not in the modifications of natural forms. Architecture had its origin in usefulness or fitness; and, through all its multiplicity of combination, that grand principle will be found omnipresent. It is true that there are many accessories which are absolutely indispensable to the production of either beauty or sublimity, such as delicacy of workmanship, appropriate richness of detail, and magnitude of parts; but unless they are founded, or have the appearance of being founded, on the aptitude of the means employed to the end desired to be produced, instead of giving pleasurable sensations, they will only remain to attest the ignorance of their unprofitable creators. Now, this being the case, it is plain, that without a practical knowledge of the difficulty of uniting and blending the jarring elements which are often so opposite, yet so dependent upon one another, criticism is deprived of its value. To this knowledge, when viewing a splendid example of ancient architecture, are almost all our emotions of entire satisfaction assignable.

Though Dr Memes in his recent "History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture," seems to have some doubts on the subject, Architecture must have appeared at an earlier date in the history of mankind than Sculpture,—nay, more, must have ventured on rough attempts at ornamental detail, ere any approximation to the rudest species of imitative carving was made. This position, from the nature of the wants which man, in his primitive state, finds

himself first, and most peremptorily, called on to relieve, may, with all safety, be assumed; and to these early attempts at architectural decoration, Vitruvius, with perhaps more justice than is generally allowed him, assigns the distinctive features of the different orders. However this may be, it is confessed on all hands, that, to view the art in a vigorous infancy, we must turn our eyes to Egypt. It is true, the Egyptians invented no order,—the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, being indisputably the delightful creations of Grecian intellect; but in their temples we first discover the leading principles, which, having modified and refined them, the Greeks so entirely adopted. This is particularly evident by the use made in Grecian Architecture of the long, unbroken, horizontal line, supported, at proper distances, by the conic frustum. That the Egyptians, however, were only hovering upon the verge of right, scarce aware of the limits between it and wrong, their fondness for many forms, inelegant in appearance, and useless in reality, sufficiently evince. The pyramid and obelisk are Egyptian; in the former, where magnitude, and real, as well as apparent, durability are the leading attributes, there is a sort of recompense for the sacrifice of form; but the latter can be rendered agreeable under no circumstances whatever.

Turning from Egypt to Greece, we at once find the art at the zenith of its perfection; from Greece, like an aloe, which flourishes but once, it has sent forth its delicious odour over the earth, and faded away, never again to delight mankind with such unearthly blossoms. The Greeks, in their Architecture, as in every thing else, were wonderful only as a nation—as individuals, they were unostentatious, simple, and almost rude. It is to their public edifices we must look for any thing great; and, though time and political convulsions have destroyed many of them, still the list is not small of their temples which survive even to the present age. Well might they have said, with the poet,

“We have a nobler monument than Egypt  
Hath piled in her brick mountains o’er dead Kings—  
Or Kine,—for none know whether those proud piles  
Be for the monarch, or their Ox God Apis.  
So much for monuments that have forgotten  
Their very record.”

Of the three orders invented by them, the Greeks seem to have most fondly attached themselves to the Doric; and there assuredly does exist an unbending freedom and moral dignity of demeanour about that order, which peculiarly coincides with the historical features of the Greek character. Situated, as they generally are, in the lonely and romantic wildernesses of nature, surrounded by wood, sea, and mountain, these Doric temples rise out of the earth like the very habitations of the classic deities to whom they were dedicated. Madame de Stael, when speaking of a fine example of classic Architecture, observes, “that it is the only work of art which produces in the beholder an effect similar to the wonders of nature.” And it is probably upon this principle, that we are to account for the feelings of veneration and awe with which the remains of Greek art must ever be viewed by those who are wise enough to remain its humble imitators and admirers. There are some, in these latter days, who, like Prometheus, boast of having discovered the fire which belonged to the architectural creators. Such men talk of restoring the Parthenon, and—as if it were a thing which required them to put forth but half their energies—of uniting the beauties of the three temples, Minerva Polias, Pandrosus, and Erectheus, in one building; and, in short, of recreating an Acropolis worthy a Modern Athens.

“Oh! knowledge of presuming man,  
Of thought fallacious, and of judgment vain!”

If a selection were to be made of the finest specimens of Grecian Doric, the temple of Minerva at Sunium, of Minerva at Athens, and of Theseus at Athens, might probably be named, as possessing all the real grandeur, without the inert bulkiness and rude asperity of some of the earlier examples; and if still more elegant proportions

were required, the temple of Apollo at Delos might be mentioned. Though all following the same grand laws of proportion and arrangement to an architectural eye, a volume of most amusing description is laid open when viewing the various examples of the Doric, scattered over Greece and Magna Græcia—no two specimens being exactly similar, but each possessing some peculiarity entirely its own. If we may venture to give an opinion on the very few examples of the Ionic or Corinthian which remain to us, we should presume that the same system of varying enrichments and proportions was observed through these orders,—as witness the temple on the Ilyssus, how chastely plain, when compared with that of Minerva Polias; while the temple of the winds, when placed by the side of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, seems hardly to belong to the same order. A beautiful and certainly pure example of the Corinthian order was discovered by Wilkins, in the island of Milo. This example is by no means so well known as it ought to be; we have seen it executed on a small scale, to which it is best adapted, with the happiest effect.

Ever since the discovery of the Grecian remains, the works of the Romans have sunk wonderfully in estimation. Gorgeous, certainly, and magnificent, from the magnitude and richness of detail, and the bold impressive way in which the arch has been employed, they nevertheless appear of smaller value the more they are thoroughly scrutinized and examined by refined and correct laws of taste. The Italian architects, who followed in the footsteps of the Romans, are still more degenerate; and, were their productions to be judged by mere outline, apart from extraneous ornament, they would be found to be writhing in the greatest agony of linear contortion. Broken entablatures, urns, and statues, *ad infinitum*, fillets as large as tenias, circular niches, monstrous representations of ideal forms, broken pediments and circular pediments, and pediments at an angle of sixty degrees, and pediments within pediments,—these, and a hundred other barbarisms, are the characteristic marks of what may be properly termed the *Gothic* style, from which charge even such names as Scamozzi, Vignola, Alberti, De Lorme, &c. &c., and even that of Palladio himself, will scarcely save it.

There are, we venture to assert, only two styles, which, in as pure a manner as possible, ought to be aimed at in the practice of a modern architect:—one is, of course, the Grecian, in all its ample variety of order and solemn effect of unbroken outline; the other is what is generally termed the Gothic, though more accurately, the *English* style of Architecture. In these two systems, ample scope is given for the imagination, without calling upon the judgment to adopt any thing for effect which it must condemn in principle. Concerning the propriety of giving the term *English* to this latter species of Architecture, we may remark, that we use the term, not because we believe that Gothic was of English birth; being, on the contrary, satisfied that the Gothic first arose in Italy, as a corruption from the Roman, and gradually spread over most of the European countries, where it assumed various forms, according to the civilisation and taste of the different nations. The expediency of its forms, for the purposes of Christian worship, was no doubt the original cause of its extended adoption; but it is worthy of remark, that the nearer we get to Italy, or to places where Roman Architecture was known and practised, the more those forms are lost sight of. Britain, on the other hand, long after the Roman conquest, was comparatively in a barbarous state. It had as yet established no fixed laws in matters of even greater importance than those of taste; and, though the Romans had left some specimens of their magnificent conceptions behind, they had never impressed the minds of the islanders so effectually as to instigate them to imitation. When the Normans entered England, they no doubt brought with them those lessons in taste and workmanship which they had learned in their native country. The period was but

short, however, until they became thoroughly amalgamated with the Saxons. Continuing, therefore, to be separated from the endless examples of Roman and Italian work, which were deluging France, Germany, and Italy, the English architects seem to have gone steadily on unwinding the clew, the first thread of which had been put into their hands by their Norman visitors. Thus it is we account for the comparative purity of the *English Gothic*, when viewed in juxtaposition with the Gothic of the Continent; and we hold, that the country which can boast of such an exquisite and pure example as York Minster, has a good claim to have its name prefixed to the style of which it possesses the masterpiece. If we were inclined to launch out into comparisons, or multiply lists, we could clearly prove to any one who had ever advanced beyond his architectural rudiments, that there does not exist, abroad, a single specimen which approaches in purity within a hundred miles of either York or Salisbury. The four styles, Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular, in their pure, unmixed natures, are alone to be found in England—for Scotland, from its former close connexion with France, possesses few examples of much purity.

With regard to the merits of English Architecture, there can scarcely exist two opinions. Founded upon principles completely opposed to those of the Grecian system, it possesses peculiar beauties of its own, which render it scarce less enchanting; though it is probably matter of inexplicable enquiry, how the sensations produced by the solemn, silent grandeur of a Grecian temple, and a delightful example of English Cathedral magnificence, where ornament and line run riot in all the endless variety of beauty, should be so nearly the same. Did space and time permit, we think we could clearly prove, that no style is better adapted than the English Gothic for sacred purposes, nor capable of being executed at so small a cost, to possess any thing like so marked a character.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### A LETTER TO MY COUSIN.

"And when they talk of him they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear."

SHAKESPEARE.

You "have heard that I'm to be married," coz,  
But I vow the report's not true;  
I think I guess who told you, though,—  
It was Miss Celestina Blue;—  
She picks up all the idle talk  
That is floating about the town,  
Then hurries home to her writing-desk,  
And sets it gravely down.

I should like to know to whom, dear coz,  
I would tie myself for life;  
For it's one thing, I guess, to be in love,  
And another to take a wife;—  
I have loved at least a thousand times,  
And may love a thousand more;  
But catch me stepping as bridegroom in—  
To a travelling carriage and four.

When I take a summer excursion, coz,  
I start with my dog and gun;  
Or I ramble out with my fishing-rod  
Where the silver rivers run;  
But a wife would insist on a waiting-maid,  
With a handbox on every knee;  
And whenever we came to a country inn,  
They would order nothing but tea.

And no doubt whenever she took the pouts,  
She'd tell me to my face,  
That she had another lover once,  
Whom she'd wish were in my place;

And then she'd flirt with some grisly wretch  
At least five cubits high;—  
Do you think I'll sell myself for this?—  
By Jupiter! coz, not I!

Besides, I don't know a woman, coz,  
That has lately smitten me much;  
For where, since you chose to get married yourself,  
Shall I find another such?—  
They joke me perhaps with Miss Jamieson,  
But that's a prodigious mistake;  
'Tis all I can do, when I meet with her,  
To keep myself awake.

Or perhaps they have seen me walking about  
With that briak little girl Miss Jones;  
But she is the last who could bring me, coz,  
Down to my marrow bones;  
I like very well Miss Cunningham,  
And I own she's the queen of dancers;  
But all the world is aware that she  
Is engaged to one of the Lancers.

I've been to the play with Miss Thomson thrice,  
And that's a suspicious thing;  
I've stood a whole night by the instrument,  
To hear Miss Wilson sing;  
I've gone to Craigmillar with Clara Grant,  
To church with Matilda Donne;  
But trust me, coz, tho' I've gone this length,  
I'm not yet too far gone.

As for Miss Macleod, she's in India now,  
With all the other Macleods,  
And no doubt got the liver complaint,  
And bilious lovers in crowds;  
And if people think that I care a fig  
For Miss Celestina Blue,  
They surely don't know that she wears a wig,  
Tho' luckily, coz, I do.

So you see the reports are false, sweet coz;  
I'm a sturdy bachelor still;  
And little stomach or wish have I  
For a matrimonial pill;  
Perhaps when your husband goes to heaven  
In thirty years or so,  
I may throw myself once more at your feet  
With my crutch and my gouty toe.

But till then I shall never marry, coz,  
For it is not my nature's law;  
I'd as soon put my leg in a mantrap, coz,  
Or my hand in a lobster's claw:  
As for the sex, God bless them! coz,  
They have always been kind to me;  
But it's safer far to walk by the shore  
Than to venture upon the sea.

H. G. B.

### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that there is at press a volume by the late Rev. Archibald Gracie, containing specimens of the manner in which the services of the Presbyterian Church are conducted on sacerdotal and other solemn festivals, as well as on more ordinary occasions.

We understand that Mr George Buchanan has nearly completed, and will publish in a few days, his laborious work of Tables for converting the Weights and Measures hitherto in use in Scotland, into those of the Imperial Standard.

The 43d and 44th volumes of Constable's Miscellany are to contain Narratives of the most remarkable Conspiracies connected with European history, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, by John Parker Lawson, M.A. author of the *Life and Times of Archbishop Laud*. We understand that the conspiracies of which Mr Lawson treats are—1. The assassination of James I. of Scotland in 1437—2. The death of James III. of Scotland in 1488 (comprehending a brief history of his reign)—3. The conspiracy of John Lewis Fleeco

against Genoa in 1547—4. The intrigues of Don Carlos against his father, Philip II. of Spain, in 1567—5. The Raid of Ruthven, in 1582—6. The Gowrie Conspiracy in 1600—7. The Gunpowder Plot in 1604—8. The conspiracy of the Spaniards against Venice in 1618, (the plot of Otway's "Venice Preserved")—9. The rise and fall of Masaniello, fisherman of Naples, in 1647—10. The Popish Plot in 1678—11. The Ryehouse Plot in 1685.

We are glad to understand that the Amulet for 1830 bids fair to excel any of its predecessors. Among the engravings will be the *Dorcy Wean*, from a fine painting by our countryman Wilkie,—the *English Cottage*, by Mulready, a picture in the possession of the King,—and the *Crucifixion*, after Martin, for the use of which last picture alone 180 guineas are to be paid. The literary contents of this volume will be also highly interesting;—The Ettrick Shepherd is a contributor to a considerable extent.

MR BUCKINGHAM.—We understand that Mr Buckingham, who is now actively engaged in directing public attention to the Government and Trade of India, lectured at London on Tuesday evening last, in his late Birmingham this day, at Leeds on the 29th, and at Manchester on the 30th, at Liverpool on the 1st, at Glasgow on the 4th, and at Edinburgh on the 6th of July. The rapidity of his journey will not admit of his remaining more than a single night at any one of these places; nevertheless he proposes to devote the evening of his stay, at each of the towns named, to the delivery of a public lecture, embracing new and additional matter on the subject of the India monopoly, and embodying the principal facts and arguments on which he invites the support of all the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the kingdom to his public labours in their cause. His Majesty's ministers having now solemnly pledged themselves to advise a recommendation from the throne for an early enquiry into the whole question, the subject becomes one of great national interest, and as such is entitled to the serious attention of men of all parties in the kingdom.

GRACIAN WILLIAMS.—By the death of Mr H. W. Williams, which took place on the 19th inst., this country has lost one of its most eminent artists, and the numerous circle of his acquaintance one of its most valued members. Mr Williams has identified his name with Greece; and so long as that country retains her glorious associations will his works be valued, and his name remembered with honour.

ROYAL PHYSICAL SOCIETY, 23d JUNE 1829.—Captain Brown gave an account of the habits and changes of plumage of the Paradise Bunting—the *Emberiza Paradisaea*—or Widah bird of Africa; illustrated by drawings of its different garbs, from a living specimen, now in the possession of Sir Patrick Walker at Drumahugh. This remarkable bird affords a useful lesson to the naturalist, by showing how guarded he should be in not at all times depending on the colouring of birds as a true specific character; or even hastily considering a modification in the shape and character of the plumage, as indicating a difference of species. These, no doubt, are of much service in many instances, but do not hold as a universal criterion. An appropriate motto for all naturalists would be,—“MULTIPLY NOT SPECIES.” Most birds undergo a considerable change in their colour and markings from the young to the adult state; and many also differ materially in the colour of the summer and winter plumage; but few, indeed, so great a transformation as the Paradise Bunting; as, in its summer and winter dress, it is so extremely different, as not to be recognisable as the same species. Captain Brown distinguished these states of change by the summer and winter plumage, agreeably to the time at which these changes take place in this country; although he was of opinion, from analogy, that the elegant garb of winter was its spring dress in its native haunts, as it is well known to all observers of nature, that the plumage of birds displays a higher state of lustre during the season of love. This bird seems, at present, to be in its complete summer dress; and in shape, colour, and markings, is not unlike the common Bunting; its bill is, however, stronger, and of a lead colour; when it first changes from its winter state, its colour is pale ash, but gradually reddens to the colour of wood-brown (of the Wernerian nomenclature), with black patches over different parts of its body, and a stripe of black from the bill to the nape of the neck, on each side, close over the eyes, and a double longitudinal row of spots of the same colour on the crown of the head: The auricles are also black: The greater wing-coverts, primaries, secondaries testaceous, and tail-coverts, are all black in the centre, edged with wood brown; the belly and thighs are white, and the legs pale skin colour, which they preserve the whole year; the tail an inch and a half long. In its perfect winter plumage, the head, chin, throat, wings, and tail, are of a deep glossy black; the lower part of the neck is of a bright ornament orange; the breast of a full and brilliant burnt sienna colour; the thighs and belly white, inclining to pale orange as they approach

the wings; the two middle tail feathers are four inches in length, very broad, and ending in a long thread; the two next are thirteen inches in length, very broad in the middle, gradually tapering to both extremities, and somewhat sharp at the points; from the middle of the shafts of these last arise another long thread; the remaining tail feathers are two inches and a quarter long. A remarkable peculiarity of this bird is, that it seems to be in perfect health, yet it is undergoing an almost perpetual change of plumage, as feathers drop off nearly the whole year.—Mr Richardson next exhibited, and explained the mode of using, an ingenious Orrery, invented by him for the instruction of the blind. Several members of the Society bore testimony to the great progress many of these unfortunate children had made in the science of Astronomy. The thanks of the Society were voted him for the very interesting exhibitions, and explanation given by him.

*Theatrical Gossip*.—Drury Lane closed for the season on Saturday last. Mr Cooper delivered an address, in the course of which he said,—“We have produced, during the season, sixteen new dramatic pieces, all of which—two only excepted—have been honoured with your approbation; among which, I am proud to say, you have particularly distinguished the tragedy of *Riencé*, the drama of *Charles XII.*, and the new opera of *Masaniello*. Through the kindness, assiduity, and punctuality of my fellow-labourers, it has not been necessary, during the forty weeks I have been honoured with the management of this Theatre, to make one apology—nor has there been one change of performance from that which was advertised in the bills of the day. I believe, ladies and gentlemen, that this circumstance is unparalleled in the annals of the English drama.” The Theatre is to be re-opened on the 1st of October.—The Haymarket has commenced its summer season with a piece by Poole—not Dr Poole—called “*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*,” which has been entirely successful.—The English Opera House, under the management of Arnold, is to open this evening. Among the company are, Sapio, Thorne, Keely, Wrench, Bensons Hill, G. Panton, Miss Kelly, Miss Goward, Miss Carwe, Madame Cellini, &c.—De Bognis has taken the Dublin Theatre for October next, where he is to play Italian operas.—There is now in Paris an Italian, a German, an English, and a Spanish Company. Charles Kemble and Miss Smithson are to be the stars in the English Company.—Caradori is now at Liverpool, and is performing *Polly* to Miss Graddon's *Captain Macheath*! The pretty little piece of “*Aloyse*,” which was so successful here, is now performing in Liverpool.—The Theatre Royal here closed on Saturday last. Caradori played *Rosetta* in “*Love in a Village*,” in a style the most enchanting. The house was crowded; and, when the curtain fell, there was a general call for Caradori, which, however, was not complied with. When the manager afterwards made his appearance in the face of “*Simpson & Co.*,” he was received with some disapprobation in consequence, upon which he came forward and said,—“Disapprobation from an Edinburgh audience is so unusual in my case, that I trust you will excuse my asking in what I have offended? If my presence has been previously required, your wishes were not communicated to me, nor could I have had the honour of presenting myself before you, being engaged in changing my dress for the character in which I now appear. If, ladies and gentlemen, it was expected that I should address you on this occasion, I beg leave to state, that it has never been the custom to do so but on the final termination of our season in October. Indeed, had it been otherwise, I would much rather have declined addressing you this evening. On many former occasions you have been most liberal in your support of this establishment, and I feel reluctant to annoy you with any statement of our reverses. October yet remains to us; and I hope, that on the termination of the engagements we have made for that period, I shall be enabled to report more favourably of the season than I could possibly do at present.”

LAST SATURDAY'S PERFORMANCE.—JUNE 20.

*Love in a Village, & Simpson and Co.*

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Communication from St Andrew's has been received, and will appear in our next.—The Essay on “*Dreams*,” we are afraid, we cannot find room for.—We have to inform “A Subscriber” in Aberdeen, that our desire to give permanency to our advertisements, in justice to those who favour us with them, makes it impossible for us to comply with his suggestion. We should have been glad had his letter been post-paid.

The verses by “E. A. R.,” and by “A. L.” of Brechin, indicate considerable talent.—The contributions with which we have been favoured by “C. W.”—“Therma”—“V.”—“E. S.”—“P. A. M. D.”—“E. A.”—and “Edwin,” will not suit us.—“My Native Caledonia,” and “The Spartan Mother to her dead Son,” are in the same predicament, though the former, in particular, has a good deal of merit.—The Verses from Selkirk are under consideration.

“*King Edward's Dream*” lies for the Author at the Publishers.

\* We are happy to mention, that an able naturalist has undertaken to furnish us with accurate reports of the proceedings of various scientific bodies in Edinburgh, to which we shall henceforth regularly allot a small portion of our space.—ED. LIT. JOURN.

[No. 33. June 27, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

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No. 34.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1839.

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### THE POET SHELLEY—HIS UNPUBLISHED WORK, "THE WANDERING JEW."

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We have already given some account of the two first Cantos. The third is occupied with a retrospective view of the hero's fortunes and wanderings, which he relates to his bride Rosa, and the noble Italian Victorio. We look upon the following passage, with which he commences his narrative, as worthy of the most attentive perusal, being peculiarly striking, both on account of its own intrinsic merits, and in reference to the tenets subsequently disseminated by its author :

"How can I paint that dreadful day,  
That time of terror and dismay,  
When, for our sins, a Saviour died,  
And the meek Lamb was crucified !  
'Twas on that day, as borne along  
To slaughter by the insulting throng,  
Infuriate for Deicide,  
I mock'd our Saviour, and I cried,  
'Go ! go ! ' Ah ! I will go,' he said,  
'Where scenes of endless bliss invite,  
To the blest regions of the light ;  
I go—but thou shalt here remain,  
Nor see thy dying day  
Till I return again.'  
E'en now, by horror traced, I see  
His perforated feet and hands ;  
The madden'd crowd around him stands,  
Pierces his side the ruffian spear,  
Big rolls the bitter anguish'd tear ;  
Hark that deep groan ! He dies, he dies !  
And breathes, in death's last agonies,  
Forgiveness to his enemies !  
Then was the noonday glory clouded,  
The sun in pitchy darkness shrouded ;  
Then were strange forms through the darkness  
gleaming,  
And the red orb of night on Jerusalem beaming,  
Which faintly, with ensanguined light,  
Dispersed the thickening shades of night ;  
Convulsed, all nature shook with fear,  
As if the very end was near ;  
Earth to her centre trembled ;  
Rent in twain was the temple's wall,  
The graves gave up their dead ;  
Whilst ghosts and spirits, ghastly pale,  
Glared hideous on the sight,  
Seen through the dark and lurid air,  
As fiends array'd in light,  
Threw on the scene a frightful glare,  
And, howling, shriek'd with hideous yell—  
They shriek'd in joy, for a Saviour fell !  
'Twas then I felt the Almighty's ire ;  
Then full on my remembrance came  
Those words despised, alas ! too late !

The horrors of my endless fate  
Flash'd on my soul and shook my frame ;  
They scorcht my breast as with a flame  
Of unextinguishable fire ;  
An exquisitely torturing pain  
Of freezing anguish fired my brain."

In the pages which succeed this fine passage, Paulo goes on to describe at some length the misery he suffered, not only from the consciousness that he lay under the curse of the Almighty, but from the knowledge that it was impossible for him ever to find refuge from his sufferings in death. Years and generations pass away,—all around him changes,—new forms, and customs, and governments, arise,—he alone is strange, weary, and hopeless. His excited feelings almost amount to madness, and induce him to seek for death in every hideous shape. There is a great deal of power in the passage which we subjoin :

"Rack'd by the tortures of the mind,  
How have I long'd to plunge beneath  
The mansions of repelling death !  
And strove that resting place to find  
Where earthly sorrows cease.  
Oft, when the tempest-fiends engaged,  
And the warring winds tumultuous raged,  
Confounding skies with seas,  
Then would I rush to the towering height  
Of the gigantic Teneriffe,  
Or some precipitous cliff,  
All in the dead of the silent night.

"I have cast myself from the mountain's height,  
Above was day—below was night ;  
The substantial clouds that lower'd beneath  
Bore my detested form ;  
They whirl'd it above the volcanic breath,  
And the meteors of the storm ;  
The torrents of electric flame  
Scorch'd to a cinder my fated frame.  
Hark to the thunder's awful crash—  
Hark to the midnight lightning's hiss !  
At length was heard a sullen dash,  
Which made the hollow rocks around  
Rebellow to the awful sound ;  
The yawning ocean opening wide,  
Received me in its vast abyss,  
And whelm'd me in its foaming tide.  
Though my astounded senses fled,  
Yet did the spark of life remain ;  
Then the wild surges of the main  
Dash'd and left me on the rocky shore.  
Oh ! would that I had waked no more !  
Vain wish ! I lived again to feel  
Torments more fierce than those of hell !  
A tide of keener pain to roll,  
And the bruises to enter my inmost soul.

"I cast myself in Etna's womb,  
If haply I might meet my doom

In torvents of electric flame;  
 Thrice happy had I found a grave  
 'Mid fierce combustion's tumults dire,  
 'Mid oceans of volcanic fire,  
 Which whirl'd me in their sulphurous wave,  
 And scorch'd to a cinder my hated frame,  
 Parch'd up the blood within my veins,  
 And rack'd my breast with damning pains;  
 Then hurl'd me from the mountain's entralls dread.  
 With what unutterable woe  
 Even now I feel this bosom glow—  
 I burn—I melt with fervent heat—  
 Again life's pulses wildly beat—  
 What endless throbbing pangs I live to feel!  
 The elements respect their Maker's seal,—  
 That seal deep printed on my fated head.

"Still like the scathed pine-tree's height,  
 Braving the tempests of the night  
 Have I 'scaped the bickering fire.  
 Like the scathed pine which a monument stands  
 Of faded grandeur, which the brands  
 Of the tempest-shaken air  
 Have riven on the desolate heath,  
 Yet it stands majestic even in death,  
 And rears its wild form there.  
 Thus have I 'scaped the ocean's roar,  
 The red-hot bolt from God's right hand,  
 The flaming midnight meteor brand,  
 And Etna's flames of bickering fire.  
 Thus am I doom'd by fate to stand,  
 A monument of the Eternal's ire;  
 Nor can this being pass away,  
 Till time shall be no more."

In a note, Shelley acknowledges that many of the ideas in the above passage were suggested to him by a German author, who has written upon the same subject. It will be recollected by the readers of "Queen Mab," that he has casually introduced Ahasuerus, or the Wandering Jew, in a very sublime manner, in that poem, and that he there also acknowledges his obligations to the same German author, and quotes a part of his work, different, however, from that to which he alludes in the volume before us.

Death being the predominant thought in the mind of Paulo, as well as his great aim and object, the following incident is finely introduced:

"Once a funeral met my aching sight,  
 It blasted my eyes at the dead of night,  
 When the sightless fiends of the tempests rave,  
 And hell-birds howl o'er the storm-blacken'd wave.  
 Nought was seen, save at fits, but the meteor's glare,  
 And the lightnings of God painting hell on the air;  
 Nought was heard save the thunder's wild voice in the sky,  
 And strange birds who, shrieking, fled dismally by.  
 'Twas then from my head my drench'd hair that I tore,  
 And bid my vain dagger's point drink my life's gore;  
 'Twas then I fell on the ensanguined earth,  
 And cursed the mother who gave me birth!  
 My madden'd brain could bear no more—  
 Hark! the chilling whirlwind's roar;  
 The spirits of the tombless dead  
 Flit around my fated head,—  
 Howl horror and destruction round,  
 As they quaff my blood that stains the ground,  
 And shriek amid their deadly stave,—  
 'Never shalt thou find the grave!  
 Ever shall thy fated soul  
 In life's protracted torments roll,  
 Till, in latest ruin hurl'd,  
 And fate's destruction, sinks the world!  
 Till the dead arise from the yawning ground,  
 To meet their Maker's last decree,  
 Till angels of vengeance flit around,  
 And loud yelling demons seize on thee!"

Finding that Heaven would not interfere to shorten his probation, and having made himself familiar with all the secret arts of necromancy, he resolves to call the powers of the lower world to his aid, and is more than once on the very point of selling his soul to purchase the happiness of death. Upon one occasion the Prince of Darkness appeared to him after the following manner:

"The winds had ceased—a thick dark smoke  
 From beneath the pavement broke;  
 Around ambrosial perfumes breathe  
 A fragrance, grateful to the sense,  
 And bliss, past utterance, dispense.

The heavy mists, encircling, wreath,  
 Disperse, and gradually unfold  
 A youthful female form;—she rode  
 Upon a rosy-tinted cloud;  
 Bright stream'd her flowing locks of gold;  
 She shone with radiant lustre bright,  
 And blazed with strange and dazzling light;  
 A diamond coronet deck'd her brow,  
 Bloom'd on her cheek a vermeil glow;

The terrors of her fiery eye  
 Pour'd forth insufferable day,  
 And shed a wildly lurid ray.  
 A smile upon her features play'd,

But there, too, sate pourtray'd  
 The inventive malice of a soul  
 Where wild demoniac passions roll;  
 Despair and torment on her brow  
 Had mark'd a melancholy woe  
 In dark and deepen'd shade.

Under those hypocritic smiles,  
 Deceitful as the serpent's wiles,  
 Her hate and malice were conceal'd;  
 Whilst on her guilt-confessing face,  
 Conscience, the strongly printed trace  
 Of agony betray'd,

And all the fallen angel stood reveal'd.  
 She held a poniard in her hand,  
 The point was tinged by the lightning's brand;  
 In her left a scroll she bore,  
 Crimson'd deep with human gore;  
 And, as above my head she stood,  
 Bade me smear it with my blood.

She said, that then it was my doom  
 That every earthly pang should cease;  
 The evening of my mortal woe  
 Would close beneath the yawning tomb;

And, lull'd into the arms of death,  
 I should resign my labouring breath;  
 And in the sightless realms below  
 Enjoy an endless reign of peace.  
 She ceased—oh, God, I thank thy grace,  
 Which bade me spurn the deadly scroll;  
 Uncertain for a while I stood—  
 The dagger's point was in my blood.

Even now I bleed!—I bleed!  
 When suddenly what horrors flew,  
 Quick as the lightnings through my frame;

Flash'd on my mind the infernal deed,  
 The deed which would condemn my soul  
 To torments of eternal flame.

Drops colder than the cavern dew  
 Quick coursed each other down my face,

I labour'd for my breath;  
 At length I cried, 'Avant! thou fiend of Hell,  
 Avant! thou minister of death!'

I cast the volume on the ground,  
 Loud shriek'd the fiend with piercing yell,  
 And more than mortal laughter peal'd around.  
 The scatter'd fragments of the storm  
 Floated along the Demon's form,  
 Dilating till it touch'd the sky;  
 The clouds that roll'd athwart his eye,

Reveal'd by its terrific ray,  
 Brilliant as the noontide day,  
 Gleam'd with a lurid fire ;  
 Red lightnings darted around his head,  
 Thunders hoarse as the groans of the dead,  
 Pronounced their Maker's ire ;  
 A whirlwind rush'd impetuous by,  
 Chaos of horror fill'd the sky ;  
 I sunk convulsed with awe and dread.  
 When I waked the storm was fled,  
 But sounds unholy met my ear,  
 And fiends of hell were flitting near."

Having so far gained a victory over himself and his tempters, he contrived to drag on a wretched existence for sixteen hundred years, about the expiration of which period he had met with Rosa, and in her deep confiding affection found a temporary solace for his griefs. His narrative and the third canto conclude together.

The fourth canto opens in a strain of truly elevated morality and piety, which shows how much of good there must always have been at Shelley's heart :

" Ah ! why does man, whom God has sent  
 As the Creation's ornament,  
 Who stands amid his works confest  
 The first—the noblest—and the best ;  
 Whose vast—whose comprehensive eye,  
 Is bounded only by the sky,  
 O'erlook the charms which Nature yields,  
 The garniture of woods and fields,  
 The sun's all vivifying light,  
 The glory of the moon by night,  
 And to himself alone a foe,  
 Forget from whom these blessings flow ?  
 And is there not in friendship's eye,  
 Beaming with tender sympathy,  
 An antidote to every woe,  
 And cannot woman's love bestow  
 An heav'nly paradise below ?  
 Such joys as these to man are given,  
 And yet you dare to rail at Heaven,  
 Vainly oppose the Almighty Cause,  
 Transgress His universal laws,  
 Forfeit the pleasures that await  
 The virtuous in this mortal state,  
 Question the goodness of the Power on high,  
 In misery live, despairing die.  
 What then is man, how few his days,  
 And heighten'd by what transient rays,  
 Made up of plans of happiness,  
 Of visionary schemes of bliss,  
 The varying passions of his mind  
 Inconstant, varying as the wind,  
 Now hush'd to apathetic rest,  
 Now tempest with storms his breast,  
 Now with the fluctuating tide  
 Sunk low in meanness, swoln with pride,  
 Thoughtless, or overwhelm'd with care,  
 -Hoping, or tortured by despair !"

Victorio is now brought more prominently into notice. It appears that he has conceived an unlawful passion for Rosa, and his mind, tempest-tost between his duty to his friend, and his burning anxiety to possess Rosa, at whatever cost, is driven almost to distraction. In a fit of despair he determines on committing suicide. The following passage is a noble one :

" The precipice's battled height  
 Was dimly seen through the mists of night,  
 As Victorio moved along.  
 At length he reach'd its summit dread,  
 The night-wind whistled round his head,  
 A wild funeral song.  
 A dying cadence swept around  
 Upon the waste of air,

It scarcely might be call'd a sound,  
 For stillness yet was there,  
 Save when the roar of the waters below  
 Was wafted by fits to the mountain's brow.  
 Here for a while Victorio stood  
 Suspended on the yawning flood,  
 And gazed upon the gulf beneath.  
 No apprehension paled his cheek,  
 No sighs from his torn bosom break,  
 No terror dumm'd his eye.

' Welcome, thrice welcome, friendly death,'  
 In desperate harrowing tone he cried,  
 ' Receive me, ocean, to your breast,  
 Hush this ungovernable tide,  
 This troubled sea to rest.

Thus do I bury all my grief—  
 This plunge shall give my soul relief,  
 This plunge into eternity !'

I see him now about to spring

Into the watery grave :

Hark ! the death angel flaps his wing  
 O'er the blacken'd wave.

Hark ! the night-raven shrieks on high

To the breeze which passes on ;

Clouds o'ershade the moonlight sky—

The deadly work is almost done—

When a soft and silver sound,

Softer than the fairy song,

Which floats at midnight hour along

The daisy-spangled ground,

Was borne upon the wind's soft swell.

Victorio started—'twas the knell

Of some departed soul ;

Now on the pinion of the blast,

Which o'er the craggy mountain past,

The lengthen'd murmurs roll—

Till lost in ether, dies away

The plaintive, melancholy lay.

'Tis said congenial sounds have power

To dissipate the mists that lower

Upon the wretch's brow—

To still the maddening passions' war—

To calm the mind's impetuous jar—

To turn the tide of woe.

Victorio shudder'd with affright,

Swam o'er his eyes thick mists of night ;

Even now he was about to sink

Into the ocean's yawning womb,

But that the branches of an oak,

Which, riven by the lightning's stroke,

O'erhung the precipice's brink,

Preserved him from the billowy tomb ;

Quick throb'd his pulse with feverish heat,

He wildly started on his feet,

And rush'd from the mountain's height."

Thus diverted from his purpose, his passion for Rosa retains as fierce a hold of his bosom as ever. Before he reaches his own castle, the Witch of the Alps presents herself before him, and promises him the accomplishment of his desires provided he consents to surrender his soul to her. Victorio agrees ; and the Witch, having led him to her cell, pronounces

" Some maddening rhyme that wakes the dead ;"

and after an incantation scene of considerable length, the whole of which is exceedingly powerful, Victorio receives a drug from the hand of a fiend, which he is ordered to mingle with Paulo's wine, whose death will be the certain consequence. The drug is infused, but the wine is drunk by Rosa instead of Paulo, who is thus lost to both her lovers. What becomes of Victorio we are not told ; but the poem concludes with these lines. It is Paulo who is supposed to speak :

" ' Lies she there for the worm to devour,  
 Lies she there till the judgment hour,

Is then my Rosa dead!  
 False fiend! I curse thy futile power!  
 O'er her form will lightnings flash,  
 O'er her form will thunders crash,  
 But harmless from my head  
 Will the fierce tempest's fury fly,  
 Rebounding to its native sky.—  
 Who is the God of Mercy?—where  
 Enthroned the power to save?  
 Reigns he above the viewless air?  
 Lives he beneath the grave?  
 To him would I lift my suppliant moan,  
 That power should hear my harrowing groan;—  
 Is it then Christ's terrific Sire?  
 Ah! I have felt his burning ire,  
 I feel,—I feel it now,—  
 His flaming mark is fix'd on my head,  
 And must there remain in traces dread;  
 Wild anguish glooms my brow;  
 Oh! Grievs like mine that fiercely burn,  
 Where is the balm can heal!  
 Where is the monumental urn  
 Can bid to dust this frame return,  
 Or quench the pangs I feel!  
 As thus he spoke grew dark the sky,  
 Hoarse thunders murmured awfully,  
 'O Demon! I am thine!' he cried.  
 A hollow fiendish voice replied,  
 'Come! for thy doom is misery.'

We have thus presented our readers with a good number of the most striking passages in this poem; and we are satisfied that none who take delight in such matters can have perused them without a very high degree of interest and satisfaction. That so elaborate and valuable a work, by one of the first poets of our times, should have existed entirely unknown to his nearest surviving friends and relatives, cannot fail to be of itself regarded as a circumstance well worthy of commemoration. That it should have fallen to our lot to be the first to intimate the existence of this important literary curiosity, and to present to the public, through the pages of the LITERARY JOURNAL, various selected portions of its contents, must always remain with us a subject of pleasant retrospection and self-congratulation. It is not impossible that the whole poem may be afterwards published in a separate shape, but of this we are not yet aware. In conclusion, we have only to hope, though we can scarcely promise, that in the prosecution of our labours, we shall occasionally be enabled to offer to our readers literary matter of as novel and interesting a nature as that to which we have now directed their attention.

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*Travels in North America, in the years 1827 and 1828.*  
 By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. In three volumes. Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. 1829.

This is not a work of small dimensions, nor will it be possible, in any review whatever, to consider and discuss the numerous topics, connected with North America, upon which the author has entered at length in the course of three closely-printed octavo volumes, averaging about 430 pages each. All that we shall at present attempt is, to state our general impression of the book, and to give our readers such a view of its contents as may make them acquainted with its leading features.

Captain Basil Hall is already well known to the public as a successful and indefatigable traveller in several different quarters of the globe. He is familiar, indeed, with almost every latitude from Cape Horn to Greenland, and every longitude from Loo Choo to London. His "*Voyage to the Eastern Seas in 1816*" is replete with interest; and his "*Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in 1820-1 and 2,*" is probably, on the whole, the best book about South America which

we yet have. But, in directing his attention to the United States and the British Colonies of North America, Captain Hall was taking higher and more dangerous ground. It is easy for almost any one to write about places so far off and so rarely visited by Europeans as Oei-hai-oi, the Amherst Isles, and Loo Choo; for the simple fact of having been there—at the other extremity of the globe—is enough to entitle even a very commonplace man to publish a book when he comes home, that his friends may know what he has seen and heard. If it is strange and new, it is interesting; and on this account alone, the book may run through a dozen editions, without possessing one spark of literary merit. In the same way, as the number is comparatively small, and was still smaller a few years ago, who have seen with their own eyes the great revolutions, or watched the progress of society and manners, in the vast empires springing up in the southern divisions of the New World, any thing that threw light upon the subject was likely to be favourably received, and was not subjected to the *experimentum crucis*, by being compared with numerous similar works on the same subject. But North America is far more trodden ground. The first flush of curiosity concerning it has died away. A trip across the Atlantic to New York and through the United States, or to Quebec and through Canada, is merely the work of a summer month or two, and consequently all the reading public, either by report or actual observation, know pretty accurately what is to be seen, and how things are going on both on the Hudson and the St Lawrence, and even on the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi. The traveller, therefore, who undertakes to publish an account of his travels in this quarter, must be able to do something more than merely state accurately and truly what he observes. He must be able to give to these observations a graphic force and interest; to draw correct inferences from them; to reason from what has been to what may or will be; to group old things anew; and to find in the freshness of his own mind a fruitful source for original and striking trains of thought. A book of travels in the interior of Africa is judged of by very different rules, from a book of travels in France or Germany. In the one case we think of the traveller more than his book; and if he prove to us that he encountered many dangers, and overcame many difficulties, we consider ourselves bound to refrain from any severe criticism on his literary effort. But, in the other case, as the narrator has had nothing marvellous either to do or to suffer, and as he voluntarily pushes into our hand a new book about scenes and places with which we are all perfectly well acquainted, we feel entitled to ask—what intrinsic merit or novelty do its contents possess, to authorize this additional demand upon our time and purse?

It is by this higher standard that we propose judging of Captain Hall's *Travels in North America*; and we are happy to say that, taking the work for all in all, we think it bears the test exceedingly well. The Captain is a lively, intelligent, active-minded man, who is not contented with common-places, and who likes to probe things to the root. He does not, apparently, possess a very vivid fancy, nor, probably, a very acute sensibility, nor, so far as we can discover, is his stock of book-learning very varied or extensive; but then, he has just a sufficient supply of both fancy and sensibility for a traveller,—that is to say, he has enough to prevent him from being dull and mechanical, and not so much as to make him poetical, apocryphal, or mawkish; and as to his book-learning, the want of it (if it be a-wanting) is well supplied by a knowledge of life, an acquaintance with men and manners under almost every different phasis, a personal experience of a very complete and comprehensive kind. If a man has naturally fair average parts, nothing will so speedily mature the judgment and render its decisions valuable as foreign travel. Few men have done more in this way than Captain Hall; and whilst we have consi-

derable confidence in his judgment, we are also satisfied that it is his sincere and anxious desire never to allow it to be influenced by preconceived prejudices of any kind. In one or two instances his scrupulousness upon this point has carried him a little too far. For example, he tells us in the present work, that in order to enable him to form his opinions entirely for himself, he has carefully abstained from looking over the pages of a single preceding traveller in North America. This may have been conscientious—but, at the same time, it argues a want of confidence in himself, which, we think, an author ought to be slow to confess. No doubt there would be a freshness and novelty about every thing he saw, which would probably strengthen the impression made by any individual object, and render it more easy to commit to paper a vivid description of it; but might it not be an object which had been described a thousand times before by men of perhaps superior powers, or might there not be doubts and difficulties to clear up, or a new mode of treating the subject, which could never be discovered unless by consulting previous authorities? We regret, both for our own sake and his, that Captain Hall laid down the resolution of reading nothing about North America till his own work concerning it issued from the press. Had it not been for this rule, we should have found his remarks a good deal more condensed in several places, whilst in others we should probably have had the benefit of his opinion on several interesting questions broached by his predecessors, but not yet satisfactorily settled. In short, we think it clear that Captain Hall's plan of proceeding, or rather, of *not* proceeding, before visiting a foreign country, ought to have no imitators.

Another question naturally suggests itself at the outset. With what sort of feelings towards the Americans did our traveller enter America? Did he go as an aristocrat or a democrat? Was he anxious for a puff from the Quarterly, or was he more ambitious of the praises of the Westminster Review? In the very first chapter, Captain Hall alludes to this subject at some length; and, with becoming earnestness, labours to convince his reader that he went into the country determined to judge deliberately and candidly, and to be guided by no rule but that of setting down his own sincere impressions, whatever these might be. We feel convinced that Captain Hall has conscientiously adhered throughout to this determination; only we suspect that, without being aware of it, he has what we may term a British mode of thinking, which, in several instances, is scarcely calculated to do complete justice to the national peculiarities of the Americans. As a whole, however, his work is a fair and honourable one, and as such ought to be appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. As we have already hinted, we think it a little too long; but this we easily forgive, in consideration of the great mass of amusing and valuable matter it contains. Upon many political, agricultural, and commercial questions of moment, Captain Hall speaks to the point, and with great good sense; while, as a mere traveller, or lively and picturesque narrator, it is impossible not to follow him, both with pleasure and profit.

Captain Hall, along with his wife and infant daughter, (both of whom accompanied him in all his subsequent peregrinations, encountering every inconvenience with an indomitable spirit worthy of their name,) sailed for New York in April 1827. He proceeded up the Hudson, made a short trip to Massachusetts, and then turning westward, travelled along the Grand Erie Canal to Niagara. Thence he visited Lake Erie, and then proceeded through Canada, along Lake Ontario, and down the St Lawrence, to Montreal and Quebec. In September, he recrossed the Canadian frontier, and proceeded by Lake Champlain, Saratoga, and Albany, to Boston. Here he remained some time, visiting all the public institutions in and about the town, and devoting his attention exclusively to American affairs—such as their religion, their manufactures, their naval resources, their system of educa-

tion, the influence of females in society, their political institutions, and other matters of importance. Having returned from Boston to New York, he once more left that city for Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia went on to Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Columbia, and Charleston, journeying of course through Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina. From Charleston he went down the coast to Savannah; and then, again turning to the west, made a very extensive tour through Georgia, along the Alabama, and down upon the Mississippi at New Orleans. Proceeding thence up the Mississippi to its confluence, first with the Ohio, and then with the Missouri, it is difficult to say where the expedition might have ended, had not a severe illness which overtook the child made it necessary to get away from these great rivers as fast as possible, and into a more northern latitude. Captain Hall accordingly crossed the Alleghany mountains, and, going through Pennsylvania, arrived a third time at New York, from which he soon afterwards took his final departure for England, and in July 1828, landed at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, after an absence of fifteen months and five days. During this busy interval, independently of the double voyage across the Atlantic, he had travelled in America eight thousand eight hundred miles, as a married man, and without meeting with the slightest accident.

In our quotations from this work, it is impossible for us to enter upon any of the graver subjects it discusses. We must content ourselves with seriously recommending these to the best attention of our readers; and, in the meantime, present a few miscellaneous extracts, which may be taken as fair specimens of the general tone of the book, and which cannot fail to be considered both amusing and interesting. Without farther preface we subjoin these passages:—

#### AMERICAN JEALOUSY.

"Thus it ever was, in great things as well as small, on grave or ludicrous occasions. They were eternally on the defensive, and gave us to understand that they suspected us of a design to find fault, at times when nothing on earth was further from our thoughts. Whenever any thing favourable happened, by chance or otherwise, to be stated with respect to England, there was straightway a fidget till the said circumstance was counterbalanced by something equally good or much better in America. To such an extent was this jealous fever carried, that I hardly recollect above half a dozen occasions during the whole journey, when England was mentioned, that the slightest interest of an agreeable kind was manifested on the part of the audience; or that a brisk cross fire was not instantly opened on all hands to depreciate what had been said; or, which was still more frequent, to build up something fiercer, or taller, or larger, in America to overmatch it. It always occurred to me, that they paid themselves and their institutions the very poorest description of compliment by this course of proceeding; and it would be quite easy to show why."—Vol. I. pp. 110-11.

#### NAMES OF PLACES IN AMERICA.

"It has been the fashion of travellers in America, I am told—for I have read no travels in that country—to ridicule the practice of giving to unknown and inconsiderable villages, the names of places long hallowed by classical recollections. I was disposed, however, at one time to think, that there was nothing absurd in the matter. I did not deny that, on first looking at the map, and more particularly, on hearing stage-drivers and stage-passengers talking of Troy, Ithaca, and Rome, and still more, when I heard them speaking of the towns of Cicero, Homer, or Manlius, an involuntary smile found its way to the lips, followed often by a good hearty laugh. The oddity and incongruity of the thing were much heightened by the admixture of such modern appellations as Truxton, Sullivan, and Tompkins, jumbled up with the Indian names of Onondaga, Oneida, and Chittenango.

"A little longer personal acquaintance with the subject, however, led me to a different conclusion. All these uncourteous, and at first irrepressible, feelings of ridicule, were, I hoped, quite eradicated; and I tried to fancy that there was something very interesting, almost amiable, in any circumstances, no matter how trivial, which contributed to show, even indirectly, that these descendants of ours

were still willing to keep up the old and generous recollections of their youth; and although they had broken the cords of national union, that they were still disposed to bind themselves to us, by the ties of classical sentiment at least. For these reasons, then, I was inclined to approve, in theory, of the taste which had appropriated the ancient names alluded to. I had also a sort of hope, that the mere use of the words would insensibly blend with their present occupations, and so keep alive some traces of the old spirit, described to me as fast melting away.

"By the same train of friendly reasoning, I was led to imagine it possible, that the adoption of such names as Auburn,—'loveliest village of the plain,'—Port Byron, and the innumerable Londons, Dublins, Edinburghs, and so on, were indicative of a latent or lingering kindliness towards the old country. The notion, that it was degrading to the venerable Roman names, to fix them upon these mushroom towns in the wilderness, I combated, I flattered myself, somewhat adroitly, on the principle that, so far from the memory of Ithaca or Syracuse, or any such place, being degraded by the appropriation, the honour rather lay with the ancients, who, it is the fashion to take for granted, enjoyed a less amount of freedom and intelligence than their modern namesakes.

"Let us,' I said one day to a friend who was impugning these doctrines, 'let us take Syracuse for example, which, in the year 1820, consisted of one house, one mill, and one tavern: now, in 1827, it holds fifteen hundred inhabitants, has two large churches, innumerable wealthy shops filled with goods, brought there by water-carriage from every corner of the globe; two large and splendid hotels; many dozens of grocery-stores, or whisky shops; several busy printing-presses, from one of which issues a weekly newspaper; a daily post from the east, the south, and the west; has a broad canal running through its bosom;—in short, it is a great and free city. Where is this to be matched,' I exclaimed, 'in ancient Italy or Greece?'

"It grieves me much, however, to have the ungracious task forced upon me of entirely demolishing my own plausible handiwork. But truth renders it necessary to declare, that, after a long acquaintance with all these matters, I discovered that I was all in the wrong, and that there was not a word of sense in what I had uttered with so much studied candour. What is the most provoking proof that this fine doctrine of profitable associations was practically absurd, is the fact, that even I myself, though comparatively so little acquainted with the classical-sounding places in question, have, alas! seen and heard enough of them to have nearly all my classical recollections swept away by the contact. Now, therefore, whenever I meet with the name of a Roman city, or an author, or a general, instead of having my thoughts carried back, as heretofore, to the regions of antiquity, I am transported forthwith, in imagination, to the post-road on my way to Lake Erie; and my joints and bones turn sore at the bare recollection of joltings, and other nameless vulgar annoyances, by day and by night, which, I much fear, will outlive all the little classical knowledge of my juvenile days."—Vol. I. pp. 131-4.

#### DRESS OF THE AMERICANS.

"The ladies in America obtain their fashions direct from Paris. I speak now of the great cities on the sea-coast, where the communication with Europe is easy and frequent. In the back settlements, people are obliged to catch what opportunities come in their way; and, accordingly, many applications were made to us for a sight of our wardrobe, which, it may be supposed, was none of the largest. The child's clothes excited most interest, however, and patterns were asked for on many occasions.

"While touching on this subject, I hope I may be permitted to say a few words, without giving offence—certainly without meaning to give any—respecting the attire of the male part of the population, who, I have reason to think, do not, generally speaking, consider dress an object deserving of nearly so much attention as it undoubtedly ought to receive. It seems to me that dress is a branch, and not an unimportant branch, of manners—a science they all profess themselves anxious to study. The men, probably without their being aware of it, have, somehow or other, acquired a habit of negligence, in this respect, quite obvious to the eye of a stranger. From the hat, which is never brushed, to the shoe, which is seldom polished, all parts of their dress are often left pretty much to take care of themselves. Nothing seems to fit, or to be made with any precision. It is very true, they are quite at liberty to adopt that form of dress, as well as that form of government,

which pleases them best; but, on the other hand, I hope it will be granted, that both the one and the other, contradistinguished as they are so much from what is seen elsewhere, are perfectly fair points of remark for a foreigner."—Vol. I. pp. 156-7.

#### PECULIARITIES OF AN AMERICAN VILLAGE.

"On the 26th of June 1827, we strolled through the village of Rochester, under the guidance of a most obliging and intelligent friend, a native of this part of the country. Every thing in this bustling place appeared to be in motion. The very streets seemed to be starting up of their own accord, ready-made, and looking as fresh and new as if they had been turned out of the workmen's hands but an hour before—or that a great boxful of new houses had been sent by steam from New York, and tumbled out on the half-clear land. The canal banks were, in some places, still unturfed; the lime seemed hardly dry in the masonry of the aqueduct, in the bridges, and in the numberless great saw-mills and manufactories. In many of these buildings the people were at work below stairs, while at top the carpenters were busy nailing on the planks of the roof.

"Some dwellings were half painted, while the foundations of others, within five yards' distance, were only beginning. I cannot say how many churches, court-houses, jails, and hotels I counted all in motion, creeping upwards. Several streets were nearly finished, but had not, as yet, received their names; and many others were in the reverse predicament, being named but not commenced,—their local habitation being merely signified by lines of stakes. Here and there we saw great warehouses, without window sashes, but half filled with goods, and furnished with hoisting-crane, ready to fish up the huge pyramids of flour barrels, bales, and boxes, lying in the streets. In the centre of the town, the spire of a Presbyterian church rose to a great height; and on each side of the supporting tower was to be seen the dial-plate of a clock, of which the machinery, in the hurry-scurry, had been left at New York. I need not say that these half-finished, whole-finished, and embryo streets, were crowded with people, carts, stages, cattle, pigs, far beyond the reach of numbers; and, as all these were lifting up their voices together, in keeping with the clatter of hammers, the ringing of axes, and the creaking of machinery, there was a fine concert, I assure you!

"But it struck us that the interest of the town, for it seems idle to call it a village, was subordinate to that of the suburbs. A few years ago the whole of that part of the country was covered with a dark, silent forest; and even as it was, we could not proceed a mile in any direction, except that of the high-road, without coming full butt against the woods of time immemorial. When land is cleared for the purposes of cultivation, the stumps are left standing for many years, from its being easier, as well as more profitable in other respects, to plough round them, than to waste time and labour in rooting them out or burning them, or blowing them up with gunpowder. But when a forest is levelled, with a view to building a town in its place, a different system must of course be adopted. The trees must then be removed, sooner or later, according to the means of the proprietor, or the necessities of the case. Thus, one man possessed of capital, will clear his lot of the wood, and erect houses, or even streets, across it; while, on his neighbour's land, the trees may be still growing. And it actually occurred to us several times within the immediate limits of the inhabited town itself—in streets, too, where shops were opened, and all sorts of business actually going on, that we had to drive first on one side, and then on the other, to avoid the stumps of an oak, or a hemlock, or a pine-tree, staring us full in the face.

"On driving a little beyond the streets, toward the woods, we came to a space about an acre in size, roughly enclosed, on the summit of a gentle swell in the ground.

"What can this place be for?"

"Oh," said my companion, "that is the grave-yard."

"Grave-yard—what is that?" said I; for I was quite adrift.

"Why, surely," said he, "you know what a grave-yard is? It is a burying-ground. All the inhabitants of the place are buried there, whatever be their persuasion. We don't use churchyards in America."

"After we had gone about a mile from town, the forest thickened, we lost sight of every trace of a human dwelling, or of human interference with nature in any shape. We stood considering what we should do next, when the loud crash of a falling tree met our ears. Our friendly guide was showing off the curiosities of the place, and was

quite glad, he said, to have this opportunity of exhibiting the very first step in the process of town-making. After a zig-zag scramble amongst trees, which had been allowed to grow up and decay century after century, we came to a spot where three or four men were employed in clearing out a street, as they declared, though any thing more unlike a street could not well be conceived. Nevertheless, the ground in question certainly formed part of the plan of the town. It had been chalked out by the surveyor's stakes, and some speculators having taken up the lots for immediate building, of course found it necessary to open a street through the woods, to afford a line of communication with the rest of the village. As fast as the trees were cut down, they were stripped of their branches and drawn off by oxen, sawn into planks, or otherwise fashioned to the purposes of building, without one moment's delay. There was little or no exaggeration, therefore, in supposing with our friend, that the same fir which might be waving about in full life and vigour in the morning, should be cut down, dragged into daylight, squared, framed, and, before night, be hoisted up to make a beam or rafter to some tavern, or factory, or store, at the corner of a street, which, twenty-four hours before, had existed only on paper, and yet which might be completed from end to end within a week afterwards."—Vol. I. pp. 160-4.

#### THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"On the 29th of June, 1827, we went from Lockport to the Falls of Niagara, which infinitely exceeded our anticipations. I think it right to begin with this explicit statement, because I do not remember in any instance in America, or in England, when the subject was broached, that the first question has not been, 'Did the Falls answer your expectations?' The best answer on this subject I remember to have heard of, was made by a gentleman who had just been at Niagara, and on his return was appealed to by a party he met on the way going to the Falls, who naturally asked him if he thought they would be disappointed, 'Why, no,' said he: 'Not unless you expect to witness the sea coming down from the moon!'

"The first glimpse we got of the great Fall was at the distance of about three miles below it, from the right, or eastern bank of the river. Without attempting to describe it, I may say, that I felt quite sure no subsequent examination, whether near or remote, could ever remove, or even materially weaken, the impression left by this first view. From the time we discovered the stream, and especially after coming within hearing of the cataract, our expectations were, of course, wound up to the highest pitch. Most people, I suppose, in the course of their lives, must, on some occasion or other, have found themselves on the eve of a momentous occurrence; and, by recalling what they experienced at that time, will, perhaps, understand better what was felt, than I can venture to describe it. I remember myself experiencing something akin to it at St Helena, when waiting in Napoleon's outer room, under the consciousness that the tread which I heard was from the foot of the man, who, a short while before, had roved at will over so great a portion of the world; but whose range was now confined to a few chambers; and that I was separated from this astonishing person only by a door which was just about to open—so it was with Niagara. I knew that, at the next turn of the road, I should behold the most splendid sight on earth,—the outlet to those mighty reservoirs, which contain, it is said, one-half of the fresh water on the surface of our planet."—Vol. I. p. 177-81.

#### ROADS IN CANADA.

"Illustrations, it is well known, generally mystify the subject instead of clearing it up; so I shall not compare this evening's drive to trotting up or down a pair of stairs, for, in that case, there would be some kind of regularity in the development of the bumps; but with us there was no warning—no pause; and when we least expected a jolt, down we went smack! dash! crash! forging, like a ship in a head-sea, right into a hole half-a-yard deep. At other times, when an ominous break in the road seemed to indicate the coming mischief, and we clung, grinning like grim death, to the railing at the sides of the waggon, expecting a concussion, which, in the next instant, was to dislocate half the joints in our bodies, down we sank into a bed of mud, as softly as if the bottom and sides had been padded with cotton for our express accommodation."—Vol. I. p. 268.

We have no room for more quotations to-day, but as we do not think any work has been recently published

from which we could cull more entertainment for our readers, we shall, in all probability, return to it next week.

*Trials and other Proceedings in matters Criminal, before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland; selected from the Records of that Court, and from Original Manuscripts preserved in the General Register-House, Edinburgh.* By Robert Pitcairn, W.S., &c. &c. Part II. Edinburgh. William Tait. 1829.

We reviewed the First Part of this work, which appeared about a month ago, in a very decent, dull, and business-like manner. We shall probably review the Parts which are to follow, after a similar fashion. But, with regard to the Part now before us, we mean to allow ourselves a little liberty. To this resolution we are moved by a twofold reason. In the first place, though the portion of the records of our criminal court, at which Mr Pitcairn is now arrived, are more full and more regularly kept than at an earlier period, they are still too meagre to allow of our speaking with certainty of the forms and principles of law recognised at the time of which they are a monument; and, besides, no inconsiderable space in this Second Part is allotted to a laborious and unexpectedly successful attempt to fill up, *ad libitum*, a gap of four years in the Books of Adjournal. Although full, therefore, of valuable hints, it does not throw any broad or decidedly new light upon our legal antiquities; and we consequently decline launching at present on so wide an ocean. Add to this, that the contents of the present number of this publication are such as irresistibly incline us to pick out and lay before our readers, in the pure spirit of gossip, some of the marvellous tales with which it abounds. With all deference, therefore, we offer our friends the most full and authentic narrative of the state of the infernal kingdom during the reign of James VI. that has yet been given to the public.

It is generally understood that the belief in witchcraft increased with the progress of the reformed doctrines. We are inclined to think this a mistake. The belief was as prevalent before, but the laxness and remissness of the wealthy and indolent Catholic priesthood was the cause that less was said of it. The reformed clergy merely retained on this point the superstition of their predecessors, but they set themselves with more noise and more energy to overthrow what they conceived to be the kingdom of Satan. The warfare was carried on sharply; under James, more regular and systematic tactics were adopted, and by his vigorous generalship the hellish host was driven to great straits. It is well known, that in his riper years, he penned; with his own royal hand, a most masterly treatise against the practice of witchcraft. But it is, perhaps, not so well known, that this treatise contains merely the matured experience of his youthful campaigns. The matter stands thus. In 1589, Anne of Denmark was intercepted in her way to this country by a tempest, which obliged her to put back. In a fit of impatient gallantry James took shipping for Denmark, where he was married to the Princess. Returning with his bride to Scotland in May 1590, he too experienced some buffeting from severe gales. Now, these gales happening during the winter, and early in spring, a time at which such phenomena are of rare occurrence in our latitudes, it was evident to the dullest apprehension, that they must be caused by some infernal agency at work to thwart the will of the growing Solomon. James, whose disposition, by nature and education, had more of the pedagogue than the king, and who was withal a little timid, where his own person was concerned, was easily induced to take strong measures against those daring enchanters who had waged war with majesty itself. Early in 1591, many suspected persons were "apprehendit and put to divers sortes of trialls." In June, of the same year, his majesty gave a proof of his determina-

tion that no witch should escape through ill-judged lenity in the assize, by causing the majority of a jury who had thoughtlessly acquitted one, to be "dilatit of error" in his own royal presence. On the twenty-sixth of October, he granted a commission to several of his counsellors for the more effectual enquiry after, and discovery of, witchcraft. Owing to these energetic measures many hidden crimes were brought to light, and many delinquents punished.

It cannot be denied that, owing to the means of discovering witches not having been at that time brought to the last degree of precision and certainty, there is great reason to fear that many innocent suffered along with the guilty. Thus, in the case of Alesoun Balfour, condemned in virtue of her own confession, the unfortunate woman declared, when led to the stake, "That the tyme of hir first depositioun sche was tortured diverse and severall tymes in the Caschielawis, and sindrie tymis takin out of thame deid, and out of all remembrance elthir of guid or ewill; as likewyis hir guldman being in the stokis, hir some tortourit in the Bultis, and hir dochtir put in the Pilliewinkis, quhairwith sche and thay wer swa vexit and tormentit, that partlie to eschew ane gretar torment and pwnieschement, and upoun promeis of hir lyffe and guid deid, falslie and aganis hir saul and conscience, sche maid yat confessioun, and na utherwyis." The unhappy woman suffered, adhering to this declaration to the last. The production of a copy of it, notorally attested, was afterwards held by an assize sufficient for clearing the Master of Orkney of an accusation that he had consulted with witches. We have met with nothing in history more affecting than this death declaration of poor Alesoun; it is the walling of outraged nature suffering from the absurdity and brutality of man.

But to return to our subject. The victims of the ages of superstition were not always so innocent as this poor woman. The guilt of some of them is of a nature that renders sympathy with their sufferings, dreadful as they were, almost impossible. This is the most painful thing in the history of witchcraft, that, while we acknowledge the absurdity of the sentence, we can rarely feel for the sufferer. Both the judge and the accused believed in the power of spells, and, not unfrequently, the condemned person met with little worse treatment than his unnatural indulgence of pride, malice, covetousness, and licentious pleasure deserved.

The crime of witchcraft was not confined to the lower orders. We find, in Mr Pitcairn's pages, no less than three instances in which the parties accused are of high rank. Catherine Lady Fowles, (p. 191,) to whose case we alluded on a former occasion, seems to have been a woman not only of high birth, but strong mind. Ambitious views, and a natural tinge of the age's superstition, led her at first to seek supernatural aid. But she seems soon to have penetrated the hollow mummery of the crones to whom she applied, and to have moved onward to her purpose with a clear eye and reckless heart. She allowed them to proceed with their incantations, but relied solely on their skill in preparing poisons. Her stepson, Mr Hector Monro, (p. 201,) was of a different character. His mind appears to have been as sickly as his body. He was accused of trafficking with witches to procure health. The extent of his guilt was selfishly taking steps, which his foster-mother had persuaded him would save his life, at the expense of his brothers. Both of these precious kinsfolk were acquitted. Eufame Makcalzane, (p. 247,) their equal in rank, was a character differing from both. She was the daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, a senator of the College of Justice, eminent in literature, and distinguished both as a lawyer and a statesman. With the exception of her alleged share in the treasonable conspiracy against the king and queen, she seems to have dabbled in the black art solely for the purpose of facilitating her enjoyment of licentious pleasures, and ensuring her vengeance on such as stood in her way. She suffered

the most severe death the court could adjudge, being burnt without having been previously strangled. She appears to have believed in her own supernatural powers, and to have gloried in them to the last.

Johnne Feane is another remarkable individual. He is reported to have been schoolmaster at Tranent, and was a person of no small consequence, being "Register and Secreter to the Devil." It was his office to lead the ring in the preparatory incantation of dancing "widderschinnies about." Also, on entering the church where their meetings were held, he "blew up the duris, and blew in the lychtis, quhilks were lyke mekle blak candillis, stiking round about the pulpett." He sat next to the Devil, on his left hand. He had the power, while lying in his bed, to be "tane in the spreit, and to be careit and transportit to many montanes, as thoct threwe all the world." He could go in the body "souch and athairt the eird," and skien over the sea in a riddle. He could open "ane lok be his sorcerie, be blawing in ane woman's hand, himself sittand at the fireside." "Being cumand furth of Patrik Umphrais sonis house in the mylne, under nycht, fra his supper, and passand to Tranent on horsbak and ane man with him, he, be his devillisch craft, rasit up foure candillis upoun the borais luggis, and ane uther candill upoun the staff which the man had in his hand; and gaif sic lycht as gif itt had bene day lycht; lyk as the saidis candillis returnit with the said man quhill his hamecuming; and causit him fall deid at his entre within the hous."

Agnes Sampsonne is said by Spotswood to have been "not of the base and ignorant sort of witches, but matron-like, grave and settled in her answers, which were all to some purpose." She seems to have been a professional curer of sickness, by means of spells and incantations. Her prayer for her patients, which is entered on the ditay, is a doggrel version of the creed. The conjuration used by her for the recovery of the sick is in the name of God and Jesus. The "Ave Maria" was likewise used by her for similar purposes. The following is rather a curious way of curing a sick person:—"Item, the said Agnes is fylit and convict of cureing umquhille Robert Kerse in Dalkeyth, wha was havelle tormented with witchcraft and diels, laid on him be ane Westland warlack when he wes in Dumfries; quhilk seiknes sche tuk upoun hir self, and keptit the samyn with grit groining and torment quhill the morne, on quibill tyme thair wes ane grit dyn hard in the hous; quhilk seiknes she caist off hir self in the cloise, to the effect ane catt or dog mycht half gottin the samyn." A similar contrivance was played by Agnes in behalf of Eufame Makcalzane, who is accused of "consulting and seiking help at Anny Sampsonne, ane notorious witch, for relief of hir payne in the tyme of the birth of hir twa sonnes; \* \* the quhilk being prakesit be hir, as she had ressavit the samyn frae the said Annie, and informatioun of the use thairof; hir seiknes was cassin off hir unnaturallie, in the birth of hir first sone upoun ane dog; quhilk ranne away, and wes never sene agane: and in the birth of hir last sone the same prakesit foirsaid wes usit, and hir natural and kindlie payne unnaturallie cassin off hir upoun the wantounne catt in the hous; quhilk lykwyis wes never sene thairfeir." She was one of the party which convened at the "Brume-hollis; quhair, with Robert Greirson, their admeralt and maister-man, thay past oure the sea in riddillis to ane schip, quhair thay enterit with the Deivill thair maister thairin; quhan afir thay had eittin and drukkin, thay caist owir ane black dog, that skippit under the schip, thay having thair maister the Deivill thairin, quha drownit the schip be tumbling."

These are the most prominent characters among the respectable adherents of the enemy. It is not worth while taking up the reader's time with the subalterns; but it may be as well to take a glimpse at their master, and the nature of his sway over them.

He is described on one occasion as "ane mekill blak

man, with ane blak bairst stikand out like ane gettis bairst; and ane his ribbit neise falland doun scharp lyke the belk of ane halk; with ane lang rumpill; cled in ane blak tatie gounne; and ane evill favorit scull-bonnet on his heid." On another we are told that he was "cauld lyk yce; his body hard lyk yrn; his face terrible; his noise lyk the bek of ane egle; gret bournyng eyn; his handis and leggis wer herry, with clawis upoun his handis and feet like the griffon; and spak with a howl voice." He seems to have been a strict disciplinarian, for poor Gray Meill happening once to make a remark which did not please him, "the Devill gaiff him a gret blaw." Nevertheless, mutinies were not unfrequent in the corps. Thus:—"The Devill start up himself in the pulpit lyke ane meikle blak man, and callit everie man be his name, and everie ane answerit, 'Heir, Mr.' Robert Greiraune being namit, thay ran all hirdie-girdie, and wer angrie; for it was promesit that he should be callit Ro<sup>t</sup> the Comptrollar, alias Rob the Rowar, for expressing of his name." Again, "Agnes Sampseune quarrelit hir maister the Devill, and that in respect she had never gottin guild of him, and said sche wald renunce him, bott did it nocht; and he promesit to hir at that time that nathing sould go againis hir."

The duties the witches were expected to perform were many and laborious. The advantages conferred upon them in return were in a great measure illusory. For the mode in which they paid their homage, we must refer our readers to Mr Pitcairn; and having prattled of these matters at greater length than we intended, we must refer them to the same source for some interesting news of Fairy-land.

*Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland.* By Joseph Lambert, Esq. William Curry, Jun. and Co. Dublin. 1829.

FROM the fertility and minute subdivision of its soil, together with the mildness of its climate, Ireland is almost solely an agricultural country. Comparatively little progress has hitherto been made in manufactures, and even its rural economy is in many respects defective. The cause of this is obvious; for upon what does the agricultural prosperity of any nation depend? Success cannot certainly be expected while the principal proprietors almost constantly live at a distance from their estates. Nor can the practical husbandman receive sufficient encouragement merely from the partial endeavours of a few resident owners. Were the baneful practice of absenteeism prevented by the imposition of a salutory tax,—were even one half of the waste lands reclaimed, or those at present cultivated placed under an improved mode of management, a new impetus would be given to industry, and a channel would be opened for the influx and diffusion of capital. The means of subsistence would then prove no longer inadequate to the maintenance of the existing population. With this improvement in their economic condition, the Irish peasantry would assume a higher cast of character, and the political strength of the country would be enlarged.

We have perused the work now before us with considerable satisfaction. It has been the object of the writer to compress within a small compass, every thing that can be deemed essentially useful regarding rural affairs. He carefully avoids the discussion of those plans which have been principally adduced by wild and visionary theorists. The opinions of our author are, in general, founded on facts ascertained by himself during his residence in Ireland; and his conclusions, on this account, become important. In introducing his subject, he offers some general observations on farming,—on the profits which it usually yields,—and on the methodical arrangements by which it must be conducted. It is fairly admitted, that so far as regards economy in ploughing, the Scotch enjoy a superiority over the English. With two horses and one man

in Scotland, ploughing may often be accomplished in better style than with four horses and two men in England. Our author accordingly acknowledges it would be highly desirable if the Scotch plough were universally used in Ireland; though a somewhat excusable prejudice still prevails in favour of old habits. Oats being the staple product in the way of corn, Mr Lambert has noticed the most approved process for its culture. We, however, suspect he rather exaggerates, when he asserts, that four-fifths of the grain grown in Ireland are exported, although confessedly there is always a sure and steady demand for it from the English and Scotch markets. Like a genuine Irishman, our author maintains the reputation of potatoes as an ameliorating crop of the first order. Indeed, its utility to Britain, as well as to the Irish themselves, by enabling them to spare so much corn to the farmer, cannot be warrantably disputed. To the manner in which our author proposes to reclaim bogs and wastes, we can see no possible objection. He does not, indeed, agree with certain wiseacres, who calculate on turning all bogs into meadows; but he draws the distinction with great precision, between the different descriptions of waste lands which would be likely to remunerate the reclainer. As another desirable means of improving the face of the country, he shows, at some length, the necessity for planting. Trees are the most beautifying objects in nature; and, while they render the climate more genial, by affording shelter and shade, they considerably augment the value of landed property. The present volume concludes with some useful lessons in the art of ornamental gardening.

While our author deserves credit for the skill with which his enquiry has been conducted, his labours will, at the same time, tend to impart juster notions concerning a country from which, as Churchhill asserts,

Britons have drawn their sport with no kind view,  
And judged the many by the rascal few.

*Protestantism its own Protection: Being a Sermon Preached at the Episcopal Visitation of the Right Rev. Daniel Sandford, in St John's Chapel, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, June 17, 1829.* By the Rev. Robert Morehead, D.D. &c. &c. Edinburgh. Cadell and Co. 1829.

WE have perused this Sermon with much pleasure. It is every way worthy of the universally respected and able Divine by whom it was delivered. The true spirit of moderation and genuine Christian charity pervades the whole. Without any attempt at great brilliancy or eloquence, it is characterized by the classical elegance of its diction, and the perfect solidity of its doctrines. The text is, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" and Dr Morehead, in a forcible but temperate manner, shows that this strength is mainly to be acquired,—1st, by the cherishing a constant and unabated zeal for divine truth; 2d, by cultivating sound and extensive learning; and 3d, by enlightened charity towards all men. Surely this is the correct view of the subject, and much more likely to produce beneficial results than any violent declamation either *pro* or *con* a particular denomination of Christians. We warmly recommend this sermon, both for its style and its sentiments.

*The New French Manual, and Traveller's Companion.* By Gabriel Surene, F. A. S. E., French Teacher, Edinburgh. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1829.

THIS is a neat, clever, and useful little work, and we do not wonder that it has gone to a third edition. It contains, among other things, an introduction to French pronunciation, a copious vocabulary, a selection of phrases, a series of conversations (in French and English) on a tour to Paris by four different routes, with a description

of the public buildings, institutions, curiosities, manners, and amusements of the French capital; together with models of epistolary correspondence, and directions to travellers. We do not know many works of a similar size and sort that we would sooner recommend to persons about to make a tour on the Continent.

### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

#### DE BURGO'S BRIDE.

*By Alexander Sutherland, Author of "Tales of a Pilgrim."*

And this the world calls frenzy.

BYRON.

THERE is no solitude more terrible than the madman's cell—no sound more hideous than his wild impassioned cry. It is scarcely possible to keep the blood from curdling to the very heart, while one stands between the four bare walls that enclose him. The miserable pallet on which he reclines—the chill sluggish atmosphere he breathes—the perpetual gloom that pervades it, relieved only by the light that flashes from his sleepless eyes, are sufficiently repulsive to scare even affection's self away. How many of the world's demizens fancy in their ignorance that they nourish love stronger than death; that there are beings in existence from whom even this most terrible of all maladies could not separate them; but how few, how very few, have stood the ordeal, and repaired, day after day, through long years of dependency, on a visit of mercy to the den of despair!

These, or something like these, were the thoughts that occupied me as I passed through the court-yard of the gaunt and spacious structure in which one whom I had known in the enjoyment of many blessings—friends, riches, talents, and beauty,—was now entombed, for what is the cell of madness but a living grave, possessing all the terrors, without the tranquillity, of the house of death? It was a visit that had, perhaps, better have been left unpaid—for what right had I, who ranked not among her kindred, to look upon her in her desolation? but I could not bring myself to pass the building for the last time I was ever likely to pass it, without turning in, and ascertaining in a personal interview the condition of the stricken deer, who had found within it a place of refuge. Besides, I had in these days rather a desire to watch the aberrations of insanity, and note the various forms in which it developed itself according to the state of the prostrated mind, and the nature of the blow that had destroyed it. In some countries, the madman is revered as one who utters the behests of Heaven; and this is not to be marvelled at, when we consider the sublime thoughts that often mingle with his ravings, and the almost oracular expression they sometimes assume.

I found some difficulty in obtaining the interview I solicited, for the keeper was a man of rigour in his way; but at length, as in almost every case of the kind, a bribe unlocked the grate. As he led the way along a succession of dark passages to the lost one's apartment, I heard, on each side, sounds of despair; for every door we passed—and there were many of them—opened into a cell inhabited by some solitary wretch. From one came deep sighs, such as sanity, even in the extremity of suffering, never gave vent to—from another groans—from a third a wild melancholy song—and from others, shrieks, and execrations, and the horrible clank of chains. In each door was a small aperture permitting a view of the interior of the cell; and two I ventured to survey. In one, I beheld a miserable creature, covered with rags—for he would permit nothing else to remain on his shivering limbs—stuck up, like a statue, rigid and motionless, in a corner of the dungeon. In the other, I saw only a hideous face, which almost touched mine the moment I put my eye to the aperture, and made me start back in dismay. My donation had made the menial who acted as my conductor talkative, and he would readily have fa-

voured me with a few biographical sketches of suffering humanity, but I did not incline to encourage him, and we passed silently on.

The care of a wealthy and once admiring kindred had purchased for the unhappy lady whom I came to visit a greater share of comfort than usually falls to the lot of the confirmed bedlamite; but still to me, who had seen her once so differently situated, her apartment looked bare and desolate. It chanced to be one of her tranquil intervals, and I found her measuring, with slow, firm steps the limits of her circumscribed domain. Except that mental suffering had set its ineffaceable seal on her fair brow, she was little changed from what I had formerly known her. Her form was still faultless, and every motion into which it fell full of grace—her classically shaped head still rose in swan-like dignity—her dark eyes shone with a brilliancy I had never seen rivalled even in the days of her pride—and her lips, though slightly compressed, as if she were occupied with bitter thoughts, still curled in all the plenitude of patrician beauty. The last time I had beheld her, she had moved the fairest among the gay and the glorious; but, even in that bright hour, when all was splendour and joy around her, she looked not more strictly beautiful than when, a mind-smitten creature, her arms folded closely over her lacerated heart, she stood before me in that house of woe.

I was prepared to find that she had forgotten me, for our former acquaintance had been brief; and, therefore, felt no surprise when, after a short and rather stern survey, during which she had paused in her walk, she turned away with some stateliness, and silently resumed it. For a few moments, I could not divest myself of the restraint which her noble presence inspired; and, while I yet hesitated to address her, she suddenly turned round, and planted herself before me.

"Are you a friend or an enemy?" said she abruptly.

"A friend, lady," I answered; "at least you once deigned to bestow that title on me."

"Then prove it, and take me hence," was her rejoinder.

"This is no home for the heiress of Louvaine,—the grim, horrible faces that inhabit it are not the society to which she has been accustomed—the jabberings that pervade it through the day, and the shrieks that fill it in the night, are not the sounds that should soothe the ear of a high-born lady. Take me hence, stranger, if you are, as you say, a friend—take me back to the wild woods of my infancy—to the roof where no vile menial dare insult, with his arrogance, the daughter of its master."

I shook my head, for I knew not how to reply.

"I see how it is," said she bitterly; "all mankind are alike—the wretched have no friends. When I was happy, how they crowded round me! but now they are all buried in the same boundless grave—the wide weltering sea."

"Nay, lady," said I, "there are still many to whom your happiness is dear; and to me, the friend of Eustace de Burgh, it can never be otherwise."

"De Burgh!" she almost shrieked, while her whole frame quivered like an aspen, and she struggled to relieve her hands from the confinement, in which, I observed with sorrow, it had been necessary to place them. "De Burgh! My Eustace!—What know you, stranger, of my lost lover? But, stay—I remember—You are the companion of his wanderings; the friend whom he had tried long, long before he knew his Edith, and whose kind blessing followed us when we fled together from the cruel and the cold, who sought to separate us in our native land. Have you come to require his bloody corpse at my hands? Do you think, pale stranger, that my young hero would have left my side, if the grave—the same grave that yawns for these wearied limbs—had not closed over him? Your eyes tell me that you think I led him to his death, and perhaps you are right, though, believe me, it was dire mischance alone that struck him down into the sea. Listen: It is right that the memory

of one so brave and kind should not perish with this frail spirit. Friend—De Burgo's friend—for even in my desolation I love to give him the chivalric name of his knightly race—I will tell you how he died."

Though the catastrophe to which she referred was not unknown to me, I could not bring myself to decline listening to the recital of it from her own mouth; and, with the figurative eloquence of insanity, she proceeded:

"We were wedded—wedded, as you know, in defiance of all that the worldly and the wise could say against it. He had selected me from ten thousand, who would have been proud to become his bride; and for him I left my ancestral home, and a happier home the wide world contained not. My father looked sternly, and spoke as he looked,—and my mother—my never-changing mother, wept fondly on my bosom; but neither harsh words, nor gentle tears, had power to win back my devoted heart. What recked it to me, richly dowered as they told me I was born to be, that he had little but a proud name, and a soldier's fortune? Had the wealth of the world been mine, I would have strewn it at his feet; for of what value are riches and honours, when the heart is blighted, and those with whom we wished to share them are torn away? We fled, as I have told you, far over the waters. De Burgh's duty called him to the sunny islands of the Adriatic; his gallant companions in arms garrisoned stout Corfu; and among the bright groves of that staried ile, with the snow-tipped pinnacles of the land of deathless deeds to gaze on, he assured me time would roll over us as it rolls over the blest in heaven, if there be time beyond the grave. How gaily bounded the gallant ship that carried us away over the sea! How radiantly hung the sun on the rim of the broad Atlantic, on the evening that I beheld, with saddened heart—for my mother's sigh followed me on the breeze,—the cliffs of my native land vanish behind us. Had not the glances of De Burgh been fastened on me—had not his voice, and for a warrior's it was the gentlest of all voices—whispered hope and joy—I know not but I might have chidden the very gale that sent our ship like a bird into the solitudes of the ocean. I have heard men speak of the loneliness of the pathless main. I have heard them say that the desert itself is scarcely less heart-wearying and monotonous. It may be so—for the only desert of which I have a knowledge, is the arid one of my own breast—but willingly would I live for ever in such a desert as was the deck of that small ship to me. True, the illimitable waters were around us—true, a frail plank alone separated us from the profound abyss that has swallowed up so many proud argosies—true, the mischance of a moment might have cast us helpless into the bosom of the waves; but what cared I for jeopardy, when he whom I adored so dearly, stood by me ready, if fate so willed it, to perish on the same billow! De Burgh's friend—you have sat by the same watch-fire—slept in the same tent. You have listened to the wild and perilous tales that he loved to tell, and sympathized in the solemn thoughts—pure and exalted as the philosophy of angels—that his spirit breathed. To you, therefore, I need say no more of these halcyon hours. A storm came on. The sea was tossed into mighty waves, and our ship groaned in every timber as she stemmed them. I was told that there was danger, but De Burgh's arm begirt me—his bright face was turned unflinchingly to the surge—and was it for me—like himself the descendant of a warrior-race—to permit fear to unnerve my heart? Three terrible days we wandered almost helpless over the waters—on the fourth morning the green headlands of Portugal rose in the orient, but the tempest still raged in all its fury, and the mariners pressed that we should only reach the shore to find our graves. We stood for the Tagus, shattered and despairing—and with the even-tide, in storm and darkness, tried to enter that far-famed river. What recked it to me that a proud capital is mirrored on its bosom, or that its waters flow over sands of gold? In the tumult of that terrible

night, De Burgh and myself stood side by side upon the deck, our hands clasped, our hearts devoted, watching for the wave that was to engulf us. By the dim phosphorescent flashing of the sea I saw a huge ship rushing down on us with the swiftness of a whirlwind. Tempest-tost like our own, but contemning the elemental strife, she bore bravely over the swell with her every sail set, while we scarcely dared to unfurl a yard of canvass on our quivering masts. Our crew gave but one terrified shout to warn the stranger of our danger. In the next instant, flung onward by wind and billow, she was on board of us, and the crack of doom followed. I clung to De Burgh—not to save my own life, for that was valueless—but to shield his, which was so immeasurably dear; but in an instant of time, even while I looked into his beautiful eyes, and drank in the words of courage that his brave heart uttered, an unseen power dashed him far from my embrace. What mysterious bolt had stricken him I know not, but it hurled us many yards asunder; and when I tried again to enclasp him he was floating lifeless on the waves. How I was saved it matters not—better far that the charitable hands that succoured me had left me to share his grave. His body, they told me, was never recovered from the deep. Mine, as you see, was brought here, but my heart is with him in the waters."

Her tale of sorrow was told. I cared not to probe further so immedicable a wound; and with a mental imploration that peace might descend on her broken spirit, I departed. The sad exclamation, "De Burgh's friend, take me hence!" pursued me to the outermost gate of the building; and though I had left the lorn one without being able to utter a word of consolation, I did not forget her adjuration. Men called her mad, but there was a method in her madness that held out a hope that in a kindlier retreat her stricken mind would regain at least a portion of tranquillity, though it might never thoroughly recover the shock it had sustained. It is unnecessary to detail the means by which, despite the frowns that awaited me, as the friend of one whose memory they held sinister, I won on her natural guardians to remove her from the thralldom in which she was so obviously drooping down into hopeless despair. But alas! the resolution to restore her to comparative liberty was taken too late. Her devoted heart, sacrificed at the shrine of that indestructible attachment, which had been her bane, had broken before the messenger of mercy reached her prison, and he found her at peace. Her dust rests in the mausoleum of her kindred, which has since opened to receive the last of her race; and her memory, noble and beautiful as she was, has passed from her native halls for ever.

#### BILL FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF PUPPYISM.

(Communicated by a Member of his Majesty's Privy Council.)

"The Romans grew extremely expensive and foppish; so that the Emperor Aurelian forbid men that variety of colours on their shoes, allowing it still to women."

ABRUTHNOT.

WE consider ourselves fortunate in being able to lay before our readers some account of the provisions of this important bill, which will certainly receive the early discussion of Parliament next Session. The preamble sets forth that, "Whereas, the detrimental and injurious practices of Puppyism within the cities of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and other parts of his Majesty's dominions, have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished, be it enacted," &c. Of the enacting clauses, the following are the chief:

I. This clause recites a great many acts regarding Puppyism, some of which are to be repealed, others confirmed.

II. The recital of this clause is, that it has become a common practice for puppies to walk about the streets

smoking cigars, to the great discomfort and annoyance of the lieges; and it is made lawful for the police, or any magistrate or justice, summarily to apprehend the offender, to confiscate his cigar, and confine him in any of the common sewers of the city, for any period not exceeding twelve hours.

III. "Whereas it has become a common practice for persons having, or imagining themselves to have, handsome throats, wilfully, feloniously, and puppyishly, to walk or promenade about the public streets, with their shirt-collars turned over, and a piece of black ribbon tied about their necks, instead of a cravat, Be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that all such persons shall, and may be summarily apprehended as aforesaid; and, upon conviction of the said puppyism, shall have a mustard or other blister applied round their said throats, there to remain until removed in course of law."

IV. This clause imposes heavy penalties upon persons wearing a superfluity of chains and ribbons across their breasts, and interlaced through the button-holes of their vests, under the false pretence of having valuable watches, quizzing-glasses, &c.; on persons riding horses or driving gigs about town, for the sole purpose of display; and on persons wearing false collars, riding-shirts, or false wrist-bands. This last class of offenders are to be given over to the washerwomen. It is understood, however, that this provision met with much opposition from Mr Hume in the Committee which prepared the bill, on financial grounds.

V. "Whereas persons with two left legs, without calves, or without thighs, or having thick knees and ancles, feloniously and puppyishly appear at private parties in tight pantaloons, Be it enacted, that any person convicted of said offence in manner aforesaid, shall be ordained to appear in public for three weeks, in the Highland garment, called a kilt, or philabeg; and that the said tight pantaloons shall be forfeited, one-half to the common good of the city, and the other to the lady or gentleman who shall have given the information."

VI. "Whereas many persons, not bald, who have grey or red hair, or for no other cause than the pure spirit of puppyism, do cause their natural hair to be cut or shaven off, and cover their heads with wigs, wilfully, puppyishly, and fantastically, Be it enacted, that all such persons, on conviction, shall forfeit said wigs to the worshipful societies of poulterers in London, Dublin, or Edinburgh, to be by them applied in the production of chickens from eggs; and shall be sentenced to appear at all public places with Welsh wigs, of not above one shilling value, until their natural hair be again fully grown."

VII. This clause relates to the puppyish, macaronical, and hair-etical practice of persons not in his majesty's service, and not foreigners, wearing moustaches and whiskers of excessive size. The whole of the whiskers and moustaches are ordained to be summarily cut off, and the product given to the Edinburgh Infirmary, or Guy's Hospital, for stuffing mattresses for the use of the patients.

VIII. "And whereas many persons altogether destitute of genius or intellect, set up for wits, and do in private parties wilfully, puppyishly, and feloniously criticise the theatricals of the day, the new novels, the dioramas, and other matters of literature and art, which criticisms are chiefly purloined from the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, or other eminent periodicals, Be it enacted, that such persons, upon conviction, shall be liable to all the penalties provided by statute in the case of common swearing, one moiety of such penalties to go to the informer, and the other to be paid over to the Commissioners of the National Debt, to be by them applied in extinction of said debt."

IX. "Be it farther enacted and declared, that it shall and may be lawful, along with any of the above mentioned offences, to charge the aggravation of being habit and reputed a puppy, which charge shall only be triable by a

special jury consisting of methodists or quakers, or both; and the offender upon conviction of the offence charged, and of the aggravation of being habit and reputed a puppy, shall be banished, if in London, from the West end of the Town, from the Parks, Theatres, and Opera-houses, Ball-rooms, and all fashionable places; and if in Edinburgh, from Princes' Street, George Street, Queen Street, Heriot Row, Great King Street, and the whole of the West End; from the Prince's Street, Queen Street, and other Gardens; from the boxes of the Theatre; and from Concerts, Balls, and even Public Dinners; such banishment to endure for the space of three, and not exceeding six weeks; and if the offender shall appear in any prohibited place within the said time, it shall and may be lawful to quiz, show up, and annoy the said offender, and to cut him by means of the cut direct, or in any other manner, in which cutting is, or lawfully may be practised; and upon second conviction of this offence the offender shall be solemnly declared an irreclaimable puppy, be branded on the little finger with the letter P., and be banished to Leeds, Manchester, or Port Glasgow, as the case may be, for the full space of his natural life; but reserving power to the said offender to enter any regiment of cavalry or foot-guards, in his Majesty's service."

X. By this section it is provided and declared, that the privilege of privately spending any number of hours daily at the mirror is reserved entire as it formerly stood; and that puppies of sixty, or upwards, are not to be affected by the statute, they being considered incorrigible; but they are to pay a capitation tax of five guineas yearly.

XI. At present there is no eleventh clause to the bill; but it is said to be the intention of government to introduce here an enactment that the ladies' sleeves shall not be made larger than would contain their whole body.

Such are the outlines of this important bill, which, in all probability, will finally determine the contest that, for centuries, has distracted this country, between the puppies on the one hand, and the plain men, or, as the former have denominated them, the flats and quizzes, on the other. In Lord Castlereagh's time, the puppies had friends in the ministry; but it is believed that a united anti-puppy administration is at length at the helm. The necessity for some such measure having become obvious and urgent, the Duke of Wellington is said to be resolved on carrying it through at all hazards; but it cannot be disguised that a most violent contest will take place on the occasion. Even in Edinburgh, a puppy association has been formed, comprising, report says, doctors, eminent lawyers, judges, and even clergymen. Their great hope is to bring over the whole female sex to their side, and thus foment a domestic rebellion; for which end, they have engaged the assistance of all the dancing masters; and regular meetings are held for practising postures, the use of canes, fans, vinaigrettes, &c. From the number of horses in the possession of the puppies, it is believed they are to organise a body of cavalry; and some alarmists report that their curricles, buggies, and jaxies, are to be converted into armed chariots, after the ancient Scythian fashion. Violent debates upon the question have occurred in the Six Feet Club; and it is rumoured—but we hope incorrectly—that this body will ultimately join the puppies. Petitions from the restaurateurs, friseurs, perruquiers, tailors, and men-milliners, are in preparation. It is said that a warm feeling in their favour prevails in France, and that assistance is even expected from that quarter. But the most serious difficulty is to be expected in the army, where the puppy faction have many friends and allies. With a premier like the Duke of Wellington, however, there is every reason to believe, that the measure will be carried; and we cannot help calling upon every true and loyal subject to rally round the King and Constitution at a crisis so important.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO EGERIA IN ABSENCE.

*By Henry G. Bell.*

I TRY, dear love, to banish thought,  
I mingle with the gay,—  
But ah! my smiles are fleeting things  
When thou art far away:  
There is a sadness at my heart  
Which, ever and anon,  
Recalls me to the thrilling truth  
That I am left alone.

The idle crowd—they know not this;  
They cannot feel with me,  
And marvel that I cast a gloom  
Upon their reckless glee;—  
I care not; for I value more  
One gentle look of thine,  
Than all the loud and ready praise  
I could so soon make mine.

Nor do I seek to hide the cause  
That chills my spirit's flow;  
It is my pride to own that thou  
Rul'st o'er my joy and woe:  
There is no joy thou couldst not give,  
No woe thou couldst not cure;—  
I flatter not; such incense mocks  
A heart whose thoughts are pure.

And if in pensive mood I seek  
To weave a lonely lay,  
Ah! dearest, 'tis because my soul  
Is wandering far away;—  
It is because my gentle lute,  
By poetry's sweet spell,  
Restores thee to my sight, and seems  
To whisper thy farewell.

And many a bygone hour recurs  
Of happiness too brief;  
And many a bliss, that, being flown,  
Is like a soften'd grief:  
'Tis ever thus,—'tis ever thus,—  
The joy that knows no sorrow,—  
The sparkling joy—all light to-day—  
Is full of tears to-morrow.

Ah! life of mine! thou too art sad,  
Thou too dost think of me,—  
Thou too dost woo the gentle spell  
Of song and poetry;—  
I know thy thoughts, like mine, dear love,  
From those around thee stray;  
Alas! 'tis but our thoughts that meet,  
For thou art far away!

## SONNET.

*Written at Sea, on leaving the Coast of*

BROKEN is the firm chain that bound my bark  
To thee and thy wild melancholy strand;  
No longer soars my spirit like the lark,  
As the winds waft me to a level land!  
Though fair that land, where'er my footsteps roam—  
By silvan Trees, or Greta's giant oaks,  
By rapid Wharfe, or Wye's romantic rocks—  
No hope for me it holds,—nor heart,—nor home,—  
Soft eye to greet me,—nor loved lip to press,—  
No gen'rous soul to share my good or ill,—  
Nor tender voice to gently blame or bless;—  
Yet resolute PATIENCE proudly lingers still,  
Though Passion's quiv'ring pulse may wake no more;—  
Then, fare thee well! my dark fate's type—thou desert  
shore!

*Whitchall, London.*

G. H. G.

## SCOTCH AND ENGLISH SONGS FRENCHIFIED.

SCOTS WHA HAE, &amp;c.

GUERRIERS d'Ecosse, vous rangeant,  
Pour chasser ce cruel tyran,—  
Bienvenus au lit sanglant,

Ou à la conquête!

Le temps s'approche avec instance;  
Le combat presse en front immense;  
Le fier Edouard, par sa puissance,  
Tous nos fers apprête!

Qui n'est que traître vil au fond?  
Qui peut mourir en bas poltron?  
Qui d'un esclave veut le nom?—

Va et salue-toi!

Qui pour l' Ecosse, tant aimée,  
Tire, O Liberté, ton épée,—  
Libre en vie ou en mort sacrée—

Qu'il marche avec moi!

Jurons—par l'esclavage amer,—  
Par nos enfans liés au fer,—  
Vider plutôt tout sang si cher,  
Que d'être plus esclaves!

Au bas le vil usurpateur!—  
Que tout coup dont un tyran meurt,  
Soit de la Liberté vengeur!

Vaincons—mourons—en braves!

FROM THEE, ELIAS, I MUST GO.

Jx pars de toi, O mon Elise,  
Et du pays si cher;  
Bientôt entre nous est mise  
L'impitoyable mer!

Mais l'océan grondant barbare  
Entre m'amour et moi,—  
Jamais, jamais, il ne sépare  
Mon cœur constant de toi!

Adieu, adieu, Elise chère,  
Comble de mes souhaits!  
J'entends la voix du sort sévère,—  
Nous partons pour jamais!

Mais le soupir en mort vainca,—  
Le dernier de mon cœur,—  
Sera, Elise, un vrai tribut  
A toi,—à mon malheur!

LORMA.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We learn that the materials for the Life of Byron have increased so much upon Mr Moore's hands, that he proposes extending the work to two volumes quarto instead of one, as was originally intended.

The Record Commission is at present engaged in arranging, from the Parliamentary Papers, materials for a History of Britain, from the earliest period to the Accession of Henry VIII. The first portion, reaching to the year 1066, will make five volumes. Two of these are ready for press immediately; the printing and paper for an edition in folio, of 750 copies, the number at present ordered by the board, will cost about £1350 per volume; on the supposition that each volume will contain 1000 pages, the work, it is conceived, cannot be contained in less than from 20 to 25 volumes.

It is now understood that Mr Macvey Napier succeeds Mr Jeffrey (who was unanimously elected Dean, by the Faculty of Advocates, on Wednesday last,) as Editor of the Edinburgh Review.—The copyright of the London Magazine has been bought by the proprietors of the New Monthly, in which the former is henceforth to be incorporated.

The Life of Dr Richard Bentley, by Dr Monk, Dean of Peterborough, is in preparation, and is said to contain much literary information, collected from original sources, so as to form a history of the University of Cambridge for a period of forty years.

The eleventh volume of the Works of Lord Bacon, edited by Mr Basil Montagu, is on the eve of publication.

Mr Sotheby, the elegant translator of Wieland's Oberon, is at present engaged with a translation of Homer's Iliad. At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, he read a portion of it, which was received with much applause.

We understand that Messrs Blackie, Fullarton, & Co. of Glasgow, will publish next week, the Second Series of the Casquet of Literary Gems, in two vols. 12mo. It will consist of upwards of three hundred and sixty articles, embracing extracts from many old writers, and from books not generally to be met with, as well as copious and hitherto unappropriated specimens from the works of the best Novelists, Essayists, and Poets of the present day, and will be illustrated by eight fine engravings.

**NEW SCOTS MAGAZINE.**—We observe that the first volume of this spirited and useful periodical is now completed. From the approved talents of its Editor, and the highly respectable manner in which he conducts the work, we should suppose that its success will be ultimately commensurate with its deserts. It has our best wishes for its future prosperity.

**SEAT OF WAR IN TURKEY.**—A neat and cheap Map of the Seat of War in the East, will appear in a day or two. The places most frequently mentioned in the Papers are distinguished by colouring. The map is done up on cloth, for the pocket, and admits of being easily taken to and from the News rooms. It is similar in size and price to those of Scotland, England, and Ireland, just published by Mr Lothian, and advertised in to-day's JOURNAL.

To those interested in the Corn Laws we would recommend a Catechism on the Corn Laws, with a list of Fallacies, and the Answers,—a pamphlet, which contains a great deal of interesting matter upon this subject, and has been favourably alluded to by members of both Houses of Parliament. Next session the Corn Laws will probably attract much of the public attention.

**LECTURES AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.**—Taylor (who was tried for blasphemy) and his coadjutor, Carlile, are at Leeds, delivering "orations" in defence of their well-known opinions, but to very thin audiences. A public discussion on the truths of Christianity lately took place in the United States, between Mr Owen (of Lanark) and a Mr Campbell. At its termination, Mr Campbell, lest the silence preserved by the audience should be construed favourably to Mr Owen's doctrine, called upon all those who thought with him (Mr C.) to stand up. Nearly all the persons present (at least two thousand) immediately rose; on the question being put the other way, only four or five stood up.

**EDINBURGH INFANT SCHOOL SOCIETY.**—We understand that upwards of L.400 has been already subscribed by benevolent individuals in this city, towards commencing an establishment under Mr Widdersple's superintendence, for the moral training and education of infants. We believe L.600 or L.700 will be required before any efficient steps can be taken. The object appears to be a laudable one, and has the support of many philanthropic and enlightened persons.

**A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING.**—M. Cesar Moreau, the late French Vice-Consul at London, has undertaken to prepare a sort of Library of Reference of all the Works of interest in the libraries of Paris, for the use of the young Duke of Bordeaux. There are in these libraries about six millions of volumes of books, and two millions of manuscripts; and M. Moreau intends to analyse them all, so as to take about one million of the best books, and about half a million of manuscripts, of which he will make a Catalogue of Reference, so that the young Prince may, at a glance at the titles, be able to turn to the work of every author of note, on whatever subject. For this purpose a room is to be prepared, fitted up with drawers, on each of which will be pasted the title: each drawer will form a division, and within will be the subdivisions and sections, with the heads: for instance, the word Population will be placed on a drawer, in which will be found cards of reference to every author, ancient and modern, who has written on the subject, with notes by M. Moreau; and so with every other title.

**ROYAL PHYSICAL SOCIETY, 30th JUNE, 1829.**—The first part of the public business was an exhibition of a Terrestrial Globe, adapted to the tuition of the blind, by Mr Richardson, illustrated by the attendance of a female, who gave the strongest proofs of the utility of this ingenious contrivance, as she went with certainty and facility to the utmost extremes of the globe, and solved several difficult problems, with a greater degree of quickness than we remember to have witnessed even by a person with the advantages of sight. Mr Chester, as president, complimented Mr Richardson, from the Chair, on the value and importance of his method of teaching the blind, and recommended a continuance of his exertions, which could not fail to obtain for him the thanks of his country, and the heartfelt gratitude of those who had the misfortune to be deprived of sight. The President also communicated to Mr Richardson a vote of thanks from the Society for his extremely interesting exhibition.—Mr Mackeon then read an Essay on the Functions of the Brain and Nervous System; the object of which was to overturn the phrenological doctrines. His views were combated by Dr Holland, in his usual eloquent manner.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—Both the large Theatres are now closed, and the season has been far from profitable to either; but Drury Lane has had the best of it. There have been twenty-seven new pieces produced between them, sixteen at Drury Lane, and eleven at Covent Garden. The star system has exercised a most baneful influ-

ence upon both houses. Whenever a popular piece was performed, from sixty to a hundred pounds was sure to be divided among three or four performers, and then came the regular nightly expenses. In addition to this, let it be considered that the rent paid by the lessee of Drury Lane is L.12,000; and we shall scarcely be surprised that the establishment is not in the most flourishing condition.—The French Theatre in London has also closed for the season, after a rather indifferent campaign.—The Italian opera is still open. Madame Malibran has played *Romeo* to Sontag's *Giulietta* in a manner which appears to have delighted all mankind.—"It gives us real pleasure," says the *Court Journal*, "to report, that Madame Caradori Allan intends to make her appearance on the English stage as the representative of regular English characters, and that she is now acting and singing in the provinces, for the express purpose of qualifying herself for this task. We confidently predict that she will meet with brilliant success. As an Italian singer, she has been over-praised. Though a sweet and graceful singer, and an accomplished musician, the style of her voice and the character of her powers are not of a description to shine in the first class of Italian music,—which, to give it due effect, requires to be accompanied by a passionate force of expression, which Caradori never did and never can reach. But as a singer of English music to English ears, she is all that can be desired; and as she is accustomed to English habits and modes of feeling, from having long been married to a native of our country, we anticipate in her a perfect English singer, and one who will create a more lively and universal sensation in some of our English pieces,—the *Beggar's Opera*, for instance, and 'Love in a Village,'—than any singer has done since the early days of Miss Stephens."—Madame Vestris has been performing in Dublin, and is to have L.700 for her trip.—A son of the celebrated Incedon is about to appear at the Haymarket, in the character of *Machbeth*. The name of Incedon excites hopes which are rendered doubly earnest, when we consider the pitiable state of the English stage at the present moment, so far as relates to male singers. With the exception of Braham, we have not had a single song sung by a tenor voice on the English stage, in a manner at all satisfying to a cultivated ear and taste, since Incedon was lost to us.—Poor Terry died a few days ago. He had been long a severe sufferer, and was cut off at last by an attack of paralysis. The better portion of his life was spent in Scotland, where he married Miss Nasmyth, the daughter of the celebrated artist, and herself eminent as a landscape painter. He was much esteemed, and long enjoyed the intimacy of Sir Walter Scott, and other leading literati in this city. His *Mephistophiles*, in the Opera of "Faustus," was one of the most peculiar and powerful representations ever seen upon the stage.—The company at Liverpool is strong at present. A few evenings ago, when "John Bull" was played, the principal parts were sustained by Dowton, Vining, Vandenhoff, Rayner, and Miss F. H. Kelly.—We hear of some defections in the Edinburgh Company against next season, which we regret. We are to lose that most useful actor Pritchard; and we are not quite sure whether Miss Tunstall and Mason will not be struck off the list also. A person of the name of Barton is engaged, we believe, for the first line of business; and we shall also have probably a visit from Miss Foote. Miss Stoker, too, at present at the Caledonian, is to be transplanted, we hear, to the Theatre-Royal. It is rather premature to speak of his arrangements yet, but we advise the Manager to show in them all the spirit and enterprise in his power.

**Books recently published.**—Smith's Medical Witnesses, fcp. 8vo, 5s. 6d.—Medical Transactions, Vol. XV. Part I. 8vo, 10s. 6d. bds.—Shepherd's Poems, fcp. 8vo, 6s. bds.—Harleian Dairy Husbandry, 8vo, £1, 1s. bds.—Brown's Italian Tales, &c. 8vo, 7s. 6d. bds.—Bucke's Classical Grammar of the English Language, 12mo, 3s. bds.—Head's North America, post 8vo, 8s. 6d. bds.—Mawe's Journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, 8vo, 12s. bds.—Castle's Botany, 12mo, coloured, 12s. 6d. bds.—The Chelsea Pensioners, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1, 11s. 6d. bds.—King's Life of Locke, 4to, £3, 2s. bds.—The Indian Chief, 3 vols. 12mo, 10s. 6d. bds.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Sailor's Tale" is well written, but is deficient in novelty and interest.—"The Short Campaign" is in somewhat the same predicament, and serves only to illustrate a very old and well-established fact, that minute and apparently accidental circumstances often materially influence the future destiny of individuals.—We cannot give a place to the communication of "Φιλεμάθης."

"The Triumph of Love" is not one of its author's best compositions.—We shall probably find room for "Auld Janet Baird."—The verses by "A. G. G." and by "A. B." will not suit us.—The Song by "F. of Dundee, shall, perhaps, have a place.

In the announcement in our last of a posthumous volume, by the Reverend Archibald Gracie, for "sacredotal" read "sacramental."

[No. 34. July 4, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

On 1st July was published,  
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 its value by undergoing that process—accurate and extensive histori-  
 cal knowledge, and elegance and vigour of diction. The formation  
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 cury*, 11th May, 1829.

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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1829.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*The Loves of the Poets.* By the Author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." Two volumes. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

"THE Loves of the Poets!"—we like the name, and could very easily fall into a rhapsody upon it. A poet's love ought to be, and is, something worth living for. Look at the great mass of marriages which take place over the whole world;—what poor, contemptible, commonplace affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night at a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks, two sheepish-looking persons are seen dangling about on each other's arm, looking at waterfalls, or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cake; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine; the wife sits at one side of the hearth, the husband at the other, and little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares, and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony. But the hundredth is a poet! and poetry is power. It cannot change the essential attributes of things, but, like natural objects seen through a prism, it can clothe them in colours invisible to the naked eye. A poet's love is the twin-sister of a poet's genius. They play into each other's hands, and "each gives each a double charm." The littlenesses, the technicalities, the mere mercantile principles, which are too frequently allowed to degrade *la belle passion*, have no place upon his lips or in his heart. Pure himself, and high-souled, he singles out for the object of his earthly adoration a being no less so, or, if less, elevated by his own glowing imagination to something far more than she really is, surrounded with the same glory that encompasses himself, and so distinguished in the eyes of the world,

"That queens hereafter would be proud to live  
Upon the aims of her superfluous praise."

"And how have women repaid this gift of immortality?"

"O, believe it," says the authoress before us, "when the garland was such as woman is proud to wear, she amply and deeply rewarded him who placed it on her brow. If, in return for being made illustrious, she made her lover happy; if, for glory, she gave a heart, was it not a rich equivalent? and if not—if the lover was unsuccessful, still the poet had his reward. Whence came the generous feelings, the high imaginations, the glorious fancies, the heavenward inspirations, which raised him above the herd of vulgar men—but from the ennobling influence of her he loved?"

This is a remarkably pleasing view of the subject, but it must not carry us too far. There is, we suspect, a slight *per contra*, to which we think it incumbent on us to direct attention; but, before doing so, we may as well state the precise nature of the work we are reviewing.

We learn that the authoress of "The Loves of the Poets," and of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," (a very pretty sentimental volume,) is a Mrs Jameson, a native of the Emerald Isle; but we are alike ignorant of her person and farther history. The book before us is the matured execution of a rather happy idea; and the subject being one of general interest, we have no doubt it will meet with a pretty extensive circulation. It contains notices of a considerable proportion of the most celebrated poets of all countries, in so far as they had any thing to do with *affaires du cœur*, and intermingles with lively descriptions of their *amourettes*, numerous pleasant quotations from their poetical works, whether in French, Italian, or English. "These little sketches," says Mrs Jameson in her preface, "are absolutely without any other pretension than that of exhibiting, in a small compass, and under one point of view, many anecdotes of biography and criticism, and many beautiful poetical portraits, scattered through a variety of works, and all tending to illustrate a subject in itself full of interest,—the influence which the beauty and virtue of women have exercised over the characters and writings of men of genius." The praise due to a very graceful compiler, we willingly bestow; and as no more is asked, we need not stop to discuss the question, whether more could be with propriety given. The first volume is devoted to the loves of the Classic Poets; of the Troubadours; of the Italian Poets, Dante, Petrarch, Lorenzo de Medici, Ariosto, Tasso, and others; and of the English Poets, Chaucer, Surrey, Spenser, Shakspeare, Sydney, Milton, and other celebrated persons belonging to the court and age of Elizabeth. The second volume speaks, among many more, of Waller's Sackville; of Doctor Donne, Lord Lyttleton, Klopstock, Mouti, and their wives; of Swift's Stella and Vanessa; of Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Martha Blount; of various French Poets, and of some poetical old bachelors.

Now, we have one remark to make,—that, though love is no doubt a very delightful thing, it is rather a ticklish subject to write about, especially for a lady. See how that very good girl and sweet poetess, Miss Landon, has been talked of, simply because she spun a few long yarns about the boy-god, and innocently prattled of beating hearts and broken vows. Yet, nevertheless, here is Mrs Jameson boldly sitting down to write two volumes in prose, all about that captivating sensation which men call—love. We believe it was Mrs Jameson's reverence for the lyre that first prompted her to the task, and she has certainly gone through it with much delicacy and gentle feminine enthusiasm; but still the question recurs, and we are afraid the sober critic must not blink it, what is the general impression which will be left upon the mind by a perusal of her book? We feel confident that, in far the majority of instances, especially where the temperament is in the slightest degree ardent, the work is calculated to awaken in the female breast a soft voluptuous languor, and to generate a conviction that, provided the man who loves her be a poet, every excess of passion is pardonable. This is a serious and startling consideration, which very possibly never entered the fair author's mind,

gradually proceeding, as she would do, from one sketch to another. But, if we be correct, the evil is one against which it is our duty to guard the reader. To a very great extent, we believe the fault to rest with Mrs Jameson's subject, for it is well known that poets too often are, or at least consider themselves to be, a set of "chartered libertines;" and, in talking of such men as Lorenzo de Medici, Ariosto, Ronsard, Voltaire, and Rousseau, it was impossible to avoid touching upon topics of a delicate and dubious nature. But the subject, we must say, has not the whole blame. In her vast admiration for a true poet, our authoress seems almost to fancy that he can do no wrong; and she leads us to believe that she would much rather be a peasant, beloved in any way by a poet, than a king's daughter wedded to an emperor. "Many a high-born dame," she says, "who once moved, goddess-like, upon the earth, and bestowed kingdoms with her hand, lives a mere name in some musty chronicle. Though her love was sought by princes, though with her dower she might have enriched an emperor,—what availed it?"

"She had no poet, and she died!"

In a similar, but still more dangerous spirit, she apologizes for the licentious habits of Lorenzo de Medici:—"United," she remarks, "at the age of twenty-one, to a woman he had never seen, residing in a dissipated capital, surrounded by temptation, and from disposition peculiarly sensible to the influence of women, it is not matter of astonishment if Lorenzo's conjugal faith was not preserved immaculate,—if he occasionally became the thrall of beauty, and (since he was not likely to be caught by vulgar charms) if he sighed, *par hazard*, for one who was not to be tempted by power or gold." Hear also the careless manner in which she glosses over the tempting immorality of Ariosto:—"Of Ariosto's amatory poems, so full of spirit, grace, and a sort of earnest triumphant tenderness, it is impossible to doubt that the objects were real." Neither are we quite pleased with the following sneer at Spenser's first love:—"At a late period of Spenser's life, the remembrance of this *crude piece of excellence*,—his Rosalind—was effaced by a second and a happier love." But perhaps the most objectionable passage in the whole book is the following, which we, at the same time, regret to say is not very much out of keeping with the rest. Our authoress is talking of Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford:—"I know not," she says, "what her ladyship may have paid for the following exquisite lines by Ben Jonson, but the reader will agree with me, that it could not have been too much." Good God! Mrs Jameson, is there *nothing* which a woman should not give for a sonnet?

We are aware that, to certain minds, few things can be more painful than to have a charge brought against any production of theirs like that which we are inclined to make against "The Loves of the Poets;" and we well know that, conscious of the integrity of her own heart, a lady will sometimes write and say what may produce, upon one less pure in thought, a very different effect from that which was intended. We do not wish, therefore, in the present instance, to implicate the authoress. All we mean to do is, to enter our protest against the notion being either taught or received, that poets are entitled to one whit greater latitude in their loves than other men. The value of a true poet's love every woman should know and feel; but he is either no true poet, or has no true love, who offers his genius as an excuse for breaking the commandments of heaven and the solemn enactments of men. The puny whipster, who pours forth amatory effusions into the lap of milliners, or, with a crow quill, scratches sonnets on the blank leaves of an album, may riot in the vulgar vices of seduction and infidelity; but he whose mind is attuned to a far higher pitch, knows that the whole wealth of his deep affections must rest for ever with her on whom they are first bestowed, and can say with the noble Italian,

"Forse avro di fedele il titol vero,  
Caro a me sopra ogn' altro eterno onore."

Let not maidens of sixteen, therefore, just budding into womanhood, fancy that they have secured a poet's love when some tall stripling swears in rhyme that their hair is solid gold, and that their eyes sparkle like diamonds. Far better for them to listen to the modest declaration of some sensible youth who is industriously following out his father's profession, than the crack-brained rhapsodies of a far-off follower of Apollo. Alas! even though they were to win a genuine poet's love, there are few fates more perilous. Genius, like the delicate workmanship of a watch, is almost too fine for the coarse tear and wear of the world. Often does it fall to pieces in the rude concussion, and remains for ever a heap of glittering fragments.

Some of the most interesting Chapters in the work before us treat of those poets who entered into the matrimonial state, and were, for the most part, happy in it. Among these are to be included Ovid and Burns, two persons whom one would have thought scarcely calculated to make very domestic men. The late Italian poet, Monti, seems also to have been particularly fortunate in his family. When a mere boy, he married Teresa Pichler, a beautiful girl, and the daughter of the celebrated gem engraver. They lived constantly together till the poet died, upwards of seventy, in the year 1828, leaving his wife and daughter, who now reside at Milan, to mourn his loss. Some of Monti's finest minor pieces are addressed to his wife, for whom his affection continued unabated to the very last. But the man whom we envy above all others in his selection of a wife, is Klopstock, the author of the "Messiah." Such a woman as his Meta was worth all the universe,—lovely, devoted, tender, almost perfect. It is impossible to conceive a union of two hearts more complete, more holy, or more blessed. "All the sweetest images," says our authoress, eloquently, "that ever were grouped together by fancy, dreaming over the golden age; beauty, innocence, and happiness; the fervour of youthful love, the rapture of corresponding affection; undoubting faith and undissembled truth;—these were so bound together, so exalted by the highest and holiest associations, so confirmed in the serenity of conscious virtue, so sanctified by religious enthusiasm; and, in the midst of all human blessedness, so wrapt up in futurity,—that the grave was not the close, but the completion and the consummation, of their happiness." We could dwell long on this part of the work, but space forbids. One thing we shall never forgive Klopstock—that he married again! No wonder Mrs Jameson exclaims,—

"And such is man's fidelity!"

After all, we believe those poets are the wisest who trouble their heads as little about the fair sex as possible. What a crowd of annoyances and anxieties they avoid! what heart-burnings, what fears, what jealousies, what sorrows, what disappointments, what partings! There is an amusing Chapter on Poetical old Bachelors, to whom, however, it can scarcely be expected that a lady would do full justice. Nevertheless, as we think it will be read with interest, we subjoin it almost entire:—

#### POETICAL OLD BACHELORS.

"There is a certain class of poets, not a very numerous one, whom I would call poetical old bachelors. These are such as enjoy a certain degree of fame and popularity themselves, without sharing their celebrity with any fair piece of excellence; but walk each in his solitary path to glory, wearing their lonely honours with more dignity than grace: for instance, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, the classical names of French poetry, were all poetical old bachelors. Racine—*le tendre Racine*—as he is called *par excellence*, is said never to have been in love in his life; nor has he left us a single verse in which any of his personal feelings can be traced. He was, however, the kind and faithful husband of a cold bigoted woman, who was persuaded, and at length persuaded him that he would be *grillé* in the other world, for writing heathen tragedies in this; and made it her

boast that she had never read a single line of her husband's works! Peace be with her!

'And O! let her, by whom the Muse was scorn'd,  
Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adora'd!'

"Our own Gray was, in every sense, real and poetical, a cold, fastidious old bachelor, who buried himself in the recesses of his college—at once shy and proud, sensitive and selfish. I cannot, on looking through his memoirs, letters, and poems, discover the slightest trace of passion, or one proof or even indication that he was ever under the influence of woman. He loved his mother, and was dutiful to two tiresome old aunts, who thought poetry one of the seven deadly sins—*et voila tout*. He spent his life in amassing an inconceivable quantity of knowledge, which lay as buried and useless as a miser's treasure, but with this difference, that, when the miser dies, his wealth flows forth into its natural channels and enriches others—Gray's learning was entombed with him; his genius survives in his Elegy and his odes—what became of his heart, I know not. He is generally supposed to have possessed one, though none can guess what he did with it;—he might well moralize on his bachelorship, and call himself 'a solitary fly,'—

'Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
Nor have hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
No painted plumage to display!'

"Collins was never a lover, and never married. His odes, with all their exquisite fancy and splendid imagery, have not much interest in their subjects, and no pathos derived from feeling or passion. He is reported to have been once in love; and as the lady was a day older than himself, he used to say jestingly, that 'he came into the world a day after the fair.' He was not deeply smitten; and though he led, in his early years, a dissipated life, his heart never seems to have been really touched. He wrote an Ode on the Passions, in which, after dwelling on Hope, Fear, Anger, Despair, and Pity, and describing them with many picturesque circumstances, he dismisses love with a couple of lines, as dancing to the sound of the sprightly viol, and forming with joy the light fantastic round. Such was Collins's idea of love!

"To these we may add Goldsmith—of his loves we know nothing; they were probably the reverse of poetical, and may have had some influence on his purse and respectability, but none on his literary character and productions. He also died unmarried.

"Shenstone, if he was not a poetical old bachelor, was little better than a poetical dangler. He was not formed to captivate: his person was clumsy, his manners disagreeable, and his temper feeble and vacillating. The Delia who is introduced into his Elegies, and the Phillis of his Pastoral Ballad, was Charlotte Graves, sister to the Graves who wrote the Spiritual Quixote. There was nothing warm or earnest in his admiration, and all his gallantry is as rapid as his character. He never gave the lady who was supposed, and who supposed herself, to be the object of his serious pursuit, an opportunity of accepting or rejecting him; and his conduct has been blamed as ambiguous and unmanly. His querulous declamations against women in general had neither cause nor excuse; and his complaints of infidelity and coldness are equally without foundation. He died unmarried.

"When we look at a picture of Thomson, we wonder how a man with that heavy, pampered countenance, and awkward mien, could ever have written the 'Seasons,' or have been in love. I think it is Barry Cornwall who says strikingly, that Thomson's figure was a personification of the Castle of Indolence, without its romance. Yet Thomson, though he has not given any popularity or interest to the name of a woman, is said to have been twice in love, after his own *lack-a-daisical* fashion.

"Hammond, the favourite of our sentimental great-grandmothers, whose 'Love Elegies' lay on the toilets of the Harriet Byrons and Sophia Westerns of the last century, was an amiable youth,—'very melancholy and gentleman-like,'—who, being appointed equerry to Prince Frederic, cast his eyes on Miss Dashwood, bedchamber woman to the Princess, and she became his Delia. The lady was deaf to his pastoral strains; and though it has been said that she rejected him on account of the smallness of his fortune, I do not see the necessity of believing this assertion, or of sympathizing in the dull invectives and monotonous lamentations of the alighted lover. Miss Dashwood never married, and was, I believe, one of the maids of honour to the late Queen.

"Thus, the six poets who, in the history of our literature,

fill up the period which intervened between the death of Pope and the first publications of Burns and Cowper—all died old bachelors!"—Vol. II. pp. 308-16.

Before closing these volumes, we add one other short passage upon a subject of national interest. It is the opinion of our authoress upon the different characters of Elizabeth of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots:—

"This is no place to settle disputed points of history, nor, if it were, should I presume to throw an opinion into one scale or the other; but take the two queens as women merely, and, with a reference to apparent circumstances, I would rather have been Mary than Elizabeth—I would rather have been Mary, with all her faults, frailties, and misfortunes,—all her power of engaging hearts, betrayed by her own soft nature, and the vile or fierce passions of the men around her,—to die on the scaffold, with the meekness of a saint, and the courage of a heroine, with those at her side who would gladly have bled for her,—than I would have been that heartless flirt, Elizabeth, surrounded by the Oriental servility, the lip and knee-homage of her splendid court, to die at last on her palace floor, like a crushed wasp—sick of her own very selfishness—torpid, sullen, and despairing,—without one friend near her, without one heart in the wide world attached to her by affection or gratitude."—Vol. I. pp. 275-6.

On the whole, we have read the "Loves of the Poets" with considerable interest. It is better than a book of mere gossip; it is full of pretty sentiment and interesting anecdote. What we conceive to be its leading fault, we have already pointed out, perhaps fully as strongly as there was any occasion for. After a very slight caution, which, in many instances, would not be necessary, we should not object to place it in the hands of any young lady who might pay us the compliment of allowing us to direct her reading.

*Portugal Illustrated.* In a series of Letters by the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, B.D., &c. Embellished with a map, plates of coins, vignettes, modinhas, and various engravings. Second Edition. London. Published for the Author, by Treuttel & Wurtz, Treuttel, jun. & Richter. 1829.

So far as externals go, this is a work of great value. The author professes to give a satisfactory geographical, statistical, and historical detail of Portugal, and to set, in a very rich frame work, his own travelling experiences, like a precious stone in a gold ring. We doubt not but the book—with its apparatus of quotations from Byron and Shakspeare, its beautiful paper and printing, its elegant engravings, highly finished but incorrect map, and multifarious contents—will maintain its place on the boudoir table. Moreover, as we hold Johnson's opinion, that any man may make an amusing book by merely writing down his own experiences, we are resolved to undertake, for our reader's sake, the task of searching out Bachelor Kinsey's good things. We listen to him with pleasure, when he tells us what he has himself seen, for though he be not a first-rate story-teller, he sometimes picks up a stray fact that has escaped other observers, and sometimes gives additional testimony to what others have told before him.

The author's travels seem to have occupied him for a considerable portion of the year 1827. He landed at Lisbon, where he made a short stay, and visited Cintra. He afterwards sailed along the coast to Oporto. From that city he made an excursion to Valencia, on the borders of Galicia, coming back to the Douro by a more inland route, and sailing down to Oporto. He returned through Coimbra, Leiria, and Torres-Vedras to Lisbon, where he staid about a week, and then embarked for England. This tour embraces the three most important cities of Portugal—Lisbon, its capital,—Oporto, the chief seat of its commerce,—and Coimbra, its university. The traveller managed also to pass through some of the most interesting scenery of the country. We shall go over these subjects in succession.

LISBON.—Our author is most eloquent (in common with all other tourists) on the hills, dogs, filth, and beggars of Lisbon. Indeed, such a prominence does his intense feeling give to these features of the city, that we were for some time impressed with the feeling that nothing else was to be seen there. But after the vivacity of our first impressions had worn away, it occurred to us that Lisbon, besides a very picturesque situation, had some fine buildings, and a somewhat peculiar state of society. The first thing, of course, that any man of sense enquires after is the appearance of the women:—

"The women are really often very pretty: of the young, I think, the look is commonly pleasing. The faces of the Lisbonians form an indisputable improvement on the Madeirense. Their features, though small, are of a more delicate chiselling; their complexions decidedly finer; now and then, indeed, we have seen the most beautiful skins, exquisitely clear and smooth, with the slightest and most delicate tinge of carnation on the cheek that one can fancy. The skin of a Lisbon belle, when fairest, has a warmth of tone, the farthest possible remote from *faded*, or insipidity; and when shaded by thick black curls, and animated by eyes not so large and full, perhaps, as those we had left at Madeira, but of a longer shape, shadowed by a richer fall of lash, and partly, perhaps, from that circumstance, more soft and intelligent in their expression. They are seldom tall. Their feet, we are assured, (the 'feet of fire,') are often very beautiful, and they set much by the advantage, sparing no care or expense in the due ordering of their chausure. With all their beauty, they still want the dignity and the force of character that mark a highly cultivated and intellectual female in England. They may have vivacity of eye, but certainly not the spiritual elevation, the mental energy, and the chaste gaiety, which distinguish the higher class of females in our own country. In all respects, as to themselves, their personal obligations, feelings, and attractions, they are, as upon first sight one has found them, lovely but unsatisfactory specimens of the weaker vessel."

The gentlemen do not get so easily off:—

"Nature seems to have done her worst here for men of the better classes in life; and to talk of the 'human face divine' in Lisbon, would be a libel upon the dispensations of Providence. The Jews and Indians must surely have intermixed with the Portuguese gentry in marriage, and thus have transfused into Lusitanian physiognomy the strength of their own peculiar features, which are here beheld in so unpleasing a conjunction. Now, of all animals in creation, the Lisbon dandy is by far the lowest in the scale of mere existence. I have been haunted in my dreams by visions of ugliness since the first time I beheld a small, squat, puffy figure. What was it? could it be of a man?—incased within a large pack-saddle, upon the back of a lean, high-boned, straw-fed, cream-coloured nag, with an enormously flowing tail, whose length and breadth would appear to be each night guarded from discoloration, by careful involution above the hocks. Taken, from his gridiron spurs and long-pointed boots, up his broad blue-striped pantaloons à-la-Cosmaque, to the thrice-folded piece of linen on which he is seated in cool repose; thence, by his cable chain, bearing seals as large as a warming-pan, and a key like an anchor; then a little higher to the figured waistcoat of early British manufacture, and the sack-shaped coat, up to the narrow-brim sugar-loaf hat on his head,—where can be found his equal?—with a nose, too, as big as the gnomon of a dial-plate; and two banks of impenetrably deep black brushwood, extending under either ear, and almost concealing the countenance, to complete the singular contour of his features."

With regard to their manner of living on ordinary occasions, our author frankly confesses he had no opportunity of making himself acquainted. He proceeds, however, to describe their dinners at second-hand:

"A dish of yellow-looking bacalhão (salt fish), the worst supposable specimen of our saltines in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salting-pan, having already yielded all its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan broth, and now requiring the accompaniment of a tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a small relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamantine texture; something in a round

shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese; a small quantity of very poor wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brazils, in the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry;—such are the principal features of the quiet family dinner-table of the Portuguese who reside at Lisbon."

The following passage gives us an idea of the interior of their houses:

"The arrangement of rooms in a Portuguese house is, we have observed, extremely intricate; the whole of the interior being cut up in small rooms, approached by narrow and awkward passages. The bedrooms generally have their wainscots lined, about four feet above the surbase, with painted tiles, for the sake, it is to be presumed, of greater coolness; but the floorings also of all the apartments ought to be overlaid with them, instead of being, as they are in frequent instances, boarded and thickly carpeted, the effect of which is to promote the breed of fleas, and generate greater heat."

The public places of amusement are the theatre, (of which our author does not speak very favourably,) the opera, which is good, the different promenades, and the churches! The wealthier part of the community pass the hot months at Cintra, and the autumn at Caldas da Rainha. Cintra has been made sufficiently familiar to the British public, to excuse our describing it here. The author speaks in strong terms of the inefficient police of Lisbon, but admits that murders are by no means of such frequent occurrence as has been represented.

We have extracted so fully on the subject of Lisbon, that we must defer the rest of our picture of Portugal till next week. In Lisbon, Mr Kinsey speaks of every thing peevishly. Every thing was new to him; and he was there in the midst of the intrigues and agitations which preceded the arrival of Don Miguel, when society was not likely to be over pleasant. As he gets on, his good-humour revives. The succeeding part of his work is, to that which treats of Lisbon, like the country in the long vacation, (we borrow our comparison from a popular lawyer,) after the din, heat, and dust of the Parliament House.

*The New Forest. A Novel.* By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. In three volumes. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

MR SMITH, independently of his being a man of very correct taste, is one of those rare persons whose imaginative and moral character has sustained no injury from long and active professional avocations. In general, the ethereal freedom in the mere literary character, so pleasing to contemplate and converse with, is unaccompanied by that concentration, that habit of self-control, which is requisite for the successful conducting of business. There is a promptitude and decision, a power of keeping in strict subordination all the mental faculties, and directing them to the attainment of one object, a readiness and self-possession in the most unforeseen emergencies, which, in most instances, falls only to the lot of those whose natural disposition has been assisted by long practice of the duties of active life. Under what constellation Mr Smith may have been born, or what happy temperament may have enabled him to obtain this command over himself, while he kept his heart free from the hardening influence of the world, and his fancy unstiffened by being yoked to its drudgery, we are not now going to enquire; but we rejoice in this living proof, among others which we could name, of the indestructibility of that part of our nature which raises us above the earth.

Mr Smith, besides his poetry, serious and lively, is known as the author of some successful historical romances. We do not institute any comparison between them and the works of the great champion of this field of literature. We think it an invidious way of estimating the merits of any production to try it by comparison with another of the same class, and one, moreover, not

very likely to lead to a just appreciation. It must have a character of its own, and may claim, in justice, to be tried by its own standard. A dove is not an eagle; the "forget-me-not" is not a rose: yet each and all of these have independent and valid claims on our admiration or affection. On this ground, we would deprecate the style of criticism which has been applied to Mr Smith's romances in a quarter where we would have looked for better things. Although Mr Smith is not Sir Walter Scott, that is no reason why his pleasing, although less powerful, works should be ruthlessly condemned, and held up on all occasions as a mookery and a by-word.

The novel now before us is a production differing considerably from its predecessors. Instead of calling up before us the pageantry of other times, and seeking to add an interest to his writings, by evoking the phantoms of those great names which are familiar in our mouths as household words, the author has, in the present instance, ventured on a tale which, professing to portray the lineaments of our contemporaries, can be judged—as far as its faithfulness is concerned—by all; and which, taking no borrowed lustre from its connexion with some great public event, stands on its own merits. He has not even condescended to cater for applause by the fashionable clap-trap of introducing on his stage some celebrated literary or political character of the day.

Mr Smith has thus attempted an arduous task; for the domestic events of the present day do not afford many materials for the novelist. Every thing is so fashioned to the rule and line, that an interesting plot is almost out of the question. If any one, from depravity of character, or transient impulse of passion, commit a crime, the police get hold of him, the jury try him, and the judge condemns him—there is an end. The very affairs of the heart, broken plight, disregard of the marriage vow, are submitted to our courts of law, and reduced to a calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence. Nay, the times are even unfavourable for a painter of manners. Nobody has a character of his own now-a-days. We have all been sent to the school at the proper time, and taught to read. We support those characters into which education has drilled us, or which have struck our fancies in the course of our reading, and awakened our imitative faculties. Life itself is a hollow theatrical pageant, and its image in a book is the shadow of a shade—the vision of a dream. Our very oddities and eccentricities (we have them as well as our forefathers) are of that broken discontinuous kind, which may form tolerable subjects for a lively essay, but which do not bear to be grouped into a novel. To attempt uniting them into a continuous work, is like twisting a rope of sand. In addition to this, Mr Smith's mind is not well fitted to supply these deficiencies. It wants intensity. He does not bear you on with one irresistible torrent of interest. His works are more like some river which has widened to a lake. You walk along its banks admiring the reflected mountains and woods, the rich hues cast upon its breast from the evening clouds, scarcely sensible that it has an onward progress.

We hardly know how to give an abstract of the story. The hero (one of the most perfect of human beings, and whom, therefore, we have the author's express permission to call a prig) arrives at the village of Thaxted, in the first volume, in a stage-coach. He comes partly to seek for a relative of the widow of his adopted father, and partly to get a peep at the lady of his love, who lives immured with a hypochondriacal and miserly father. He takes a sentimental walk round her house and sees nobody. He afterwards meets the gentleman he is in search of, who proves to be an ex-smuggler turned mineralogist in his old days, and married to a young wife of somewhat questionable character. In company with him he stumbles upon a consultation of the neighbouring dignitaries, aient the best measures for putting down a fair, whose periodical celebration is approaching. He thus gets introduced to the parish clergyman, weak, pompous, and good-natured;

to the Frampton family, consisting of a rich gouty West Indian, with a titled wife, a puppy of a son, one daughter, a huntress after peers, and another, a light-hearted romp; to a squire such as we could wish all English gentlemen to be; and to one or two nondescripts.

Our hero finds, on returning to his inn, the whole rustic population met in solemn conclave, to deliberate on the measures best calculated to repel this threatened war on their festivities. We are here introduced both to the village-landlord, a great frequenter of scientific lectures; and to the great chief of all the smugglers of the New Forest. The first appearance of this important personage is thus described:—

"The first, who had dismounted from a beautiful blood-mare, which appeared to have travelled far and fast, and which he himself had carefully installed before he entered the house, was of rather short stature, but of remarkably broad, muscular, almost Herculean frame, with a face of very singular and striking appearance. In shape it was nearly triangular, the broad chin and jaw forming the widest part. The forehead was narrow, the round, black, sparkling bold eyes were set close together, the nose was salient and well-formed, but the mouth was disproportionately wide, while the lines, or rather the cordage that drew his face in deep furrows all around it, together with the dark hue of his maw, well-shaven as it was, and a profusion of black, thick-curling hairs falling down to his shoulders like a mane, gave his whole physiognomy a pointed resemblance to that of a lion. Free from any fell or savage expression, his countenance, indeed, exhibited much of the calm, noble, imperturbable courage observable in the look of that king of the forest. He wore a frock and waistcoat of dark-coloured velvet, blue cloth trousers, and enormous fisherman's boots, reaching half-way up his thigh. A rare India shawl was tied round his throat, and when his waistcoat and shirt were blown open, it might be seen that his breast was as shaggy as that of the animal which he so much resembled in his visage. In his hand he carried a rich meerschaum-pipe, which he immediately began to smoke; nor did any one care to tell him of the chairman's interdict, all making respectful way for him as he entered, while a buzz of "the Capt'n, the Capt'n!" make way for the Capt'n!" ran round the room, and continued till he seated himself, and pursued his smoking, which he did without uttering a word."

The fair is held in despite of opposition, and Melcomb (the hero) has an opportunity of displaying at it his prowess and generosity. He afterwards saves the life of "the Capt'n's" daughter, and of a sort of Lord Byron smuggler, her lover. He performs, in due time, sundry and divers acts of benevolence, which gain him the esteem of the whole peasantry. At the same time, the vanity of the mineralogist and his wife has induced them to represent him as a man of fortune, wishing to settle in these parts, and all the mammas being anxious to secure him for their daughters, he becomes in like manner a pet of the higher classes. He brings his adoptive step-mother (a rigid Virginnay woman) down to the country, and he and she establish themselves in the mineralogist's house.

He has succeeded, by this time, in getting himself introduced to his innamorato's father, whom he finds a rich old hunk, with some unrevealed crime preying on his conscience, soothing himself by the conscientious discharge of the magisterial duties, and the perusal of the old English dramatists. Our hero ingratiates himself into the good graces of this strange personage; and the consequence of his admission to the run of the house, is a ripening of the affection between him and the young lady. So far all has gone well with him, but now disasters come crowding upon him. The frail rib of his friend conceives an affection for him, and receiving a repulse, accuses him of an attempt upon her virtue. He quits the house, and the married pair blacken his character through the whole country. His poverty is discovered, and his summer friends fall off from him. He proposes marriage to the Justice's daughter, and is ordered to quit the house by the old gentleman. He receives a challenge from Captain Frampton, and with true philosophy refuses to fight him.

Finally, he is arrested and lodged in jail. Very few adhere to him in his reverses, but he bears every thing with the same equanimity that he bore his good fortune. When things are at the worst, an old companion in iniquity of the Justice appears most opportunely to set matters to rights. It turns out that the old gentleman's undivulged crime was the doing away with the infant heir of an estate, in order to secure it to himself. It is next satisfactorily established that Melcomb is that heir, who has been providentially preserved. He pardons the wrong, and in order to secure his own happiness and the old sinner's reputation, marries the daughter, and receives his own estate as a dowry. There are some subordinate plots connected with this main one, which we have not time to particularise.

There are many bold and vivid sketches of character in this book, as well as some beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, and some bursts of elegant, if not very powerful poetical feeling. The individuals most successfully brought out are a negro servant of Frampton, the Smuggler, and his crew, and old Welbeck, the Justice. There is an unwonted power displayed in the passions which convulse the shattered frame of the latter at the denouement, and in his transition under their influence from a stern and energetic man, to a fond superannuated imbecile. We are somewhat uncertain what we ought to select as a specimen of the work. We are strangely tempted with some of the merry freaks of black Pompey, who is every way worthy of the author of Winky Bass. But we prefer dwelling on the declining days of the old smuggler, "with him our song begun, with him shall end."

"In a small parlour of this farm, which Mary appropriated to her father as his smoking room, the old man might frequently be seen sitting by the fire, or at the open window, according to the season, with two fair curly-headed, beautiful grandchildren climbing up his knees, and forming a group that forcibly recalled Cipriani's picture of Cupid's sporting with a lion; while their infant prattle contrasted strikingly with the gruff voice of their grand-sire, as, in words of menace, though with a look of the most affectionate tenderness, he growled now and then, "Hallo! 'vast there, you youngsters! Start my timbers! If you touch my pipe, I'll serve it out to you—give you a taste of the rope's end; so down with you, Harry; down, I say, Poll!" His favourite haunt when he left home was the bow-windowed room of a public-house beside the quay at Southampton, where, until very lately, the original from whom we have drawn our portrait, might be seen three or four days in the week, sipping his strong punch, plying his inseparable meerschaum, and gazing complacently down the water. Hence, after emptying his bowl, he would sally forth to the quay, take his stand against the old capstan, criticise the sailing of every vessel that passed up or down Southampton water, and as he became gradually surrounded with a little knot of eager listeners, it was here that he loved to crack of the immense sums for which he had been exchequered; of the crops that he had formerly worked in his lucky little lugger the "Ax about!" of the money he had made, and the enterprises he had achieved, in his celebrated fast-sailing cutter the Longspice; of the services rendered to him by his sagacious black mastiff Belzebub; and the hairbreadth escapes to which he was indebted for the fleetness of his favourite mare, who, now that she was past labour, was turned out to graze upon his son-in-law's farm, where a day seldom elapsed without her being visited and caressed by her old master. The Captain, for by this epithet he still continued to be known, becoming as he waxed older a praiser of the bygone time, in disparagement of the present, was accustomed to talk with great contempt of modern smugglers and their paltry adventures, though he candidly confessed that the difficulties with which they had to contend were materially increased. As he was, in every other respect, a most loyal character, it grieves us to add, that in adverting to this fact, he would occasionally speak in the most irreverent terms of the government, questioning their right to establish either customs or excise in the first instance, stigmatizing the Preventive Service as a rascally innovation, and condemning the Coast Blockade altogether as a monstrous act of tyranny and oppression, which hardly gave the honest free-trader a chance of working a crop once in a twelvemonth."

On the whole, Mr Smith's hero is a sort of Hugh Trevor, though with more human interest about him. His book, too, as regards the delineation of manners and character, intimates more acquaintance with the world than Holcroft's.

*Discourses on some important Subjects of Natural and Revealed Religion, &c. Second Edition. By Dr Scott, Minister of Corstorphine. Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman and Co. London. 1829.*

THERE is something singular attending the fate of sermon-writing. It is a species of composition which ought to be the most popular of any, because the subject-matter of sermons comes the closest of any to man's "business and bosoms;" and it might seem, that the views and expositions of almost every intelligent and thoughtful man upon the great points of faith and of practice, would meet a corresponding chord in the minds of many readers. The fault no doubt may lie a good deal with the writers of sermons. The very best are apt to fall, every now and then, into the established phrases and language of religious meditation, when it is evident that there is very little thought and heart in the business;—

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

But, in return, there is scarcely a volume of sermons so indifferent in which an attentive reader, interested in the mighty themes discussed in them, would not find some apposite illustrations which had never occurred to him before, or some felicitous or unctious expressions warm from the conviction and feelings of the writer. We by no means wish to encourage, from these remarks, the hasty and inconsiderate publication of sermons, either by clergymen themselves, or by their families after their death—a practice of which the respectable writer before us, in his preface, remarks with some humour, that it "is most hurtful to the author, whatever benefit it may be to his family." But, on the other hand, we should wish readers in general not to be so fastidious with respect to sermon-writing; and if they should not find exactly their own thoughts and sentiments returned upon them, or should happen to plunge into some uninteresting passage of common-place, not therefore to conclude that there is nothing in the volume that can tend to edification, or which would not greatly repay the attentive perusal of it.

The volume before us has suggested this train of thought. It is very unequal, and savours of a defect to which many men of ability are liable,—the want of perception of what is good and what is bad in their own writings. At the same time, we are aware that it is a very disagreeable thing to submit our own compositions to the criticism and selection even of a judicious and candid friend; men especially of retired and studious habits, who the most require to pass through such an ordeal previous to publication, are naturally the most averse to it. The learned author of this volume is one of the first scholars in sacred literature of whom the Church of Scotland can boast, and any imperfections which may be found in it are to be ascribed mainly to an unacquaintance with the book-making art, in which those who are more occupied with solid learning than with the manner of putting it forth, are not apt to be great adepts. There are several of the sermons, accordingly, in this collection, that both in point of interest and composition, might have been left out without any loss to the reputation of the author. But, again, there are several admirable, both in matter and expression, and just as good as any that are to be found upon the same subjects. There are two excellent sermons on "The fitness of the time at which Christ appeared upon earth,"—not so eloquent or splendid as Dr Robertson's famous sermon on the same subject, but containing much excellent remark, conveyed in very lively and precise language. We may also particularize two

other excellent sermons,—one on “The greatness and dignity of Christ during his abode upon earth;”—and another, on “The Socinian, Arminian, Calvinistic, and Antinomian Theories of Justification,” in which, in a very few pages, more is stated clearly, and to the purpose, and a more correct judgment formed upon these thorny discussions than will be obtained from many volumes of controversy.

We do not promise, however, that these Discourses are ever destined to be popular; but their learned and ingenious author may find much consolation for any public neglect within the precincts of his own parish, an important station for ministerial usefulness—where the genius of Burn has lately converted the old ruinous church into one not less commodious than beautiful, at the same time that it retains its antique interest and character, and where in the schools for the rising generation of both sexes, the foundation seems to be laid of living temples still more interesting and attractive.

*The Adventures of a King's Page.* By the Author of “Almack's Revisited.” 3 vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

OH! these endless, fashionable novels! Sorely do we rue the day that gentlemen took it into their heads to print. No two professions can be more distinct than those of an author and a gentleman. The difference is as great as between a regular-bred actor—a Garrick or a Kemble—and a mere amateur of private theatricals—an Honourable Mr Stapleton, or an Augustus Horatio Mandeville. The former stands upon his merits alone; the latter trusts to the indulgence of friends, and the astonishing fact that he should be able to perform at all. In a fashionable novel the author commonly votes all literary merit vulgar; but expects that his lucubrations will be received with gratitude and applause, because he introduces the most soap-boiling or sugar-selling reader into the *first circles*, and gives us a glimpse of at least three Dukes, half-a-dozen Marquises, a score of Lords, and Baronets *ad infinitum*. He undertakes, too, to paint their manners and modes of life; that is to say, he is pleased to inform us that they rise at two, go to the Park till seven, dine at eight, lounge through evening parties till cock-crow, and then return to bed. This might become a little monotonous; and therefore the more able and imaginative writer of a fashionable novel introduces a duel, a tour to the continent, and a marriage, to make the whole as complete and interesting as possible.—“Oh honochrie! oh honochrie!”—the wearisome inanity of a whole cart-load of these three-volumed books! Would to Heaven that we could make one vast bonfire of these, as the Doctors of the Church at Constantinople once did of all the Greek poets. We should thus give, in the words of a French writer, “une grande preuve d'intégrité, de probité, et de religion.” Mr Haynes Bayley, who has written so many excellent songs, has written one against fashionable novels, which is so very pat to our purpose, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving it a place here,—the more especially as we believe it is not generally known to our readers:

“Lord Harry has written a novel,  
A story of elegant life;  
No stuff about love in a novel,  
No sketch of a clown and his wife;  
No trash such as pathos and passion,  
Fine feelings, expression, or wit;  
But all about people of fashion,—  
Come, look at his caps how they fit.

“Oh, Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer  
Of girls who sat reading all night;  
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,  
Thy heroines damsels in white.  
But past are those terrible touches;  
Our lips in derision we curl,

Unless we are told how the Duchess  
Conversed with her cousin, the Earl.

“Our dialogues now must be quite full  
Of titles, I give you my word;—  
‘My Lady, you’re looking delightful;’  
‘Indeed! Do you think so, my Lord?’  
‘You’ve heard of the Marquis’s marriage,  
The bride with her jewels new set,  
Four horses, the new travelling carriage,  
The *déjeuné à-la-fourchette*?’

“Haut ton finds her privacy broken,  
We trace all her ins and her outs,—  
The very small talk that is spoken  
By very great people at routes  
At Tenby, Miss Jinks asks the loan of  
The book from the innkeeper’s wife,  
And reads till she thinks she is one of  
The leaders of elegant life.”

As to the “Adventures of a King's Page,” we are authorized most positively to state, that it is not “from the pen of a foreign prince, long a resident at this court,”—nor does it contain “the private history of one of the most leading members of the world of fashion,”—nor is there any “key” to the novel “in private circulation, and immense demand,”—nor is it altogether true, that “the whole of the first edition was sold off within four-and-twenty hours.” But though we are enabled to contradict these ingenious reports which have so much agitated all classes of society, we shall not attempt to deny that this novel is the production of a Captain White, (the advertisements in the newspapers called him a colonel for a long while, but this was antedating his promotion,) and that he formerly wrote an unfashionable fashionable novel, called “Almack's Revisited,” or “Herbert Milton,” which, we presume, nobody ever read. To do it justice, the “Adventures of a King's Page” is a little better, and is three volumes' worth of rather respectable dullness. We daresay Captain White is a good deal of a gentleman “about town;” goes to a tolerably fashionable party when he is asked; dresses fully as neatly and *genteelly* as an officer on half-pay can be expected to do, (few officers know how to wear plain clothes;) leaves his card in a becoming manner for several lady dowagers; takes his beefsteak and his half-bottle of port with much thankfulness at the club; and drops into a box at Drury Lane, just about a quarter of an hour after “half-price.” With such qualifications as these, he is admirably calculated to write a fashionable novel, in the course of which he introduces George III., his Queen, and all the Royal Family, together with the greater portion of the aristocracy of England, who, for the most part, according to the great moral law of fashionable novels, are presented to us under the agreeable aspect of heartless votaries of pleasure and intrigue. We are not quite sure that Captain White has always preserved the exact phraseology of fashionable life; at least we almost fancied ourselves in a barrack-room when we found Lord Roxmere (in vol. iii. p. 219) saying to his wife the Marchioness, “D—n you, madam, you shall suffer properly for this when you get home.” But the author of “Almack's Revisited” must, of course, be better versed in these things than we are.

We have spoken slightly of the “Adventures of a King's Page,” because we hate the class of works to which it belongs, and because the author, though possessing a certain facility in the use of his pen, appears to us entirely destitute of that genius, the presence of which, in a literary composition of any kind, always covers a multitude of sins, and the absence of which we can scarcely forgive.

*The New Monthly, and London Magazine, No. CIII.  
The Westminster Review, No. XXI.*

We speak it not in vanity; but it does appear to us that the stars of the earth, as well as those of the heavens, are colder and more languid in proportion to the length of the period they require to complete their revo-

lutions. Thus, the Westminster is neither so bright nor so lively as Blackwood or the New Monthly, and neither of them can be for a moment compared with a publication, which modestly forbids us to name, but which every reader will readily do for us. The Quarterlies and Monthlies are, nevertheless, deserving works upon the whole, and may rely upon our countenance and protection.

The broad stream of the New Monthly has just received the tributary waters of the London into its bosom. To speak without metaphor, (for we like to adapt ourselves to the most Cockney capacities,) the London Magazine has been incorporated into Mr Colburn's, or Mr Campbell's,—the reader may designate the publication as the offspring of either of these great men, according as he inclines to attribute more importance to the Editor or the Publisher—to the leading Orator of the House, or the first Lord of the Treasury. The consequences of this new Holy Alliance we leave to time to determine; but the first-born of the nuptials (we beg pardon for changing the metaphor) is a spirited and promising bantling. It stretches its little legs in the nurse's lap vigorously, and squalls with energy. It is redolent of London associations, as a work published in the Metropolis ought to be. As we sipped our coffee, and read "Londoniana," our youth came back upon our memory—the Temple Gardens and St James's Park were green as in its halcyon days—the rattle of drays and waggons was in our ear—Westminster-bridge at early dawn—Bond-street in its mid-day glow—and Drury with her cresset lamps, were bodily before us. Still more to our taste was that morsel of profound philosophy, so accordant to the rapid march of intellect,—“The Toyman is abroad.”—“The Saison in Dublin” is, no doubt, amusing to those who understand its allusions; and the Edinburgh Reminiscences of “The young Surgeon” are as harmless as could be desired. The serious articles are no after-dinner business, and we have, therefore, postponed them. Did we not know the staid and proper habits of the Editor, we should suspect, from his review of “Geraldine of Desmond,” that he longed to be munching *crumpets*. The only real objection, however, that the most fastidious could find to the interesting child we are now dandling on our knee, is its teasing and tiresome resemblance to its hundred and two predecessors who have “gone to the tomb of all the Capulets,” or, in plain English, been placed on the shelf.

“Yet often in his maddest mirthful mood,  
Strange pangs would flash across Child Harold's brow;”

we know not how it is, but let us be as merry as crickets, if the Westminster Review but appears, we become as serious as itself. Its approach has the same effect upon our spirits as the teacher's on a parcel of noisy schoolboys. It is a sort of respectable old pedagogue, who inevitably gives the conversation a serious and instructive turn. He is this time, however, in a gayer mood than usual: his taws are in his pocket, and he flourishes his silver-headed cane with rather a *degagé* sort of air. The articles on poor Clapperton's last expedition, and on modern Italy, will be read with interest. The article on Cobbett's Indian corn is positively amusing, which shows what a clever man may do with a bad subject. The paper on Paul Louis Courier, is a spirited sketch of one of the most honest and reckless characters that ever existed. Mr Bowring holds forth to good purpose on the Hungarian poets. If the specimens he has given us convey an accurate notion of them, it must excite some surprise to find that their sentiments and imagery are of that highly polished and delicate kind, which are now common to all the educated nations of Europe. We discover in them no traces of the fierce and varied character of the tribes which compose the population of Hungary. We believe, however, that the general character of their minor effusions is like that of their national music—commencing with gentle voluptu-

ous notes, and ending, on all occasions, with a mournful cadence. Ask the Hungarian why this is so, and he will tell you that it suits the state of his country,—that all her sons should have “tears in their eyes, and sabres in their hands.” Bowring is the best translator living, and to him we are indebted for many little poetical gems, collected from all nations, which might otherwise never have been known in this country. We give one specimen from the Hungarian:—

THE ENTHUSIAST AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Enthusiast.* “Is it thus?  
And if not thus, say how?  
For a wild fire is burning in my bosom,  
Which I can quench not—which I cannot guide;  
I strive to build the fair—to build the fairest  
Upon the wise—as thou wouldst teach me: I  
Would blend my spirit and my heart in one,  
Making my hymn both beautiful and strong;  
That it may teach—and teaching, may transport  
With ecstasy. I ask with prayerful tear  
My way to fame's bright goal: thou hast the crown,  
Teach me to win and wear it—I beseech thee,  
With passionate longings, I beseech thee—say,  
Say—thus. Ah, no, 'tis sweet—but not successful—  
I cannot reach the bourn—and life to me  
Is melancholy waste of life!

*Philosopher.* “Give thy feelings ample room,  
Time shall soon disperse their gloom.  
When bound in snows the wild stream leaves its bed  
Murmuring, and as it maddens, bears along  
Rocks, mud, and forest-branches, canst thou see  
Young flowers, and the blue heaven upon its face?  
Thou turn'st away in sadness from its waves  
So troubled—for 'tis purity that charms  
And quiet. Think on this—and be at rest.  
The muse is a soft maiden, whose bright wand,  
Whose odorous ringlets, flinging light around,  
Thy lips may kiss. She is not wooed by fierceness,  
But turns, deep blushing, to her own sweet self,  
From the wild turbulent grasp of stormy thought.”

There is, in the present Number of the Westminster a learned and able article on the Peruvian Quipoes, to which we refer such of our readers as may be curious about these matters. The only remaining article of interest is the last, on what is called the Greatest Happiness Principle, in which it is noised abroad Jeremy Bentham takes the field in person against the Edinburgh Review. We decline the honour of entering into the controversy.

*Sharpe's London Magazine; The Three Chapters for July 1820. J. Sharpe, London.*

We have already announced this new periodical, which, to a certain extent, combines the advantages of a Magazine and an Annual, possessing the variety of the former, with the beauty of decoration and elegance of printing of the latter. It is called “The Three Chapters,” because it is divided into three parts, each of which at the end of a year is to be bound up separately into volumes. The first of these parts, which is entitled “Poetry and Romance,” will make a volume similar in size and appearance to the “Anniversary.” The second division consists of Essays, Criticisms on New Works, the Drama, Fine Arts, &c.; and the third, under the title of “The Monthly Club,” is a dialogue, *à la Noctes Ambrosianæ, de omnibus negotiis et quibusdam aliis*. Allan Cunningham and Theodore Hook act as Editors, and there can be no doubt that if two such men exert themselves, the one with so much genius, and the other so much cleverness and *savoir vivre*, the “Three Chapters” must succeed. The first Number is a very favourable augury of what is to follow. It opens with a lively humorous sketch by Hook, entitled “The Splendid Annual,” *videlicet*, a Lord Mayor of London. Four poems follow, the first by L. E. L., the second an excellent ballad by Southey, the third a sweet little thing by G. Darley, and the fourth another piece by Southey. An able prose article by Allan Cunningham, entitled “The Pen and the Pencil,” concludes the

"Poetry and Romance" department. The remaining contents are equally interesting, though for the most part of a more ephemeral nature. We must not omit to mention the fine engraving by H. Rolls, from one of the paintings Wilkie brought home with him lately from the Continent—The Calabrian Shepherds singing their evening hymn to the Virgin. This embellishment is itself worth more than the price of the Number. We have seldom seen in any of the Annuals an engraving we admired more; it is redolent of all the fine genius of Wilkie, and all the admirable tact and finish of Rolls.

*Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the literal fulfilment of Prophecy; particularly as illustrated by the History of the Jews, and by the Discoveries of recent Travellers.* By the Rev. Alexander Keith, Minister of the Parish of St Cyrus. Fourth Edition. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829.

THIS is the learned and able work of a learned and able man. It is as creditable to the readers as to the author, that it has already reached a fourth edition. The question which Mr Keith has considered at length, and with great talent, is, "Whether there be any clear predictions, literally accomplished, which, from their nature and their number, demonstrate that the Scriptures are the dictates of inspiration, or that the spirit of prophecy is the testimony of Jesus?" It is impossible to follow his reasonings and illustrations, without feeling imperatively called upon to pronounce with the author an answer in the affirmative.

*A Brief Memoir of the Life of James Wilson, (late of Edinburgh,) with Extracts from his Journal and Correspondence, written chiefly during a residence in Guatemala.* London, A. Pantou. Edinburgh, J. Boyd. 1829.

THIS is a posthumous compilation from the papers of an amiable and deserving young man, who, being left an orphan in early life, was educated at that valuable institution, the Orphan Hospital of Edinburgh. He was of religious habits, and died at the early age of twenty-eight, after visiting, as an emigrant and missionary, several interesting parts both of North and South America. The extracts from his Journal and Correspondence form the best part of the present volume, which, we believe, is published for the benefit of his surviving relatives.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

"FRUITS IN THEIR SEASONS,"—"STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM."

By Henry G. Bell.

AWAY with thee, blithe April! away with thee into the green churchyard of the past! Thou art of those whom we love, yet can part from with scarce a sigh! Thou art the young Aurora of the year that comes to tell of brighter hours, and even as thy soft voice whispers of their coming, they steal upon thee, and thou art forgotten in their effluence.

Away with thee, bright May! I am an angler, and I love thy glancing streams winding down the hills, where not a lingering snow-wreath dares to tempt the sunbeams of the bright blue skies. I am an angler, and I owe thee, sweet May! many an hour's forgetfulness of all the world—many a waking dream and glorious vision where-in hope was truth, and life eternity! Away with thee, deceiver!

June, unequalled June, is blazing full in the meridian. See, how the old ancestral woods extend in gladness their umbrageous arms! See, how the golden flowers in countless millions spring up with a sudden impulse of life and

joy on every green bank, and in each quiet sequestered glade! Hark! the music of universal nature rings through the air! There is a voice in every fleecy cloud—an unseen spirit of melody in every passing zephyr. The lakes, the rivers, and the seas, lo! they are liquid light! Saw you that unforgotten sunset—those purple gleams upon the mountain—those rainbow streaks through all the glowing west! Then the soft soothing of the twilight-hour—when the bee is asleep in his honied cell, and the imperial butterfly rests on the bosom of the dew-gemmed flower—when not a sound steals on the rapt ear but the beating of the sleepless heart, and the wordless aspirations of the invisible soul, conscious of its immortality! Hail to thee, loveliest June! Thy smile awaited me at my birth; may it rest upon me at the hour of death—may it cast its sunshine into my grave as my coffin descends into the earth, and the few who loved me look upon it for the last time!

The fruits—the luscious ruby fruits—are swelling into ripeness. I know nothing of the fruits of the south—I talk of those of my own country. I have a thorough contempt for Italy with its grapes!—I detest Spain with its oranges!—I should be happy to annihilate Turkey and Asia with their olives and citrons!—I am writing and thinking only of Scotland. I was a child once;—reader! so were you. Do you recollect the day and the hour when the blessed influence of strawberries and cream first flashed on your awakened mind, and you felt that life had not been given you in vain? I was just seven years old—my previous existence is a blank in memory—when I spent a June in the country. I may have picked before, in the blind ignorance of infancy, some little red pulpy balls, which may have been presented to me on a little blue plate by my aunt or grandmother,—but never—never till my seventh year was I aware, that in the melting luxuriance of one mouthful, so large a share of human happiness might be comprised. Sugar, cream, and strawberries! Epicurean compound of unimaginable ecstasy! trinity of excellence! producing the only harmonious whole known to me in all the annals of taste! The fresh vigour of my youthful palate may have yielded somewhat to the deadening effect of time, but the glorious recollections of those profound emotions, excited by my first intoxicating feast on strawberries and cream, is worth every other thought that memory can conjure up. Breathes there the man who presumes to smile at my enthusiasm? Believe me, he is destined to pass away and be forgotten, as the insect upon which you tread. He is a measurer of broad-cloth or a scribbler of juridical technicalities.

Such is not the destiny awaiting yonder rosy group of smiling prattlers. I love the rogues for the enlarged and animated countenances with which they gaze upon the red spoils before them. Never speak to me of gluttony. It is a natural and a noble appetite, redolent of health and happiness, and I honour it. There is genius in the breathing expression of those parted lips which, now that the good dame is about to commence her impartial division, seem to anticipate, in a delightful agony of expectation, the fulness of the coming joy. Observe with how much vigour that youthful Homer grasps his silver spoon! Would you have thought those rose-bud lips could have admitted so vast a mouthful of strawberries?—Yet, down they go that juvenile esophagus, and, as Shakspeare well expresses it, "leave not a wreck behind!" Turn your gaze to this infantine Sappho. What unknown quantities of cream and sugar the little cherub consumes! Cold on the stomach! Phoo! the idea is worthy of a female Septuagenarian, doomed to the horrors of perpetual celibacy. If she speak from experience, in heaven's name, give her a glass of brandy, and let her work out her miserable existence in fear and trembling.

If there be a merrier party of bon-vivants at this moment in Christendom, may I never enter a garden again! Yet, at this very moment, there are prime ministers sitting down to cabinet dinners, and seeing in every guest

another step in the ladder of ambition; at this very moment, the table of the professional epicure is covered with all that is *recherché* in the annals of gastronomy; at this very moment, the bride of yesternight takes her place of honour, for the first time, at the table of her rich and titled husband. Alas! there are traitors at the statesman's board; there is poison and disease within the silver dishes of the epicure; and there are silent but sad memories of days past away for ever strewn like withered flowers round the heart of the young bride! But before you is a living garland, still blooming unconscious of the thousand cankers of earth and air.

Yet the dark arrow is on the wing—the barb hath already singled out its victim, and I see it advancing through the shadows of futurity. In a few months the golden tresses of that bright-eyed boy will fall in lank and matted strings over a cold, damp brow. He is one of many, yet is he not loved the less by his own fond parents. Many a long night will they watch by his feverish couch, and clasp his little burning hand in theirs, and gaze with full hearts—too full for speech—upon the fading lustre of his face. Yet will his young manly spirit still struggle against the grasp of pain. With the pure and confiding affection of childhood, he will throw himself into his father's arms, and look up into his face, and smile, and prattle cheerfully of his innocent hopes and pleasures. One morning the sun will shine through his curtains, yet will his eyelids remain unclosed,—the bird, whose glad carols waked him to life and happiness, will sing unheeded. His pale cheek moves not on his pillow,—his feeble hand is stretched unconscious by his side. Not a sound is in the darkened room but the frequent sobbing of his almost broken-hearted mother, and the soft steps of his little rosy-faced brothers and sisters, who, with fingers pressed on their lips, steal to his bed and gaze, for the first time, on death. A few days more, and they lay him in the earth, and the unseen power of decomposition seizes greedily on his prey. Few knew the happy boy, and none loved him but his parents; the temporary blank in their affections is soon filled up by the survivors, and, ere a year elapses, his merry smile and voice of gladness live but faintly in the memory. To the busy world, his existence was unknown and his absence is unfelt; and the wonder rather is, not that he is now no more, but that he should have ever been. And where art thou, young spirit of delight? Hast thou passed away like a foam-bell on the waters, or shall we meet with thee again, wandering among the unfading flowers of yonder golden planet?

On the whole, I am not sure that strawberries ought to be eaten when any one is with you. There is always, under such circumstances, even though your companion be the dearest friend you have on earth, a feeling of restraint, a consciousness that your attention is divided, a diffidence about betraying the unfathomable depth of your love for the fruit before you, a lurking uneasiness lest he should eat faster than yourself, or appropriate an undue share of the delicious cream; in short, there is always, on such occasions, a secret desire that the best friend you have in the world were at any distant part of the globe he might happen to have a liking for. But, oh! the bliss of solitary fruition, when there is none to interrupt you—none to compete with you—none to express stupid amazement at the extent of your godlike appetite, or to bring back your thoughts, by some obtrusive remark, to the vulgar affairs of an unsubstantial world! Behold! the milky nectar is crimsoned by the roseate fruit! Heavens! what a flavour! and there is not another human being near to intrude upon the sacred intensity of your joy! Painter—poet—philosopher—where is your beau-ideal—happiness? It is concentrated there! and, divided into equal portions by that silver spoon, glides gloriously down the throat! Eat, child of mortality! for June cometh but once in the year! eat, for there is yet misery in store for thee! eat, for thy days are numbered! eat, as if thou

were eating immortal life!—eat, eat, though thy next mouthful terminate in apoplexy!

My dream of strawberries hath passed away! the little red rotundities have been gathered from the surface of the globe, and man's insatiate maw has devoured them all! New hopes may arise, and new sources of pleasure may perhaps be discovered;—the yellow gooseberry may glitter like amber beads upon the bending branches—the ruby cherry may be plucked from the living bough, and its sunny sides bruised into nectar by the willing teeth—the apple, tinted with the vermilion bloom of maiden beauty, may woo the eye, and tempt the silver knife—the golden pear, melting into lusciousness, soft as the lip, and sweet as the breath of her thou lovest most, may win, for a time, thy heart's idolatry—the velvet peach, or downy apricot, may lull thee into brief forgetfulness of all terrestrial woe—the dark-blue plum, or sunbeam coloured *magnum bonum*, may waft thy soul to heaven,—or, last of all, thy hothouse grapes, purple in their bursting richness, may carry thee back to the world's prime, to the faun and dryad-haunted groves of Arcady, or lap thee in an Elysium of poetry and music,—but still the remembrance of thy first love will be strong in thy heart, and, pamper thy noble nature as thou wilt, with all the luxuries that summer yields, never, never, will the innermost recesses of thy soul cease to be inhabited by an immortal reminiscence of “Strawberries and Cream!”

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

##### “VISITATIONS.”

WITH the single exception of visiting the sick and the dying, there is no part of a clergyman's duty, which, if properly and judiciously discharged, is more productive of friendly feelings and beneficial moral results, than the annual visitation, as it is termed, of his parish. In fact, what was formerly termed, and discharged as a diet of examination, has now merged and softened down into the less imposing, but, in fact, more useful duty, because better fitted to the times,—of visiting and conversing, exhorting and praying, from house to house, and street to street. At the time, indeed, when Presbytery was originally established, and for centuries afterwards, examination, close, frequent, and without exception of persons, was of essential necessity and benefit, amidst a people comparatively uneducated, and requiring to be informed upon, as well as confirmed in, the leading and distinctive articles of the Presbyterian faith; and this for the same reason, that the reading of the line, in psalm-singing in churches, was deemed necessary, and enforced; but times are now altered, and whilst the presumption is, that all church-going worshippers can read the line, as well as sing it, it may with equal propriety be presumed, that our Scottish peasantry require less to be informed on matters of faith and duty, than to be exhorted to obedience and practice. Besides, at the time when annual clerical examinations were in vigorous and useful practice, those distinctions which now exist in families had not arisen. The gudeman associated, in work, in relaxation, and at meal-hours, with the servants of his household, and the children of the cottars were in no respect distinct or separated from those of the tenant. In such circumstances, when the household of a farm town had assembled at the intimation, and around the person of the minister, man, wife, and wean, were naturally ranked without distinction on the same floor, and subjected to the same scrutinizing inquiries on religious subjects. The pride and distinction of circumstance had not then created that false shame which made the landlord blush at his ignorance in the presence of his man-servant, or the mistress feel her authority at stake when the housemaid appeared to more advantage than herself. Things, however, are now materially altered, and altered, in some points of view, for the better. The gudeman has now become the master, the gudewife has been metamorphosed into the mistress,

with all the accompanying distinctions of bays, bed-rooms, dressing-closets, and parlours; and a thriving farmer who attends markets on horseback, and dines with the laird or his factor on rent-day, would necessarily feel degraded or injured in the eyes of his household, were his ignorance or awkwardness to be exposed in the presence of that household, over which it is incumbent upon him to preside with more of distance and authority, than his forefathers found necessary. It is on this ground that I would venture to recommend *visitations* as preferable to *examinations*, and exhortations as better than all the levelling and awkward discipline of questioning and answers; and this not on theoretical principles, but from experience exclusively.

When I first set about examining my parish, and giving from the pulpit public intimation of the particular districts through which I would pass, I found a very scanty attendance indeed. The Master and Mistress of the family were generally in the way, and prepared to receive me with all cordiality and respect, but nothing would induce the ploughboy or the housemaid to stand fire. As I ascended the brae, or came into view from the head or the foot of a glen, I could see a general turn-out of lounging, retiring figures, which melted away with wonderful celerity, like Roderick Dhu's men, into jungle, den, and bracken bush, and became entirely invisible during the rest of the evening. The landlord and landlady I never could muster confidence to call to the floor, and over the few half-grown boys and girls which remained, a kind of visible terror reigned, to the entire confusion of their intellectual faculties, and memory in particular. I must confess, that there is something, as Cowper says, in the putting of a question, exceedingly disconcerting. To be set up without table, chest, or any thing whatever to lean upon, and with a full couple of arms and hands to dispose of, immediately opposite to the minister—to him who is necessarily endowed with all manner of wisdom and knowledge, on religious subjects in particular,—to mark leisurely the thoughtful brow, the stooping serious posture, the eye prophetic of the coming enquiry, and the mouth forming into articulation and enunciation—to hear the same question elongated, altered, new-modelled, turned over and over on all its sides; and yet, on every side, and in every position, equally incomprehensible to your mortified and concussed brain,—all this is indeed exceedingly perplexing, and in no way calculated to leave behind it any other impressions than those which accompany our escape from drowning in a river, or breaking our neck over a precipice. One rejoices in the escape, but the river and precipice are ever after objects of aversion and unpleasant recollection.

I accordingly modified my practice in the following manner, and to the success of which I can adduce the testimony of several years, and many hundreds of parishioners.

I visited every house in detail, conversing for some time after my entrance, on matters but indirectly connected with religion—the means of subsistence, the husband's employment, the health of the family, the last letter from a son abroad, or the last visit from a daughter at service—a casual compliment to the looks of a favourite child, or a good-natured observation on the natural tendency of all children to idleness and mischief. Such preludes as these brought us to closer and more serious converse on education, its advantages—school and church, their attendance—family-breaches, their sanctification,—resignation to God, its necessity and beauty—life, its uncertainty—death, its solemnity—scripture, its hopes, its joys, its admonitions, its doctrines—the Saviour of man, his humility, humanity, love, and expiation—the weakness of man, his dependence—prayer, its efficacy, and faith and trust in God, its indispensable necessity. And having arrived at this desirable consummation, and being fully in possession of the attention of the audience, the transition into an actual exhibition of the exercise of prayer, is at once natural and

called for, and productive of the most solemnizing and heart-warming consequences.

By following the above plan, I soon ceased to be an object of aversion on my annual rounds; on the contrary, there was always a general turn-out, or rather turn-in, throughout every department of authority or of obedience, of age or of sex. And if, in conclusion, a few simple questions were put to the younger part of the company, it was not till their eyes had become accustomed to my presence, and they had ceased to regard me as any thing portentous or supernatural.

It is thus that a minister becomes *acquainted* with his flock, and that he feels along the varied and ramified lines of his pastoral connexion, with a quick and excited sensibility. It is thus that a flock becomes acquainted with their minister, and that every thing in which he is interested, from his cow to his children, his health to his harvest, becomes to them common interest and common feeling. It is thus that the hearts and the souls of a virtuous population are suspended in kindly and close embrace around the image of their pastor, and that, when he ascends the pulpit-stair on Sabbath, the joyous whisper pervades the house, "It's himsell the day!"

Thus circumstanced, what may not a country clergyman do? He may fish, but not carry a gun; he may dance, at least amongst his own children; he may curl, when the season admits, but the seldom he dines with the club the better; he may attend masonic processions, but not make speeches during the evening; he may labour in his garden from morning to night, but not without his upper garments; he may read newspapers, and all manner of periodicals, but never on Sabbath; he may conduct pleasure excursions to the tops of hills, and the isles of the ocean, but never on Saturday; he may lie in bed till ten every day, Sundays excepted, and when a friend arrives from the country, he may enjoy all manner of after-dinner potatoes, from the glass of welcome to the more protracted libation to "Auld Langsyne;" he may tell queer stories, and laugh himself, as well as make others to laugh at them; in short, there is nothing short of moral delinquency and meanness in which he may not indulge himself, not only with safety, but even with advantage. The people are tired now of your old prig with their solemn wigs, sombre faces, and adjusted cravats, with their measured steps, poised words, and humdrum wisdom, with their eyes upturned, and their shoes well blackened and buckled, with the all, in short, and the every joint and feature which constituted the "*Minister of a Parish*" in the year 1767. The times have changed, and with them the popular taste, and with that the minister, who is well known during these latter times to be made not of buckram and binding, but of flesh and blood; not of apathy and unattainable perfection, but of feelings, faculties, and good intentions; not of great pretensions, but of conscientious and efficacious performance. All this is well—kings do not now sit on thrones from day to day, and from year to year—noblemen are often dressed in a black neckerchief, with gaiters—Wellington walks with an umbrella—and a Scotch minister can preach without gown or band, in the unpretending simplicity of a commissioned messenger of a lordly Master.

#### A REMINISCENCE OF ROBERT BURNS.

I HAVE just been reading Lockhart's *Life of Burns*—with what interest and satisfaction, it is not necessary to mention to any one who knows the character of the poet, or of his biographer. I shall never forget the interest with which, as a schoolboy, I first read a manuscript copy, for I had not then access to a printed one, of "*Death and Dr Hornbook*." It was beneath the shade of an old beech-tree, upon the lettered trunk of which the initials of some generations of schoolboys had been carefully and fancifully carved. I had the copy, imperfect as it was, from a school-fellow, long since numbered

with the greater proportion of my early compeers; and as I was limited in time, and out of the way of ink and paper, I fairly committed the whole narrative to memory. I never see the moon rise to this hour, without looking for her horns, and the distant hills of Cumnock; nor can I think of a country laird, without connecting him with the "bats, or some curmurring." The figure of Death, with his long beard, and still longer scythe, and "three-tad leister," are as vividly before me at this moment, as if the "clauchan yill" had made me canty, and I had taken some lee-ward lurches, or "bickers," on my return from dinner.

It may therefore be readily guessed with what interest I heard, one Thornhill fair day, that Burns was to visit the market. Boy as I then was, (in Autumn 1793,) an interest was awakened in me respecting this extraordinary man, which was sufficient, in addition to the ordinary attraction of a village fair, to command my presence in the market. Burns actually entered the fair about twelve; and man, wife, and lass, were all on the outlook for a peep of the Ayrshire ploughman. It was from beneath the corner of a shepherd's plaid that I took my first view, in the midst of a throng, of poet Burns. Every feature of his countenance, and the whole outline and bearing of his person and presence, remain still indelibly impressed upon my memory; and without attempting to do, what I might attempt in vain, I may refer to the original likeness of Burns in the Kilmarnock edition of his poems, as exceedingly faithful; only he was more robust and country-looking, but one remove separated, in air and cast of countenance, above the strong Dandie Dinmont looking person with whom he was conversing. As Satan glowered from his winnock bunker on a very different scene of the bard's own creation, so did I gaze, with unsatisfied and increasing eagerness, upon the author of "Death and Dr Hornbook." I could have wished to have seen him under the influence of the clauchan yill, to have identified the individual before me with the poet of the poem. I expected to hear him speak in numbers, for he was manifestly past hisping, but, to my astonishment and mortification, his talk was sufficiently prosaic, and the subject was ale licenses.

At this time Burns had, by the wrath of God, and the neglect of some person or persons, who shall be nameless for the present, been converted into a "gauger," and he was holding converse, as I afterwards understood, with a superior or supervisor of the same unpopular profession with himself. They separated, however, after a few sentences, and I carefully dogged Burns from stand to stand, and from door to door. An information had been lodged against a poor widow woman of the name of Kate Watson, who had ventured to serve a few of her old country friends with a draught of unlicensed ale, and a lacing of whisky, on this village jubilee. I saw him enter her door, and anticipated nothing short of an immediate seizure of a certain greybeard and barrel, which, to my personal knowledge, contained the contraband commodities our bard was in quest of. A nod, accompanied by a significant movement of the forefinger, brought Kate to the door-way or trance, and I was near enough to hear the following words distinctly uttered:—"Kate, are ye mad? D'ye no ken that the supervisor and me will be in upon you in the course of forty minutes. Guid-by t'ye at present." Burns was in the street, and in the midst of the crowd, in an instant, and I had access to know that his friendly hint was not neglected. It saved a poor widow woman from a fine of several pounds, for committing a quarterly offence, by which the revenue was probably subjected to an annual loss of five shillings. I have heard it said, that ere the infamous Clavers and his *Lambs* visited the retreats of the poor persecuted Covenanters, a friendly bird gave song of warning on the preceding evening. Burns's mission was of similar import, with this difference, however, that in the voice of the friends of the Covenant, the voice of the warner and that of the

approaching foe were not the same; when, as in that of which we are speaking, they were completely identified. Burns—the man—gave note of the approach of Burns, the gauger.

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

### No. II.

We are at present insufferably stupid here. I do not deny that, in general, we are of a rather respectable grade of dulness, but our worthy and staid habit of heaviness may be carried too far. We may become even too ponderous, and, I fear, are at present in a predicament altogether the reverse of the man in the Arabian Tales, who found himself grow, day by day, more and more addicted to levity, till at length, like some people, who, however, fancy themselves very big, he had no *weight* whatever in society. The soaking weather of the last month has damped all our summer thoughts, as well as light waist-coats; and the rise in the steam-boat fares has "tethered" us woefully. Last season, five thousand people went once a-week to some part or other of the coast, who paid, on an average, 4s. each for going and returning. Some of the fares were certainly unconscionably cheap; but will the combined proprietors of steam-boats this year "nett" any greater profit, when only one thousand go at an average of double the money? Last year, it was alleged by the thirsty they *might* have cleared a thousand pounds a-piece by the ginger beer they *could* have sold!

Till our fair week, when numerous other booths for mountebanks open, Alexander's, which he calls the MINOR THEATRE, from its attractions being for children, and its arrangements exhibiting a lack of discretion, I presume, is the only resource on a wet night, when "The Shakespeare" is crowded, "The Boot" filled up till it be too tight, and "The Vine" can cover no more with its shadow. All its wit is generally exhibited in the lobby, where its "Great Lessee" is as fond of giving examples of his oratory as upon the stage. Mackay has, however, drawn respectable houses for a few nights; but the rest of the *corps dramatique* are far inferior to a troop whom I had lately the pleasure to see performing so far north as the pleasant village of Doune, and scarcely so good as a rival corps who recently delighted the lieges at the Bridge of Allan, and were shown up in a felicitous style of burlesque, seldom met with in a provincial paper, in the Stirling Advertiser.

We all regret to see that Jones has taken leave of the stage. He has been in extraordinary favour and esteem here—where, to see a *gentleman* on the boards, is such a rarity. There have been what are called "Fashionable Nights" in Alexander's, to be sure, when a few dressmakers' apprentices and men-milliners were beguiled of eighteen pence for a half-price seat in the boxes; but of course not a soul from any spot west of Bun's Wynd was visible. The dwellers in the region of civilisation preferred on the fine evenings to imitate your promenaders in the Queen Street Gardens—the Botanic Garden here being the point of re-union, and the "fairer flowers" the attraction, who, in spite of strait corsets, are illogically beautiful. Some male wretches were wicked enough, however, to say that they merely went to hear the charming band of the 4th, or King's Own—which is led by an accomplished musician, named De Sauzay, whose cara sposa—a dark-eyed Italian—was to my mind as beautiful an example of the brunette as were any of the native beauties present of the blonde. The regiment is extremely popular here; and when they were reviewed the other day, they were loudly cheered by more than the mob. Apropos of cheers—it was one of their manoeuvres to charge cheering, in one line, as was done at Waterloo. It was magnificent! Never was the music of a crowd of human beings more thrilling, nor the admiration of a regular soldiery so likely to become most unradically enthusiastic. One felt truly ashamed of the state of the in-

scription on Nelson's Pillar, as they passed it on their return to the city. It has been mutilated in a barbarous manner, and—will it be believed?—the first sacrilegious hand was that of a naval officer—but not of the R.N. Mentioning monuments leads me to remark, that every body is wondering when we are to have Watt's statue. I wish Chantry would not delay his works so long, especially as we are much in need of some ornamental structures at Glasgow, as was remarked the other day at a public meeting by a speaker, who said he was *disinterested* instead of *uninterested*. I suspect he but mistook a syllable; for, to a spectator, the struggle at present going on here between two parties, to take "the town" westward, or to bring it back to its old quarters, must appear marvellously like a contest—fair enough, perhaps—of nothing nobler than self-interest. The meeting alluded to was an imposing, but rather bungled affair—the resolutions being given to some of their movers apparently as lottery tickets are drawn—from a hat on entering the room. As an example of the magnifying influence of local associations, however, the copy of one of the speeches I send you is curious. I question whether the affair will result, however, in adding any thing so ornamental to Glasgow as the rocky height, known as the Merchant's Park, might become, if a suggestion, made by your servant a few years ago, to turn it into something similar to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, were followed out, as it is said is now intended. The talk about monuments has naturally led me to this *grave* subject. If the Glasgow authorities make the place what it is capable of being, you will say, surely the suggester will get six feet of space in it!

But this is *sad* joking, and so I'll conclude in another vein. A certain would-be bibliopole, desirous of emulating the Constables, Boyds, and Colburns of this century, lately opened a couple of windows at Johnston, and exhibited the beautiful woodcuts on the title-page of the *Shorter Catechism* to the wondering amateurs of the fine arts there with so much success, as to induce him to become printer as well as publisher. Forthwith he set to throwing off an impression of a thousand copies—he was fond of round numbers—of a work "*on Indwelling Sin*." It threatened to be an indwelling sore in his shop; and he set off to Campbellton to sell a few in that pious place. A tobacco-seller and grocer gave him a cask of whisky for the lot—which, on his return, he disposed of to a popular publican; and now, when the wags of the place seek to wet their whistle, they gravely call for "a gill of indwelling sin!"—Adieu.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

By Henry G. Bell.

Oh! I have never done what I can do,  
And what I yet will compass. I look back  
On all the childish efforts of my mind  
With bitter self-abasement—scorn—hot tears;—  
They are as foam-bells on a summer sea;  
And though they glitter in the idle eye,  
A thousand gallant vessels tread them down,  
Or in unconscious triumph pass them by,  
To burst unheeded in their far-off wake!

Words are but words; and hundreds have aspired  
As I have done,—yet "died, and made no sign."  
But stern resolve, in secret foster'd long,—  
Self-knowledge, chasten'd by maturer years,—  
The fresh thoughts of my nature, intermix'd  
With much that books and much that men have taught,—  
The ardour of my boyhood, not extinct,  
But less the slave of impulse,—these, and more—  
Far more than these—the quenchless thirst to be  
One of the mighty—the undying few—  
Nerve me to bear the dull routine of life,

The sneers of envy,—and, to me, much worse,  
The truckling plaudits of the ~~present~~ crowd—  
Who know me not, yet barker for my smiles  
The worthless homage of their selfish praise.

Praise!—'tis a mockery that wounds my ear;  
I seek not *praise*, but IMMORTALITY!  
The common driveller in the common herd,—  
Even he whose shallow mind is all pour'd forth  
In one small channel—a base trickling rill—  
May gain within his paltry sphere—his day  
And generation—the poor meed of *praise*!  
Better a thousand times to die unknown,  
And rot in peace, beneath a grass-green sod,  
Than share with such the littleness of fame!

Hear me, Eternal Spirit!—Strike me dead,  
Now while I gaze upon thy midnight skies,  
And long for life, that I may work therein  
My being's aim,—great Spirit! strike me dead,  
But chain me not to mediocrity!  
The dull dead level of ignoble minds,  
Who dare not climb the sunlit hills of God!  
I claim, for I deserve, a better fate;  
The spirit thou hast breathed into me wakes;  
I will not trifle longer with the crowd;  
I call unto myself the morning's wings,  
That I may mount yon empyrean height!  
Through clouds and mists the blazing sun ascends,  
Why not the soul far o'er the gloom of earth?

## THREE SONNETS.

### I.

#### TO A PORTRESS.

Unstring that lyre! no gentle hand like thine  
Should sweep its strings; their loftiest accents take  
Their rise in passions that tumultuous shake  
The human soul: thy spirit more divine  
Should blend itself with quietness, and shine  
As a bright sun on life's unquiet sea;  
Oh! let its notes in all their passionate zeal  
Arise unto, and not, alas! from thee.  
Let its deep feelings tenderly reveal,  
And thou wilt as a listening angel be;  
Descend to touch it, and the charm is gone  
That hovers round thee, ay, and most beguiles;  
If thou wouldst give reply, be it alone  
With loving-kindness and affectionate smiles.

### II.

#### THE ENTHUSIAST.

THROUGH woodland paths at evening's crimson'd hour,  
A wanderer from the mountains loves to stray;—  
The music of the woods, when twilight grey  
Obscures in filmy gloom each leafy bower,  
Where sweet birds chant the dying hymn of day,—  
The stream meand'ring on its foam-lit way,  
Past village, grove, and ivy-mantled tower,—  
The spotted deer, resting their antlers gay  
'Neath shady boughs,—the dew on leaf and spray,—  
And incense breathed from every halcyon flower,  
Wake dreamy hopes in his ideal heaven!  
From earliest youth to meditation given,  
Unlike most idlers in this vale of tears,  
He deeply feels all that he sees or hears.

### III.

#### THE LAST JUDGMENT.

THE grave is terrible in its deep rest;  
For when the mystic veil of time is torn,  
As the night yields to a succeeding morn,  
Another life will dawn, and every breast

Lie as the open mirror of a lake,  
Reflecting up its depths; each with'ring shroud,  
Like snow dissolving, from all hands will break;  
Trembling beneath a thunder-rifted cloud,  
Th' expectant multitude, from dust awake,  
Will, like a lightning-blasted forest, crowd;  
And sense of sin and awful doubt will shake  
Their shudd'ring hearts, e'en as they pray aloud;  
Judged by the light of many a burning world—  
Woe unto ye in pain—ever—for ever hurld!

ALASTOR.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We have to announce that Mr Buckingham has arrived in town, at the British Hotel, and that his Lectures on the state of the Eastern World will commence on Monday evening next, at the Hopetoun Rooms. The interest excited throughout the country by Mr Buckingham's Lectures on the state of India, especially, and the evils of the existing monopoly, warrants us in expressing our belief that they will be found worthy the attention of the inhabitants of Edinburgh generally.

We understand that the Bannatyne Club have nearly ready for circulation a very interesting volume of autobiography, by Sir James Turner,—the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Captain Dalgetty. The Memoirs extend from 1633 to 1670—comprising a full narration of the Insurrection in Scotland in 1666. We are glad to learn that the work will not be limited to members of the Club, as it is intended to print a few copies for sale.

A new edition of White's Natural History of Selborne will form an early volume of Constable's Miscellany. Although the title of this work seems of a local nature, it is well known to be in reality an epitome of the Natural History of England, written in a pleasing and popular style.

Dr Wardlaw, of Glasgow, has a volume of Sermons in the press.

Captain Dillon is preparing for the press a Narrative of an Expedition in search of La Perouse.

The Life, Times, and Writings of Daniel Defoe, by Walter Wilson, Esq., in three volumes octavo, is announced.

Mr Alaric Watts is about to publish a second series of the Poetical Album, brought down to the present time.

NEW ANNUALS.—The new Annual, called "The Offering," is to be edited by Thomas Dale. We understand that, under the auspices of Messrs Hurst & Co., a Comic Annual is to be published, edited by Thomas Hood. "The Landscape Annual" is also announced.

The New Bath Guide, edited by the celebrated antiquarian Mr Britton, and embellished by George Cruickshank, is announced.

The Fifth Part of Illustrations of Ornithology, by Sir William Jardine, Bart. and P. J. Selby, Esq. has just appeared; and we shall probably have something to say of this splendid work next Saturday.

We are informed that Captain Brown has in the press a work to be entitled "Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses;" with an Historical Introduction, and an Appendix on the Diseases and Medical Treatment of the Horse. It is to be illustrated by figures of the different breeds, and portraits of celebrated or remarkable horses; these are to be engraved on steel by Mr Lizars, in his best style. This work is intended as a companion for the work on dogs, by the same author, recently published, which has deservedly met with so favourable a reception.

We recommend to the attention of our readers an ingenious pamphlet, just published, entitled "Thoughts on the Liquidation of the Public Debt, and on the Relief of the Country from the Distress Incident to a Population exceeding the Demand for Labour."

NEW PERIODICAL.—We have received the first number of the *Edin Literary Magazine*, which is a neat little work, prettily printed, and amusingly written. We dare say it will secure a respectable provincial circulation.

Captain Mignar, of the East India Company's Service, announces "Travels in Babylonia, Chaldaea," &c. The work will be illustrated with numerous engravings, and is said to contain many new and curious details respecting the once renowned cities of Babylon and Ctesiphon, and to elucidate many extraordinary predictions of Holy Writ.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly are about to be published in two volumes.

Lieutenant Hardy, who has been sojourning for several years in Mexico, is engaged in writing an account of his travels, which will illustrate the state of society, and the manners and customs in that capital.

The Loseley Papers—a collection of original letters and other MS. documents, chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, preserved at the ancient seat of the More family at Loseley, in Surrey, edited with connective and incidental notes—are announced by that valuable contributor to our ancient lore, Mr A. J. Kempe. This work contains curious documents relative to the period of Henry VIII.

Mrs Heber is occupied in arranging the Correspondence of the late Bishop of Calcutta, for publication, interspersed with Memoirs of his Life.

The publication has been gravely announced at Paris of a *Traité raisonné* on the education of the domestic cat, preceded by its philosophical and political history, and followed by the treatment of its disorders. The author's name is ominous—*Monsieur Raton*!

ROYAL PHYSICAL SOCIETY, 7TH JULY, 1829.—Mr James Murray read an interesting paper on animal heat, of which we regret that our space prevents our giving any analysis. An Essay was next read by Mr Mackoon, on habit. Among other things, the author noticed many of those instances of the force of habit, which daily present themselves to the medical practitioner. He showed that the animal system would become habituated even to swallow as much poison as would kill from four to six persons unaccustomed to its use, especially of opium, tobacco, and ardent spirits. He mentioned a person who accustomed himself to take half a gallon of ardent spirits daily; which in course of time brought on some dreadful diseases, for which no remedy afforded relief but that which produced the disease. Amongst many other changes produced by habit on our system, he also alluded to the remarkable one connected with the use of hearing. It is well known, that people unaccustomed to the noise of a cotton or flax spinning mill, when they enter it, cannot hear words which are roared into their ears, whilst all the workers are conversing amidst the deafening noise, with as much ease as in the open air. It takes some weeks to become accustomed to such sounds. The word *Aiss* can, with greater facility than any other, be heard in a room which is filled with any kind of machinery in motion.

*Theatrical Gossip.*—Miss Kelley (not Miss F. H. Kelly, who is a piece of vulgar fudge,) has made her first appearance this season at the English Opera-house, in a new Drama, by Baymin, the novelist, called "The Sister of Charity." Both the actress and the thing acted have been received most favourably.—A farce called "Manœuvring," by Planché, is having a run at the Haymarket.—The taste for masquerades appears to be reviving in this country, judging from the eclat attending that given a few nights ago at Drury Lane, which was the second of the season.—It is said that Sontag is about to be lost to us for ever; and Madame Malibran has slightly hurt her elbow, which makes it extremely difficult for her to sing at present!—Mathews and Yates, the Castor and Pollux of the Drama, are about to visit Paris.—Miss Smithson is playing in a quiet way at Cheltenham. It is to be feared that this lady will sorely repent having risked in this country the extraordinary reputation she had gained abroad.—The Misses Tree (Ann and Ellen) are at Liverpool.—We understand that the Patent of the Theatre-Royal here has been renewed for twenty-one years. A correspondent says, that L.2000 of annual rent may be got for the Theatre here. If this be the case, it is evident, that under the present system something handsome may be made of it if spiritedly conducted. We sincerely hope that Mr Murray is not idle at present. What would he think of bringing Miss Graddon here, (if he can get her) with the view of her becoming a permanent member of the company, in the place of Miss Noel, should she be liked?—The Caledonian Theatre, under Mr Bass, seems to be thriving;—a recent importation which he has made of ballet-dancers from London, has been a *hit*. Mesdames Vedy and Albert are really worth seeing. We warn Mr Bass, however, that if he intends remaining during winter, we do not propose patronising him unless the histrionic strength of his company be very greatly increased, and his selection of minor pieces more judicious.—Mackay is at present starring it in Glasgow, with Alexander, and seems to be enchanting the whole population of that city.—Ryder, we believe, has been performing in the good town of Kirkcaldy, with a pretty decentish company.

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. III., and Poetry by Charles Doyne Sillery, and others, in our next.

We are obliged to postpone our second notice of Captain Hall's Travels in North America till next Saturday.

We shall probably find a place for "The Laird's Bride."—"F. H." writes to inform us that he had committed an error in his card of the previous day, but his card of the previous day never reached us.—"The Song of the Spirit—From an Unpublished Tragedy," is rather mystical.—"Plagiarism" in our next CHIT-CHAT.

[No. 35. July 11, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

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## PHRENOLOGY.

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Edinburgh: Published by ROBERT BUCHANAN, 26, George Street; WILLIAM HUNTER, 23, Hanover Street; JOHN STVENSON, 87, Prince's Street; T. & G. UNDERWOOD, London; ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, Glasgow; ALEX. BROWN & Co. Aberdeen; and J. CUMMING, Dublin.

"We hout entering into the controversy, we will venture to say, that Mr Stone has evinced great research, and literary talent of a very high order, in the composition of this work."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review for July*.

Mr Combe, in referring to this review, observes, "The first Medical Journal of Britain, and I may say of Europe," viz. *The Medico-Chirurgical Review*, has long supported Phrenology."—*Letter to the Editor of the Weekly Journal*.

"There are so many curious considerations scattered throughout the whole of Mr Stone's treatise, and the argumentative portion presents such a series of closely knit facts, and palpable deductions, that it seems destined to overturn a theory which has gained ground by the help of the imagination, and the superstitions of the weak, rather than the knowledge or judgment of the learned. We refer our readers to Mr Stone's pamphlet for the fullest details connected with Phrenology. . . . We promise them their time will be profitably spent in its perusal."—*The Atlas*, June 7.

"This is one of the most efficient knock-down blows which Phrenology has yet received. Nobody can read this Pamphlet and believe in Phrenology. . . . Mr Stone's former pamphlet on the same subject was a learned and able one, but this is a thousand times more convincing, because there is no theorizing in it, nothing but plain statements and incontrovertible deductions."—*Edinburgh Literary Journal for May 2d*.

"Whether the Phrenologists will admit that their favourite science is knocked on the head by this author, we do not know; but if their theories have attained to the rank of a Science, Mr Stone has treated it in a proper way by a formal induction of facts which he has brought to bear upon the phrenological doctrines."—*The New Scots Magazine for April*.

"Mr Stone's present enquiries have had particular reference to the phrenological development of murderers, among the *élite* of whom Burke and Hare will long hold a fearful pre-eminence. His observations, while they are in some respects of a stern controversial character, contain information on scientific points, and philosophical investigations, which cannot fail to afford ample data for other inductions. We are here presented with measurements of nearly one hundred crania, and of the heads of eighty living individuals, besides of twenty-two thieves. Dr Barclay, Dr Roget, Dr Gordon, Dr Milligan, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr Jeffrey, have successively entered the arena of phrenological controversy; but we suspect that this little work of Mr Stone's will do more to overthrow the ingenious theory, than any attack it has yet received. It is a rigid and decisive appeal to facts, to common sense, and to reason."—*The Edinburgh Evening Post, and Scottish Literary Gazette for May 9*.

"The pamphlet before us not only warrants our continuing to withhold our belief in the propositions on which Phrenology depends, but to conclude that these propositions are positively false. Mr Stone gives the results of a variety of investigations, which have every appearance of being conducted with accuracy, and of being related with good faith. They are the observations of a gentleman possessed of professional knowledge and skill, and their accuracy is vouched by the testimony of other individuals who witnessed them."—*The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, May 20th.

"We cannot at this moment number the attempts Mr Stone has made to rout his opponents, but it is known to all who take an interest in the warfare that he has repeatedly returned to the charge, and that each successive charge has been more successful than its predecessor. This last one, we regard as the most brilliant of all; and if the Phrenological champions do not make a good rally, we suspect they will be regarded as having tacitly agreed to an unconditional surrender. Candour and fairness characterise his whole argument, and we shall open the next number of the Phrenological Journal with some excitement, knowing that so formidable an adversary must be answered."—*Edinburgh Observer*, May 1st.

"A very clever, and we are glad to say, well-tempered attack on Phrenology. We have not hesitated to rank ourselves among the supporters of that which he condemns—but we like the better a clever adversary who will grapple fairly with the subject."—*Glasgow Free Press*, May 9.

Also, by the same Author,

## A REJOINDER to the ANSWER of GEORGE COMBE, Esq.

"Mr Combe has published a small pamphlet in reply to Mr Stone's recent attack on Phrenology, which our readers will recollect we noticed at some length. Mr Combe has failed in his attempt to get the

better of Mr Stone's arguments, or rather, of his facts. A Rejoinder from Mr Stone is to be published, we believe, this day; and it will not be difficult for him to put Mr Combe in even a more awkward light than before."—*The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, May 30.

"Having adverted to Mr Combe's objections to the methods adopted by Mr Stone in his measurements and observations, we come to the conclusions,—that Mr Stone's methods were calculated to accomplish the ends he had in view;—that he was able, by means of them, to compare the relative sizes of certain organs in the heads of different individuals; and that, as no charge is made against him of wilfully mistaking the results of his measurements, and comparisons are called upon to give them the same credit as is given to statements of fact made by respectable individuals upon the evidence of their own observations."—*The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, June 17.

"Mr Combe devotes nearly half his pamphlet to the conductors of the periodical press, whom, with one or two exceptions, he reviles as the entertainers of a childish prejudice against phrenology, and as inordinately apprehensive that its ultimate triumph will imply a censure on their own conduct towards its founders. In this list we are included, simply because we described Mr Stone as an active and formidable anti-phrenologist. Even at the risk of being considered by Mr Combe as the abettors of 'Philosophical blunders and literary delinquencies,' we adhere to these opinions."—*Edinburgh Observer*, June 12.

"Mr Combe unadvisedly replied to the little work of Mr Stone, which we lately noticed, in a sixteenpenny work of premature triumph and chuckling; but a 'Rejoinder' has appeared, which is about one of the cleverest pieces of hitting, in a small space, that we have seen for some time."—*The Scots Times for June 6*.

"We observe that the sensation excited by Mr Stone's recent attack on Phrenology has not yet subsided, and that the attempts made to rally by the Phrenologists have called forth a good deal of discussion in the public Journals. We revert to the subject simply to state, that after all that has been said, both *pro* and *con*, we remain fixed in our opinion, that Mr Combe has been decidedly unsuccessful in his 'Answer to Mr Stone.'—*The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, June 20.

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ALMACK'S.—HYDE NUGENT—A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE—  
THE GUARDS, &c. &c. London.

It is only by reference to the passion for scandal, so prevalent in England, that we can solve that enigma,—the extraordinary avidity with which the rapid and contemptible trash, composing what are called, "Fashionable Novels," is devoured by the inhabitants of the first city in the world. Let the ingredients of which these ephemera are concocted be analysed,—let it be discovered that they consist, for the most part, of scandalous stories, gleaned from the refuse of newspapers and the servants' hall; bad and stale jokes palmed upon well-known persons; a perpetual affectation of finery, after the manner of *Lady Bab* and *Mistress Kitty*, in "High Life Below Stairs;" mere technical acquaintance with the arts of the cook and the milliner; a correct list of the wines most in request at fashionable tables, which the author may obtain from Mr Charles Wright's advertisement, or by virtue of his office in his master's house; slang, *double entendre*, and flat impertinence; not even an attempt at a story, unless it be in the worst style of the worst A. K. Newman Novel, set in a patchwork of bad French, and worse English;—yet, let it be whispered, that the nonsense "means something," a fact the public would never have discovered by its own natural lights,—that the *characters*, (God save the mark!) are drawn from life, by one whose "long familiarity with fashionable life has given him, or her, ample opportunities of observing and describing the faults and follies of the age," and immediately the many mouths of the "many-headed beast, the town," are opened wide to receive the precious farrago. The gaping appetite for slander allows of no discrimination, pauses for no enquiry, admits no doubt; the crumbs that fall from the supposed rich man's table are swallowed at the risk of choking; the offal is devoured with as much greediness as if it were turtle and venison; their faith covers a multitude of sins, and makes them blind, deaf, and stupid, into the bargain, or the public would have discovered long ago, that the dainty fare they admire so much, is nothing but a warming up of the *olla podrida* of the Lendenhall press.

These literary scavengers, it is true, are not creatures of yesterday. They informed us all long ago, upon their honours, that, in the upper classes of society, all the men were cheats, gamblers, horse-jockeys, libertines, and fools; and that the women were cold, selfish, unfeeling, and profligate, with here and there an exception, to make a hero or heroine. But this was before lords or ladies took to "showing up" their acquaintances to put money into their pockets, and thereby opened the way for discarded butlers and literary valets, to deck themselves in borrowed plumage, and nickname God's creatures. The town was deluged, *ad nauseam*, with similar trash, long before "The Guards," and "Almack's," and "High Life," saw the light; but that trash did not greet an ad-

miring world from the courtly precincts of St James's; it was not ushered forth by fashionable publishers, nor heralded by the praises of reviews and the puffs of newspapers,—oblique, collateral, and direct; so that the nonsense, depending only on its own demerits, quickly sank into oblivion, or rather never emerged from it. It was reserved for these enlightened days to doat on drivelling folly and sickening affectation, and admire works in the inverse ratio of their merits. The principal difference between the defunct and their successors lies in the prodigious importance given to eating and drinking in the latter, the eternal gabble about iced champagne, *vol au vent*, *omelette au jambon*, *marschano*, *rognons au vin de champagne*, lest the fine people should be suspected of dining on plain beef or mutton. To avoid a similar suspicion, *Lady Wilhelmina Wilson*, in the farce of "Gretna Green," assures her lover that she never drinks any tea but "twelve-shilling green." As to the copious interlarding of French in their pages, it reminds us of Mr Matthews in one of his personifications, who, when applied to for a song, replies that he does not know a whole one, but, if he may sing a "bit of one song, and a bit of another, four lines will make up a verse." For a like reason, he who does not know one language, may be permitted to jumble two in constructing his sentences; with the understanding, however, that when an author props up his foundered English with borrowed French, the French shall be correct. There is a little book on French genders, lately published, which we seriously recommend to the perusal of those gentlemen who are too fine to write English; it will only cost them threepence, and save them from the dilemma into which the author of "Almack's" has repeatedly fallen. This worthy seems to labour under an unhappy degree of doubt respecting the gender of *mer*, and, in order to avoid unjust preference, has accommodated the word with masculine pronouns, and a feminine adjective. "*Ce malheureux mer, comme nous le detestons*," is the choice manner in which a Parisian Countess expresses herself in a letter to a friend! If, as the newspapers threaten, there is to be another edition of this book, and so renowned a genius as the author be not above taking friendly advice, it may be as well to hint that a wide difference exists between the language of the good society he is so fond of, and that of the second table, though both may speak French. "*Tirer à quatre epingles*," is not more elegant French, than "vulgar kitchen hops," and "all humbug," is select English, especially in the mouth of a young lady.

Another of these choice productions ("Hyde Nugent") introduces a gentleman, "*divinement beau*," who sits down to *chatter stuff to la belle*, whilst a friend, who "*keeps up the talk*," "*does sailor*," and plays "Tom fool." Where this author gathered his notions of polite society, it is hard to guess. From the coarse familiarity of manner, twaddling sentiment, and extreme absurdity of this novel, to say nothing of the prodigious knowledge exhibited of flowers, satins, feathers, *gazes*, and other female gear, we should conjecture it was written by a man-milliner.

It would be utterly impossible to give individual men-

tion to one-half of these pictures of *high life*, as they have the impudence to style themselves; but there is one so pre-eminent in ignorance, insolence, vulgarity, unblushing impudence, and crawling servility, that it deserves to take place of all its brethren, were they fifty times as bad as they are. We allude to a book called "The Guards." The title may probably induce many to take it up; but they must have the patience of Job, or the stupidity of the author, if they do not lay it down before they have got half through the first volume. The story, if story it may be called, is a mere vehicle for the introduction of all sorts of worn-out scandal, stale Joe Millers, *façé* moralizing, bad puns, slang, and loathsome adulation,—sometimes of the "beneficent star of Brunswick," the "gracious and graceful Monarch;" sometimes of the "Gardes," as they are affectingly called. The author would fain have us believe he has been in the "Gardes," and so, perhaps, he has—in the service of one of the officers. Let him be where he will—on parade, in the ball-room, or the park, affecting sentiment or aping ton, he is still

"Tom Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes;"

and not the scraps of Latin, French, and Italian, dragged in at every page, nor even "*may bien obligato, senor cabalero*, as we say in Spain," can disguise the fact of his being a genuine "pleb," to use his own elegant phraseology. Witness his eternal enumerations of the fine things used by his fine hero, his "lots of carriages and horses," elegant "turns out," "magnificent hooka," "beautiful enamelled box of Havannah cigars," &c. &c. A gentleman may possess all these luxuries, but he would not fancy his gentility at all increased by the mention of such fopperies, any more than he would talk to the waiter at his hotel of the clubs it was proper to belong to; or speak of "*fimsies*" in the Tom and Jerry style; or put into the mouth of an earl's daughter such language as, "You must be addled and besotted," addressed to her husband when he differs from her in opinion; or say, in his own person, "the Life Guards have been all smarted and brushed up, and have been to foreign parts;" or inform us that Miss So-and-so, who married a foreign count, "let down the steps" of a carriage, and a thousand similar elegancies.

It is really astonishing that, with such proofs of their origin before their eyes, people will persist in believing this trash the production of those authorized to mix in the circles they pretend to describe. A groom of the chambers, by a little attention, and the assistance of my lady's woman, may easily pick up tittle tattle enough for a novel of this class. By virtue of his office he knows the etiquette of an assembly room, and the outward and visible signs of rank and distinction; and what should hinder him from turning an honest penny by disposing of this valuable knowledge to some Grub Street writer, or even from spoiling some reams of paper himself, if he should have a *taste* for literature? Such a person, it is true, must be as utterly incapable of comprehending how far the accidents of rank and fortune may operate beneficially, or otherwise, upon the moral entity, as he is of writing three consecutive sentences in decent English. His eyes, which are incompetent to "guard their master 'gainst a poet," when he prates of humanity, are all-sufficient to show him the superior *gentility* of silver *fourchettes*, as he would delight to call them, to iron pitchforks; and as all the difference he can see between man and man, is the pomp and circumstance of their living, he takes it for granted that no other can exist. Accordingly, in his self-styled pictures, he gives meet place and honour to these glorious attributes, agreeably to his own grovelling conviction of their importance—just as a bumpkin, who can scarcely read, neglects the contents of a book to stare at the binding. In novels, such as "*Matilda*" and some others, which, however common-place and uninteresting, are undoubtedly the production of gentlemen, (we do not use the word aristocratically, but sim-

ply to mark the distinction between the educated and uneducated,) there is none of this footman-like admiration of fine equipages and fine clothes. They are the trappings of their state, and assumed as a matter of course.

In the gratification of a craving and unhealthy appetite for slander, people care not how common or unclean the vessel in which their favourite potion is administered, so that it be administered. No matter how bald or absurd the plot, how paltry the matter, how contemptible the manner,—nothing will open their eyes; only let it be hinted, that the forthcoming novel contains some very piquant anecdotes and personal sketches, and all faults will be forgotten, and all blunders—social, moral, and grammatical—forgiven, for the sake of the would-be satire. For fear the sheer inanity of the things should give them their quietus before they have done their duty by the publisher's pockets, the public curiosity is perpetually stimulated by puffs of their vast popularity, and such paragraphs as the following:—"We understand that the author of — expressly disclaims all personality. This, however, is well understood; no one, we are persuaded, can fail to recognise the originals of —, and —, and —," &c. And, lest the obtuse faculties of the reader should fail in discovering the resemblance, as well they may, the paragraph-writer is kind enough to point them out with initials.

We had conjectured before, that lords and ladies eat, and drank, and laughed, and talked, and slept, very much like the rest of the world; or, if we lacked this valuable knowledge, surely it is to be attained at much less expense of time and trouble, than by wading through whole volumes of worse than childish folly and disgusting affectation. Granting that the authors really know what they are talking about—and which is conceding as much as can be expected of mortal creature at one sitting—and that the *Exclusives* and *Distingués*, or by whatever absurd or affected name they choose to be called, really think and act as they are represented, all that can be said is, that they are inconceivably more stupid and ridiculous than their worst enemies could have ventured to suppose them. But the simple truth is, that what the noble and the wealthy think or do in common with the rest of mankind, was known before; what is peculiar to their class, these novelists will fail to impart, for the lack of three grand requisites—to wit, knowledge of the subject, plain English, and common sense.

*The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.* By J. A. Sargent. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829.

THERE are few men who have greater claims on posterity than Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. The times in which he lived, the noble share he sustained in the great reformation of religion, his reputation as a reformer, a theologian, and a scholar, and his melancholy fate, invest his history with an interest of no common kind. The work before us is, we understand, from the pen of a lady, and delineates, in an eloquent and forcible manner, the life of the illustrious apostle and martyr. It is not, indeed, to be concealed that the fair author carries her veneration for the Archbishop a little too far; and, we doubt not, it will be asserted by many that she is too much of an extravagant panegyrist of his life and opinions. But, as we flatter ourselves that we know something of the history of that period, we maintain that the work, on the whole, is as candid a statement as any that has hitherto appeared. The reasons which induced our authoress to lay it before the public are as honourable to herself as they are modest and unpretending. "No presumptuous display of diligent research, of accurate discrimination, or of acute reasoning, is intended; neither is any pretension made to the charms of novelty or the attractions of amusement. Above all, party spirit, and a desire to provoke controversy, are utterly disavowed. The work was

commenced with a view to the improvement and gratification of the rising generation and the simpler walks of life, solely at the request of one whose anxiety to promote the best interests of the community is equalled only by his munificence and personal exertions in the same cause, and to whom peculiar obligations rendered a denial impossible."

But, notwithstanding this apologetical introduction, the authoress has evidently read and studied much; and, above all, she possesses that indispensable qualification in a theological writer, for the want of which no other attainments can compensate—a thorough conviction of the importance of religion. Firmly persuaded of the justice of the cause which she so well defends, she advances to the history of the Archbishop's life without fearing the obstacles which were to be encountered, and she concludes her affecting narrative in the same spirit of amiable and genuine devotion with which she commences. We shall add a short extract or two, as specimens of the style in which the book is written. The following passage describes, in few words, the character of the leading English reformers:

"The other persons who bore any principal part at this time in the Reformation, were Latimer, bishop of Worcester, Shaxton, bishop of Salisbury, and Barlow, bishop of St David's; but Cranmer did not derive any material assistance from either of them. The abilities and eminent virtues of the first were admirably calculated to forward his views in his private functions, but, as a public character, he was very unequal to devise, and still more unskilful to execute. Conscious of his defects, he confined himself principally to his pastoral duties, in which he was indefatigable. Shaxton was a man of morose manners and forbidding aspect; so much so, indeed, that he was generally disliked, and hence, whatever he proposed, was received with prejudice and dissatisfaction. It was well, probably, that his severity was tempered by the benignity and clemency of Cranmer, or measures might have been resorted to which would have filled the advocates of the Protestant cause with regret, and furnished its enemies with a never-failing source of invective. Barlow, on the other hand, was as indiscreet, and as full of levity, as the other was severe and unbending; and so ungovernable in his conversation, that, though a man of considerable sense and learning, it was impossible to intrust him with any affair of importance. Frequently would Cranmer exclaim, after a long consultation upon some interesting point, 'This is all very true, but my brother Barlow, in half an hour, will teach the world to believe it is but a jest.'"—Pp. 76-7.

Were we to enter upon any analysis of Cranmer's proceedings as connected with the Reformation, his endeavours to put the people in possession of the Scriptures, his conduct at the dissolution of the monasteries, and his whole career, till the day that Mary began her brief but inglorious reign, we should extend our remarks far beyond our limits. Referring our readers to the work before us for information on these subjects, we need only remark, that, at the accession of Mary, Cranmer was too important a person to escape. His enemies were numerous and powerful; and the Popish Church, which had a temporary re-establishment during that reign, was implacable against him. The trial, the recantation, and the martyrdom of Cranmer, are well told by our fair biographer. We shall conclude by quoting her account of his last moments:

#### THE DEATH OF CRANMER.

"Arrived at the fatal spot where his friends, Ridley and Latimer, had perished before him, he kneeled down and prayed with great devotion and earnestness; and then, with the utmost composure, and even alacrity, began to make the last requisite preparations. The bitterness of death was now past, and its terrors were disregarded; the serenity of his soul was restored; tears no longer dimmed his eyes, but the gracious smile of former days again illuminated his features, and told that all was at peace with himself and with the world. He was now undressed to his shirt, which was made to touch the ground, his head and feet being uncovered. At this moment, the Spanish priests once more endeavoured to shake his resolution; but finding their efforts ineffectual, they exclaimed, 'Let us go from him, for the

devil is with him.' Regardless of their words, Cranmer presented his hand to certain old men, and some of the spectators who were known to him; but the act, simple as it was, gave offence, and a priest of the name of Ely, not only refused the salutation, but reproved others for not doing so.

"Being bound with a strong chain, and fastened to the stake, the fire was placed to the wood. As soon as the flames ascended, he stretched forth his right hand, and suspended it over them until it was entirely consumed, frequently at the same time exclaiming, 'This unworthy hand!' The wind having drifted the flames on one side, the spectators had an opportunity of observing him minutely; and so completely had the constancy of his spirit overcome the infirmities of nature, that he seemed to be perfectly insensible to the agony of his torments. Amazed at his fortitude, and conceiving that such conduct could be the result of madness only, one of the friars ran to Lord Williams, declaring his opinion; but his lordship, who was better acquainted with the greatness of the soul of the sufferer, silenced him by a grave but expressive smile. His agonies, however, it is to be hoped, were not of long duration. The wind was high, and the flames, burning very fiercely, soon enveloped him. He was distinctly heard to utter, 'Lord Jesus! into thy hands I commend my spirit!' and with these words he expired.

"Friends and foes alike bear testimony to the extraordinary fortitude he displayed on this dreadful occasion. By the former it was repeated with exultation; and long after his death, it was believed that his heart was found entire among the flames, as a proof of his constancy."—Pp. 277-9.

We need only add, that this volume will be read by every one, whatever be his religious creed, with interest; and that it is well worthy the exalted patronage it has received, as indicated by its being dedicated to Dr Blomfield, the Bishop of London.

*The Edinburgh Journal of Science.* Conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. No. I. New Series. July, 1829. Thomas Clark. Edinburgh.

We do not think a Journal such as ours a fit medium for the dissemination of scientific knowledge. Literary notices and disquisitions have each an independent existence that admits of their being ushered independently and alone into the world. But the simplest fact connected with science must be subordinated to the great whole of which it forms a part. By attempting to give such subjects a place in our columns, we should incur the double hazard of appearing dull to our readers, without increasing their knowledge, and of encouraging the tendency of the age to a dilettante spirit of dallying with science. At the same time, as we regard our own special province in the light of something better than a mere source of amusement for an idle hour, as we take pride in considering it that branch of mental culture which gives the last finish to our knowledge of the *litteræ humaniores*, we esteem no exertion of intellect exempt from our regards. We believe taste and imagination to be those faculties of the mind which most surely maintain it pure and noble; but we believe that their flight will be strong and free in proportion to the cultivation of our other powers. And, in this view of the matter, we scarcely expect to be accused of trespassing beyond our own limits when we occasionally direct our readers' attention to the exertions of the scientific world. Nay more, we are of opinion that there is a sort of debateable land—as, for example, the workings of the mind, and the contemplation of the phenomena of external nature—respecting which it might be difficult to determine whether it belong more properly to our province or to that of the scientific enquirer.

Scientific journals, such as that whose title we have quoted above, do not aspire to popularity in the common sense of the word, or, if they do, they will lose their labour. The great mass of mankind are now pretty generally prepared to acknowledge that they are materially benefited by every advance made in science; but only those who are deeply versant in its mysteries can be expected to follow, with attention and interest, every step that it takes. The philosopher must pursue the discovery

of truth from a deep-rooted and living love of the pursuit; he must not be influenced by a mere conviction of the mechanical benefits to arise from his success, and he must remain contented with the sympathy of a comparatively narrow circle. Steadily following this honourable course, he may rest assured, whenever the question that haunts us all occurs to him, *What does the world at large think of me?* that the respect and love of all good men are with him.

It is under these impressions that we have been induced to notice the appearance of the first number of the new series of Dr Brewster's Journal. We have been further influenced by an honest pride in every additional claim that our own town lays to distinction. We feel certain that, under the management of one who stands so far forward in the ranks of science, who has been so long conversant with editorial duties, and who is supported by the strong body of talent enumerated on the title-page, the Edinburgh Journal of Science will take a conspicuous place among the many that are now published throughout Europe. We observe that Dr Brewster intends devoting a portion of his journal to a narrative of the proceedings of various scientific societies. Will he allow us to suggest an improvement on this part of his task, which we are almost surprised has not before been adopted? Strictly scientific pursuits (unlike those of the imagination, which most affect solitude) are materially promoted by the frequent converse and co-operation of many; and, in this point of view, societies have proved highly beneficial to science. But, as it is certain, that wherever a multitude collect, the weaker class of minds will outnumber the strong, vague and desultory habits of enquiry have always tended to sully the proceedings of these bodies. Might it not then be of advantage, if, to a mere narrative of their transactions, Dr Brewster, or some of his assistants, were to add occasionally a critical appreciation and summary of their results? We are aware that we are invoking him to undertake a task of peculiar delicacy; but we think that something of this kind would prove a powerful engine, and capable of effecting much good.

*Travels in North America; in the Years 1827 and 1828.*

By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy. In 3 volumes. Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. 1829.

(Second Notice.)

We have been told that Captain Hall was not very much liked in America, and we are but little surprised that it should be so; for, with all the manly frankness of a British sailor, he disdained to say any thing in the country, which he was not prepared to stand by out of it. He assures us, and we firmly believe him, that every word he now publishes, he has repeatedly and openly spoken in company in all parts of the United States. To a people like the Americans, whose leading failings are vanity and jealousy, this would be "pretty considerable" disagreeable, especially as the Captain saw ample cause to find fault; and, in general, though he acknowledged the rapid progress which the nation appeared to be making, could by no means be brought to allow that they were not, as yet, far behind Great Britain in the arts, in literature, in the science of government, and in all the elegancies and comforts of life. The straightforward policy he thus pursued may have exposed him personally to a good deal of annoyance; but certainly no honest man can find fault with it. Besides, the Americans are now prepared for his book, whatever it may be; and if it errs in being a little too *English*, Captain Hall may justly console himself with the reflection, that "an account which should please every body, would require, not months or years, or even a whole life,—it must not be the work of a mortal, but of an angel—and a hard task he would have of it!"

We have already said that we do not intend entering the lists with Captain Hall on any of the graver ques-

tions which he discusses in the course of his three volumes; but we beg most particularly to direct the attention of our readers to Chapters XI., XII., XIII., and XIV., in Volume Second, where our author explains, with great acuteness, and a very complete knowledge of the subject, all the advantages and disadvantages of the American constitution, whether it be considered as a republic, according to the original intention of its founders, or as a pure democracy, according to the tendency of late innovations. At present we content ourselves, and we hope our readers, with adding a few more lively extracts upon miscellaneous subjects:—

EDUCATION OF THE NEGROES.

"By far the most interesting school, however, which we saw in the course of this busy day, was one for the education of Negro and Mulatto children. Poor little wretches! their whole souls—if, as Uncle Toby says, they have souls—were thrown into their lessons; and it was delightful to see them, under the guidance of a man, whose particular hobby was to teach blacks; and who had devoted many years of his life exclusively to this subject. I was led to think he had a better taste in teaching than some other persons we had seen in the course of the morning; for, when one of the little quinquies, in answer to some question, made use of a common English vulgarism, and said, 'The book is laying there,' the master called out, 'What! do you mean that the book is laying eggs?' We naturally begged to know whether or not he had discovered any material difference in the intellectual powers of the blacks and whites at these schools. His answer was, that up to a certain age, that is to say, as long as they were little children, there was no difference perceptible—as they played about together, and studied together, the blacks were not made to feel any of those distinctions by which, in after life, their spirits were sure to be crushed down. I was told, that even in the state of New York, where Negro slavery has been abolished by law, a black man meets with no real and effective sympathy on the part of the white lords of the creation. Consequently, let a Negro be ever so industrious or well-informed, still he seems stamped for degradation, and thus has little or no fair chance amongst the whites, who will neither trust him, nor allow of his trusting them. Thus, mutual confidence, which is the most important link of civil society, is broken, and when that is the case, there remains, I fear, no other method of attaching to its interest, a class so circumstanced, between whom and the whites all fellow-feeling is inevitably prevented from growing up."—Vol. I. p. 29-30.

DRAM-DRINKING IN AMERICA.

"In all other countries, with which I have any acquaintance, the use of ardent spirits is confined almost exclusively to the vulgar; and though, undoubtedly, the evil it causes may be severe enough, it certainly is not, upon the whole, any where so conspicuous as in the United States. In the course of the journey, such ample means of judging of these effects lay on every hand, that I speak of them with great confidence, when I say that a deeper curse never afflicted any nation. The evil is manifested in almost every walk of life, contaminates all it touches, and at last finds its consummation in the alms-house, the penitentiary, or the insane institution; so that, while it threatens to sap the foundation of every thing good in America, political and domestic, it may truly be said to be worse than the yellow fever, or the Negro slavery, because apparently more irremediable. Dram-drinking has been quaintly called the natural child, and the boon companion of democracy, and is probably not less hurtful to health of body, than that system of government appears to be to the intellectual powers of the mind.

"Fortunately, however, the sober-minded part of the American population, who are fully alive to the enormity of this growing and frightful evil, are making great efforts to check its progress. At the same time, I must confess, that as yet I have not heard in conversation, nor seen in print, nor observed any thing myself in passing through the country, which promises the least alleviation to this grievous mischief, of which the origin and continuance, I suspect, lie somewhat deeper than any American is willing to carry his probe. The habit, according to my view of the matter, is interwoven in the very structure of that political society which the Americans not only defend, but uphold as the very wisest that has ever been devised, or ever put in practice for the good of mankind. At present, how-

ever, my object is to deal chiefly with the fact, though I may remark, in passing, that in a country where all effective power is placed, not indirectly, and for a time, but directly, universally, and permanently, in the hands of the lowest and most numerous class of the community, the characteristic habits of that class must, of necessity, predominate, in spite of every conceivable device recommended and adopted by the wise and the good men of the nation.

"That I am not overstating the facts of this case, will be seen from the following extracts from the First Report of the 'American Society for the promotion of Temperance,' established at Boston on the 10th of January, 1826.—'The evils arising from an improper use of intoxicating liquors, have become so extensive and desolating, as to call for the immediate, vigorous, and persevering efforts of every philanthropist, patriot, and Christian. The number of lives annually destroyed by this vice in our own country is thought to be more than thirty thousand; and the number of persons who are diseased, distressed, and impoverished by it, to be more than two hundred thousand; many of them are not only useless, but a burden and a nuisance to society. These liquors, it is calculated, cost the inhabitants of this country, annually, more than forty millions of dollars; and the pauperism occasioned by an improper use of them, (taking the commonwealth of Massachusetts as an example,) costs them upwards of twelve millions of dollars.'—The Society is in hopes, that, by some system of instruction and action, a change may be brought about in public sentiment and practice, in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors, and thus an end be put to that wide-spreading intemperance, which has already caused such desolation in every part of our country, and which threatens destruction to the best interests of this growing and mighty Republic.'

"After these frightful statements, it may seem strange that, during the whole journey, I should have seen very little drunkenness, properly so called. But drinking and drunkenness, it must be observed, are not always necessarily connected; and I was perfectly astonished at the extent of intemperance, and the limited amount of absolute intoxication. To get so drunk as to kick up a row or tumble about the streets, or disturb a peaceable household all night long, are facts that require a man to sit down to his bottle, and avail away till inebriety is produced. To what extent this practice is followed as a habit in America I cannot say. I certainly never saw any of it; but what I did see, at every corner into which I travelled, north or south, east or west, was the universal practice of sipping, a little at a time, but frequently. In many places it was the custom to take a drink before breakfast, and, in some parts of the country, another was taken immediately after that meal; and so on at intervals, which varied from half an hour to a couple of hours during the whole day."—Vol. II. pp. 88-90.

#### THE AMERICAN NAVY.

"I have reason indeed to believe, from what I saw and heard, that the American discipline, especially as applied to officers, is more stern than in the British navy, and for a reason which I think will be admitted the instant it is stated. With us, the supply of officers comes from a society not only familiar with the theory of rank, if I may say so, but practically acquainted with those artificial distinctions in authority—the acknowledgment of which forms the very life and soul of a fleet. Consequently, whether it be at first starting, or in after years of professional life, naval officers with us meet with nothing in their intercourse with general society on shore to weaken the habit of subordination taught on board ship. The details of obedience may be different afloat and on shore, just as the duties are essentially different; but the principle of paying respect to the distinctions of rank, without any attendant feeling of degradation, is thus quite easily kept up amongst English officers at all times and seasons, whether they be on the water or on land. But a young American officer, when he comes on shore to visit his friends, and goes to the back woods, or front woods, or any where, indeed, will hear more in one day to interfere with his lessons of dutiful subordination, than he may be able to recover in a year of sea-service. Unless, therefore, the system of discipline on board be not only very strict, but of such a nature as to admit of no escape from its rules, the whole machinery would fall to pieces. Democracy, in short, with its sturdy equality will hardly do afloat!"

"I heard a story at Washington which is in point to this argument. A midshipman of an American ship of war, having offended in some way or other against the rules of the service, fell, of course, under his captain's displeasure,

and was reprimanded accordingly. The youth, however, not liking this exercise of authority, announced his intention of 'appealing to the people,' which determination was forthwith reported to head-quarters. By return of post, an order came down to say, that Mr So-and-so, being the citizen of a free state, had a perfect right to appeal to the people; and in order to enable him to proceed in this matter without official entanglement, his discharge from the Navy was enclosed.

"Great care is taken in the selection of persons wishing to enter the Navy; and these gentlemen are also exposed afterwards to frequent and rigorous examinations; by which means incompetent persons are excluded. Be the cause, however, as they may, I can only state, that the American naval officers are pleasant persons to associate with; and I reflect with great pleasure on the many professional acquaintances I was fortunate enough to make in that and other countries. I also look forward with equal confidence to meeting them again; being well assured, that whatever the nature of our intercourse may be—as national foes or as national allies, or merely as private friends—I shall have thorough-bred officers and gentlemen to co-operate or contend with."—Vol. II. pp. 147-9.

#### AMERICANISMS.

"We had a pleasant discussion on the use of what are called Americanisms, during which Mr Webster gave me some new views on this subject. He contended that his countrymen had not only a right to adopt new words, but were obliged to modify the language to suit the novelty of the circumstances, geographical and political, in which they were placed. He fully agreed with me, however, in saying, that where there was an equally expressive English word, cut and dry, it ought to be used in preference to a new one. 'Nevertheless,' said he, 'it is quite impossible to stop the progress of language—it is like the course of the Mississippi, the motion of which at times is scarcely perceptible, yet even then it possesses a momentum quite irresistible. It is the same with the language we are speaking of. Words and expressions will be forced into use, in spite of all the exertions of all the writers in the world.'

"'Yes,' I observed; 'but surely such innovations are to be deprecated?'

"'I don't know that,' he replied. 'If a word becomes universally current in America, where English is spoken, why should it not take its station in the language?'

"'Because,' I said, 'there are words enough already; and it only confuses matters, and hurts the cause of letters, to introduce such words.'

"'But,' said he, reasonably enough, 'in England such things happen currently, and, in process of time, your new words find their way across the Atlantic, and are incorporated in the spoken language here. In like manner,' he added, 'many of our words, heretofore not used in England, have gradually crept in there, and are now an acknowledged part of the language. The interchange, in short, is inevitable; and, whether desirable or not, cannot be stopped, or even essentially modified.'

"I asked him what he meant to do in this matter in his Dictionary.

"'I mean,' he said, 'to give every word at present in general use, and hope thereby to contribute in some degree to fix the language at its present station. This cannot be done completely; but it may be possible to do a great deal.'

"I begged to know what he proposed to do with those words which were generally pronounced differently in the two countries. 'In that case,' said he, 'I would adopt that which was most consonant to the principles of the English language, as denoted by the analogy of similar words, without regarding which side of the water that analogy favoured. For example, you in England universally say chivalry—we as generally say shivalry; but I should certainly give it according to the first way, as more consistent with the principles of the language. On the other hand, your way of pronouncing deaf is deaf—ours as if it were written deaf; and as this is the correct mode, from which you have departed, I shall adhere to the American way.'

"I was at first surprised when Mr Webster assured me there were not fifty words in all which were used in America and not in England; but I have certainly not been able to collect nearly that number. He told me, too, what I did not quite agree to at the time, but which subsequent enquiry has confirmed, as far as it has gone, that, with very few exceptions, all these apparent novelties are merely old English words, brought over to America by the early settlers, being

current at home when they set out on their pilgrimage, and here they have remained in good use ever since."—Pp. 203-5.

We said formerly, that at the time of its appearance, Captain Hall's book upon South America was the best which had been published;—we are by no means sure, but that we may not now with justice say the same of his book upon North America.

*The Foreign Review, and Continental Miscellany.* No. VII. London. Black, Young and Young. July 1829.

WE feel ourselves in justice bound to compliment the conductors of this periodical on their punctuality and activity. But the present number has yet higher claims on our attention. It gives us a comprehensive, and in some particulars a satisfactory, view of continental literature. From France, we have intelligence of its ancient and modern juridical oratory, and of the present state of philosophy in that country. From Germany, we have an account of one of its most amiable mystics—Novalis—by one who is more conversant with German literature than any Englishman of the day—Thomas Carlyle, Esq.; and an analytical review of Niebuhr's minor works, comprehending a memoir of the author's father, the indefatigable traveller. From Suabia, we were led to expect, from the title of one of the articles, some information respecting Godfrey of Strasburgh, one of the most distinguished of the Suabian poets; but the writer has disappointed us, for he confines himself to some details of Thomas the Rhymer, not particularly interesting or instructive in themselves. From Spain, we have a panegyric, but not very graphic, notice of Jovellanos, a distinguished Asturian patriot; and a review of the continuation of a work on Guipuzcoan dances and diversions. From Italy, we have an account of its political economists. We have also a review of a Swedish poet, in the tone of a person who seeks to raise the literature of one country on the ruin of every other, not so much because he feels its superiority, as because his knowledge of it is an acquirement possessed by few. There is, besides, a narrative of the origin and progress of lithography, which, however, is too much confined to the mechanical details of the art, and does not evince much feeling or knowledge of what it has hitherto accomplished, or may be rendered capable of doing in future. The short reviews, and continental literary intelligence, at the end of the number, contain much that is interesting and amusing. On the whole, we rise from its perusal with a conviction, that this work is conducted with spirit and enterprise.

*Constantini Phorphyrogeniti Imperatoris de Cerimoniis Aula Byzantina.* Libri Duo. Bonnæ. 1829.

THE indefatigable philologists of Bonn have just published the first volume of this work. Viewed apart, its literary merits are not great, and the information it contains none of the most interesting. But standing as an integral part of the series of Byzantine historians, (which we formerly noticed,) it contains much that throws light on their darker passages, and helps to complete the picture of the court of Byzantium. We gaze at the accounts given us by travellers of the strict etiquette and ceremonial of the courts of Ava and Pekin; but this volume shows that there has been another court, little if at all inferior to these. The Emperor of Constantinople, in the tenth century, seems to have slept and waked, eat, drank, prayed, given audience, and taken exercise, according to a prescribed formula. Nay, his subjects had the manner in which they were to testify their loyalty enforced upon them by statute. We seem transported into a world of form and outward show, beneath which there beats no human heart. Punch and Judy (we mean the wooden images, not the vivifying principle behind the curtain) are sensitive and intelligent beings in comparison with the actors in this gorgeous spectacle. It was thought a bold fancy in Mrs Shelley to portray the com-

munication of life to an inert mass. In our opinion, that was but child's play to the materialising of mind which is here recorded as matter of history. It is the fairy-land of our exploded nursery books, where kings and queens walk about and sleep with crowns on their heads, realised. While perusing the work of Constantine, we do not wonder that the imperial city fell before the fierce onset of Muhammed, but only that its inhabitants were not found by him petrified, like those we read of in the Arabian Nights. We have sat spell-bound in the icy fetters of a formal English dinner party; we have endured the night-mare infliction of a Berlin literary tea-drinking; we have travelled in a Dutch treck-schuyt; but even with the aid of these reminiscences, our fancy struggles in vain to image satisfactorily the wooden life of Byzantium.

*Christian Biography; a Dictionary of the Lives and Writings of the most distinguished Christians, of all Denominations, at Home and Abroad, from the revival of Literature to the present Period.* By William Jones, M.A. London. Thomas Tegg. 1829.

THIS is a very excellent publication. It is remarkably cheap, it is well written, and is without any sectarian spirit, or a wish to elevate one denomination at the expense of another. Mr Jones, we believe, is a member of the Baptist persuasion, and is already favourably known to the public, by his History of the Waldenses, his Biblical Cyclopaedia, and other works. This compendium of Christian Biography is worthy of the reputation he has acquired. We have to object, however, that it is by no means so complete as we could have wished. Mr Jones, indeed, makes his readers acquainted with many distinguished names; but there are also many whom he has omitted altogether, and of whom something ought to have been said in a work of this nature. Why has he omitted Fisher Bishop of Rochester, Archbishop Abbot, Bishop Morton of Durham, Archbishop Matthews of York, Archbishop Sharpe of York, the learned Selden, Archbishop Sancroft, Andrew Melville, Henry Scougal, George Wishart, Alacius, and many other great and distinguished men, both churchmen and dissenters, whom it is needless here to particularize, but who ought to have found a place, and who were, to say the least, as well deserving of a notice in such a work as Thomas Amory, David Bogue, Timothy Dwight, Samuel Ecking, Archibald McLean, or a number of others, in the accounts of whom Mr Jones has been more than ordinarily prolix? We hope that he will attend to this hint in a future edition, and thus make his work a still more complete *catalogue raisonné* of every remarkable individual, whether in the established or dissenting churches.

*The Vestry Library, Vol. I. Hall's Contemplations.* Edited by Thomas Russell, A.M. London. Holdsworth and Ball. 12mo. Pp. 400. 1829.

"THE present era," says the Editor of the Vestry Library, "is above all others distinguished by the unparalleled efforts which are made for the diffusion of scientific and general knowledge." This is not a very new, but it is a very true remark. We really think that, in the different departments of printing and engraving, this country has now got nearly to the topmost spoke in the literary ladder; and we humbly imagine, that two or three years at most will suffice to bring the bibliographical arts to such a pitch of perfection, that it will be impossible for the ingenuity or ability of man to go farther. What improvements may take place when Edward Irving's Millennium arrives, it is impossible for us to say; but until that happy period makes its appearance, we are of opinion that

"The skill of artists can no farther go."

The exterior of the Vestry Library is not very much in its favour, but it has "that within which passeth show."

It is to contain a reprint of good, substantial works, on religious subjects. The first volume, now before us, presents us with a work which has been before the world for two centuries, and which has, many a long year ago, passed through the ordeal of criticism with no small credit to its author. The "Contemplations" of Joseph Hall, the good bishop of Norwich, is a book which Philip Doddridge (no mean authority,) has pronounced to be "incomparable for language, criticism, and devotion." This is praise sufficient without any addition of ours; and, wishing it all success, we leave the Vestry Library to find its way into as many Session Rooms on this side of the Tweed as possible.

### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

#### THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS;

OR,

#### A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

NO. III.

"Stulta, jocosæ, canenda, dolentia, seriæ, sacra;  
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;  
Quævis ea, hic aliquid quod delectabit habebis;  
Tristior an levior, selige quævisq; amas."

We have just returned from a brief ramble along the coast of Fife. We sojourned for two days in that ancient kingdom. The ground was somewhat new to us, and of all things in this earth we delight in novelty. We are strongly inclined to suspect that by far the greater majority of the inhabitants of Edinburgh have a very faint and indefinite notion of Fife. Walking down North Hanover, Frederick, or Castle Street, or slowly pacing along Queen Street, they see in the far distance across the Frith of Forth, some blue and apparently barren hills; and, though they probably imagine that, on the *other* side of these hills, there is a civilized district of some extent, they never for a moment suppose that on *this* side there is any thing but sloping, unploughed fields, coming down to the sea shore. Now this is a geographical error of some magnitude, though it is one out of which we confess that we ourselves have been only very lately emancipated. We had heard of the Fife Ferries, and seen long and most mysterious debates concerning them recorded in the newspapers; but what the Fife Ferries were, we thank Heaven, we were as ignorant as the child unborn. However, as Fife was the only corner of Europe we had left unexplored, we suddenly conceived the resolution of visiting it, and judging for ourselves.

Having added one or two codicils to our will, and taken an affectionate farewell of our family and friends, we embarked on board a steam-boat at Newhaven, and soon afterwards found ourselves careering through the mighty deep. We stood on the poop, and waving a hand—the snowy whiteness and gentlemanly delicacy of which has been long the subject of popular admiration—we exclaimed, with Childe Harold—"My native land, good night!" (We should have said "good morning," for it was about ten A.M., but the poetical license may be pardoned, considering the excited state of our feelings.) We very soon cleared the *Roads*, where several ships were lying at anchor; and we soon afterwards descried Inchkeith on our starboard beam, reposing in the deep solitude of the main ocean. About this time a seal passed athwart our bows, and created a considerable sensation, being, at first sight, mistaken, by all the passengers and some of the crew, for a whale. But the Captain, who appeared to be a man of skill, assured us that we were not yet in a sufficiently northern latitude to meet with whales. This information allayed the fears of the ladies, who, having nothing else to do, immediately grew sea-sick, and hung over the sides of the vessel.

As we neared the coast of Fife, it became, of course, more distinctly visible; and our astonishment was not small to discover that it was thickly studded with towns and villages, either peeping out, like birds' nests, from little

secluded coves and bays, or standing upon gently-rising ground, and smiling in the morning sun. The mountains, too, which had appeared to skirt the very shore, we now found receded for several miles, and all the intervening space was occupied with fields of waving corn, gardens, shrubberies, and shady woods. We landed at Burntisland, and found, to our surprise, all the fashion and beauty of that city assembled on the pier to receive us. (We afterwards learned, that, as soon as our intention of crossing the Forth was known, a revenue cutter had been dispatched express to apprise the inhabitants of our coming.) The freedom of the good town of Burntisland was presented to us by the magistrates, with a suitable speech, to which we were just about to reply, when our eyes lighted on the most effulgent vision they had ever seen. It was three ladies—if angels may be called ladies. Two of them were arrayed in white, but she who stood in the centre was in blue—a pure cerulean blue, borrowed from the hue of her own eyes. We do not know her name—we shall never know it; but as long as blue silk exists, that maiden shall live in our memory. The magistrates and corporation observed our agitation, but knew not the cause. They hurried us to the council chamber, and there presented us with strawberries and cream, noyeau, and mareschino. Alas! we had received a wound "*nullis medicabile herbis*;" although we do acknowledge that we ate and drank to an extent which considerably amazed our Burntisland admirers.

A gorgeous and imposing procession accompanied us from Burntisland to Aberdour, which we entered in triumph. We have seldom seen a village exert itself more emphatically to do honour to an illustrious visitant. *Old Aberdour* poured forth its two hundred inhabitants to meet us, and from the Earl of Morton's alone came forty additional spectators, who gazed upon us with a feeling almost approaching awe. In *new Aberdour* the bell of the church was set a-ringing, and the streets were strewn with flowers. We desired to be conducted to the harbour, where Kirkham's magnificent barge having been elegantly fitted up for our accommodation, we immediately proceeded on a visit to the adjacent island of Inchcombe. We were there most hospitably received by its present proprietor, Mr Watson, who holds under the Earl of Murray. We visited the old monastery, than which there are few more interesting ruins in Scotland, and having expressed our regret that the Earl of Murray, being at present in Italy, had been deprived of the pleasure of seeing us, either here or at Dunneblirsel, we re-embarked in Kirkham's barge. It was now evening, and we observed that Aberdour was illuminated. Being anxious, however, to escape from the gaieties which we knew were prepared for us, we determined to sail down the coast to Burntisland, and there land once more incognito. We accomplished our purpose, though not without some difficulty; and knowing that we could not long conceal ourselves here, we started at midnight for Kirkcaldy. We preferred walking, and we walked alone. We had a proud pleasure in thus passing through a part of Fife, humble and unregarded, knowing, as we did, that no one had ever been seen in that country whom the people would have more delighted to honour. It was cloudy and dark, and we saw little of the road along which we travelled, although we have a faint recollection that a lake which skirted it on the left, glimmered beside us for some part of the way. Our thoughts were far off, unless when the lady in blue flashed across our mind, and we breathed a fervent prayer that the dreams which were at that moment hovering round her pillow might be dreams of bliss.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we knocked at the door of the Bell Inn of Kirkcaldy, kept by Mrs Lowe. Little did the fair damsel who gave us admission, guess who was crossing the threshold; and little did the smart waiter who brought us supper conceive who was devouring his cold chicken! We felt like Alfred in the nest—

Berd's cottage; or Peter the Great in the wood-yard at Rotterdam. All this time we had worn boots, but now we ordered slippers. There was a faltering in our voice as we pronounced the word, which almost betrayed us. The slippers were produced, but such slippers!—gay, red, cockney affairs, into which our expansive feet would scarcely peep. The whole force of our affections for the slippers we had left behind burst forth at once, and we exclaimed despairingly,

"Heu! quantum minus est cum reliquis vernari,  
Quam tui membrahæ!"

In the whole world—in the whole universe—in all space—there is but one pair of slippers like those by which we have been rendered immortal, and to which we have returned the compliment.

We walked next day seven or eight miles through Kirkaldy, the west end of which, we are informed, was never yet reached by any traveller who entered from the east, or the east by any one who entered from the west. Captain Cochrane, who walked to Kamtschatka, tried to walk through Kirkaldy, but failed, having been taken dangerously ill when he had got about half-way. It is called "the long town of Kirkaldy;" but what its length really is, remains to be discovered by some future Mungo Park, Bruce, or Clapperton. At length, perceiving the citizens beginning to make preparations for our advent, which they expected would take place in the course of that day, we flung ourselves into a carriage-and-four, galloped first to Kinghorn, and then to Pettycur, where we found a steam-boat ready to sail, and were once more safely landed at Newhaven, almost before the people of Kirkaldy had made the appalling discovery that we had been among them, without their knowing it!

"Encore, après un an, je te-revois, Arbate." Once more behold us in our study, restored, dear reader, to thee, and to our slippers. Have we not cause for mutual congratulation? After all, "there is no place like home." What a mountain of new books, and what an uncountable number of letters, await our return! It will take us hours merely to open them. But now that the evening sunlight is streaming into our room, we shall light our pastilles of sandal-wood, whose odorific smoke will mingle with the breath of flowers, and surround us with a dreamy and delicious atmosphere, as, stretched along the sofa with the marble table by its side, we proceed to select from our papers an agreeable oglio for that most intellectual and valuable class of the community—the readers and admirers of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

And what, in the present instance, can be more appropriate to begin with than the following spirited effusion, with the sentiments expressed in which, the author assures us, that all mankind heartily coincides?—

#### TO THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS.

'Tis not for men of simple rhyme,  
Nor yet for moonstruck dippers  
In Helicon, with paltry chime  
To celebrate thy slippers.

I'd sweep such scribblers off the earth—  
Prose-manglers—murderers—clippers,  
Genius alone should sing the birth  
Of genius in slippers.

The "Noctes" still may rule the night,  
And North and Hogg be whippers  
Of dulness; but a brighter light  
Shall glow around thy slippers.

In shoes thou canst a Tartar prove,—  
Thy boots shin-peeling trippers;  
But gentle as the woodcock dove,  
In thy immortal slippers.

New, in thy bark late launch'd on fame,  
A score of bards are skippers,  
That would have given Rome a name—  
Made Grecians sigh for slippers.

There dulness lives not, and the race  
Of milk and water slippers,  
With see-saw rhyme, shall ne'er disgrace  
The Editor in slippers.

If gratitude by man is due  
To knowledge-box equippers,  
The world shall vote their thanks to you,  
And venerate your slippers.

The Greek Pashas, and Afric chiefs,—  
The Indian money-grippers,  
Jews, Christians, men of all beliefs,  
Turn pilgrims to thy slippers.

And modest beauty, jealous grown,—  
Fearful thy power outstrip hers,—  
Shall beg to place her toe upon  
The corner of thy slippers.

And if an humble genius pine,  
Wedge'd in misfortune's nippers,—  
How blest if one kind word of thine  
Should link him with thy slippers!

What need of more?—though I could wear  
The fingers off my slippers,  
In multiplying rhymes, to bear  
Upon thy deathless slippers.

We next open twenty-seven cards, which contain invitations to dinner-parties, to picnic parties, to aquatic parties, to fêtes-champêtres, to the houses of country gentlemen, to public meetings, and to every kind of entertainment to which invitations are ever sent. We rarely or never answer any of these cards, but when the day comes, we go if we are in the mood, and if not, they must do the best they can without us. We are not naturally vain, but the adulation of a too partial world has a slight tendency towards making us so. Here is one of these cards, over which we have just happened to cast our eye, from an excellent fellow as breathes,—one who has boarded many an enemy's ship, sword in hand, and is now at the very top of the honourable profession to which he belongs. He is not now quite so young as he has been, but he still retains all the enthusiasm and warm feelings of youth. He writes to us from Plymouth; whence he is just about to sail on a short cruise:—

#### AN INVITATION FROM THE "OLD COMMODORE."

My pennant streams over the waters—  
The Swan's on its mountain of snow—  
Adieu! then, Edina's sweet daughters:  
Adieu!—Oh! adieu we must go!

Come sup with old Neptune with me, sir;  
We'll leave all life's fetters behind;  
And we'll over the boundless blue sea, sir,  
With hearts that are light as the wind!

I vow 'twere a horrible pity,  
Were poets and commodores found  
Smoked up in the hold of a city,  
When summer is laughing around.

Then leave all the devils behind you,  
The printers, the green, and the blue:  
Odd's blood! sir, and let me remind you,  
A *Nautical Journal* is new.

Consider, my dear Mr Editor,  
How with sea stores we'll be cramm'd;

When every subscriber's a creditor,  
Every opponent is d——d!

Off!—off with your long gown and clippers;  
In summer you scribblers should roam:  
'Tis better to blow out with skippers,  
Than fall out with lubbers at home.

Odd, zooks! when the zephyrs are blowing,  
Would the JOURNALIST skulk upon shore?  
No! tell all the town you are going,  
And off with the old Commodore!

Away! oh! away o'er the billows;  
Away! my old hearty, with me:  
You'll find us a set of good fellows,  
And July's the month for the sea!

A curious document was lately put into our hands, which, we believe, has never before been given to the public, and a copy of which we have pleasure in being now able to lay before our readers. It is an original letter in the handwriting of George III., addressed to his friend and preceptor, the Earl of Bute, shortly after his accession in 1761. It is interesting in several points of view, and particularly as it contains the original order for the pension that was settled upon Home, the author of "Douglas," and places the character of our late monarch in the most amiable, and, we may say, endearing light. We print it verbatim as it is in the original:—

#### UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF GEORGE III.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—In looking over the list we made together, I feel myself still in debt, particularly to poor Home; no office occurs to me that I think fit for him; I, therefore, desire you would give him £300 per annum out of my privy purse, which mode will be of more utility to him, as it will come free from the burthen of taxes, and infamous fees of office. I have a double satisfaction in giving Home this mark of my favour, as I know the execution of it will be as agreeable to my dearest friend as the directing it is to myself.

I remain,

My dear Friend, yours, &c.

GEORGE, R.

#### Sunday Morning, Eight.

The reader will not fail to remark, among other things, the phrase—"the infamous fees of office"—as something remarkable in the lips of a King. The date, too,—"*Sunday Morning, Eight*,"—indicates the most regular and healthy habits.

We love to study variety; so we shall next present our readers with

#### FISBY AND THE MINISTER.

*An unpublished Anecdote.*

The late venerated Dr C., of Cupar, was in the habit of taking his evening walk, on the high-road, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. During one of these stated excursions, he had occasion to meet several people returning from Ceres market, whose conversation and step indicated that Ceres and Bacchus had not been separated. Amongst the rest, a well-known, canty little body, of the name of "Tibby Brown," hove in sight, manifestly after having made, as was sometimes Tibby's practice, a little too free with a certain little stoup, which contains a gill. Tibby was a character, and though somewhat addicted to a glass at odd times, was a well-doing body upon the whole, kept a clean well-swept house, a werry cat, and a cheerful tongue in her head, what time the minister paid her a visit. Tibby, however, had that day disposed of some sale yarn, and had tithed the price to the amount of a cheerful glass with the merchant who purchased it. Tibby was close upon her pastor, ere she perceived him, and finding it impossible to retreat,—d—d, what most people would have done in her

circumstances; she put the best face on it possible—brought up her lee-way—steadied her pace to a miracle—cocked her head—and, from her very anxiety to disguise her unsteadiness, immediately tripped, stumbled, and all but came in contact with the person of her pastor. Dr C. saw Tibby's situation, and knew her general character as well as her foible, so, continuing that benignity of countenance which was natural to him, he proceeded to rally Tibby in the following terms:—"Hout, tout, Tibby, woman, ye're reeling, I see." Tibby heard the assertion, and being more accustomed to the professional than to the English sense of the term, incontinently and gaily rejoined, "Weel, minister, ye ken a body canna aye be spinnin'."

We have said before that Glasgow contains several poets. The following Sonnet is by a new aspirant, and it does him no discredit:

#### SONNET TO \*\*\*\*\*.

A day—a summer day of sunshine, with  
The merry music of clear fountains rilling  
Down the green hills,—the honey dew distilling  
On tree and flower that sweetly openeth  
Unto the welcome light,—the hum of bees  
Bent homeward,—birds responsive in their notes  
To Echo many-voiced,—the winged breeze  
Soft fanning Nature's spirit as she floats  
Upon the waveless sea of balm;—a day—  
A summer day, with all the loveliness  
Of light and shade, and a soft eye to trace  
The sunset glory:—all has pass'd away!  
And thou—wilt thou, too, go?—Oh, what to me  
One moment—one in heaven—and not with thee?

Mr Brydson, who has already appeared in our pages, and who is, besides, the author of a small volume of poetry, also resides, we believe, in Glasgow. The two following pieces are by him, and contain much of that gentle, meditative pensiveness, for which we like his style. He always writes pleasingly:

#### STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE FOLLOWING COUPLET ON ONE OF  
THE WINDOW-PANES OF AN OLD AND SECLUDED

#### COUNTRY MANOR:

*Janet Wilson and Catharine Gray  
Here spent many a happy day.*

Though fair and peaceful is the scene,  
With groves behind and fields before—  
Though to life's troubled sea, I ween,  
It seems a quiet shore—  
I love it better when ye say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day."

Ye tell me not of midnight balls  
That through the heart a sunshine spread,  
And left it gloomy as the walls  
From which their tapers fled;—  
No midnight revels—ye but say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day."

No diary of sun and shower,  
Of fashion's dull variety,  
The jocund and the listless hour,  
The smile that brought the sigh—  
No diary—ye only say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day."

Small the memorial—yet to me  
It opens up a lovely train  
Of summer eves, whose witchery  
Can ne'er be felt again;  
Yes, they were lovely—for ye say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day."

Of birch-embower'd walks at noon,  
Where to no ear the hermit stream,  
Save yours, fair maids, its fitful tune  
Murmur'd as in a dream—  
Yes, ye have wander'd thus—ye say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day."

Of tales beside the winter hearth,  
When storms were up amid the night,  
But only added to your mirth,  
And made the fire more bright—  
Yes, ye were joyous then—ye say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day."

These balmy eves—these nights and days—  
Have faded from the earth and sky;  
The tearful eyes have ceased to gaze  
That wept your last good-by—  
For ye departed—else why say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day?"

'Tis eloquent that parting lay—  
'Tis tender—and I will not seek  
To dash the trickling tear away  
From off my burning cheek,  
That falls in grief, because ye say,  
"Here spent we many a happy day?"

SONNET,

ON RECOVERING A LOST COPY OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE'S  
POEMS.

Back to my bosom come, thou early friend;  
Strange changes have I seen since last with thee  
I sat beneath mine own laburnum tree,  
And turn'd thy well-known pages to an end,  
And watch'd the rays of summer eve descend,  
Like blessings on the quiet roof of home,  
And heard the little voice that bade me come  
To sing the ev'ning psalm. And thou didst lend  
Thy pictured stores to beautify the dream  
That hung around me through the silent night,  
Bringing loved forms. Ah, little did I deem  
Few years would sweep them from my waking sight!—  
This comfort visits my lone heart with thee,  
That these shall meet me in eternity.

In a different strain is the following successful imitation of the *liveller* sort of old south-country ballad. It is a communication from a Kirkcudbright correspondent:

AULD JANNET BAIRD—A SANG TO ITS AIN TUNE.

Chorus.

Auld Jannet Baird, auld Jannet Baird,  
A wonderfu' woman was auld Jannet Baird,  
Come gentle or semple, come cadger or caird,  
A groat made them welcome wi' auld Janet Baird.

Auld Jannet Baird was a changewife o' fame,  
Wha keptit good liquor, as weel's a gude name;  
Could pray wi' the priest, an' could lauch wi' the laird,  
For learn'd an' leesome was auld Jannet Baird.

Auld Jannet could brew a browst o' gude ale,  
An' bakit gude bannocks to quicken its sale,  
An', while that a customer's pouch held a plack,  
Auld Jannet ne'er fail'd in her sang or her crack.

Auld Jannet Baird was baith gaucy an' sleek,  
Wi' the cherry's dark red on her lip an' her cheek,  
Wi' a temper and tongue like a fiddle in tune,  
An' merry an' licht as a lavrook in June.

Auld Jannet Baird had a purse fu' o' gowd,  
A but an' a ben wi' gude plenishen stow'd,  
A kist fu' o' naiprie, a cow, an' kail yard;  
An' wha was sic bein or sic braw's Jannet Baird?

Auld Jannet grew wanton, auld Jannet grew braw,  
Wore new-fangled mutches, red ribbons, an' a';  
At bridal or blythe meat, at preachin' or fair,  
The priest might be absent, but Jannet was there.

Auld Jannet grew skeich, an' auld Jannet grew crouse,  
An' she thocht a gudeman a great mense to a house,  
An' aft to hersell she wad sich an' complain,  
"O woman's a wearifu' creature alane!"

The clack o' sic beinness broucht customer's routh,  
To crack wi' the carlin an' alocken their drouth;  
An' mony's the wooer who vow'd and declared,  
He'd sell his best yand to win auld Jannet Baird.

But Jannet had secretly nourish'd for lang  
A sort o' love-liking for honest Laird Strang;  
"He's sober an' civil—his youth can be spared;  
He'd mak' a douce husband," quoth auld Jannet Baird.

The wooer that's hooly is oftentimes crost,  
An' words wared on courtin' are often words lost;  
"For better for waur, here's my loof," quoth the Laird;  
"Content; it's a bargain," quoth auld Jannet Baird.

The marriage was settled, the bridal day set,  
The priest, an' the piper, an' kindred, were met,  
They've wedded, and bedded, an' sicerly pair'd,  
She's now Mrs Strang that was auld Jannet Baird.

One of the best story-tellers living has furnished us with the curious anecdote which we subjoin:

LOVE AT ONE GLIMPSE;

OR

THE GLASGOW GENTLEMAN AND THE LADY.

Some years ago, there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellects had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost amidst the commonplace crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings, that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and of pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not; he felt disappointed; he tried again; still she abstained from passing. He continued to traverse the place till the evening, when the street became deserted. By and by, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were vain, and he left the silent, lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never off the streets. He wandered hither and thither throughout the town, like a forlorn ghost. In particular, he often visited the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her *there* than any where else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made the tour of all the churches in the town. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present to

his mental optics—but she never appeared in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world beside was to him as a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods over-much or over-long upon some engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of this country tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour, with some things, too, about him, which, like the motionless indices of that machine, pointed out the date of the interruption. As, for instance, he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neckcloth of a particular spot—being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing which bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure any thing that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day—that circumstance—and for himself, as he then existed—which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person, he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good looking, he gazed at with an enquiring, anxious expression; and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable, that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figures most nearly resembled that of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love! Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!

Alexander MacLaggan, of whose poetical capabilities we still continue to think highly, has been already introduced to our readers. They will not be displeased to meet with another recent production by him, especially one possessing so much merit as the following:

## SONG.

*By Alexander MacLaggan.*

"Now tell me, sweet Mary! our gay village pride,  
What for sae doon-hearted and thoughtfu' ye be;  
Draw back that lang sigh, and I'll mak ye my bride,  
For I'm wae to see tears at sae gentle an ee.  
Look aboon ye, the sun in its glory is lowin'—  
Look around ye, Love, a' is a flowery lea;  
Thy light foot is kin'd by the wee modest gowan,—  
Will ye no smile on naething that's smiling to thee?"

"I ken, gentle youth! that a' nature looks braw in  
Her robe wrought wi' flowers, and her soft smile o' glee;  
But look at this leaf that beside me hath fa'en,—  
It has fa'en, puir thing, and ne'er miss't frae the tree;  
O sae maun I fa' soon, and few will e'er miss me,  
My sleep is for aye, when I next close my ee;  
But the dew will weep o'er me, and friendly Death bless me,  
And the wind through the night will cry, 'O wae's me!'

"I ken they look fair, every rose on yon thorn,  
Wi' the innocent wee buds just opening their een;  
But the rose I liked best, is a' blighted an' torn,  
And o'er its dead blossom the grass grows green!

Then leave me, youth, leave me; through life's flowery lawn,

Go seek out a maiden more fitting for thee;  
Oh! what wad ye do wi' a weak trembling han',  
And a poor broken heart, that maun lie down and dee?"

A poem, entitled, "And art thou False," in the last *ENIRROA* IN HIS *SLIPPERS*, will probably be recollected, because it was a powerful and original composition. We subjoin another by the same author:

## THE RINGLET.

I tear thy ringlet from my breast,  
The last remaining token  
Of spirits wed,—of love confest,—  
Of promises all broken;—  
I shed no tear, I heave no sigh,  
No show of grief I borrow,  
But there is meaning in my eye,  
And language in my sorrow.  
Though silent—though it utter not  
The sounds of noisy feeling,  
My heart bleeds, burns—a blighted spot,  
Too wither'd far for healing.

For many years, with anxious care,  
Through other lands I bore it;  
It spoke of thee, it chased despair,  
And on my heart I wore it.  
O God! the hour is present now,  
'Tis through my memory rushing—  
That hour 'twas taken from thy brow,  
Our hearts with rapture gushing;  
O! every word, and every look,  
The hour, the place, the fond confession,  
Sweep through my bosom, wildly shook  
By torturing memory's whirlwind passion.  
Loved one! that night, when far from men,  
We pledged an oath in sight of heaven!  
An oath I've often breathed since then,—  
May oaths be broken and forgiven?  
That oath is broken, well I know,  
Else had I never known this sadness;  
'Tis broken!—broken by a blow  
That urged my brain, my soul, to madness!  
I know not what I write;—nor why!  
The poison'd past is round me gather'd,  
And through the present I decry  
Futurity untimely wither'd.  
O! was it not enough for me—  
Misfortune's vilest venom drinking,  
The foot-ball of adversity,  
Beneath a world of misery sinking,—  
Say, was it not enough that I  
Had these and hate and envy borne,  
That thou shouldst faith and fondness fly,  
And on thy lover look with scorn!  
Ah! if I e'er again should view  
The scenes of love and youthful dreaming,  
Where oft we met, and meet with you  
By crystal'd rills through woodlands streaming—  
How shall we meet,—how pass—how part?  
'Tis for an hour like this I tremble;  
*Absent*, I may control my heart,  
But *present*, I could not dissemble.  
But go, and if thy heart forgive,  
Loved one, I shall ne'er upbraid thee;  
Farewell! and mayest thou happy live,  
Happier far than I had made thee!  
I tear thy ringlet from my heart,  
And with it all thy vows I sever;  
And now farewell! We part,—yes, part!—  
Are twain from henceforth and for ever!

There is a mixture of the comic and the sad in the following Scotch ballad, which pleases us:

## THE LAIRD'S BRIDE.

The laird cam' hame wi' his brow young bride,  
To fend in his forebears' ha';  
An' woe but she was a blythesome queen  
As ever my auld een saw!

Her bosom, that keek't through the aillken gause,  
Was pure as the new-born snow;  
An' the genty mak' o' her pearly haire  
Like the stem o' a lily in blow.

The tresses that flew round her lightsome brow  
Were gowden as gowden mought be,  
Like the wee curly clouds that play roun' the sun,  
When he's just ga'en to drap in the sea.

An' woe but the fiddlers play'd bonny an' sweet,  
An' bauldly the pipers blew;  
For she strack ilka note wi' her wee fairy feet,  
As through the dance she flew.

I wat but the laird was a buirdly chief,  
Sae strappin' an' straight to the sight;  
An' he flung through the reel, wi' his winsome bride,  
As swift as a flash o' light.

Alack, sma' cause hae we to be crouse  
O' aught in this flickerin' warl';  
An' far less cause hae mortal man  
Anent aught earthly to quarrel.

For, was an' alack! that bonny young bride,  
At the peep o' the following day,  
Lay cauld an' stiff by her bridegroom's side,  
A lifeless form o' clay.

An' the guests that cam' to the bridal ha',  
Sae fou o' glee an' mirth,  
Wended along wi' her blooming bodie,  
An' hid it deep in the earth.

An' the laird dwined awa like the melting snow  
Before the mid-day sun;  
An' lang before twa weeks were ower,  
His earthly race was run.

An' aft, as I gae on that mouldering ha',  
An' think on its ancient pride,  
The tears come trickling down my cheeks,  
For the fate o' the laird and his bride.

The naïve, yet shrewd, manner in which our friend Dr M'Donald (heretofore quoted on the subject of Edward Irving and Fletcher) describes many of the sights of London, has found much favour in our eyes. We give another amusing specimen of his epistolary style:

## THE GENTLEMEN OF THE FANCY.

(Extract of a Letter from Dr M'Donald to a Friend in Scotland.)

I went to Harry Holt's the other day, and was ushered into the presence o' the assembled Fancy, where Alec Reid, the Chelsea snob, presided as master o' the ceremonies. The round an' athletic forms o' Jem Ward and Tom Spring attracted my admiration. The former, who is the present champion, is what may be termed a hard-up cove,—that is, he is generally a tailor's day's work behind his brethren in point o' toggerie. An' that, let me tell you, makes a deevilish lang day's drawback upon better men than boxers; the best shape looks flabby,—the sternest eye looks to the ground,—an' the straightest back stoops. But to proceed, Jem is undoubtedly the first pugilist in the ring, wi' an excellent bottom; but, from the warst o' motives—the white feather has been visible—he is not a good man. His up stroke is terrible; it is peculiar to him an' Harry Jones; an' though he is ignorant

as a celt, he is a civil fellow; so are they a', a' civil fellows. Tom Spring might fill the office o' the late Beau Nash. He is a beautiful out fighter, but is completely out at a cleave or a wind up. Little Dick Curtis spars exquisitely, and stops to admiration; he is sharp as a needle, an' sound as a prin, which is a rare thing to be met wi', since the ring was deprived o' the services o' Jackson an' Belcher. I had a set-to with Big Brown, he being the only man o' my weight present. Brown boxes like a bullock, without skill or caution, and reminds me o' Josh Hudson, an' Leadenhall market.

Throughout, the sport was excellent, an' I wad very willingly enter into particulars, were it not that ye may think me gann to the devil, as boxing north the Tweed is considered the brother o' blackguardism. But I mean say that's cutting before the point. I dinna deny but some o' the professional men are low, pitiful blackguards; but this rests wi' the men, not the profession. Wi' a few exceptions, the sporting-houses are among the most respectable in London. There ye will find officers o' the army an' navy, gentlemen legal an' medical, monied men an' landed proprietors, editors an' authors. They patronize the arts more than any other, (that is, in their ain line,) including portraits o' the Fancy—sae an' racers—pheasants—cocks—rabbits—pigeons—dogs—I had almost said rats, and so on. I am an enemy to prize-fighting—every man of feeling must be so, who has seen a human being carried out o' the ring, resembling nothing in heaven or earth, unless it be a phre-pudding half cut up, and anointed wi' brandy. I am also an enemy to gambling of every description. I am an enemy to betting and wagering. But what have these to do wi' boxing? Boxing, in itself, is not bad; but its abuse is bad. It is a necessary and a manly exercise. Every man should practice an' encourage it. I see mair harm in a friendly turn up wi' the gloves, than in running, jumping, or wrestling, all o' which are excellent, healthy, manly amusements. It is only a blackguard art, in as far as it is left to the case o' blackguards. Under Jackson, boxing was as respectable as fencing.

We happen to have in our possession the original copy, written in his own hand, (a good strong hand,) of the following lines by Robert Pollok, author of "The Course of Time." We believe they have already appeared in a Glasgow publication, but it is perhaps worth while reprinting them here, as a literary relic of a man of genius:

LEWIS,

By Robert Pollok, Author of "The Course of Time."

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,  
All lovely on its native stalk,  
Unmindful of the noonday blast  
That strew'd it on my evening walk.

So, when the morn of life awakes,  
My hopes are bright on fancy's bloom,  
Forgetful of the death-aim'd stroke  
That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there, my hopes,—watch Helen sleep,—  
Ner more with sweet-lipp'd fancy rare;  
But, with the long grass, sigh and weep  
At dawy eve by Helen's grave.

There is a racy antique humour about the following Sonnet, which we like. It comes to us from the banks of the Clyde, where the Clyde is a dith:

A SONNET OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A knyghte beneath hys ladye's tour ystode,  
The moone schone bryghte, and sweetly thus sang hee:  
"Wake, wake, mie queene, and, for the lufe of Godde,  
Assuage the sorrow thatte consumeth me!  
Harke to the nachtygalle upon the tree,  
Harke to the lark on merynges' cresept syngin',  
Harke piteous echoes backe mie dittle syngin'!

Mochte they not melt thy stony herte in thee?"  
Then lyke a whyte swanne from a willow grove,—  
Or as a beme from a derke cloud you see,—  
The knychte was ware of her that he did lufe;  
She threw the lattice wyde, and thus said she,—  
"Goode manne! I wish this herpe was atte the Divill!  
Go hame to bedde!"—which was not very civill.

At the battle of Sheriff-Muir, somebody called out,  
"O! for one hour of Dundee!" We shall give our readers just five minutes of Dundee, in the shape of some good, spirited stanza, which come from that town, and are written by a gentleman who signs himself "F."

## A GREEK SAILOR'S WAR SONG.

My gallant ship! again—in freedom shalt thou bound,  
Once more upon the trembling main thy thunders shall  
resound;  
And heroes from thy boards shall leap on the red deck of  
the foe,  
When the grappling fight is ship to ship, and sabres deal  
the blow.

Hark! comrades, now the breeze is loud, to the wind  
your canvases spread;  
Again we feel our hearts beat proud, as the sounding deck  
we tread.  
Farewell—the maids of that soft isle—though long we've  
own'd their sway—  
Nor melting tear, nor witching smile, shall tempt our  
further stay.

Far other raptures now we seek than Love's soft votaries  
know,—  
The bliss that fills the warrior Greek, when falls his  
Turkish foe;  
When on their decks our falchions flash, in mingling  
conflict hot,  
Or when their distant riggings crash beneath our whist-  
ling shot.

Oh, these are joys but known to men,—to men who dare  
be free!  
We've felt them, and we yet again to seek them scour the sea;  
Where'er around our country's shore the Moslem banners fly,  
Shall there be heard the battle's roar—shall there the  
crescent lie.

We will wipe out the slavish stain our race has borne so long,  
And Greece shall be the land again of heroes and of song;  
And Genius from her slumbers deep shall wake to sleep  
no more!

And Salamis' blue waves shall sweep as proudly as of yore!

One other short effusion, and we have done. The idea  
of the following song is pretty, and we recommend it as  
well worthy of a place in any gentleman's album, who  
may be in want of something of the kind, to indicate that  
he is just a little unhappy:

## SONG TO MARY.

There is a wreath of dewy flowers,  
Companion of life's joyous hours,  
Entwisted with the eglantine,  
And tendrils of the laughing vine;  
And honeysuckle buds between  
The polish'd leaves of holly green;  
And roses, blushing into view,—  
To enrich the lily's milder hue,—  
Fit for temples fancy free—

'Tis for thee.

There is a wreath of cypress boughs,  
Emblem dull of hopeless woes,  
Bound with tiny silver shreds,  
From tearful willow's drooping head;  
Where uningled rue, with languid grace,  
Shrinks from ivy's cold embrace,

And nightshade drops its deadly dew  
Sadly on the sombre yew,—  
Evergreen of misery—  
'Tis for me.

The slumber of a summer night is about to steal upon us, yet, before we sleep, we have a serious word to say. Let it not enter the imagination of any one, that it is a light and easy matter to secure an introduction to the EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS. Solemnly do we declare, that we look upon it as the highest compliment which can be paid to any living author. Our selections upon the present occasion have exceeded our usual limits, not because we have been one iota less scrupulous in our choice, but because, after laying aside whole cart-loads of dross, we still found that communications had poured in so thick upon us, we had an *embarras de richesses* to contend with. The day may yet come, when men shall tell it to their children, and to their children's children, that the Great EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, he who never looked either to the right or to the left, but straight on in pursuit of genius, spoke kindly of some one of their productions, and handed it down to posterity along with his own time-honoured name. That day may yet come!—we see it bursting through the far futurity;—"think on't,—dream on't."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A SUMMER EVENING DREAM.

By Charles Doyne Sillery.

One bright summer day, in my own native bowers,  
I lay down to sleep mid the beautiful flowers;  
I was lull'd by the zephyrs that play'd through the trees,  
With the sweet song of birds, and the murmur of bees;  
And I dreamt me a dream of so lovely an elf,  
That to think of that vision is heaven itself!  
Methought through the sunshine came floating, from far,  
A bright burning planet—a beautiful star!  
And the nearer it hung o'er my wondering eyes,  
The brighter its beauty, the deeper its dyes;—  
Then I saw, through a cloud of carnations and roses,  
The Spirit of Bliss, in that star who reposes;—  
Her fair flowing hair was like morn's living gold,  
When the sun in his robes of rich purple is roll'd;  
Her eyes were as soft as the dewy blue-bells,  
That bow their gemm'd cups in my own native dells;  
As pure was her bosom, as bright was her brow,  
As the new-fall'n flake of the cold mountain snow;  
And Flora had lavish'd her loveliest wealth  
On her cheeks, which were tinged with the blushes of  
health:

And she press'd to her red lips her delicate hand,  
As taper'd and white as the peel'd willow wand;  
And the diamond tiara that circled her head  
Was ywoven with roses all dewy and red:  
She sat mid the flowers, like a spirit of light,  
In the heaven of her loveliness, beaming and bright!  
And she earnestly gazed, as she something would say,  
While the bower of her beauty was floating away:  
But I heard a sweet voice, that cried, "Angel! on! on!"  
I awoke with the music—the spirit was gone!

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

By Charles Doyne Sillery.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Thou art gone, sweet babe! to an early tomb;  
As a rose-bud is pluck'd ere it opens to bloom:  
Thou art gone, dear babe, thou art gone to heaven,  
As the dew-drop exhaled from its earthly leaven.

Ah, yes!—thou art gone to thy home in the skies,  
Where the tears, dear child, shall be wiped from thine eyes;  
Where thine innocent soul shall expand in bliss,  
In a world far brighter and better than this!

Ah! beautiful babe! may thy heart's pure love  
 Bud—bloom, like the rose, in these realms above;  
 May the green turf lie light o'er shine innocent breast—  
 God love thee, my baby!—O! sweet be thy rest!

As the praise which hath pass'd from an angel's tongue,  
 As a hymn which a spirit in Heaven has sung,  
 As a cloud that dissolves in the boundless blue sky,  
 As the tear that has fall'n from thy grieved mother's eye;  
 As the star lost in light on the bright brow of morning,  
 As a wild-flower that fades while the forest adorning,  
 As a snow-flake just melted away in the river,—  
 Thou art gone, lovely babe, thou art gone for ever!

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

MR BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.—This gentleman's Lectures, which commenced on Monday last, and have continued every evening during the week, appear to be exciting much interest, and giving great satisfaction, in this city. We are, for our own part, heartily disposed to approve of the favourable impression which he has made. We have heard him with no common degree of pleasure; and consider ourselves called upon to declare, that we were never before in possession of such vivid and accurate notions of all that is remarkable in the countries he undertakes to describe, as those with which we have been supplied by him. Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia, have been successively delineated, with all their wonders, both of art and nature, in a manner which makes us now feel comparatively at home upon these subjects. Numerous circumstances concur in recommending Mr Buckingham's Lectures to the public, viewing them merely in a literary and popular point of view, and altogether apart from the grand national question with which, however, they are all more or less connected. In the first place, Mr Buckingham has himself been in the countries of which he treats, and has seen with his own eyes every thing he describes. If he speaks of the Pyramids, he has stood on their top; if of the Nile, he has bathed in its waters; if of Mecca, he has made the pilgrimage to the holy shrine; if of Palmyra, he has been among its ruins. In the second place, information conveyed orally has a great advantage over that which comes to us through the medium of books. It is amazing how much the looks and gestures of the speaker contribute to give distinctness and graphic force to the pictures he attempts to sketch. A book is the best substitute we can have for its author, but it is only a substitute. Mr Buckingham is both the book and the author in one, and the effect produced is therefore doubled. In the third place, Mr Buckingham's manner is exceedingly prepossessing and agreeable. One sees at once that he is a gentleman, and entitled to respect as well as to attention. He is a man apparently fully past middle life, but hale and active, with an intelligent and pleasant expression of countenance, and with a modest but energetic and business-like mode of delivery, which effectually prevents the minds of his audience from wandering. In addition to all this, he is excellently skilled in the art of pleasing a popular assembly, by intermingling with his graver and more important matter a number of light and amusing stories. On the whole, we can safely say, that we know of no way in which a body of really substantial and useful knowledge may be more easily and effectually attained than by attending a course of Mr Buckingham's Lectures. So much does this seem to be also the opinion of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, that he has found it necessary to desert the Hopetoun Rooms for the still larger hall in the Waterloo Hotel, where he is to lecture upon India, this day, and on Monday, at one o'clock. These two lectures will not be purely commercial, but will embrace a great variety of interesting facts respecting the institutions of the country and the condition of the people, which are as deserving the attention of ladies and professional gentlemen as of commercial men.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr Buckingham will lecture in Leith, and on Thursday he leaves Edinburgh, on a pretty extensive tour, in the course of which he will stop at the following towns in their order, in all of which he will deliver lectures.—Dundee—Aberdeen—Inverness—Glasgow—Paisley—Carlisle—and thence back to London, through the middle districts of England.

Mr Hood, the Author of Whips and Oddities, has a new work in the press, entitled, Epping Hunt. It describes the adventures of a worthy citizen who joins the hunt, and is to be illustrated with several engravings on wood, after the designs of George Cruikshank. We understand that Mr Hood has also a comedy in preparation for next season.

Mr John Parker Lawson, Author of the Life and Times of Archbishop Laud, is preparing for publication the Life of Samuel Horsley, LL.D., late Lord Bishop of St Asaph, in one volume 8vo. In this work there will be much interesting matter connected with the public characters of last century, both in church and state.

Dr Menzies, the Author of the Anatomy of Drunkenness, is preparing a new work, to be entitled, The Philosophy of Sleep.

Mr D. M. Moir, Surgeon, Musselburgh, is preparing for publication a medico-popular treatise on the Diseases and Dietetic Management of Children; with an appendix on the culture of the infant mind, and the relative excellences and defects of the various systems of education now in use.

Mr Galt is preparing for publication a work on the present state and prospects of the settlements in Upper Canada.

We have received a copy of a new edition, just published at Paisley, of the Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Flisk, late Missionary to Palestine, with a Preface and Notes, by the Rev. Robert Burns, D.D. We noticed the Edinburgh edition of this work some time ago.

Pelham, the Disowned, and Almack's Revisited, have been translated into German, and published at Aix-la-Chapelle.

A complete edition of the works of Moliere has been published in the Polish language.

Mr Kendal is preparing for publication a full and illustrated statement of his hypothesis, that the circulation in the sea is analogous to the circulation of the blood.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, the celebrated painter, by his son, the Reverend John Romney, B.D., is in the press.

PLAGIARISM.—(From a Correspondent.)—In the number of the *Monthly Magazine* for the present month, there occurs the following egregious blunder at the conclusion of a review of the "Life and Services of Captain Beaver." "Among the documents which are collected at the end of the volume, is a single ballad, written by Captain Beaver at the age of fifteen. It has enough of lyrical ease to prove that, if he had cultivated the art, he might have succeeded; and as a song of the sea, by a sailor, it is a curiosity." They then quote the well-known song, slightly altered from the original,—

"Up in the wind, three leagues or more," which all the world (excepting the biographer of Beaver, and the reviewer) is aware was written by Richard Cumberland, the celebrated dramatist, after the action between the Milford frigate, and the *Due de Coligny*, fought 10th May, 1780, in which frigate Cumberland sailed on a mission to Lisbon for the British Government, and an account of which he details in the first volume of his amusing memoirs, along with a copy of the song above alluded to; yet this very song is copied by two wisecracks as the production of Captain Beaver at the age of fifteen! This is as bad as the oft-repeated blunder about the lines on the Bible, spoken by the White Lady of Avenel, in the "Monastery," but which have been (in spite of all that has been said in contradiction) inserted in every collection of sacred and sedious poetry for the last half-dozen years, with the signature of Lord Byron eternally appended to the right-hand corner of the said lines!

*Theatrical Gossip.*—The season of the Italian Opera, or King's Theatre, is drawing towards a close. Laporte, the manager, has already commenced preparations for his next campaign. To his present strength, which consists principally of Malibran, Sontag, Piaroni, Mlle. Blais, Donzelli, and Curioni, he proposes to add Lalande, the celebrated *prima donna* of Naples and Milan, and Lablache, an equally famous bass singer. Pasta, Velluti, and De Begnis, seem to be keeping aloof from the Opera at present. Caradori, it is said, is about to visit Italy for a few months.—A new Opera, by Rossini, called "William Tell," is to be produced speedily at Paris.—Miss Paton has been singing at the Ipswich Theatre.—Wallace has just returned from America, and is accompanied by a younger brother, who is said to be an excellent actor, especially in Irish characters.—The managing committee of Drury-lane are stated to have agreed to a considerable reduction in the rent to the lessee next year, so inadequate have been the profits of the season, notwithstanding the success of the pieces produced. It is also reported, that Mr Price, having failed to prevail on the committee to proceed against Elliston, for performing regular plays at the Surrey, has resolved to undertake the prosecution himself.—The Caledonian Theatre here continues to be respectfully attended, and we should suppose is paying.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL Reviews of new and interesting works are unavoidably postponed.

The interesting account of the Ayrshire Sculptor's recent works will appear in our next.

We are afraid that "Woman's Love—A Sketch," by "J. C." will not suit us.—"Thetis'" communication from London is deficient in novelty of information—"J. H." does not entertain the same opinion that we do of the compositions to which he alludes.—We shall endeavour to find time to reply to the letter regarding the autographs.

We hope to find a place for the poem by Dugald Moore of Glasgow—"The Mountain Cairn" is more prosaic than its author's former contributions.—We cannot give "P. M." of Aberdeen any great encouragement.—The Lines by "R. K."—"J. G. M."—and "R. B. W." of Glasgow, will not suit us.—The Lines from the German of Heine are in type.

[No. 36. July 13, 1839.]

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"Without entering into the controversy, we will venture to say, that Mr Stone has evinced great research, and literary talent of a very high order, in the composition of this work."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review* for July.

Mr Combe, in referring to this review, observes, "The first Medical Journal of Britain, and I may say of Europe," viz; *The Medico-Chirurgical Review*, has long supported Phrenology."—*Letter to the Editor of the Weekly Journal*.

"There are so many curious considerations scattered throughout the whole of Mr Stone's treatise, and the argumentative portion presents such a series of closely knit facts, and palpable deductions, that it seems destined to overturn a theory which has gained ground by the help of the imagination, and the superstitions of the weak, rather than the knowledge or judgment of the learned. We refer our readers to Mr Stone's pamphlet for the fullest details connected with Phrenology. ••• We promise them their time will be profitably spent in its perusal."—*The Atlas*, June 7.

"This is one of the most efficient knock-down blows which Phrenology has yet received. Nobody can read this Pamphlet and believe in Phrenology. ••• Mr Stone's former pamphlet on the same subject was a learned and able one, but this is a thousand times more convincing, because there is no theorizing in it, nothing but plain statements and incontrovertible deductions."—*Edinburgh Literary Journal* for May 24.

"We cannot at this moment number the attempts Mr Stone has made to rout his opponents, but it is known to all who take an interest in the warfare that he has repeatedly returned to the charge, and that each successive charge has been more successful than its predecessor. This last one, we regard as the most brilliant of all; and if the Phrenological champions do not make a good rally, and speedily regain the positions from which he has dislodged them, we suspect they will be regarded as having tacitly agreed to an unconditional surrender. Candour and fairness characterise his whole argument, and we shall open the next number of the Phrenological Journal with some excitement, knowing that so formidable an adversary must be answered."—*Edinburgh Observer*, May 1st.

Also, by the same Author,

**A REJOINDER to the ANSWER of GEORGE COMBE, Esq.**

"Mr Combe has published a small pamphlet in reply to Mr Stone's recent attack on Phrenology, which our readers will recollect we noticed at some length. Mr Combe has failed in his attempt to get the better of Mr Stone's arguments, or rather, of his facts. A Rejoinder from Mr Stone is to be published, we believe, this day; and it will not be difficult for him to put Mr Combe in even a more awkward light than before."—*The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, May 30.

"Having adverted to Mr Combe's objections to the methods adopted by Mr Stone in his measurements and observations, we come to the conclusions,—that Mr Stone's methods were calculated to accomplish the ends he had in view;—that he was able, by means of them, to compare the relative sizes of certain organs in the heads of different individuals; and that, as no charge is made against him of wilfully mistaking the results of his measurements, and comparisons we are called upon to give them the same credit as is given to statements of fact made by respectable individuals upon the evidence of their own observations."—*The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, June 17.

"Whether the Phrenologists will admit that their favourite science is knocked on the head by this author, we do not know; but if their theories have attained to the rank of a Science, Mr Stone has treated it in a proper way by a formal induction of facts which he has brought to bear upon the phrenological doctrines."—*The New Scots Magazine* for April.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Illustrations of Ornithology.* By Sir William Jardine, Bart., and Pridaux John Selby, Esq. The First Five Parts. Edinburgh. Daniel Lizars.

This is a splendid work, and ought to be considered a national one. To Sir William Jardine and Mr Selby, the ornithologists of Great Britain are more indebted than to any other individuals who have ever undertaken to illustrate this most delightful department of Zoology. They have rescued an important branch of natural history from the neglect into which it was falling in this country; and, by the time they have finished their undertaking, we shall not be afraid to challenge the science of the Continent to produce any work which is in itself a more complete ornithological library. Dr Shaw's Zoology, which embraces this subject, and the General History of Birds by Dr Latham, are both valuable books; but the limited number of plates they contain, and the inferior manner in which these are executed, are disadvantages of a nature which cannot be overlooked. Besides, the genera, according to the ancient nomenclature, are now found to contain so many hundred species, that numerous modern subdivisions have become absolutely necessary, to avoid endless obscurity, and the infliction of most unnecessary labour on the student. To the "Illustrations" before us, no such objections can be made. Each Part contains from fifteen to twenty Plates, and these have been drawn and coloured after the very finest specimens to be found in the rich collections of the British Museum, of the University of Edinburgh, of the Linnean Society of London, and of the East India Company, which, together with the greater part of the best private collections throughout the country, have, with becoming liberality, been thrown open to our distinguished naturalists. In many instances, too, living specimens have been obtained, and particular attention has been bestowed on the natural position and character of each subject, although it would, of course, be too much to expect that as great life and animation could be given to them as was infused into his drawings by Audubon, who had spent years in the forest and by the lake, watching the habits and modes of life of their winged inhabitants. This deficiency, however, where it exists, is amply compensated by the exquisite manner in which the plates are finished, the vivid brilliancy of the colouring, the great accuracy of the drawing, and the beautiful clearness and harmony of the engraving, which, under the superintendence of Mr Lizars, could hardly fail to be of a most finished kind. The letter-press, which is in the most elegant style of typography, includes descriptions of the generic and specific characters of the birds, together with occasional remarks on their nature, habits, and comparative anatomy. We could have wished that these remarks had been more numerous than they are; but, in a strictly scientific work, their frequent introduction was perhaps thought unnecessary. The general arrangement we highly approve of. Our attention is, in the first place,

directed to such new groups and new species as have not hitherto been considered either by Cuvier or any other ornithologist; next, such subjects are given as have been described, but not figured; next, those which have been hitherto incorrectly represented, or whose variations in plumage, arising from age, sex, or climate, have not been particularized; and lastly, as the work is meant to comprehend the whole of this department of Zoology, all the remaining species are presented, whether they have been described and figured before or not.

We have long been of opinion, that a sufficient degree of curiosity regarding the feathered people of the air does not exist, neither among persons of professed scientific habits, nor the more general enquirers into all that is remarkable in the diversified works of creation. Of all living things, birds seem endowed with a nature most distinct from ours. The wild beasts of the desert dispute the earth with us; the insects and reptiles live among our flowers, fruits, shrubs, and vegetables; the tenants of the mighty deep possess an element with which we are familiar, and from whose recesses we can drag them at will. But the birds have their home in the blue ether,—their path is through regions which man, with all his ingenuity, can never reach,—they float in light, far beyond our ken, on the sunny side of the distant cloud, that flings its dark shadow over us,—they cross oceans and traverse continents, alike independent of wind and wave,—they are the companions of the sunbeams, and find their sport under the arch of the rainbow,—they forever sing their glad songs round the car of summer, and leave behind them the duller seasons to beings, who, unlike them, are chained to one spot of earth. There is something noble and beautiful in their existence. The immortal soul of man is likened to a bird. The living evidence which they afford of that which is visible and material, being able to mingle with what is invisible, and, if not immaterial, at least ethereal, is finely calculated to typify our own nature, so strangely compounded of what is earthly with what is heavenly.

In a popular, though not very scientific, view of the subject, there may be said to be four great divisions among birds, each of which cannot fail to excite a thousand interesting associations. These are, *birds of prey*, *aquatic birds*, *singing birds*, and *birds which are neither birds of prey, aquatic birds, nor singing birds*, but possess various habits and propensities peculiar to themselves. Of these four classes, the work before us affords many beautiful specimens. A word or two of each.

Among *birds of prey*, the eagle of course comes first. There he sits, far up among the rocks, with an eye like a deep clear pool, in which nothing but the glory of the skies is reflected, glancing, like the poet's, "from earth to heaven," but returning not, like him, to linger on the clay of this lower world,—rejoicing rather to drink in a long draught of sunshine from the fountain of light, and then, as if smitten with a love of that concentrated splendour, soaring upwards with a rush of wings, higher and higher yet, away into the silence and the purity of unoccupied space! There must be something of human passion about that eagle; he is proudly conscious of the boldness of his flight,

and the freedom of his nature. Who shall say how far it may be given him to reach? Why should he not travel on and on and on, until he either wander from the earth altogether, or, dying like Icarus on his too adventurous journey, come tumbling down the empyrean like a meteor, and fall dead into some far-off Glencoe, or nameless glen? But if he return scatheless from his sunward flight, is he not richly entitled to a kid, a lamb, or even a grown-up sheep, with which to regale himself in his mountainous solitude? Let us not grudge the bird of Jove—the very monarch of the air—a dinner upon any of the paltry four-footed things that walk the earth.—If we next open Part Third, lo! the vulture;—a shrewd and most sagacious-looking rascal, with a beak like an old Roman's nose, and an eye like Moffat's, the murderer of Begbie. It was for a long while a question whether the sense of smell or of sight was more useful to the vulture in the discovery of his prey; but the matter is now nearly settled by the experiments of Audubon, detailed in his excellent papers on the habits of the American *Vulturida*, which go far to prove, that they are indebted to the latter of these senses almost exclusively. Generally speaking, the plumage of birds of prey is of an unusually sombre and sober kind, as if Nature thought it unnecessary to throw away gay feathers upon animals which were to be so much exposed to the tear and wear of actual service. And only look at the vulture's talons! With such instruments as these, it is impossible that the bird can resist clutching up every thing that comes within his reach, and then what a glorious scene of tearing, and rugging, and lacerating, and rending, will incontinently follow! He is a greedy Caligula; we do not love or respect the vulture.—The hawk, with all the varieties of the species, should not be passed over in silence. The first plate in Part Fifth—which has just been published—is one of the finest specimens we have ever seen. It is the *crested spizatus*, or the *falco cristatellus*, and is said to have been shot, off the north coast, by the captain of a vessel about to enter the port of Aberdeen. It is better known, however, as a native of the warmer climates of Asia; and from the forehead, throat, sides of the neck, and the whole of the under parts, being pure white, we should hardly imagine it indigenous in this country. The upper part of the body is of a dark amber-brown, and from the occiput spring six or eight elongated dark brown feathers, which form a pendant crest. The bird altogether is of a beautiful and dignified aspect; there is a patrician air about him. He looks as if he had lived all his life, not upon sparrows, or "frogs, and mice, and such small deer," but on pigeons and ring-doves. Rich blood flows through his veins;—he is a gentleman every inch of him,—a far more noble-looking fellow, we venture to say, than the sea-captain who said he shot him off Aberdeen.

Though there is a still greater variety of *aquatic* than of *predatorial* birds, there is probably a still stronger general resemblance between them, both in their habits and appearance. In the work before us, the two most interesting birds of this description which have yet been given, are the *larus roseus*, or *rosy gull*, in Part I., and the *erodia amphilepis*, or *pieb erodia*, in Part V. The first of these is an acquisition gained to ornithology by the enterprising expeditions of Captain Parry. The genus to which it belongs is sufficiently numerous, and the gull may be called the very bird of the ocean. In all weathers and seasons, in all latitudes, and on every voyage, it meets the sailor—now careering on the outskirts of the storm, and now floating in dreamy idleness upon the heaving bosom of the unruddied deep,—now clustering and shrieking in the offing round some rude rock, and now sailing before the breeze, dipping in the snowy wave its more snowy bosom, and, as if it loved the companionship of men, sporting for leagues in the wake of the gallant vessel. There must be something less gregarious, and more solitary, in the habits of that particular species called the *rosy gull*; for the only speci-

men which was either procured or seen, during Parry's second voyage, (when it was first discovered,) is now in the Edinburgh Museum, and has been engraved for this work.—As to the *erodia*, it belongs to that species of aquatic birds, which delight rather in the oozy shores of seas and lakes than in the wide waters themselves. This is a very numerous class. They have, for the most part, long, slender, naked legs, as if for the purpose of enabling them to wade more easily; and bills, too, of portentous strength and longitude, down which, it is easy to perceive that innumerable crustaceous animals, especially all sorts of shell fish, are destined to pass. The plumage of these marine birds, in good keeping with the element to which they belong, is commonly coloured grey, black, blue, and white, grey being the predominant tint.

Of the *singing birds*, it would be invidious and malicious to particularize any one in preference to his companions. All mankind owe them much, for they give a beauty, and a life, and a cheerfulness, to every rural scene which nothing else could equal. They are winged voices, whose whole existence is music. Trees are dearer to us, because we hear their songs among the branches; when the stars wane, the larks succeed them in the skies, and are no unworthy successors; from the gardens and the groves the innocent melodies of the feathered throng come like the prattle of children, to soften and to soothe the heart. No wonder that poets have sought for inspiration in their notes; no wonder that gentle ladies have held them captive in golden cages, and rejoiced to feed them with the honey dew of their own lips. How free are they from the dull satiety of ordinary life! How deeply ignorant of all the weariness and the fret of human society,

"In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green and shadows numberless,  
Singing of summer in full-throated ease!"

Of all created creatures, were we to change our own condition, we should wish to be a singing bird; and perhaps it would have been better for us, had we been a singing bird from the beginning.

With regard to the *miscellaneous* birds, which do not exactly belong to any of the three classes already enumerated, volumes might be written to illustrate their peculiarities. They swarm everywhere;—in the fields of England, on the mountains of Scotland, among the marshes of Holland, on the sands of Africa, in the forests of America. Some are remarkable for the splendid beauty of their plumage, such as the *Malabar chloropsis*, in Part I., with its forehead of brilliant orange, its throat ultra-marine blue, tinged with violet purple, its upper parts sap green, changing in intensity according to the light in which it is placed, and its shoulders pale glossy blue; or the *azure kingfisher*, in Part IV.; or the *purple-crowned pigeon*, and *tabuan parakeet*, both magnificent birds, in Part V. Others are remarkable for their minute and exquisite shape and hues, justifying the poet's appellation of "winged gems." Witness the different kinds of the *Mahurus*, called by Lewin the *variegated warbler*, and by Phillip the *superb warbler*; the *birds of Paradise*, and many more. Others, again, are remarkable for being good-for-nothing, greedy, chattering wretches. Here, for example, is an animal—the *garrulus coronatus*, or *crowned jay*, whom one may see, with half an eye, to be the most conceited, backbiting, irritable, old-maid kind of creature in the whole of the aerial dominions. Here are two other fellows, the *saffron-coloured aracari*, and the *spotted-billed aracari*, both South American birds, who have bills almost as large as the whole of the rest of their bodies put together; these are the aldermen of the woods,—gluttonous, who lay waste whole colonies of innocent insects, and devour more food in an hour, than they would entitle themselves to, by their talents or virtues, in a year. Then here are two *collared shrikes* from Africa, caught in the very act,—with the red hand, as we say in Scot-

land. No wonder the *shrike* is proverbial among the Hottemots for cruelty; did you ever see a dark, black villain, with a hooked beak, hand down more coolly to one of his younger associates a murdered and bleeding butterfly? and the young thief, with an expression of savage joy, gazes wide to receive the prey; these are the very Burks and Hares of the feathered tribe; we should like much to see a gohawk pounce upon them, like a master of police, and put an end to their infamous revelries.

Having thus feebly adverted to a few of the interesting traits in the character and history of birds, we conclude, as we began, by warmly recommending these "Illustrations of Ornithology," not to the man of abstract science alone, but to all who take an interest in natural history, and are willing to strengthen and improve their mind, by paying some attention to one of its most delightful branches.

*The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. I. Being the Family Library, No. IV. London. John Murray. 1829.

This is a delightful volume, on a subject which must interest every man of classical attainments, who aspires to the cultivation of his taste, and the extension of a highly useful species of knowledge. There runs through it a fine fresh vein of bold and manly thought; and whilst it is evident that the author, avoiding all the disgusting cant of criticism and vulgar amateurship, thinks decidedly for himself, it is at the same time no less evident, that his acquirements are such as to entitle him to exercise, in the freest manner, his independent judgment, and to make its decisions valuable. "Will no one write a book on what he understands?" was asked by Mr Jeffrey some time ago, in alluding to an earlier work of Allan Cunningham's; and this was but the prologue to a merciless rebuking, which might have been well spared by the critic, considering the kindness he showed to others, whose merits were certainly not greater. No complaint, however, of the kind formerly made, can be brought against the book before us. Allan Cunningham's habits, of late years, peculiarly fit him for doing justice to the task he has undertaken. He has held for some time a high and lucrative situation in the extensive establishment of Chantry the sculptor; and as literature and the arts are kindred studies, he has found it both for his pleasure and advantage to divide his time between them. It would not be easy, it is true, to fetter down by any established rules, however excellent, the exuberant genius of Cunningham; but a delicate susceptibility to all that is lovely and sublime in nature, which is only another phrase for genius, is the best guarantee that the beauties of art can be duly appreciated, and will not be discussed with the flippancy of conceit, or the obstinacy of ignorance.

The present work upon the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of Great Britain, is to extend to three volumes. Only the first has yet appeared, which contains an historical account of the early English Painters, followed by the Lives of William Hogarth, Richard Wilson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Thomas Gainsborough. The historical introduction is written with great ability, and is very interesting. The author has had many difficulties to contend with; for, as he justly remarks, the history of art, and of British art in particular, and the lives, characters, and works of its earlier professors, "are scattered through many volumes, and are to be sought for in remote collections, private cabinets, and public galleries." Almost the only authorities to which he could appeal are Vertue and Walpole,—the one too indiscriminating, and the other too easily prejudiced. Justly, therefore, does Mr Cunningham determine, on all occasions, to express his own sentiments concerning works of Bri-

tish art, wherever he has the power of personal examination. "Though the lives of men, devoted to silent study and secluded labour," he subsequently observes, "contain few of those incidents which embellish the biographies of more stirring spirits, yet they are scarcely less alluring and instructive. Their works are at once their actions and their history, and a record of the taste and feeling of the times in which they flourished. We love to know under what circumstances a great work of art was conceived and completed: it is pleasing to follow the vicissitudes of their fortunes whose genius has charmed us—to sympathize in their anxieties, and to witness their triumph."

Painting, unlike her sister, Poetry, made very slow progress in England for many centuries. Henry the Third seems to have been among the first of our kings who patronised the arts to any considerable extent. But the low estimation in which painting was then held may be guessed from the fact, that in the person of an artist were commonly combined the different trades of a carver of wood, a maker of figures, a house and heraldry painter, a carpenter, an upholsterer, a mason, a saddler, a jeweller, and sometimes, over and above all, a—tailor! From this state of degradation, the arts were far from rising during the reigns of the two first Edwards, who were too fond of military trappings to care much for aught else. Greater progress was made during the long reign of Edward the Third. The illustration and illumination of missals, and of books of chivalry and romance, though a far humbler pursuit than legitimate painting, contributed to encourage a taste for the latter; and the art of making tapestry, which was now much attended to, exercised probably a still greater influence towards the same end. Our author's observations upon this subject are so interesting, that we shall extract them:

#### TAPESTRY.

"The art of tapestry, as well as the art of illuminating books, aided in diffusing a love of painting over the island. It was carried to a high degree of excellence. The earliest account of its appearance in England is during the reign of Henry the Eighth; but there is no reason to doubt that it was well known and in general esteem much earlier. The traditional account, that we were instructed in it by the Saracens, has probably some foundation. The ladies encouraged this manufacture, by working at it with their own hands; and the rich aided by purchasing it in vast quantities whenever regular practitioners appeared in the market. It found its way into church and palace, chamber and hall. It served at once to cover and adorn cold and comfortless walls. It added warmth, and when snow was on the hill, and ice in the stream, gave an air of social snugness which has deserted some of our modern mansions.

"At first, the figures and groups which rendered this manufacture popular, were copies of favourite paintings; but, as taste improved and skill increased, they showed more of originality in their conceptions, if not more of nature in their forms. They exhibited, in common with all other works of art, the mixed taste of the times—a grotesque union of classical and Hebrew history—of martial life and pastoral repose—of Greek gods and Roman saints. Absurd as such combinations certainly were, and destitute of those beauties of form and delicate gradations and harmony of colour which distinguish paintings worthily so called, still, when the hall was lighted up, and living faces thronged the floor, the silent inhabitants of the walls would seem, in the eyes of our ancestors, something very splendid. As painting rose in fame, tapestry sunk in estimation. The introduction of a lighter and less massive mode of architecture abridged the space for its accommodation; and, by degrees, the stiff and fanciful creations of the loom vanished from our walls. The art is now neglected. I am sorry for this, because I cannot think meanly of an art which engaged the heads and hands of the ladies of England, and gave, to the tapestried hall of elder days, fame little inferior to what now waits on a gallery of paintings."—Pp. 13-4.

Notwithstanding the progress which England had now made in many ways, it is still most remarkable that, so late as the accession of Henry the Eighth, painters were numbered with the common menials of the court; "they

had their liverly suit; their yearly dole, and their weekly wages." The Reformation, for some time at least, did no good to the arts, especially to historical painting. Portraiture was allowed to survive the general wreck; and Hans Holbein, who was received with honour at the court of Henry in the year 1526, was the first artist of eminence who visited England. He died of the plague in London in 1554. Elizabeth did little for the arts, and James not much more. He gave a pension, however, to the Dutch painter Mytens, "whose reputation was such, that, in the opinion of many, it suffered but a slight eclipse on the appearance of Vandyke." Charles the First did more for art and literature in this country, than all his predecessors put together. Inigo Jones was his architect, and Vandyke was his painter. In the great Gallery of Whitehall, he had a collection of four hundred and sixty pictures, comprising many of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Corregio, Julio Romano, Parmegiano, Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoret, Titian, Paul Veronese, and Leonardo da Vinci. It was about this time, also, that George Jamesone, a native of Aberdeen, known by the name of the Scottish Vandyke, made his appearance. He commenced his professional career at Edinburgh in the year 1628, after having studied under Rubens. "When Charles visited Scotland in 1633, he sat for his portrait to Jamesone, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his own finger." The troubles which soon afterwards ensued, and the ascendancy of the Puritans, checked for a long while the progress of art. "The arts," says Walpole, "were in a manner expelled with the royal family from Britain. The arts that civilize society are not calculated for men who rise on the ruins of established order." The Restoration of Charles the Second changed the order of things, as if by sudden enchantment; but the natural grace of innocence and simplicity of youth no longer attended the arts. The talents of Sir Peter Lely, which were unquestionably great, were dedicated, for the most part, to the task of recording the features of lordly rakes and courtly wantons. His successor, Sir Godfrey Kneller, had a still higher reputation, and a more extended range. "All the sovereigns of his time, all the noblemen of the court, all the men of genius in the kingdom, and almost all the ladies of rank or of beauty in England, sat for their portraits." The following anecdotes of this painter are characteristic and amusing:—

#### ANECDOTES OF SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

"The vanity of Kneller was redeemed by his naïveté, and rendered pleasant by his wit. 'Dost thou think, man,' said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil, 'dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No! God Almighty only makes painters.' His wit, however, was that of one who had caught the spirit of Charles the Second's wicked court. He once overheard a low fellow cursing himself—'God damn you! indeed!' exclaimed the artist, in wonder. 'God may damn the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you think he will take the trouble of damning such a scoundrel as you?' The servants of his neighbour, Dr Ratcliffe, abused the liberty of a private entrance to the painter's garden, and plucked his flowers. Kneller sent word that he must shut the door up. 'Tell him,' the Doctor peevishly replied, 'that he may do any thing with it but paint it.'—'Never mind what he says,' retorted Sir Godfrey, 'I can take any thing from him—but physic.'

"Kneller was one day conversing about his art, when he gave the following neat reason for preferring portraiture: 'Painters of history,' said he, 'make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live.' In a conversation concerning the legitimacy of the unfortunate son of James the Second, some doubts having been expressed by an Oxford doctor, he exclaimed, with much warmth, 'His father and mother have sat to me about thirty-six times apiece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. Mein Gott! I could paint King James now by memory! I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or to mother; this I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken! Nay, the nails of his fingers are his

mother's, the queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines.'—Pp. 48-9.

Kneller brings us down to the commencement of the 18th century, when native painters of genius and reputation make their appearance. Up to this period, Great Britain was indebted principally to the four foreign artists, —Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller; for though the Olivera, Jamesone, and Cooper, were native artists, they were unquestionably of an inferior grade. Hogarth was born in London on the 10th of December, 1697, and with him the Biographical Memoirs of the British Painters commence. It is impossible for us to attempt any analysis of these Memoirs, all of which are written with elegance, spirit, and impartiality. Hogarth seems to be an especial favourite with Mr Cunningham, who is anxious to do him all justice, both as an artist and a man. We suspect, indeed, that he conveys almost too favourable an impression of the painter's moral character; but this is an error on the right side. All the remarks on Hogarth's celebrated works are pertinent and good; the following account of one of them may serve as a brief specimen:—

#### HOGARTH'S ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

"'This design,' says Ireland, 'originated in a story which was told to Hogarth by Mr John Festin, who is the hero of the print. He was eminent for his skill in playing upon the hautboy and German flute, and much employed as a teacher of music.' To each of his scholars he dedicated one hour each day. 'At nine o'clock, one morning,' said he, 'I waited upon my Lord Spencer, but his Lordship being out of town, from him I went to Mr V——n, now Lord V——n; it was so early that he was not arisen. I went into his chamber, and, opening a window, sat down on the window-seat. Before the rails was a fellow playing upon the hautboy. A man with a barrowful of onions offered the piper an onion if he would play him a tune; that ended, he offered a second for a second tune; the same for a third, and was going on; but this was too much—I could not bear it; it angered my very soul. Zounds!' said I, 'stop here! This fellow is ridiculing my profession—he is playing on the hautboy for onions!'

"In the spirit of this story the artist has gone to work. Of vocal performers, we have the dustman, shouting 'Dust, ho! dust, ho!' the wandering fishmonger, calling 'Flounders!' a milk-maid, crying 'Milk above! milk below!' a female ballad-singer, chanting the doleful story of the 'Lady's Fall'—her child and a neighbouring parrot screaming the chorus; a little French drummer beats 'rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub,' without remorse, singing all the time; two cats squall and puff in the gutter tiles; a dog is howling in dismay, while, like a young demon, overlooking and inspiring all, a sweep-boy, with nothing unblack about him, save his teeth and the whites of his eyes, proclaims that his work is done—from the top of a chimney-pot. Of instrumental accompaniments, there is good store. A postman with his horn, a stroller with his hautboy, a dustman with his bell, a pavior with his rammer, a cutter grinding a butcher's cleaver, and 'John Long, pewterer,' over a door, adds the clink of twenty hammers, striking on metal, to the medley of out-of-door sounds.'—Pp. 111-13.

The materials for a Life of Richard Wilson are very scanty, and accordingly it is the shortest in the volume; but as this country has produced few landscape-painters of greater eminence, any particulars concerning him must be interesting.—Sir Joshua Reynolds occupies a much more prominent place. The friend of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and Goldsmith, his name is connected with the literature as well as the arts of his country. He was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723, and it appears that his name is recorded in the parish register as Joseph, not Joshua. A portrait-painter, of the name of Hudson, was his first master; but in the year 1749, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he visited Rome, and the splendid works in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican were his second masters. Raphael and Michael Angelo were the painters whose productions he principally admired. But, in the opinion of Mr Cunningham, "the severe dignity of Angelo or Raphael he had no chance of attaining, for he wanted loftiness of imagination, without

which no grand work can ever be achieved; but he had a deep sense of character, great skill in light and shade, a graceful softness and an alluring sweetness, such as none have surpassed. From the works of Leonardo da Vinci, Fra. Bartolomeo, Titian, and Velasquez, he acquired knowledge, which placed fortune and fame within his reach." He remained in Italy for three years. His brilliant and lucrative career, when he returned, is ably described, and a number of anecdotes and notices of his contemporaries are introduced, which enhance the interest and value of the Memoir. We can find room for only one extract, and it is of somewhat a melancholy cast:

THE LAST DAYS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Sir Joshua had now reached his 66th year; his boldness and happy freedom of his productions were undiminished; and the celerity of his execution, and the glowing richness of his colouring, were rather on the increase than the wane. His life had been uniformly virtuous and temperate; and his looks, notwithstanding the paralytic stroke he had lately received, promised health and long life. He was happy in his fame and fortune, and in the society of numerous and eminent friends; and he saw himself in his old age without a rival. His great prudence and fortunate control of temper had prevented him from giving serious offence to any individual; and the money he had amassed, and the style in which he lived, unencumbered with a family, created a respect for him amongst those who were incapable of understanding his merits. But the hour of sorrow was at hand. One day, in the month of July 1789, while finishing the portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford, he felt a sudden decay of sight in his left eye. He laid down the pencil; sat a little while in mute consideration, and never lifted it more.

"His sight gradually darkened, and within ten weeks of the first attack, his left eye was wholly blind. He appeared cheerful, and endeavoured to persuade himself that he was resigned and happy. But he had been accustomed to the society of the titled and the beautiful, and from this he was now cut off; he knew the world well, and perceived that, as the pencil, which brought the children of vanity about him as with a charm, could no longer be used, the giddy tide of approbation would soon roll another way. His mental sufferings were visible to some of his friends, though he sought to conceal them with all his might. One read to him to charm away the time,—another conversed with him,—and the social circle among whom he had so long presided, still assembled round the well-spread table. Orazio Humphreys came every morning and read a newspaper to him; his niece, afterwards Marchioness of Thomson, arrived from the country, and endeavoured to soothe and amuse him; and he tried to divert himself by changing the position of his pictures, and by exhibiting them all in succession in his drawing-room, so that he at once pleased his friends and gratified himself.

"But a man cannot always live in society, nor can society always spare time to amuse him. There are many hours of existence which he must gladden, as he can, for himself. Cowper took to the taming of hares; and Sir Joshua made a companion of a little bird, which was so tame and docile as to perch on his hand, and with this innocent favourite he was often found by his friends, pacing around his room, and speaking to it as if it were a thing of sense and information. A summer morning and an open window were temptations which it could not resist; it flew away; and Reynolds roamed for hours about the square where he resided, in hopes of reclaiming it.

"A concealed and fatal malady was invading the functions of life, and sapping his spirits. This was an enlargement of the liver, which expanded to twice its natural dimensions, defied human skill, and deprived him of all cheerfulness. His friends were ever with him, and sought to soothe him with hopes of recovery and with visions of long life; but he felt, in the simple language of the old bard,

'That death was with him dreading,'

refused to be comforted, and prepared for dissolution. 'I have been fortunate,' he said, 'in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine.' Sir Joshua expired without any visible symptoms of pain, on the 23d of February, 1792, in the 66th year of his age."—Pp. 302-8.

To these biographical particulars we shall subjoin the

following able piece of criticism on Sir Joshua's style of portrait-painting:—

"The portraits of Reynolds are equally numerous and excellent, and all who have written of their merits have swelled their eulogiums by comparing them with the simplicity of Titian, the vigour of Rembrandt, and the elegance and delicacy of Vandyke. Certainly, in character and expression, and in many cases, he has never been surpassed. He is always equal, always natural—graceful—unaffected. His boldness of posture, and his singular freedom of colouring, are so supported by all the grace of art—by all the sorcery of skill, that they appear natural and noble. Over the meanest head he sheds the halo of dignity; his men are all nobleness, his women all loveliness, and his children all simplicity: yet they are all like the living originals. He had the singular art of summoning the mind into the face, and making sentiment mingle in the portrait. He could completely dismiss all his preconceived notions of academic beauty from his mind, be dead to the past, and living only to the present, and enter into the character of the reigning beauty of the hour with a truth and a happiness next to magical. It is not to be denied that he was a mighty flatterer. Had Colonel Charteris sat to Reynolds, he would, I doubt not, have given an aspect worthy of a President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

"That the admirers of portrait-painting are many, the annual exhibitions show us; and it is pleasant to read the social and domestic affections of the country in these innumerable productions. In the minds of some they rank with historical compositions; and there can be no doubt that portraits that give the form and the soul of the poets, and statesmen, and warriors, and of all whose actions or whose thoughts lend lustre to the land, are to be received as illustrations of history. But with the mob of portraits fame and history have nothing to do. The painter who wishes for lasting fame, must not lavish his fine colours and his choice postures on the rich and titled alone; he must seek to associate his labours with the genius of the country. The face of an undistinguished person, however exquisitely painted, is disregarded in the eyes of posterity. The most skilful posture, and the richest colouring, cannot create the reputation which accompanies genius, and we turn coldly away from the head which we happen not to know or to have heard of. The portrait of Johnson has risen to the value of five hundred guineas; while the heads of many of Sir Joshua's grandest lords remain at their original fifty."

"The influence of Reynolds on the taste and elegance of the island was great, and will be lasting. The grace and ease of his compositions were a lesson for the living to study, while the simplicity of his dresses astonished the giddy and the gay amidst the hideousness of fashion. He sought to restore nature in the looks of his sitters, and he waged a thirty years' war against the fopperies of dress. His works diffused a love of elegance, and united with poetry in softening the asperities of nature, in extending our views, and in connecting us with the spirits of the time. His cold stateliness of character, and his honourable pride of art, gave dignity to his profession: the rich and the far-descended were pleased to be painted by a gentleman as well as a genius."—Pp. 314-16.

The Life of Gainsborough, who, with Wilson, laid the foundation of our school of landscape, concludes the volume. The penury of contemporary biography precludes the possibility of many personal details in his case, any more than in that of Wilson. He lived on terms of great affection with Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and died in the sixty-first year of his age, in 1783. His style is well characterised by his biographer in these few words:—"His paintings have a national look. He belongs to no school; he is not reflected from the glass of men, but from that of nature. He has not steeped his landscapes in the atmosphere of Italy, like Wilson, nor borrowed the postures of his portraits from the old masters, like Reynolds. No academy schooled down into uniformity and imitation the truly English and intrepid spirit of Gainsborough." Again,—“There is a charm about the children running wild in the landscapes of Gainsborough, which is more deeply felt by comparing them with those of Reynolds. The children of Sir Joshua are indeed beautiful creations, free, artless, and lovely; but they seem all to have been nursed in velvet laps, and fed with golden spoons. There is a rustic grace,

an untamed wildness, about the children of the latter, which speak of the country and of neglected toilets. They are the offspring of nature, running free among woods as wild as themselves. They are not afraid of disordering their satins, and wetting their kid shoes: They roll on the green sward, burrow like rabbits, and dabble in the running streams dally."

Before closing this volume, which we heartily recommend to the attention of our readers, and which has made us anxious for the speedy appearance of the two which are to follow, we have a word or two to say of the embellishments. These are ten in number,—two on steel, and eight on wood. This indicates a degree of liberality on the part of the publisher highly praiseworthy; and the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of William Hogarth, both on steel, are themselves worth the price of the volume. We beg, however, most particularly to state, that we would rather have had one other engraving on steel or copper, than the whole eight which have been given on wood. We do not know to what perfection engraving on wood may yet be brought, (it has got into considerable favour already;) but we are clear that it in no one instance does justice to the original. There is a soft indistinctness about it which we cannot abide, and the disagreeable effect of which any one will perceive by looking at the portrait of Thomas Gainsborough in the volume before us. The best woodcut is from one of Hogarth's works; but we must say, that considering the subject, which is "The Harlot's Progress, scene second," it was bad taste to give it a place in the book at all. We do not see what it has to do with the *Family Library*. Wilson's "Morning,"—Reynolds's "Shepherd Boy,"—and Gainsborough's "Cottage Girl," are in better taste, but the execution is inferior. Let us not part in the least ill-humour, however, for the *Family Library* is very ably conducted, and all the works which have appeared in it have been worthy of commendation, though to our taste the present is the best.

*A Concise System of Mechanics, in Theory and Practice; with Original and Practical Remarks, Rules, Experiments, Tables, and Calculations, for the use of Practical Men.* By James Hay, Land Surveyor. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1829.

We have frequently been led to observe, with regret, that in almost all the ordinary books intended for the use of practical mechanics, the rules are merely given, without any investigation of the principles upon which they are grounded, or the methods by which they are deduced from these principles. The chief reason for this is, no doubt, the very imperfect education of the lower classes. Adam Smith has very justly observed, that "if, instead of a little smattering of Latin which the children of the common people are sometimes taught at school, and which can scarce ever be of any use to them, they were instructed in the elementary parts of geometry and mechanics, the literary education of this rank of people would perhaps be as complete as it can be. There is scarce a common trade which does not afford some opportunity of applying to it the principles of geometry and mechanics, and which would not, therefore, gradually exercise and improve the common people in those principles,—the necessary introduction to the most sublime, as well as to the most useful, sciences." If our mechanics were educated to use the powers of their minds freely—to investigate, by their own industry, all the principles they want—to consider nothing as a useful acquisition but in consequence of such investigation—we are convinced that this knowledge would be of the greatest benefit to them, not merely in a mechanical, but in a moral, point of view.

The great excellence of Mr Hay's work consists in his having combined *theory with practice*, by selecting from more voluminous and expensive works the most useful practical rules; in having given simple but rigorous demonstrations of these rules, and accompanied them with

numerous and appropriate examples. He has, moreover, followed these up by copious original and apposite "remarks," which cannot fail to prove highly interesting, as well as useful, to the practical mechanic. We have long considered such a work as the present a great desideratum, and are therefore happy in having it in our power to bear testimony to the able manner in which Mr Hay has supplied it. He is evidently perfectly acquainted with his subject, and has certainly rendered it as simple as the nature of a strictly scientific work would admit; most of the "demonstrations requiring only a knowledge of the rules of proportion, and none more than a slight acquirement in geometry or simple equations."

*The Doom of Derenzie. A Poem.* By the late Thomas Furlong. London. Joseph Robins. 1829.

We have been asked to give a candid opinion of this posthumous production, which is from the pen of an amiable man, who died, in Dublin, at the early age of thirty-three. We feel the whole force of Johnson's advice,

"To wit, reviving from its author's dust,  
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just;"

and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that we do not think Mr Furlong, had he lived, would ever have risen to the rank of a great poet. There are some pleasing, and perhaps even powerful, passages in the "Doom of Derenzie;" but, on the whole, the diction is too prosaic, and the story too feebly brought out, to secure popularity. Such passages as the following are little calculated to suit the present taste of the literary world:

"She, at times,  
Did talk of sleepless nights and days of drowsiness,  
Of headaches, spasms, and other slight infirmities,  
Or real or imagined—such as haunt  
The waking dreams of maidens."

There are, of course, many passages of a far superior kind; but, in giving an opinion upon a poem, it is not individual excellencies—unless they be bursts of real genius—but the general tone and spirit of the whole, that must be considered. The following extract is of the most favourable kind we can select:

"And thus, through life's gay dawn they went,  
Lovely, and loved, and innocent,  
And still each morn, that came and pass'd,  
To them seem'd fairer than the last;  
For they were happy, and they felt  
Pleased with the world in which they dwelt.  
Still, with his blooming one, the boy  
Play'd round her mother's plain abode;  
Or took his sunny walks of joy  
Through the wild wood, or o'er the road:  
And many an aged man that pass'd  
Gazed on the little tenants there;  
And, as he went, pour'd forth a prayer,  
Wishing that favouring Heaven at last  
Would join the beauteous pair.  
Oh! love, so simple and so bright,  
Hath such a charm to cheer the sight,  
That even a cherub, throned in light,  
Might let one glance of kindness fall—  
One calm, kind glance, from censure free—  
And say, as such he chanced to see,  
That the earth's weak ones had not all  
Lost their primeval purity."

This is very pretty and Moore-ish, but the poetical reader will perceive, that even this carefully selected extract wants the true merit of vigorous originality; and this want is still more apparent throughout the volume.

*History of the most Remarkable Conspiracies connected with European History, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries.* By John Parker Lawson, M.A. Being Volumes XLIII. and XLIV. of Constable's Miscellany. Edinburgh. 1829.

When we inclined to enter in detail upon the general question, it would be easy to show, that we have good

grounds for complimenting the author of this work on his skill in selecting a subject likely to be at once instructive and popular. But we prefer giving our readers an abstract of its contents; an undertaking more likely to find favour in their eyes, than the successful management of the most ingenious argument we could lay before them.

These histories are partly original, and partly reprints of narratives which are already before the public, although, perhaps, not so generally known as the interest attaching to them would have led one to expect. By far the most interesting of the whole, when judged by their own intrinsic merit, are "the Conspiracy of the Spaniards against Venice in 1618," a translation from the French of the Abbé de St Real; and "the Conspiracy of John Lewis Fiesco against Genoa in 1547," translated from the original Memoir of the Cardinal de Retz. These narratives are characterized, in a high degree, by the superiority over modern histories, which the better works of the 16th and 17th centuries derived from the circumstance of their being composed by practical and experienced statesmen. Some histories of the 18th century are written in better taste, or in a freer spirit; some are more intensely eloquent, and have occasional glimpses of a deeper insight into human nature; but being, for the most part, the productions of recluse scholars, they want that intimate knowledge of political business, those comprehensive views, and complete mastery of their subject, which we find in the writings of their predecessors.

These, however, as well as "the Intrigues of Don Carlos against his father, Philip the II. of Spain," and the intensely interesting story of "the Rise and Fall of Masaniello, fisherman, of Naples," we pass over, in order to leave ourselves more space for those conspiracies which are a portion of our own history. Indeed, the story of Don Carlos is, in some shape or another, already familiar to most readers. Of the conspiracy against Venice, Otway's Tragedy has diffused a general, though not very accurate, notion. And the story of Masaniello has been handled in Lady Morgan's romance, called "A Life of Salvatore Rosa."

The first, then, of our own conspiracies, is entitled, "The Assassination of James I." We are inclined to look upon it as the most successful of Mr Lawson's original histories. He has given a more detailed and connected account of that event, than the public at large previously possessed. It is true, indeed, that the subject is a happier one than any of the others he has selected; the personages are more prominent and vigorous—the interest is more condensed, vivid, and dramatic. James I. of Scotland, a man of resolute and persevering character, with taste and imagination of a high order, received his education in England, where arts and civil policy had made much greater progress than in his native country; and returned to wield a scarce regarded sceptre, over a people in a state of anarchy. He returned with wrongs to avenge, and with the ardent desire of a high-minded young man, to communicate to his countrymen the higher civilization with which he had been imbued. His enemies, those of his own household, had held the reins of government so long, that, on the one hand, they had secured many attached adherents, and, on the other, the people's feeling of the atrocities by which they had acquired power, had been chilled by the lapse of time. Their punishment, therefore, was resented by their friends; and the inconsiderate zeal with which James pushed his reforms, irritating the nation, gave the malecontents a handle for representing him as a self-willed tyrant. At the head of his enemies was Sir Robert Grahame, a man distinguished by indomitable resolution, versatility of resource, extensive acquisitions, and recklessness of purpose. This man, after engaging in a variety of plots, at last renounced his allegiance to James, and retired to the Highlands. He induced, while there, several influential noblemen to join in his schemes; some he lured by ad-

ressing himself to their ambition; others, by misrepresenting James's character and purposes.

It was in the end of the year 1436 that the King removed with his court to Perth, to hold his Christmas. He was aware, in some degree, of Grahame's machinations. There were old prophecies in circulation, which spoke of a king's death that year. Portents had been seen in heaven and on earth. An old Highlandwoman had thrown herself in James's way, as he was about to cross the water of Leith, and predicted his ruin, if he proceeded on his journey. These combined circumstances seem occasionally to have weighed on the King's mind; but, nevertheless, the revels were kept up with spirit till near the end of February. On the night of the 21st or 22d of that month, Grahame, with a body of three hundred Highlanders, possessed himself of the palace, after the domestics had retired to rest. The bolt on the door of the king's chamber had previously been removed by a confederate; so the traitors found no impediment in their way. In vain Catherine Douglas thrust her arm into the place of the bolt; in vain the queen and her ladies threw themselves between their monarch and his murderers: the assassins pressed onward, and having discovered his lurking place, first Grahame, and then the two Halls, stabbed him repeatedly with their daggers. The attendants of the king were at length aroused, but too late; for the assassins escaped, favoured by the darkness of the night.

This atrocious deed opened the eyes of the nation to the true character of their sovereign and his enemies. The murderers found none to shelter them. Some died penitent, some cowardly; Grahame alone, the master-spirit of the plot, died as he had lived. Finding every subterfuge and evasion vain, he bade defiance to his judges; and amidst tortures to which human nature has rarely been subjected, he continued to overwhelm his executioners and the bystanders with taunts and mockeries.

Were we disposed to cavil, we might say, that the next historiette, "The Death of James III." is deficient in unity, as containing the history of two distinct undertakings; and that, seeing the king fell in open battle, fairly stricken, the latter of these scarcely corresponds to the idea we have been accustomed to attach to the word *conspiracy*. But this would be very small work. If the death of James III. should prove less interesting than that of his grandfather, we can only attribute it to the languor resulting from the length of time in which the events are thinly sown, and to the less striking character of the former. We almost fear that the private character of James III. has scarcely had justice done to it in history. That he was timid to an unwarrantable degree is evident from his behaviour in his last fatal field, and from the extremes to which he allowed himself to be instigated against his brothers. In other respects, historians have represented him as a prince of low tastes and degraded habits. They stigmatize his associates as a sort of low mechanics; but when we call to remembrance the prejudices of the age, it is evident that this term may have been applied slightly to men of gentle, though not of noble birth, and distinguished (when compared with their contemporaries) in the fine arts. Habitual conversation with such men we do not incline to hold a proof of a low mind, more than habitual conversation with the chivalrous, but rather illiterate and turbulent barons. It is true, that Cochrane is reported to have borne his advancement with a bad grace; but even forgetting for a moment that this is the story of his enemies, that his bearing may have been nothing more than the generous, though imprudent defiance, with which a high mind met the contumely of the old nobility,—forgetting all this, and receiving the current tradition for correct, his misconduct proves nothing against the rest of James's associates. We are the more inclined to take a lenient view of this monarch's character, from the architectural taste displayed in the buildings raised under his auspices,

—from the devoted attachment shown towards him by the burghs, notwithstanding his reserved manners,—from his continued patronage of the enterprising mariner, Wood,—and from the large body of the nobles who continued faithful to him. We incline to look upon him as originally a man of gentle and amiable dispositions, but unfortunately placed in a sphere which required greater resolution and activity than he possessed.

Having indulged in this episodic dissertation, we are precluded the possibility of entering into the story of James, for which we refer our readers to Mr Lawson's very distinct narrative. Before quitting the subject, we may remark, that the interview between Sir Andrew Wood and the young prince, after his father's death, is, to our taste, one of the most affecting passages in history. The boy's tears, showing at once the kindness of his nature, and the helplessness of his age, which had enabled the insurgents to make an instrument of him, and the honest, reckless answers of the loyal veteran, contrast as finely as their figures and times of life; and when the pair are viewed in fancy's eye as surrounded by the scowling crowd of irritated nobles, they form as striking a picture as can well be conceived.

Hitherto Mr Lawson has been walking over plain ground. In the early periods of a nation's history, it is the mere human interest that attracts; their feuds and factions are long dead; we take no share in them. But when we come to the times of the Reformation, when the war of opinion, which is still waging, commenced, every man immediately ranks himself under the banners of his party, and believes or disbelieves, likes or dislikes, according as his sympathies or antipathies direct. It is the most perfect farce, in such a state of affairs, for any man to pretend to impartiality. "Tell me what you are, and say what you think openly and honestly; I shall know how to make allowance for the bias of peculiar opinions." But when a man, whose every notion is tinged by his feelings, pretends to speak uninfluenced by them, he deprives us unfairly of the only standard by which we can estimate his unavoidable mistakes. It is on this account that we prefer Mr Lawson's open and avowed partisanship to all mealy-mouthed pretences to independence. His peculiar views have led him, in his history of the Gowrie Conspiracy, to get up a new theory of that mysterious event. As many of the documents upon which he proceeds are not at present before us, we shall defer entering into the controversy until the third *livraison* of Mr Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, to which he refers us, appears.

Mr Lawson's devotion to his own sect, however, rather goes beyond the pretty ample limits we have allowed. He calls the age of the Reformation in Scotland, the age of "turbulence, crime, and sedition;" forgetting that these had prevailed in the country for centuries, and only strike us more at that period, because the new light which had been introduced showed, for the first time, their deformity. He represents the Presbyterians as almost without exception turbulent or hypocritical, vulgar or ambitious; and we are not quite sure that he admits any change to have taken place in their character down to the present day. He affects, in defiance of all history, to call the Presbyterian Church of Scotland "the newly erected society of ministers callit the Presbyterie;" when he must know, that the form of church government by Presbyteries was older in Scotland, by many a good year, than the Episcopalian; that the latter has only, at two brief and distant intervals, been supported by the government, and never recognised by the nation. Will Mr Lawson affirm that the misconduct of a few wicked and designing men can stain the character of a church to which, from ambitious motives, they pretend to belong? Will he deny that the Scottish Church, though deeply imbued in its infancy with the defects of the age which gave it birth, has, like a turbid and rain-swollen brook, run itself pure? Heaven grant he may not, in his Quixotic attachment to his own system, and in his late extensive perusal of the history of

conspiracies, be spirited on to the hopeless attempt of making some one of his heretics his model! We should be most loath to see him depart on his heaven-ward journey from the Grassmarket "with a St Johnston's tippet about his hawes."

The remaining histories in this work are, "the Gunpowder Plot, in 1604," too well known to require recapitulation; "the Popish Plot of 1678;" and the "Rye-house Plot"—things shadowy and unsubstantial as the age in which they were conceived, but interesting as a picture of the times.

*The Quarterly Review.* No. LXXXI. July 1829.  
London. John Murray.

It is, we believe, pretty generally admitted, that if the Edinburgh Review has displayed occasionally greater genius, the Quarterly has displayed more uniform talent. The critical opinions of the latter (wherever personal feeling was not concerned) have commonly been the more correct,—those of the former more daringly original, enforced and illustrated more brilliantly. This, at least, was the notion entertained of the respective merits of these works during the intumescence of Mr Gifford. The principles of the Quarterly, under his management, seemed to be those of strict adherence to whatever was established in literature or in politics. The accession of Mr Lockhart to the editorial office has infused a new spirit into the Journal. It remains as aristocratical, as rigidly classical, as ever; but these mere outward forms have been animated by a more daring and energetic mind—by a soul more alive to all the delicate beauties and harmonies of nature. We proceed, however, to the contents of the present Number.

Art. I. is a review of Southey's *Colloquies* on the progress and prospects of society. The reviewer has confined himself exclusively to the religious prospects of society, and he has treated this important matter in a spirit which must rejoice his author's heart. The critic's style is full and flowing; his sentiments are amiable; his reflections are varied, and often deeply conceived, though sometimes rather weak and languid. Not the least charm, which the article has for us, is a quaintness, more of thought than expression, which breathes through the whole of it. In the main drift of the argument—the demonstration of the utility and necessity of a church establishment—we most heartily acquiesce.—Art. II. is one of those delightful articles, which, in old times, constituted the chief attraction of the Quarterly; a light, graphic account of the inhabitants of Ava—the gossiping of a gentleman and scholar.—Art. III., on the Progresses and Court of King James, is of a similar character.—Art. IV. is on Chinese Drama, Poetry, and Romance. We incline to look upon this article—with all due deference to the superior judgment of the admirers of political disquisition—as the most important in the present number. Notwithstanding the exertions made by diplomatists, merchants, and priests, for hundreds of years, the interior of the Celestial Empire still remains hermetically sealed against us. No traveller has yet given us an idea of any thing more than the mere outside of Chinese life—none has penetrated the secret of their domestic arrangements. When we speak of a Chinese, we mean those awkward and ungainly figures which we see on the hills of our tea-boxes, or on old porcelain jars. The critic in the Quarterly Review, barred, like all others, from immediate intercourse, lies in ambush to listen to their songs; and the gush of their melody, pouring in upon him, betrays to him the secret throbbings of their hearts. We assure our readers that we are not speaking in any hyperbolic strain. There is grace, delicacy, and soft for thought, in Chinese poetry. If they will not take our word for it, let them read the article which has suggested these remarks.—Art. V. is a learned attempt to prove who were the original inhabitants of Scotland—a question

which we think of little interest and less importance. All that we know of the matter is, that not long after the Norman conquest of England, the descendants of a Saxon princess obtained the Scottish throne; that the tide of Norman and Saxon immigrants into the country, which had previously set in, flowed, from that era, with redoubled force; that the original inhabitants melted away before the new-comers, as a less civilised people always must before one further advanced; that, in a short time, all the most desirable land in Scotland was in possession of these Anglo-Norman intruders; and that, from that day to this, "the history of Scotland" means the history of their descendants.—Art. VI. is an able review of that part of Dr Gooch's work on female diseases which treats of insanity. There are some doctrines propounded on this interesting subject which seem to us alike just and original.—Art. VII., on the political and moral state of Portugal, and Art. IX., on the condition of the English peasantry, are essays of great talent, and require a more lengthened discussion than we can afford to give them.—Art. VIII. is a review of Sir Rufane Donkin's book on that interminable question, "The course and probable termination of the Niger?" The gallant knight's theory is shown up with great felicity of humour, and, at the same time, in a strictly gentlemanly manner.

*The French Librarian, or Literary Guide; pointing out the best works of the principal writers of France, in every branch of Literature; with Criticisms, Personal Anecdotes, and Bibliographical Notices, preceded by a Sketch of the progress of French Literature.* By L. T. Ventouillac. London. Treuttel, Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun. & Richter. 1829.

THIS work, so far as it goes, is upon a judicious plan, and may be consulted with advantage. The author's object has been to furnish a list of the best works written in French, in every department of Literature, subjoining to each work a testimonial in its favour, and a short account of its character, either by an English or French critic. Much labour must, of course, have been requisite to accomplish this task, and it was not likely that the first edition should be altogether perfect and satisfactory to every class of readers. Though the author has limited himself to books of merit, and has thus, of course, brought his labour into narrower bounds, it will be at once perceived that he must have omitted many which are deserving of a place, when it is stated, that in the whole volume he has made mention of only about six hundred French authors, and nine hundred works. Still this list includes a great number of standard French productions; and though we do not, in every instance, acknowledge the weight of the authorities he brings forward in their favour, we are certainly of opinion, that, all things considered, this "Literary Guide" is well executed, and that they who are forming a French library, would do well to look into it. We shall be glad to see Monsieur Ventouillac publishing a second edition, with additions; and we think the hint he has given might be very properly followed up by similar works, illustrative of the literature, both of our own country and of other Continental nations.

*A History of the Siege of Londonderry and Defence of Enniskillen in 1688 and 1689.* By the Rev. John Graham, M.A., Rector of Tamlachtard, in the Diocese of Derry. Second Edition. Dublin. William Curry. 1829.

THIS is a well-written work, and details an interesting episode in the History of Ireland. It possesses, however, more local than general interest, and we content ourselves with recommending it to those on this side of the Channel who may be curious in these matters. In Ireland it will have a more general circulation.

*The Extractor; or, Universal Repertorium of Literature, Science, and the Arts.* Vol. II. March to July. 1829. London. J. Ware.

WE noticed the first volume of this work with approbation, and we see no cause to change our opinion of the second. All our numerous Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, have been laid under contribution; and, as a good judgment has dictated the selection of articles from them, (though we say it who should not say it, seeing that there is a fair proportion from our own pages,) the work ought to be as popular as it certainly is entertaining and valuable. We shall be glad to see "The Extractor" continued through a long series of volumes; for it is a compliment which the present state of the periodical press of this country deserves, and it presents the reader, at a very moderate cost, with all that is most interesting from a great variety of able publications.

*Retrospections; a Soldier's Story.* Dublin. William Curry. 1829.

THIS is an amiable little volume, evidently written by a religious lady, who thinks that the Roman Catholics have very little chance of salvation, and consequently publishes small books, under the agreeable guise of tales, in the hopes of converting them to the reformed faith.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

*By Derwent Comoy, Author of "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," "Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," &c.*

#### CHAPTER I.

##### *Works upon Education.*

IT is a remarkable fact, that although the whole world is agreed upon the important influence which education exercises upon the happiness of mankind, there should, notwithstanding, be no work extant, in which the subject is fully and thoroughly investigated,—no treatise, of so approved a reputation, that if a difference in opinion should arise with respect to the expression, "a good education,"—a form of words in every body's mouth,—it might be possible to refer to some authority for light upon the subject.

I believe there is no science, if I may be permitted to use that term, in which so little progress has been made, as in education; nor any thing, indeed, about the importance of which the world is agreed, so little understood. There are no acknowledged first principles. Every one admits the propriety of giving to a child a good education, and every one acts upon this admission to the best of his ability; but to enter upon the task, is like entering upon a wide heath, across which there are many paths, but no finger-posts. Education differs in one most essential particular from most other things which influence man's happiness: The difficulty lies, not in merely practising principles which are universally admitted, but in ascertaining the principle that is to be acted upon.

That we possess no standard work upon education, is certain; and I think it may be added, not one deserving of a higher reputation than it enjoys. Treatises upon this subject have hitherto been left in the hands of the ladies; and of these we have, indeed, many; but there seems to be no good reason why this branch of philosophy,—the most profound that can be subjected to the investigation of the human faculties, because requiring the deepest knowledge of the human mind,—should be quietly resigned to the powers of that sex, which, it is generally thought,

can boast with less justice of its own philosophy, than of its power of vanquishing that virtue in others.

It is evidently impossible, within magazine limits, to supply the desideratum in the science of education; I do think, however, that he who should present to the world a work, in which principles so just and intelligible were laid down, that if applied in practice, the errors now abounding in education might be avoided, would leave behind him a prouder and a worthier legacy, than was ever yet bequeathed by the pen of the scholar, or the sword of the conqueror.

I proceed with my short, and, I trust, intelligible exposition.

## CHAPTER II.

### *There are two great principles in Education.*

It is quite indisputable, that the end and aim of all education ought to be, *to improve, to the greatest possible extent, in every mind subjected to its operation, the faculties which nature has implanted.* Nature always does something; and it is the business of education to carry on her design. But in no system of education with which I am acquainted, is nature looked to as the guide: a design is formed independent of her. Now, if I am right in the position laid down, every plan of education in which nature is not consulted, must be imperfect; and the rational object of enquiry, therefore, is, *By what laws of nature shall we be governed in the training of the human mind?*

There seem to be two great principles upon which all education must proceed, in order that it may produce its greatest results: the one, that *it must be in accordance with the invariable order which nature has established in the progressive development of the human faculties;* the other, that *it must not run counter to, but be in agreement with nature, in the varied distribution of her endowments.* The first of these principles is in direct opposition to the system inculcated by a certain modern female oligarchy; the second principle is opposed to all systems of education whatever. I proceed to speak of the first.

## CHAPTER III.

### *The folly of being wiser than Nature. Female Philosophers.*

A CLEVER writer has said, "Poets live in an ideal world of their own, and it would be as well if they were confined to it." Some such saying might be spoken of the fair sex,—only substituting the word *real* for *ideal*,—and adding, that although it might be well to confine them within their own world, yet so delightful a world it is, that others would fain share it with them. I trust the gallantry of this *tournaire* may be thought a sufficient extenuation of the rudeness which there doubtless is, in denying to the fair sex the palm in philosophy.

It seems to me, that the first principle to be attended to in education, viz. to follow the order which nature has established in the development of the human faculties, is directly at variance with that system which has of late years been recommended by a conclave of well-meaning individuals, as the new and rational system; for what is the order which nature invariably follows in the development of the human faculties? It is, that among all the mental powers, judgment is the last to ripen. This fact, however, is either unknown to the disciples of the new school, or despised by them; for the books which are now recommended to be put the earliest into the hands of children, are addressed almost exclusively to the judgment, and little, if at all, to the imaginative faculty; but if it be true, that at an age when imagination is capable of being impressed, judgment is incapable of being directed, it necessarily follows, that to attempt to instruct the latter, while the former is permitted to lie uncultivated, is labouring to do that which cannot be done, and at the same time neglecting to do that which might be done. It

is impossible greatly to err in education, if an attentive eye be kept upon the operations of nature; and it is equally impossible to do otherwise than err, if we substitute, for her wise and unvarying laws, systems, the success of which depends upon a presumed want of wisdom in nature. The faculties of the human mind are, doubtless, matured in the best possible order: that faculty which is the first capable of being impressed, ought to be addressed the first; to act otherwise, is to act either ignorantly or presumptuously.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Wisdom of Nature conspicuous in the Development of the Faculties.*

It is undeniable, that the species of reading which is addressed to the judgment, is, generally speaking, less attractive than that which addresses the imagination. From this, there seems an evident design in first maturing the imaginative faculty; for, were it otherwise,—were judgment to take precedence of imagination, the mind of a child would be repelled from reading, rather than attracted to it; and in thus elucidating the beauty of that design, which, if respected in the training of the mind, will infallibly lead to results so great, I am at the same time exposing the absurdity, I dare almost say the impiety, of that system, which would entirely counteract the intentions of nature. But more than this,—a great moral end is designed by nature to be accomplished, in early maturing the imaginative faculty; and it is indeed a miserable degree of ignorance that has attempted to frustrate this wise intention. There is no truth in moral science better established than this, that the cultivation of the imaginative faculty, and the progress of a certain kind of moral excellence, go hand in hand,—that kind of moral excellence which has its source in kind feelings and benevolent affections. From these spring the most excellent of the virtues; indeed, it may be asked, which of them does not emanate from these? Can any one of the social virtues be separated from kind feelings? Can charity live apart from them?—charity, in its widest and most beautiful acceptation. Can avarice exist where these have dominion? Can injustice even have its sway? Who, in short, will do unto others, that which he would that men should do unto him, if he possess not the benevolent affections? Now, if it be true, as is here assumed, that the cultivation of the imaginative faculty, and the progress of the benevolent affections, be inseparable, Providence has most wisely arranged the order in which the human faculties are developed, by maturing, in early years, that faculty of the mind, which cannot be employed without improving the heart; for it is especially in the season of youth that the gentler virtues gain access there. The avenues to it are not then closed by the freezing maxims, and selfish policy, which an intercourse with the world is too apt to engender.

But although nothing need be urged to prove that it is good to possess compassion, and kindness, and charity, it seems necessary to show more clearly than has yet been done, the connexion between these and the cultivation of the imaginative faculty.

The imagination is cultivated by the perusal of such fictitious relations, as it was usual to put into the hands of children before these were banished from the juvenile library. Now, what are these conversant with? They are conversant with every thing that touches the heart of youth;—they are conversant with all that excites kind emotions, and compassionate feelings. It is of no sort of consequence towards what object the kind emotion is directed, so as it be excited at all. It is equally important as regards the growth of virtue, that compassion be excited towards a lamb, as towards a human being: the virtue is equally nourished in both cases. It is impossible that a child should read any of the best selected and most popular among the little works, which were once

the study and the recreation of the young, without benefit to the heart. I have more than once seen children excited to tears, by that earliest of the offerings made to intellect, "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin." Here was a strong excitement of the benevolent affections, through the medium of imagination; and it is impossible to tell how much of that rare virtue of kindness towards the brute creation may have been engendered through this simple relation. Acts of aggression on the part of the strong, cruelty towards the inoffensive, and the sufferings of innocence, form the burden of all those little stories which once formed a sort of infant mythology; and are not indignation against the oppressor,—compassion for the weak,—hatred of cruelty, and sympathy with the sufferer, awakened in consequence? I will venture to say, that more—far more—of the virtue of compassion is taught, by reading of a wolf betraying and devouring a lamb, than by the most admirable piece of reasoning against cruelty, or a thousand injunctions to practise gentleness and kindness.

The moral acts of charity and compassion, which are the result of reasoning, and which originate in a sense of duty, are as efficacious, indeed, as those which immediately flow from the impulses of a feeling heart. But then there is this essential difference between them:—Reasoning is a laborious act of the mind: a sense of duty does not, in every mind, prescribe the same range of duties, but varies with every man's scale of moral obligation,—is affected by the measure of every man's judgment, and by the extent of his information,—and is overborne by many accidental impulses; whereas, those acts of kindness, which seem the intuitive impulses of the mind, need no process of reasoning to urge their performance,—no sense of duty to establish their propriety,—vary not with the diversities of the moral creed,—are not affected, either by the measure of a man's judgment, or by the extent of his information,—and cannot be overborne by other impulses, because no impulse is more immediate than that which urges the acts themselves.

It is one thing to convince the judgment, and another thing to touch the heart.\* Even supposing a child able to comprehend the obligation to the performance of a duty, it is questionable if much be done for virtue if the conviction of the judgment and the dictate of the heart do not go hand in hand; but once let the feelings incite to acts of virtue, and the verdict of the judgment will speedily be obtained.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### THE AYRSHIRE SCULPTOR—HIS NEW WORKS.

MR THOM has now finished a complete group of figures from the Tale of Tam O'Shanter, by which the opening scene of the poem is fully and forcibly illustrated. In addition to the hero of the tale and "Souter Johnnie," it consists of other two important personages,—the landlord and landlady of the Hospitium where the jolly farmer held his carousal on the eventful night of his *rencontre* with the "hellish legion" of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." The figures are all of the natural size. Those of Tam and the Souter are almost copies of the statues which were exhibited here, and which are now drawing crowds of fashionable visitors in Bond Street; but they are differently placed in regard to each other—Tam, in the group, being engaged in a close *tête-à-tête* with the Landlady, while the Souter's "queerest stories" are directed to the Landlord. This arrangement is in perfect keeping with the poem, and it has necessarily led the artist to re-

present Tam in a less bolstorous mood than he appeared to be in when sitting *solus* with his story-telling friend. Instead of all his faculties being immersed in one "great guffaw," as in the former figure, his countenance is merely animated with a smile of such breadth as a rustic might be supposed to wear when paying court to one of whom he was fond, and with whom he was familiar. His face is turned a little to the left, on which side the Landlady is placed, with a corresponding inclination of body; and, judging from the "smirking smile" that curls her lip, she is very well pleased with the farmer's gallantry. The Souter, as in the former group, appears to have been just delivered of one of his "queerest stories." His waggish eye rests complacently on the Landlord, who is represented to be in convulsions of laughter at his friend's wit, and quite unconscious of the flirtation which is going on between his buxom wife and his honoured guest.

In point of execution, these figures are equal to those already before the public. Tam possesses the same freedom of outline, ease of attitude, and accuracy of symmetry, with a face of a more intellectual cast than the original. The Souter is as like his prototype as possible. The Landlord is a little round-bellied man, with his head thrown well back, that he may laugh the louder; and in one hand he holds a horn half-full of ale, which he is apparently spilling, without being aware of his loss. The Landlady is an excellent figure, though less *en bon point* than most people would expect in one of her calling. The attitude in which she is placed, however, is exceedingly characteristic of the duties of her office. She is seated on the front of an arm chair, not in the indolent attitude of one who dreams of repose, but in the active position of a person who has just sat down in the expectation of being immediately called upon to "answer the bell." Her right arm rests on the chair elbow, and her left hand, in which she has gathered her apron into graceful folds, rests upon her knee. Her body leans slightly forward; and while her face, which is turned towards Tam, is abundantly expressive of the good-will she bears him, and the happiness of her present condition, her feet are so planted as to indicate her readiness, when called on, to rise and "fill another gill." She is adorned with a profusion of curls, and her head-dress consists of what was some sixty years since denominated, in Ayrshire, a "round-eared mutch," strapped to the head by a ribbon round the mid-piece, and surmounted by a knot of ribbons, a little to the right side. Her neck is bare, but over her shoulders and bosom is thrown a thin handkerchief, which disappears under the heavier fabric of a stuff gown—we suppose it to have been of that material,—with short sleeves, frilled at the elbow, and leaving the arms below naked. Her apron, as in the days of our grandmothers, is tied round her body by a "string case," and is finished with a frill; and the whole costume is executed with so much accuracy and good taste, that in the opinion of many it would not do the most tip-top mantua-maker discredit. We shall leave this point, however, as in duty bound, to the determination of our fair readers,—only premising, that those who agree with us will think the gown too closely fitted to the body, and not sufficiently ample in the skirt.

The group of statues which we have thus endeavoured to describe, belongs, we understand, to the Earl of Cassillis, who promptly patronised the artist in the outset of his career. Besides a desire to encourage the native genius of the county from whence his lordship takes his title, perhaps the circumstance of the person whom Burns selected as the archetype of the "heroic Tam" having been a tenant on the Culzean estate, had some influence with his lordship in choosing a subject for Mr Thom's chisel. The identity of this individual has now become a question of some interest in the west; and as we were instrumental in giving currency to the tradition which imputes the honour to "Thomas Reid," we may here state, that since the publication of the article in the LITERARY JOURNAL, in which the subject

\* When I speak of the qualities of the heart, I do so only in obedience to common phraseology. I believe the brain to be the seat of the emotions, as well as of the intellectual faculties; for, although there are sympathetic influences between one part of the body and another, this does not prove that the seat of the emotions is anywhere else than in the brain; the heart palpitating with emotion does no more prove that the emotion has its origin in the heart, than the hair standing on end proves that fear is seated in the hair.

was mentioned, Mr Smith of Swindrigemuir has written to Mr Auld of Ayr, that he met with Burns at the house of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, before the poem was published, when, in answer to a question by Mr Smith, he said, that the prototype of his hero was the "Gude-man of Shanter," whose name, Mr Smith was informed by some one present, was "Douglas Grahame." It is certain that a person of that name possessed the Shanter farm when Burns resided with his uncle in its neighbourhood, and attended Kirkoswald School; and it is not remembered, by the oldest persons in Carrick, that it ever was occupied by a Thomas Reid.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged merit of Mr Thom's first productions, it was the opinion of many persons well acquainted with the Fine Arts, that his ignorance of the conventional rules of Sculpture rendered his success in any new attempt highly problematical; and perhaps those opinions may be well founded, in reference to the higher and more severe departments of the art; but his subsequent works have greatly shaken their force, and demonstrated how very easily genius can surmount the obstacles that lie in its way. The Landlord and Landlady of the group we have noticed, like his first productions, were thumped out of the rough block by the mere guidance of the artist's unerring eye, unaided by models or drawings of any sort; and if they do not raise him higher in the scale of artists than he stood before, they will not, at least, diminish his fame. In addition to these statues, Mr Thom has recently sculptured, in white freestone, a portrait of a gentleman, which has not only the merit of being well executed, but is a striking likeness. And he has now nearly finished, in the same material, a bust of Burns, in which we already recognize the features depicted in Lockhart's Life of the Bard, from the vivid recollection of Sir Walter Scott. These busts have been executed without any other model before the artist than the living head of the one individual, and a tolerable copy of Nasmyth's portrait of the other; and yet, they both possess so much individuality, that even a stranger to the persons represented would hardly hesitate to pronounce them faithful likenesses. Judging from these specimens, we have little doubt of Mr Thom's success in Portrait Sculpture; but we would anxiously press upon him the attainment of something greater in the noble art which he has adopted. Possessing, as he does, a precision of eye and dexterity of hand seldom equalled, he may reasonably hope, by a close and diligent study of his profession, to rank his name with the greatest sculptors which our country has produced; and we sincerely hope he is ambitious of that imperishable honour.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A LETTER FROM MY COUSIN.

I THINK I could write you a letter, Hal,  
In the style of your letters to me,  
With a little sense, and a little rhyme,  
And a very little poetry.  
You know, when I was a girl, Hal,  
I scribbled some brilliant things,  
At least I remember you used to say—  
"They should only be read by kings."

That was a flight of fancy, Hal,  
And we both have changed since then;  
Yet still when I write to you, dear Hal,  
My heart is in my pen:  
I have taken my seat in the arbour, Hal,  
In the midst of the bees and the flowers,  
And the summer winds and odours, Hal,  
Recall many long-lost hours.

I wish you would pack your portmanteau, Hal,  
And fling yourself into the mail,—  
It will take little more than a day and a night  
To bring you to Langley Dale.  
'Tis the sweetest spot in the world, Hal,  
And just for a poet like you;  
A lovelier scene of hill and grove  
No painter ever drew.

And I want you to know my husband, Hal,  
For I'm sure you'll be pleased with each other;  
And besides, we have three rosy children, Hal,  
All amazingly like their mother;—  
I hear their merry voices now,  
Even now from among the trees,—  
O, Hal! what a fathomless depth of joy  
To a mother in sounds like these!

Then there's a winding streamlet, Hal,  
With trout in every pool;  
And three miles off a broad blue lake—  
Most calm and beautiful.  
And we've got a delicious garden, Hal,  
And a capital hot-house, too;  
And the peaches that grow on the north-east wall  
Are the largest you ever knew.

Are you still as fond of music, Hal,  
As you used to be of yore?  
For I've many songs to sing to you now  
That you never heard before;  
But I'll sing you all the old songs too,  
That we so loved long ago,  
The little playful madrigals,  
And the airs of sadder flow.

I have heard there's a first-rate singer, Hal,  
Who has sung all her songs to you,  
And perhaps you may value my feeble notes  
Not so much as you went to do;  
But my simple voice, as it chants to you, Hal,  
Some once familiar thing,  
Will many a thought of our childhood, Hal,  
Back to your memory bring.

At all events, come to see us, Hal,  
Ere the golden months be past,  
For I think you are not so happy, Hal,  
As when we parted last;  
And if there be song or word of mine  
That can either soothe or please,  
We'll bury all your cares, dear Hal,  
Deep in oblivion's seas.

We'll bury all your cares, dear Hal,  
A thousand fathoms down,  
And we'll send you back a merrier man  
To your friends in the busy town;  
We'll send you back with a ruddier cheek,  
And a brighter beaming eye,  
And again you will tread with a bounding step,  
Again will your heart beat high.

There's fame and power before you, Hal,  
Ay, more than the world thinks;  
But he only gains the summit, Hal,  
Who neither quails nor shrinks.  
Then let not the world disarm thee, Hal,  
Though its sunniest hopes be gone;  
New friends will rise around thee, Hal,—  
Press thou but boldly on.

H. G. B.

## LINES

*From the German of Heine.*

I MET upon a journey  
The family of my fair,  
And joyfully they hail'd me,  
With unaffected air.  
They ask'd me many questions,  
If all was right and well;  
And said I had not alter'd—  
Except that I was pale.  
I ask'd for old relations,  
And friends of auld lang syne;  
And for the little dog that used  
To lick my hand and whine;  
And for the married daughter—  
I ask'd—with pensive brow;  
And joyfully they told me  
She was a mother now.  
O many a gratulation  
Was kindly given by me,  
That thousand, thousand blessings,  
Might still her dowry be!  
Her little sister told me,  
The pup of auld lang syne,  
Had grown a growling mastiff,  
And fallen into the Rhine.  
The fairy's like her sister!  
The very smile she wore  
Still lives in every dimple,  
And charms me as of yore!

## BLOSSOMS.

*By Henry G. Bell.*

It is a lesson sad and true,  
Of human life to me,  
To mark the swelling fruit push off  
The blossoms from the tree;

The silver blossoms ruby-streak'd,  
That scent the summer air,  
That gleam among the dark green leaves,  
And make a sunshine there;

The dew-drop's fragrant dwelling-place  
Through all the gentle night,—  
The latticed window's fairy screen  
From morning's flush of light.

No wonder that the young bird sits  
Among the boughs and sings;  
He finds companionship in them,—  
Soft-breathing lovely things!

No wonder that the fair child wreaths  
Their riches round her brow;  
They are themselves an emblem meet  
Of what that child is now.

Alas! like childhood's thoughts they die—  
They drop—they fade away;  
A week—a little week—and then  
The blossoms—where are they?

You tell me they make room for fruits—  
A more substantial store;  
But often stolen ere 'tis ripe,  
Or rotten at the core.

I do not love the worthless gifts  
That bend our childhood down,  
And give us for our chaplet wreath  
Ambition's leaden crown.

I do not love the fruits that push  
Our flowery hopes away,—  
The silver blossoms—ruby-streak'd,  
Ah! dearer far are they!

## A LAMENT FOR CULLODEN.

*By Alexander Balfour, Author of "Contemplation, and other Poems," &c.*

[This Poem is extracted from an unpublished Metrical Tale, in which it is introduced as the song of an old Highland widow.]

ALAS! for the land of the heath-cover'd mountains,  
Where raves the loud tempest, and rolls the dark flood!  
Alas! for the land of the smooth crystal fountains,  
The sword of the slayer has stain'd them with blood!  
Ah, me! for the nation, so famous in story,  
Where valour, and freedom, and loyalty, shone!  
They gather'd around the bright star of their glory;  
But faded their laurels, their glory is gone!  
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

His banner, unfurl'd, in splendour was streaming,  
The sons of the mighty were gather'd around;  
Their bucklers and broadswords in brightness were gleam-  
ing,

And high beat each heart at the loud pibroch's sound:  
They came to Culloden, the dark field of danger—  
Oh! why will not memory the record efface:  
Alas! for their Leader, the gallant young Stranger!  
And woe to the traitors who wrought the disgrace!  
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

Alas! for the heroes whom death has enshrouded!  
Yet not for the valiant and mighty I weep;  
When darkness was lowering, their sun set unclouded,  
And loud was the war-shout that lull'd them asleep;  
Their turf the gay Spring with rich verdure shall cover,  
The sweet flower of Summer in fragrance shall bloom;  
In the mist from the mountains bright spirits shall hover,  
The shades of their fathers shall glide o'er the tomb!  
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

Alas! for the Stranger, by fortune forsaken,  
Who pillows his head on the heath-blossom'd hill;  
From dreams of delight with the day to awaken,  
His cheek pale and wet with the night-dew so chill!  
Alas! for my country—her glory's departed—  
No more shall the Thistle its purple bloom wave!  
But shame to the coward—the traitor false-hearted!  
And barren the black sod be aye on his grave!  
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that Mr Murray has in preparation for his Family Library, Lives of General the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott; of Cowper and Cervantes, by Mr Lockhart; of Sir Isaac Newton, by Dr Brewster; of Julius Cæsar, by the Rev. John Williams; of General Wolfe, by Mr Southey; and of Sir Thomas Monro, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig.

Mr Murray will also speedily publish the Papers of the Earl of Marchmont, comprising a number of original and unknown documents, diaries, &c. Illustrative of the Reigns of Queen Anne, George I., &c.—a Memoir of the Public Life of Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry,—a new edition of Boswell's Life of Dr Samuel Johnson, edited, and illustrated with numerous biographical and historical notes, by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker,—the Antiquities of Greece and Rome, selected from the best authorities, both ancient and modern, and principally intended for the use of schools, by the Rev. John Williams,—the Descent into Hell, a Poem,—the History of the Jews, by the Rev. H. H. Milman,—the Life and Times of Dante,—a Memoir of the residence of Lord Byron in Greece, comprising a Diary of his conversations upon the subject of Christianity, by the late Dr Kennedy,—and the Life and Reign of George III.

The Landscape Annual, which is to appear in November, and which is in the hands of the proprietor of the Keepsake, bids fair to

be a very splendid and interesting work. It is designed to exhibit a series of views illustrative of the most interesting scenery of Europe; and the views are to be accompanied with literary papers, intended to present, not only an accurate and vivid description of the scenes delineated by the artist, but likewise to recall the many interesting recollections which the pages of history or the records of tradition can supply. The forthcoming volume is to comprise a succession of the most attractive views that occur on the route from Geneva to Rome. It will consist of about 300 pages of letter-press, and twenty-six highly-finished line engravings, from views taken on the spot by Prout. The literary department is under the management of Mr T. Roscoe, and the Author of the *Castilian*.

A musical work is in progress, which is likely to be one of some interest. It is to be entitled, "*Peninsular Melodies*," and will consist of a collection of melodies by the most esteemed composers of Spain and Portugal. The poetry is to be chiefly by Mrs Hemans; which will guarantee its grace and elegance; and the melodies are to be harmonised by Senor la Dama, Maître de la Chapelle to the King of Spain.

The *Golden Lyre*, which attracted marked attention among the annuals of last year, will this year be again published by Mr Haas.

The author of the *Revolt of the Bees* announces Hamden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society.

To-day Mr Buckingham concludes his Lectures here, after having delivered nine in Edinburgh, and two in Leith. Mr Buckingham has made some changes in his route through Scotland since we announced it last Saturday. He visits Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, Ayr, and Dumfries. We are glad to understand that he proposes returning to Scotland next Spring, before which time he will take a trip to Ireland.

Taylor and Carlie are now lecturing at Manchester. They have sent round circulars to the clergy and dissenting ministers of the town, presenting their compliments as *Inglid Missionaries*, and challenging discussion on the merits of the Christian religion.

The *Heraldry of Crests*, containing nearly 3500 crests, with the bearers' names, alphabetically arranged, and illustrated by remarks historical and explanatory, intended as a companion to Clark's *Easy Introduction to the Study of Heraldry*, is announced for early publication.

Mr Bowring is preparing for publication the *Poetry of the Magyars*, with an account of the Literature and Language of Hungary and Transylvania, and Biographical Notices of their most distinguished Poets. Also, by the same author, *Bohemian Anthology*, with an introductory history of Czeckian Literature.

**LONDON UNIVERSITY.**—The first session of this Institution having closed, there was, a few days ago, a distribution of prizes to the students who had most distinguished themselves on their examinations. Earl Grey was in the chair; and the great room, capable of containing about a thousand persons, was filled.—The building of the London University is rapidly approaching a state of completion; the portico, in particular, promises to be, when finished, a splendid specimen of architectural taste. The roof is constructed on the classical principle of the ancient Greek tile. The adaptation of this antique style is quite new, and has proved, in its practical effect, altogether successful.

**STATISTICS ON MADNESS AND SUICIDE.**—The number of persons afflicted with madness is one-third greater among women than among men. Men are struck with madness most frequently about the age of thirty and thirty-one; women about the age of forty to forty-three. Women are generally most disposed to melancholy; men to suicide. Suicides are generally more common among men in the month of April, and among women in the month of August. Suicides are more frequent among unmarried men; but with women it is observed that suicide is more common among the married. Suicide becomes more common among men from the age of thirty-five to forty-five; among women, from the age of twenty-five to thirty-five. It is a remarkable fact, that the two sexes appear to preserve the difference of their manners and habits, in the choice of the means of destruction to which they have recourse. Thus, men choose cutting instruments and fire-arms; women choose poison and suffocation. The most immediate causes of suicide among women are jealousy, and unfortunate attachments; among men, disappointed ambition and reverses of fortune. Misery produces a pretty nearly equal number of suicides in both sexes.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—At the English Opera House, a new Opera called "*The Robber's Bride*,"—the music by Ries—has been produced with success. Messrs Phillips, Saplo, and Thorne, sustain the principal parts.—Matthews and Yates have closed the Adelphi for the season, and are going to France.—Malibran fainted on the stage at the King's Theatre the other evening, and a brilliant and crowded audience were consequently deprived of the Opera.—Kean, we are glad to hear, is himself again;—*The Beffest Guardian* says, "This unrivalled actor made his appearance in our Theatre on Monday

night, to a most respectable house, in the character of *Shylock*. We never saw him to more advantage. His health seems to be perfectly restored; and the audience testified their delight by the most rapturous and enthusiastic applause."—There are to be three grand Musical Festivals this year in England, one at each of the following towns:—Chester, Gloucester, and Birmingham. Miss Paton, Madame Malibran, and Braham, are to sing at them.—Young has been performing in Dublin, Braham in Brighton, C. Kemble in Manchester and Liverpool.—Madame Caradori had only £35 at her benefit in Liverpool.—Madame Catalani has been making a professional tour through Ireland. In Dublin and Cork she received £2000 for twenty-eight nights' performance. She proposes going to Italy in autumn.—Vestris has been drawing very crowded houses in Dublin, and received £700 for twelve nights.—The following punning song is sung by Miss H. Cawse, as *Nanacetta*, in the new melo-drama of the "*Sister of Charity*:"

There never was a Nun, Sir, without a true call,  
And call I have none, Sir—for Nun, Sir, at all;  
And except in Nun's flesh, Sir, no Nun there can be,  
And none of the kind, Sir, was ever in me:  
So I can't be a Nun, Sir, I can't be a Nun,  
And more after that, Sir—I won't be a Nun!

And I won't be a Nun, Sir—be Cawse—let me see—  
Because I don't want, Sir—a Nun, Sir, to be;  
And still if you tease me to tell why I don't,  
It's because, if you please, Sir—because I—I won't:  
So I can't be a Nun, Sir—I can't be a Nun—  
I can't, and I oughtn't, and I won't be a Nun!

The Manager of the Theatre Royal here has gone on a visit to the English provincial theatres, and it is his object to pick up some reinforcements for his own company among them.—A London paper says, absurdly enough, that "Mr Murray has disbanded the whole of his old corps," his command to them to go to the 'right about' being propelled by the depression of the times." The same paper adds, with equal accuracy, that "there is not at present one regular dramatic company in the kingdom of Scotland."—A melo-dramatic spectacle, called "*Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indiana*," has been produced at the Caledonian Theatre with considerable spirit and complete success.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The Communication from the *Étrick Shepherd* in our next.

"It may be too late To-morrow," though well written, is scarcely original or striking enough.—The Communication from "*Tyro*," of Glasgow, is too long for our pages.—We have received the "*Letter regarding the System of Education pursued at the High School*," and will probably have something to say upon the subject next week.—The Pamphlets on the Catholic Question, with which we have been favoured from Aberdeen, we must decline noticing at present.—"*D. M.'s*" communication is under consideration.

A Letter from Dunfermline informs us, that "three *Fife Dominies*, constant readers and admirers of our excellent *Journal*, having met together on the night our 35th number arrived in that town, and being particularly attracted with the lines '*Written at Midnight*,' forthwith sat down at three separate tables, and after a couple of bottles of Baillie Campbell's best, and as many gills of Burntisland *aque*, produced a poem each." They have sent these poems to us, and request that we will act as the *jures liti*, and decide which of them is the best, and which the worst. We give the palm to that which is entitled "*Cogitations of a Young Pie-baker*," and begins thus:—

"Och! I have never baked what I can bake,  
And what, so please the powers, I yet *shall* bake.  
I look down on the patty mean contents  
Of this vile basket here, with many a curse:—  
They are but penny-pies, hawk'd in the street;  
And though the smell may lure a hungry chap,  
A score of crowded bread-boards push me by,—  
Sneer at my poor batch—as well, by Jove! they may,  
And leave it to be munch'd, or to grow mouldy."

The next best is signed "A," and the third, which has also merit, is signed "B."

"The Nightmare," by William Danby, in our next.—The verses by "H." are pretty, but somewhat commonplace.—The Communication from Broughty is clever, but of too local and confined an interest.—The spirited lines addressed to Miss Landon would appear with better grace in the *London Literary Gazette*.—The Lines by "C. M. P." and "T." of Stonehaven will not suit us.

Our second notice of the Reverend W. M. Kinsey's *Work on Portugal*, is unavoidably postponed.

[No. 37. July 25, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

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OR

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 38.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Memoirs of his own Life and Times.* By Sir James Turner. 1632—1670. From the original manuscript. Printed at Edinburgh. 1829. For the Bannatyne Club.

THE author and hero of these Memoirs is one of those unhappy persons who have been damned to a painful eternity of fame. He is accused by the Presbyterian party of having occasioned, by the cruelties and extortions he exercised in Galloway, the rising which was finally put down at Pentland. He has been treated, on the other hand, by the advocates of the government as a kind of scapegoat, and the sins of the whole party have been bundled on his back, in order that he might carry them away into the wilderness. His autobiography is a piece of special pleading in his own behalf, particularly the third part, which more immediately relates to the events above alluded to. We must confess, that after a most attentive perusal of his statements, with all possible desire to be impartial, we are of opinion that he makes but a lame defence. At the same time, as the devil is credibly reported not to be quite so black as he is painted, so we believe that Presbyterian zeal has made a greater monster of Sir James than truth warrants; and we feel inclined, from the work now before us, to attempt a fair picture of the man.

He received as good an education as the state of the Scottish universities, in his time, afforded, and was created master of arts in his seventeenth year. In recording this portion of his history, he speaks with great modesty of his acquisitions, and tells us, "the title was undeservingly bestowed upon me, as it was on many others before me, and hath been on too many since." His progress in learning must, notwithstanding, have been considerable, for we find him, after a lapse of four-and-twenty years, spent in one uninterrupted series of active military service, still able "to pen a letter in Latin." Besides, he informs us that he spent a year after he left college in retirement—"Applying myself to the study of humane letters and history, in both which I always took delight. I did read also the controversies between us and the Roman Catholics—for the Presbyterians at that time made little or no noise—whereby I might be enabled to discern the truth of the Protestant persuasion, and the fallacies of the Popish one or any other, that so I might not, in traversing the world, be carried away with every wind of doctrine." An analysis of the contents of the MSS. which Sir James left behind him, prefixed to his memoirs, embracing treatises on various important points of history, morals, criticism, and religious controversy, shows him to have been a man of considerable reach and activity of mind. In after life, he attained good proficiency in the French and German languages; and his English style is correct and sensible. He also attempted poetry; but, judging from his memoirs, we cannot in conscience say that we regret having no specimens of his poetical compositions before us.

He seems to have been naturally of a humane disposi-

tion. Several anecdotes, which he gives unostentatiously, confirm this. Even after the battle of Pentland, he saved, by his intercession, the lives of several of the insurgents; and would have saved more but for the interference of the curates. He was not inaccessible to love. The following brief account of his first fit shows him to have been of Lord Byron's opinion on the important question of the best method of learning languages. "I was lodged in a widow's house, whose daughter, a young widow, had been married to a Rittmaster of the Emperor's. She was very handsome, witty, and discreet; of her, though my former toyle might have banished all love thoughts, I became perfittelle enamoured. Heere we stayd six weeks, in which time she taught me the Hie Dutch, to reade and write it, which I before could not learne but very rudalle from sojors." He makes mention only of one other fair enslaver—the lady whom he married. It is but justice to say, that his attachment to her has, for length and constancy, been rarely paralleled; and that his anxiety to have her with him on all occasions shows his domestic character in a most amiable light.

With naturally good and highly cultivated talents, therefore, and with originally good dispositions, confirmed by the decent and orderly habits of the middle ranks of life, in which he was born, our hero was thrown upon the world to seek his fortune, in the eighteenth year of his age. He enrolled himself as ensign in a regiment then raising in Scotland for the service of Gustavus Adolphus, in his German wars. He suffered much at first from sickness and poverty; but, in course of time, his constitution became confirmed, and that peculiar sagacity which ill-natured people allege is characteristic of our nation, enabled him to pick up a little money. Some experience in military matters likewise entitled him to promotion. He continued in the Swedish service till 1640.

Leslie was at this time about to enter England with an army. A person wishing to attach himself to the King's party would naturally have embarked for England, as one intending to attach himself to the Covenanters would for Scotland. Our author frankly confesses:—"I had swallowed, without chewing, in Germany, a very dangerous maxime, which militarie men there too much follow; which was, that so we serve our master honestlie, it is no matter what master we serve; so, without examination of the justice of the quarrell, or regard of my duetie either to prince or cuntry, I resolved to goe with that ship I first rencountered." He took passage in a Dane bound for Leith; but found, on arriving at Edinburgh, that the Scottish army had already marched into England, and possessed themselves of New-castle. Thither he followed them, where he was appointed major of Lord Kirkeudbright's regiment. He held this post, and afterwards a similar one in Lord Sinclair's regiment, till the year 1647, being employed sometimes in Ireland, and sometimes in Scotland; although his fidelity to his employers was occasionally more than doubtful. The chief power in Scotland was at this time divided between Hamilton and Argyle. By some management, the former of these noblemen got a Parliament

called, in which a majority of the members were either royalists, or attached to his own interest. Argyle, however, carried all before him in the commission of the Kirk. This latter party were much averse to the raising of a new army, which they knew, under the command of Hamilton and Middleton, could not fail to favour the King. The army was, however, raised, notwithstanding their opposition; and Turner obtained a commission in it.

The party of the Kirk continued to remonstrate against raising forces for the King's relief. The west of Scotland, and, in particular, the city of Glasgow, was distinguished by its refractory spirit. Turner was sent to reduce it to obedience, and gave the inhabitants a specimen of the energetic habits he had acquired in the army. As this was his first open quarrel with the Presbyterians, we give it in his own words:

"At my coming to Glasgow, I found my work not very difficult; for I shortly learned to know, that the quartering of two or three troopers, and half a dozen musketeers, was an argument strong enough, in two or three nights time, to make the hardest-headed Covenanter in the town to forsake the Kirk, and side with the Parliament. I came on the Friday, and next day sent to Mr Dick, and desired him and his brethren to say nothing next day in their pulpits that might give me just reason to disturb the peace of the church. In the forenoon he spoke us very fair, and gave us no occasion of offence; but in the afternoon he transgressed all limits of modesty, and railed maliciously against both King and Parliament. This obliged me to command all my officers and souldiers to go presentile out of the church, because I neither could nor would suffer any under my command to be witnesses of a misdemeanour of that nature. At the first Dick was timorous, and promised, if I would stay, he would give me satisfaction; but I told him I would trust him no more, since he had broke his promise made in the forenoon. Seeing I intended no worse than to remove, he continued his sermon, and next day went to Edinburgh to complain; but sent one that same night to make his grievance to the Duke, who was comd the day before to his palace of Hamilton. Thither I went next morning. His Grace approved of all I had done; and there was reason for it; because I had done nothing but by his own order, and his brother Earl Lainrick's advice. This was that great and well neere inexpiable sinne which I committed against the sacred sovereignty of the Kirk; for which all members were so implacable and irreconcilable enemies to me afterwards."

It may be that this was the occasion of their first open declaration of hostilities against him; but he had already given them much cause of offence. His almost unconcealed intriguing for the King in the Covenanting army, and his connexion with Montrose, had not passed unnoticed. His habit of laughing at the prevailing superstitions of the age, of which the work now before us contains several instances, must have offended the weaker brethren; and the indifference with which he regarded all systems of religious belief, must have raised him many enemies in that age of Puritanism. But what must have contributed most to alienate men's minds from him, was his own ungovernable temper. He says himself:—"I confesse my humour never was, nor is not yet, one of the calmest; when it will be, God onlie knowes." This natural weakness he seems to have aggravated by habits of intemperance; of which the following is a remarkable instance:

"Having drunk at one time too much at parting with a great person, riding home I met one Colonel Wren, betwene whom and me there was some animosity. He was a-foot, and I lighted from my horse; drinke prevailing over my reason, I forced him to draw his sword, which was two great handfulls longer than mine. This I perceiving, gripd his sword with my left hand, and thrust at him with my right; but he stepping backe avoyded it, and drew his sword away, which left so deepe a wound betwene my thumb and foremost finger, that I had almost lost the use of both, unless I had bene well cured. Another cut I got in my left arme. The passengers parted us; but I could never find him out after, to be revenged on him, though I sought him furre and neere. This was an effect of drink-

ing which I confesse, beside the sinne against God, hath brought me in many inconveniences."

Notwithstanding these blemishes in his character, we have little hesitation in describing Sir James Turner as a naturally humane, affectionate, and talented man. His talents were highly cultivated, both by early education, and the experience of a busy and active life. But his feelings were blunted in a considerable degree by his habits of military discipline, and by the transactions in which the life of a soldier of fortune unavoidably implicated him. Dissipated habits, acting upon a naturally violent temper, had yet further degraded him. The military creed which he had adopted had shaken greatly the principles of strict faith and honour, in which he seems to have been educated. Along with the grosser superstitions of the age, he seems to have shaken off much of its religious feeling. His fidelity to the King and the Episcopalian religion seems to have been ensured mainly by the hatred which the unrelenting persecution kept up against him by the Presbyterians, for twenty years, had awakened in his breast. It is not our intention to follow this character through the whole of the adventures narrated in his memoirs; although we are much tempted to dilate upon them, seeing how much they contain that reflects light on the domestic manners, and the public policy, of Europe during the seventeenth century. We shall wind up this desultory article by a glance at the new light which has been thrown by this publication on the insurrection which terminated in the rout at Pentland.

Sir James's narrative confirms the account of the march of the insurgents given by the biographer of Vetch, and by Colonel Wallace, and explains satisfactorily some of their less explicit passages. It confirms the opinion we already entertained, that the rising was not the premature explosion of any preconcerted scheme, but occasioned solely by the desperation of some who had been driven by the oppressions of the government troops to acts of violence. It broke out originally in Galloway, but the principal excitement was in the west country, where the Presbyterians were not only more numerous, but had attained, by the instrumentality of the societies, a degree of union and discipline which they wanted in other parts of Scotland. It might there have assumed a more serious aspect, had not the government previously imprisoned a number of the leading men of that district. Even as it was, had the Presbyterians held to their original intention of taking up their head-quarters at Larnark, instead of following the foolish or treacherous advice of Steuart to march towards Edinburgh, they must soon have become formidable from increase of numbers.

In regard to the materials of which the insurgent army was composed, Turner bears unwilling testimony that the men, although undisciplined, were as stout and hearty men as he had seen. That it was not much infected by the spirit of fanaticism we were already inclined to suspect, from the secession of Peden and others of the more violent party. But Sir James establishes the fact. He had apparently expected to have an opportunity of sneering at the length and frequency of their sermons, and, disappointed in this respect, he ventures to deny that they observed any external ceremonials of religion at all.

He rails at the whole body, but cannot avoid commemorating every moment instances of kind and gentle treatment. He confirms the accounts given by Presbyterians of the gentlemanly manners of Colonel Wallace. The account of his intercourse with the Laird of Monreith affords one of the most beautiful pictures of gentle and unaffected piety, endeavouring to win, but not to force others to its own sentiments, that we remember to have met with. The soldier who holds the controversy with Major McCulloch (p. 160) seems to have had a large portion of the fidelity, caution, and humour of Cuddie Headrigg. The truth is, that except in some of the strongholds of Presbytery, there was much religion, but little bigoted attachment to particular forms, in the land.

It is not impossible that time and lenient measures might have conciliated the nation to Episcopacy! But impatient and short-sighted rulers let loose an infuriated soldiery, which made little distinction between friend or foe; till partly in self-defence, partly in the madness of despair, the nation rose against its rulers, and that church, in whose name they perpetrated their enormities.

This is an interesting work, in many points of view, and ought to find its way very generally into the scholar's library.

*Devereux. A Tale.* By the Author of *Pelham*. In three Volumes. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

By the goddesses! as the author of "*Virginus*" says, there is metal in Mr Lytton Bulwer. Our readers may perhaps recollect that we reviewed his last work, "*The Disowned*," at some length, and that we then gave him credit for a good deal of unpruned genius, and vigorous, though by no means very correct, habits of thinking. We now liken him to a mountain stream, running a rapid and turbid course, but gradually becoming smoother and more pellucid as it proceeds on its way. There are many faults, but there are also many beauties, in the novel before us. The faults are principally those of an immature judgment,—the beauties are those of a man of genius. Our readers will be better able to understand any critical remarks we may feel inclined to make, after we have presented them with a short account of the plot and leading incidents of "*Devereux*." As there is nothing we hate more than the labour of writing out this analysis ourselves, we prefer rather giving it in the words, slightly altered, of one of our London contemporaries who has already executed the task.

The hero, Morton, Count Devereux, is his own biographer. He flourished in the age of wits and rakes—the era of Addison, Bolingbroke, and Steele; the Augustan epoch of Pope and Swift. The period is well chosen for the display of the author's reading, which is extensive, although not profound. Sir Arthur Devereux, the grandfather of the hero, was a gentleman allied to several branches of the nobility, and possessing in his own right a princely fortune. His eldest son, William, succeeds to his estates, being more fortunate than his brother, who, after distinguishing himself in the French service, dies a marshal of France, leaving his widow and three sons, of whom Morton Devereux is the eldest, dependent upon Sir William. These three sons are distinguished by different temperaments, Morton being satirical, talented, and contradictory in his habits and tastes; Gerald remarkable for his manliness and beauty; and Aubrey for his early piety and delicacy of frame. The three boys are sent to school by their whimsical and warm-hearted old uncle, where they quickly develop a cordial dislike, amounting almost to a mutual hatred, which is fanned into flame by the cunning arts of a Jesuit, the family confessor, Julian Montreuil, a man secretly mixed up in the intrigues then going forward to restore the exiled race to the throne of England. After he has left school, Morton meets accidentally an old Spanish refugee and his daughter, Isora, who reside in his immediate neighbourhood. He falls in love with the lady, whose tender and affectionate character is beautifully described and sustained throughout. A mystery, however, haunts the Spaniards. A stranger, named Barnard, is a secret visitor at their cottage, and Isora is bound by an oath not to reveal who he is, or to betray the object of his stolen interviews. From some suspicious circumstances which transpire, Morton is led to believe that this Barnard is his brother Gerald, who in that disguise seeks to poison the mind, and rob him of the affections, of his first love. Natural aversion turns now into black hate—and Morton vows revenge against his supposed enemy. At length, the Spaniard and his daughter disappear, the lat-

ter entreating Morton, in a brief note, never to make any farther enquiries concerning her fate. While matters are in this state of uncertainty, Morton goes to London, where he mixes with the wits of the day; visits Wills's coffee-house; becomes acquainted with Bolingbroke; and finally discovers his mistress in an obscure lodging in the suburbs, where her father is confined to a sick-bed. The old man, who has been accused of a share in the revolutionary politics of the day, dies; and Morton marries Isora privately. Shortly after, he is summoned to the death-bed of his generous old uncle, with whom he was always the favourite, and whose extensive property it was expected would be bequeathed solely to him. On Sir William's death, however, it is discovered that the will confers the whole estates on Gerald, with the exception of some inferior bequests in money, to Morton and his brother Aubrey. This strengthens his suspicions of Gerald's dishonesty, and he openly accuses him of having forged the instrument. His anger, however, is of no avail; Gerald takes possession of the manor, and soon after Aubrey dies. Morton now publicly solemnizes his marriage. On the morning of the ceremony, a stranger calls upon him, and places in his hand a packet, containing a statement of the whole fraud practised upon him in the false will, but extracts from him a solemn promise that he will not open it for seven days. To this condition Morton accedes, and goes to his bride to relate the new prospect of a change in his affairs. The sequel of this communication, and the scene that follows, which is a striking and powerful one, we give in the author's words:—

"It was past midnight. All was hushed in our bridal chamber. The single lamp, which hung above, burnt still and clear; and through the half-closed curtains of the window, the moonlight looked in upon our couch, quiet, and pure, and holy, as if it were charged with blessings.

"'Hush!' said Isora, gently; 'do you not hear a noise below?'

"I listened—my sense of hearing is naturally duller than my other senses. 'Not a breath,' said I. 'I hear not a breath, save yours.'

"'It was my fancy, then!' said Isora, 'and it has ceased now;' and she clung closer to my breast and fell asleep. I looked on her peaceful and childish countenance, with that concentrated and full delight, with which we clasp all that the universe holds dear to us, and feel as if the universe held nought beside—and thus sleep also crept upon me.

"I awoke suddenly; I felt Isora trembling palpably by my side. Before I could speak to her, I saw, standing at a little distance from the bed, a man wrapt in a long dark cloak, and masked; but his eyes shone through the mask, and they glared full upon me. He stood with his arms folded, and perfectly motionless; but at the other end of the room, before the escritoire in which I had locked the important packet, stood another man, also masked, and wrapped in a disguising cloak of similar hue and fashion. This man, as if alarmed, turned suddenly, and I perceived then that the escritoire was already opened, and that the packet was in his hand. I tore myself from Isora's grasp—I stretched my hand to the table by my bedside; upon which my sword was always left: it was gone! No matter!—I was young, strong, fierce, and the stake at hazard was great. I sprang from the bed; I precipitated myself upon the man who held the packet. With one hand I grasped at the important document, with the other I strove to tear the mask from the robber's face. He endeavoured rather to shake me off than to attack me; and it was not till I had nearly succeeded in unmasking him, that he drew forth a short poniard, and stabbed me in the side. The blow, which seemed purposely aimed to avoid a mortal part, staggered me, but only for an instant. I renewed my gripe at the packet—I tore it from the robber's hand, and collecting my strength, now fast ebbing away, for one effort, I bore my assailant to the ground, and fell, struggling with him.

"But my blood flowed fast from my wound, and my antagonist, if less sinewy than myself, had greatly the advantage in weight and size. Now for one moment I was uppermost, but in the next his knee was upon my chest, and his blade gleamed on high in the pale light of the lamp and moon. I thought I beheld my death—would to God that I had! With a piercing cry, Isora sprang from the bed, flung herself before the lifted blade of the robber, and as-

rested his arm. This man had, in the whole contest, acted with a singular forbearance—he did so now—he paused for a moment, and dropped his hand. Hitherto, the other man had not stirred from his mute position: he now moved one step towards us, brandishing a poniard like his comrade's. Isora raised her hand supplicatingly towards him, and cried out—'Spare him, spare him!—Oh, mercy, mercy!' With one stride the ruffian was by my side: he muttered some words which passion seemed to render inarticulate, and half pushing aside his comrade, his raised weapon flashed before my eyes, now dim and reeling—I made a vain effort to rise—the blade descended—Isora, unable to arrest it, threw herself before it—her blood, her heart's blood, gushed over me—I saw and felt no more.

"When I recovered my senses, my servants were round me—a deep red wet stain upon the sofa on which I was laid, brought the whole scene I had witnessed again before me—terrible and distinct. I sprang to my feet, and asked for Isora; a low murmur caught my ear—I turned, and beheld a dark form stretched on the bed, and surrounded like myself by gazers and menials. I tottered towards that bed, my bridal bed—I motioned, with a fierce gesture, the crowd away—I heard my name breathed audibly—the next moment I was by Isora's side. All pain—all weakness—all consciousness of my wound—of my very self, were gone—life seemed curdled into a single agonizing and fearful thought. I fixed my eyes upon hers; and though *there* the *flin* was gathering dark and rapidly, I saw, yet visible and unconquered, the deep love of that faithful and warm heart which had lavished its life for mine.

"I threw my arms round her—I pressed my lips wildly to hers. 'Speak—speak!' I cried, and my blood gushed over her with the effort; 'in mercy, speak!'

"Even in death and agony, the gentle being, who had been as wax unto my lightest wish, struggled to obey me. 'Do not grieve for me,' she said, in a tremulous and broken voice: 'it is dearer to die for you than to live!'

"Those were her last words. I felt her breath abruptly cease. The heart, pressed to mine, was still! I started up in dismay—the light shone full upon her face. O God! that I should live to write that Isora was—no more!"—Vol. II. pp. 129-34.

Morton now seeks relief in travel. He accompanies Lord Bolingbroke in his flight from England; goes to the court of France; again plunges into society; meets all the French wits; is presented to Louis Quatorze; makes a friendship with the regent, Philip of Orleans; makes an enemy of the celebrated Dubois; and, on the pretext of an embassy to the court of Peter the Great, is sent out of France. In Russia he mixes with the minister-monarch, and the statesmen of Catherine's court; until at last, growing sick of life, with his usual inconsistency, he retires to Italy to ruminate and die. Here he meets a hermit, who has led for some years a most ascetic life in a forest. This hermit entrusts him with a MS., containing a history of his past life, by which Morton makes the unexpected discovery, that in the person of the hermit, now dying, he is reunited to his brother Aubrey, supposed to be dead; and that his brother Aubrey, having been himself attached to Isora, was the tormentor who so long tortured him under the disguise of Barnard, was the forger of the will, and the murderer of his wife. Having obtained a clew to trace the accessories of these merciless deeds, and learning that Montreuil, the Jesuit, was the instigator of the ingenious villainies, Morton returns to England, determined to discover his foe, take ample revenge, and make due atonement to the injured Gerald. He tracks Montreuil to his retreat, by the aid of an accomplice in his schemes, and the work ends with the book of the Jesuit.

It will now be perceived that this work might, with greater propriety, be entitled "The Life and Times of Count Devereux," than a Novel. From the middle of the second volume, to nearly the conclusion of the third, there does not occur an incident which, in so far as the main plot is concerned, might not with equal propriety have been left out. The truth is, judging by this and his previous production, Mr Bulwer's forte does not lie in the conducting of a story. In both instances he manages his tale very unskillfully. In "Devereux," the novel

ought unquestionably to have ended with the death of Isora; for she is the personage in whom the reader is by far the most interested, both on her own account, and from her connexion with the hero. Her character is well drawn, not so much in consequence of what she is made to do, as in consequence of what the author says about her. This is probably one of the leading distinctions between an intelligent young writer and one of maturer years. The first puts himself in the place of his *dramatis personæ*, and thinks a great deal for them; the latter keeps altogether in the background, and makes the beings he has called into existence act and speak for themselves. We have not yet, however, sufficiently explained our opinion of "Devereux," which we shall do in a very few words.

The leading faults of the novel are, 1st, A want of unity of design, so palpable, that we question whether Mr Bulwer ever had any distinct notion, after he had finished one chapter, of what was to be in the next; and, at all events, we are sure that he had no regular plan spread out before him, like a map, at the commencement. 2d, An affectation of being familiar with several subjects, on which it may easily be discovered he is only slightly informed. 3d, A straining after effect, and a much more evident anxiety to be brilliant than to be judicious. 4th, The introduction of so many eminent persons, whether in the literary or political world, that, so far from being able to do justice to them all, little more, at an average, than a few pages is allotted to each; and, in point of fact, the trick can be called little else than a tolerably ingenious expedient to make a few splendid names bear out a commonplace dialogue, when it is obvious that the dialogue ought to be worthy of the celebrity of the speakers. It is a peculiarly hazardous, and not a very advisable attempt, for a young author, to undertake to put language into the mouths of all the wits of the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., and of all the statesmen, poets, and philosophers of the court of Louis XIV. It need not be matter of surprise that Mr Bulwer has, in many instances, egregiously failed.

The merits of "Devereux," however, are no less conspicuous than its faults; and they are of a nature which, taking it for all in all, incline us to look upon it as the best novel of the season. What we chiefly like about our author is, that upon every occasion he thinks for himself; and that he can, whenever he chooses, open a vein of fresh and strong thought, which does not soon exhaust itself. He despises the common drivell of the ordinary novel-writer; and, when he is unsuccessful, it is by attempting too much, not by being content with too little. He is very versatile also;—he is often eloquent, and as often humorous; he excels in pathos, and his descriptions are always graphic. With these recommendations, when time has purged away still more of the dross of inexperience, we do think that he will present us with some works of lasting popularity, and of much more sustained excellence. It strikes us, that there is a good deal of resemblance between the style of Mr Bulwer and that of the author of "Vivian Grey." We wonder what has become of the latter;—there are scenes in "Vivian Grey" which Bulwer has never equalled. We shall conclude these remarks with two extracts, of a different nature, but both of which place the writer in a favourable point of view. The first is a letter from the uncle of the hero, Sir William Devereux, whose character is more vividly hit off than any other in the book. It may be entitled,

#### ADVICE REGARDING MATRIMONY.

"Sdeath! nephew Morton!—But I won't scold thee, though thou deservest it. Let me see; thou art now scarce twenty, and thou talkest of marriage, which is the exclusive business of middle-age, as familiarly as 'girls of thirteen do of puppy dogs.' Marry! go hang thyself rather. Marriage, my dear boy, is at the best a treacherous proceeding; and a friend—a true friend—will never counsel another to adopt it rashly. Look you—I have had experience in these matters; and I think the moment a woman is wedded, some

terrible revolution happens in her system; all her former good qualities vanish, *hey presto*, like eggs out of a conjuror's box,—'tis true, they appear on t'other side of the box, the side turned to other people,—but for the poor husband, they are gone for ever. Odd's fish, Morton, go to! I tell thee again, that I have had experience in these matters, which thou never hast had, clever as thou thinkest thyself. If now it were a good marriage thou wast about to make—if thou were going to wed power, and money, and places at court, why, something might be said for thee. As it is, there is no excuse—none; and I am astonished how a boy of thy sense could think of such nonsense. Birth! Morton; what the devil does that signify, so long as it is birth in another country? A foreign damsel, and a Spanish girl, too, above all others! 'Sdeath! man, as if there was not quicksilver enough in the Englishwomen for you; you must make a mercantile exportation from Spain, must you! Why, Morton—Morton, the ladies in that country are proverbial. I tremble at the very thought of it. But as for my consent, I never will give it—never; and though I threaten thee not with disinheritorship, and such like, yet I do ask something in return for the great affection I have always borne thee; and I make no doubt, that thou wilt readily oblige me in such a trifle as giving up a mere Spanish Donna,—so think of her no more. If thou wantest to make love, there are ladies in plenty, whom thou needest not to marry; and for my part, I thought that thou wast all in all with the Lady Haselton—Heaven bless her pretty face! Now don't think I want to scold thee—and don't think thine old uncle harsh. God knows he is not; but my dear, dear boy, this is quite out of the question, and thou must let me hear no more about it. The gout cripples me so, that I must leave off. Ever thine own old uncle."—Vol. II. pp. 7-9.

Our other quotation is of a more serious and impassioned kind. We give it as a specimen of the author's powers in this species of composition:

THOUGHTS ON PARTING FROM THOSE WE LOVE.

"On my arrival at Isora's, I found her already stationed at the window, watching for my coming. How her dark eyes lit into lustre when they saw me! How the rich blood mantled up under the soft cheek which feeling had refined of late into a paler hue than it was wont, when I first gazed upon it, to wear! Then how fled her light step to meet me! How trembled her low voice to welcome me! How spake, from every gesture of her graceful and modelled form, the anxious, joyful, all-animating gladness of her heart! It is a melancholy pleasure to the dry, harsh after-thoughts of later life, to think one has been thus loved; and one marvels, when one considers what one is, how it could ever have been! That love of ours was never made for after years! It could never have flowed into the common and cold channel of ordinary affairs! It could never have been mingled with the petty cares and the low objects with which the loves of all who live long together in this sordid and most earthly earth, are sooner or later blended! We could not have spared to others an atom of the great wealth of our affection. We were misers of every coin in that exhaustless treasury. It would have pierced me to the soul to have seen Isora smile upon another. I know not even, had we had children, if I should not have been jealous of my child! Was this selfish love? Yes, it was intensely, wholly selfish; but it was a love made so only by its excess, nothing selfish on a smaller scale polluted it. There was not on earth that which the one would not have forfeited at the lightest desire of the other. So utterly were happiness and Isora entwined together, that I could form no momentary idea of the former, with which the latter was not connected. Was this love made for the many and miry roads through which man must travel? Was it made for age,—or, worse than age, for that middle, cool, ambitious, scheming period of life, in which all the luxuriance and verdure of things are pared into tame shapes that mimic life, but a life that is estranged from nature, in which art is the only beauty, and regularity the only grace? No; in my heart of hearts I feel that our love was not meant for the stages of life through which I have already passed; it would have made us miserable to see it flitter itself away, and to remember what it once was. Better as it is! better to mourn over the green bough than to look upon the sapless stem. You, who now glance over these pages, are you a mother?—if so, answer me one question—Would you not rather that the child whom you have cherished with your soul's care,—whom you have nurtured at your bosom,—whose young joys your eyes have sparkled to behold,—whose lightest grief you have wept to witness, as

you would have wept not for your own,—over whose pure and unwept sleep you have watched and prayed,—and, as it lay before you thus still and unconscious of your vigil, have shaped out, oh! such bright hopes for its future lot,—would you not rather that, while thus innocent and young, not a care tasted, not a crime incurred, it went down at once into the dark grave? Would you not rather suffer this grief, bitter though it be, than watch the predestined victim grow and ripen, and wind itself more and more around your heart, and, when it is of full and mature age, and you yourself are stricken in years, and can form no new ties to replace the old that are severed,—when woe have already bowed the darling of your hopes, whom woe never was to touch,—when sins have already darkened the bright, seraph, unclouded heart, which sin was never to dim,—behold it sink, day by day, altered, diseased, decayed, into the tomb which its childhood had in vain escaped? Answer me! Would not the earlier fate be far gentler than the last? And if you have known and wept over that early tomb—if you have seen the infant flower fade away from the green soil of your affections—if you have missed the bounding step, and the laughing eye, and the winning mirth, which made this sterile world a perpetual holiday—mother of the lost, if you have known, and you still pine for these, answer me yet again—Is it not a comfort, even while you mourn, to think of all that that breast, now so silent, has escaped? The cream, the sparkle, the elixir of life, it had already quaffed; is it not sweet to think it shunned the wormwood and the dregs? Answer me, even though the answer be in tears! Mourner, your child was to you what my early and only love was to me; and could you pierce down, down through a thousand fashions of ebbing thoughts, to the far depths of my heart, you would there behold a sorrow and a consolation, that have something in unison with your own."—Vol. II. pp. 23-22.

This is finely written, but it appears to us to illustrate one of the errors to which we have alluded; namely, that for the sake of being strong and original, Mr Bulwer has given up the higher beauty of being just and sound. We question much whether any mother would wish to see her child die young to avoid the certainty of its dying in the prime of life. There is sophistry in the argument; and this is not the only instance of the kind which we could adduce. We ought also to remark, that the book falls very much off towards the conclusion. The same manner in which Morton Devereux receives the confession of his brother Aubrey's guilt, is a blemish we can scarcely pardon. His milk-and-water forgiveness of the villain Aubrey is an insult to the memory of Isora.

But, notwithstanding all these things, Mr Bulwer has impressed us, and not only us, but the public generally, with a feeling of his abilities. We call upon him, therefore, to go on,—to be bold in the exercise, yet diffident of the extent, of his own powers,—to cultivate assiduously all his imaginative faculties, but not at the expense of his judgment,—to study mankind as a living book, more valuable than the lore of ages,—to husband his resources, and to extend his knowledge,—and, without arrogating to ourselves any extraordinary power of prophecy, we venture to foretell, that he will rise to a prominent place among the literary men of his day.

*Sermons.* By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., Glasgow. Edinburgh: Adam Black. 1839. 8vo. Pp. 596.

THE leading doctrines of Christianity are few and simple. They have been delineated with such clearness in the Sacred Record, and are so strikingly enforced, that even the most illiterate may comprehend their import. This extreme simplicity, which was so essential for rendering Christianity efficacious as a *practical system*, has been frequently deemed unfavourable for the culture of pulpit oratory. A clergyman, no doubt, uniformly handles the same facts; and, consequently, he must arrest the attention of his auditory, rather by the skillful elucidation of familiar topics, than by the powerful statement of original theories. But then, it must be remembered that religion is not an isolated science. It is closely

linked with every branch of human knowledge. It derives some of its most apposite illustrations from the different lights and shades of human character—from the mysterious combination of volitions, antipathies, and affections concentrated in the human heart—and from the varying aspects of human life. If, therefore, the perfection of eloquence consists in developing truth in its most winning form, where can it more freely expatiate than amidst the numerous and diversified themes which Christianity offers for intellectual speculation? A mere declamatory harangue, indeed, can leave no salutary impressions. Its only tendency is to please the imagination, by presenting a number of abstract thoughts, some of them, perhaps, elegantly expressed, but all of them unproductive of any permanent influence. As the removal of a single tessera will disorder an entire piece of Mosaic, so the whole strength of a discourse, purely rhetorical, will be impaired by the partial modification of its language. We would not, however, discountenance warmth in the composition of a sermon. Far less would we substitute the artificial arrangement of a dry, logical essay, only characterized by scholastic casuistry. Perhaps the Socratic method of argumentation is, in itself, the least objectionable, though the difficulty of classifying a consecutive variety of causes, conducing to one great result, somewhat circumscribes its utility. But keeping in view the innate dignity and importance of his subject, and its immediate bearing on the immortal destinies of his flock, a clergyman ought, on all occasions, to follow that course, which, by touching their feelings, and convincing their judgments, will most effectually tend to recommend the precepts of Christianity to their cheerful acceptance and submissive obedience.

Our expectations were considerably excited by the announcement of the volume now before us, in consequence of the approbation with which the former productions of its author have been received, though, probably, none of these is so well entitled to praise as his latest publication. From the preface to it, we presume that the whole of the sermons have been preached *ex cathedra*, and, of course, Dr Wardlaw's own congregation must peruse the volume with the advantage of many salutary associations, and with a full recollection of the ardent and emphatic earnestness, which imparts so great a charm to his oral delivery. But it may be also confidently affirmed, that by the public in general the present volume will be readily appreciated. We have seen many sermons more remarkable for graceful style and chaste expression, but very few so replete with forcible reasoning and vivid exposition. There is no tedious amplification of the same ideas, artfully disguised under different forms of language. Each sentence abounds with good sense and valuable instruction. In refuting any sceptical argument—in exposing any doctrinal error—in reprobating any prevalent vice—in recommending any indispensable duty—our author displays both sound divinity and intimate acquaintance with the world. It has often been disputed amongst critics, whether the model of Bourdaloue or Massillon—the two most eminent of French divines—is entitled to preference. The former has been peculiarly celebrated as a profound controversialist, without great pretensions to elegance; while the fame of the latter more immediately rests on the brilliancy of his diction and the beauty of his sentiments. The union of these somewhat opposite qualities seems to us to constitute the essential elements of a sermon; and it is the frequent blending of these in Dr Wardlaw's discourses which we would particularly commend.

The volume opens with two excellent discourses upon the text, "Christ crucified;" which are followed by a third, containing an enquiry into the cause why apostolic evidence originally failed to meet with general acceptance. The fourth sermon sets forth an able defence of the doctrine of Justification, which Luther deemed *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*, and which is undoubtedly one

of the most prominent articles of gospel truth. We have also two discourses upon good works; and a powerful argumentative sermon on the untenable nature of that objection which is frequently levelled against Christianity—the inconsistencies of its professed believers. The ninth and tenth discourses explain the advantages of genuine religion; and the three concluding sermons, originally preached on public occasions, relate to divine delight in Christ.

We are much pleased with the evangelical spirit in which our author demonstrates the nature and reasonableness of true religion. He thus feelingly introduces his subject:

"I might try to set religion before you, as residing in the bosom, and ruling in the character, of a sinless creature,—a creature that has never fallen; the derived purity of the creature holding immediate and intimate fellowship with the essential purity of the Creator. But not only from our mournful want of experience, would the task be difficult;—the description would not at all suit our case. Although the religion of man, when he came in his original innocence from the hand of his Maker, it would not be his religion now.

"I might exhibit religion, clothed in the fascinating, but delusive, sentimentalism of romance and poetry; expatiating on the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Deity, as manifested in the wonders of creation,—wakening the sensibilities of taste, and flattering you to self-complacency, by calling them devotion,—and inviting you into the Temple of Nature, to worship at the shrine of Nature's God. I might tell you, too, of the religion (closely allied to this) of an anti-scriptural and spurious philosophy; according to which the Divine nature is all mercy,—all easy and pliant benignity, with a countenance that cannot frown, and a heart that never can bring itself to punish; and the human nature all native simplicity and goodness, though alloyed by unavoidable frailties, and too often seduced by the allurements of evil.

"But such representations would not be in harmony with the truth of things. In making them, I should be giving the lie to that book which I believe to contain the mind of God;—I should be deceiving, criminally and ruinously deceiving, the souls of my hearers, and jeopardizing my own. On such subjects, subjects of which the interest is so deep, and the results depending on their truth or falsehood so vast and so permanent, there ought to be nothing but plain dealing;—no imposing disguises,—no soothing palliations of truth—but *things as they are*."—Pp. 251-3.

Nor is his portraiture of the happiness of religion less striking. He observes:

"It is full of interest and delight.—Did the Eden of original innocence and felicity still exist in unlighted loveliness, with all its divine garniture of sweets and beauties, we should not be satisfied with throwing a mere hasty and careless glance within its gates; we should choose to linger amongst its inviting scenes, to stop at every turn, to inhale every breath of passing fragrance, to listen to every note of Nature's melody, to let our eye repose at leisure on every new variety of elegance, sublimity, or grace. So, the pleasures of true religion form a theme so attractive, that I cannot dismiss it with a brief superficial notice. I should like to lead you with me into this 'garden of God,' and to detain you amidst its various delights; in the hope, that of those by whom these delights have already been tasted and enjoyed, the relish for them may be heightened; and that, by the blessing of Him who has kindly planted this spiritual Eden amid the wastes of our sinful world, a taste for them may be imparted to such as are yet strangers to the experience of their excellence."—Pp. 273-4.

Our author is a decided enemy to modern Millenarianism. His views are fully expressed in the last sermon, and the text he has prefixed to it, from the Revelations, is one of those passages principally relied on by the advocates for the system. The chief question respecting the passage is, whether it must be interpreted literally or symbolically—whether, on the one hand, the passage is to be understood of a real personal appearance and reign of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth, and of a real corporeal resurrection from the grave; or whether, on the other hand, the representation is not rather to be interpreted on the principle of prophetic symbol, as figu-

natively representing the character and condition of the Church during the period of the thousand years. Our author adduces a series of observations, tending most decidedly to prove the latter hypothesis. He justly remarks :

"It ought not to be regarded as an evidence of the Millenniumian interpretation being the true one, that it accords with the plain and literal meaning of the words. I must not satisfy myself, indeed, with putting this merely in a negative form. I go farther. It appears to me a proof of the very contrary. It should be recollected, that the passage forms part of a prophetic book—of a book that is constructed on the very principle of symbol, and figurative almost throughout. Is it not, then, a fair and reasonable principle of interpretation, that this particular passage should be understood in harmony with the general character of the book? Did the words occur in an historical or epistolary composition, it would be justly pronounced unnatural—unless we were specially warned of the writer's proposed deviation from his ordinary style—to explain them symbolically. Now, in a professedly symbolical book, there is the very same force of objection against their being interpreted literally. The interpretation is not in harmony with the avowed and universally admitted style of the writer, and the principle on which his entire work is constructed. It is just as unfair to interpret prophecy on the principles of simple history, as it would be to interpret simple history by the symbols of prophecy. We might bring the force of the argument to bear still more closely. The whole of the very vision where the text lies is symbolical. We have, in the preceding verses, the Dragon,—the binding of him with a chain, and setting a seal upon him, or upon the entrance of his prison. Why, then, are we immediately to make a transition from the symbolical to the literal, from the obscure and figurative to the direct and simple,—from the style of prophecy to the style of history? Why are we, in the text, to understand literal thrones of earthly dominion, and a literal and corporeal resurrection of men to sit upon those thrones, when all around is symbolical and figurative?"—*Pp. 468-9.*

Indeed, we regard the whole train of our author's reasoning on this point as a complete *argumentum ad judicium*, and as calculated to show the singular inconsistency of the Millenniumians themselves.—On the whole, we have experienced much gratification from the perusal of Dr Wardlaw's sermons; and, though our quotations have been necessarily limited, we think they will be sufficient to recommend the volume to the attentive consideration of our readers.

*The Waverley Novels—New Edition. Vol. Third. Guy Mannering. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co. 1829.*

THE Publishers have arranged, that only one volume of this elegant work, which is to be comprised in forty volumes, is to appear on the first of every month. We have now before us the first volume of Guy Mannering, for August. Its peculiar attractions consist of a new Introduction by the author, an excellent frontispiece by Leslie, representing Dominie Sampson in Colonel Mannering's library, and a very spirited vignette by Kidd. In the Introduction, Sir Walter informs us that the story upon which this novel was founded was originally told him by an old servant of his father. In compliance with the nature of this narrative, his first plan inferred a stricter adherence to astrological superstitions than he afterwards found it advisable to preserve. Sir Walter, however, still retains a leaning towards astrology, which the following passage will illustrate. The professor of the art of legerdemain to which he alludes is, we believe, the celebrated Boaz; and we suspect he is indebted for the anecdote he tells concerning him to Mr John Howell, the ingenious author of the *Life of Alexander Selkirk*.

#### MODERN ASTROLOGY.

"It is here worthy of observation, that while the astrological doctrines have fallen into general contempt, and been supplanted by superstitions of a more gross and far less beautiful character, they have, even in modern days, retained some rotaries. One of the most remarkable believers in

that forgotten and despised science, was a late eminent professor of the art of legerdemain. One would have thought that a person of this description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand ways in which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less than others subject to the phantasies of superstition. Perhaps the habitual use of those abstruse calculations, by which, in a manner surprising to the artist himself, many tricks upon cards, &c. are performed, induced this gentleman to study the combination of the stars and planets, with the expectation of obtaining prophetic communications. He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated according to such rules of art as he could collect from the best astrological authors. The result of the past he found agreeable to what had hitherto befallen him; but in the important prospect of the future, a singular difficulty occurred. There were two years, during the course of which he could by no means obtain any exact knowledge whether the subject of the scheme would be dead or alive. Anxious concerning so remarkable a circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period, he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive; at another, that he was unquestionably dead; but a space of two years extended between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence. The astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his Diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the empire, until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warranted as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of legerdemain, the hands, whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer, suddenly lost their power, the cards dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at length removed by death. It is said that the Diary of this modern astrologer will soon be given to the public.

"The fact, if truly reported, is one of those singular coincidences which occasionally appear, differing so widely from ordinary calculation, yet without which irregularities, human life would not present to mortals, looking into futurity, the abyss of impenetrable darkness, which it is the pleasure of the Creator it should offer to them. Were every thing to happen in the ordinary train of events, the future would be subject to the rules of arithmetic, like the chances of gaming. But extraordinary events, and wonderful runs of luck, defy the calculations of mankind, and throw impenetrable darkness on future contingencies."

"To the above anecdote, another, still more recent, may be here added. The author was lately honoured with a letter from a gentleman deeply skilled in these mysteries, who kindly undertook to calculate the nativity of the writer of Guy Mannering, who might be supposed to be friendly to the divine art which he professed. But it was impossible to supply data for the construction of a horoscope, had the native been otherwise desirous of it, since all those who could supply the minutiae of day, hour, and minute, have been long removed from the mortal sphere."—*l'p. 16-19.*

Sir Walter next proceeds to inform us, that the gipsy upon whom the character of Meg Merrilies is founded was well known, about the middle of the last century, by the name of Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of the village of Kirk-Yetholm, in the Cheviot Hills, adjoining to the English Border. It appears, also, that in one of the early Numbers of Blackwood's Magazine he gave a pretty minute account of this remarkable person. Passing from Meg Merrilies to Dominie Sampson, we meet with the following passage regarding our old friend:—

#### THE ORIGINAL DOMINIE SAMPSON.

"Such a preceptor as Mr Sampson is supposed to have been, was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lady, his pupils, grew up, and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland, (in former days,) where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The Laird's predecessors had been imprudent; he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold; and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell

down on his own threshold under a paralytic affection. The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity. Such is the outline of Dominie Sampson's real story, in which there is neither romantic incident nor sentimental passion; but which, perhaps, from the rectitude and simplicity of character which it displays, may interest the heart and fill the eye of the reader as irresistibly, as if it respected distresses of a more dignified or refined character."—Pp. xxix. —xxx.

The Introduction occupies altogether about thirty pages. There are few new notes throughout the volume.

*Letters from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, illustrative of their Moral, Religious, and Physical Circumstances, during the years 1826, 27, and 28. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829.*

FROM the title-page of the present work, we naturally expected it would have contained a good deal of additional information regarding two of our most important North American Colonies. In this, however, we have been considerably disappointed. Its author seems, in a great measure, to have imagined, that having travelled a certain number of miles through an interesting country, he was thereby sufficiently qualified for writing an agreeable and instructive narrative. But a traveller's duties are somewhat more arduous and extensive. If he seldom indulges in original thinking, he should avoid monotonous detail;—if he refrain from the discussion of important political questions, he should omit the relation of commonplace incidents;—if he never be profound or philosophical, he should uniformly be consistent and acute. We do not mean to say that our author has altogether overlooked these rules; but he too frequently manifests a discursive propensity, which hurries him away from the consideration of some important subject, to indulge in dull gossiping and trifling dialogue. For example, we are introduced in one place to a loquacious dame, who enters into a long discussion with an Episcopalian clergyman as to her reasons for becoming a Methodist, in consequence of which the English divine is about to enter into a furious vindication of his principles, when at this important juncture, "a young lady began to sing the beautiful verses of 'Home, sweet home!'" which completely pacified the irritated pastor. Then we have a commentary upon the rules of carving, by a captain, who, according to his own confession, was placed in a sad predicament, by being asked to cut up a fowl. "He was too proud to confess his inability. He began the work with all his might, but his efforts to find the joints were fruitless." Again, in the midst of a magnificent description of American scenery, Dr ——— politely asks our author, "'Have you been in the Netherlands?' I replied in the negative. 'Oh! then—Let us go into this mansion, and get a glass of milk: I feel exceedingly thirsty.'"

We fear our author has sometimes forgotten "moral, religious, and physical circumstances," in his zeal to record private exploits. We refrain from examining minutely the general principles of emigration which he adduces. How far the security and happiness of states are promoted by applying their internal resources to the formation of distant and separate colonies, is a question of very dubious policy. Our author has furnished us with

some important remarks as to the effects of missionary labours in America. He has also detailed several strange religious controversies. We may further observe, that though the letters abound with puerile sentiment and uncouth diction, they occasionally afford a pretty vivid idea of the manners and habits prevalent in our North American territories, which had hitherto been but imperfectly described.

*Portugal Illustrated.* In a series of Letters by the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, B.D., &c. Embellished with a map, plates of coins, vignettes, modinhas, and various engravings. Second Edition. London. Published for the Author, by Treuttel & Wurtz, Treuttel, jun. & Richter. 1829.

(Second notice.)

ORTO was, at the time of our author's visit, the head-quarters of the constitutionalist, as Lisbon of the absolute party. He describes the manners of the inhabitants as borrowed from the English, who are there more numerous and considerable than at Lisbon. We have heard it remarked by continental wits, that an Englishman carries his tea-kettle with him wherever he goes,—to the top of Mont Blanc, or into the deserts of Africa. Mr Kinsey's account of the British at Oporto would lead us to believe that a much less amiable appendage of their social system is equally inseparable from them:—

"The British Factory at Porto is an association of the resident merchants, who contribute to a public stock, so much upon each pipe of wine which they ship off for England, for the purpose of giving public entertainments to persons of their own class, and to the Portuguese families of consequence, such as balls in the winter, and occasional dinners at the Factory-house. The house was built by public contribution of the wine merchants, at the time Mr Whitehead was the British Consul at Porto; but it was impossible that such a body of people, composed of such opposite materials, and among whom ideas and principles were so entirely at variance, could long hold together in the bonds of uninterrupted amity. Accordingly, some persons, moved by spleen, quitted the society abruptly; some withdrew their names gradually, and would no longer appear as members; and others were expelled on the ground of unfitness. By degrees, the most considerable of the British merchants appropriated to themselves the entire and exclusive management of the whole concern. Those who retained the superintendence of affairs, were denominated the 'Ins,' while the seceders and rejected were obliged to endure the appellation of 'Outs.' It is much to be questioned whether the memorable factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines were attended with consequences half so important to the state of society as this disruption between the original members of the Factory at Porto."

This is Almack's imitated, on a small scale. Mr Kinsey quotes the following remarks, on the appearance of Porto, from an earlier visitor:

"When the traveller suddenly beholds a large city, with innumerable churches and towers, on the side of a steep mountain, between rocks that seem torn asunder, surrounded by rude mountains, adorned with gardens, churches, and other edifices, interspersed with pine woods,—and looks down on a fine and rapid stream, covered with ships, amid scenes of human activity that occupy a spot designed by nature for the haunts of wild beasts,—he is at once astonished and delighted with the prospect; the impression of which is rendered still more lively by his vicinity to the object, as the stream is far from broad, and the valley very narrow."

The description of Mr Kinsey's residence, while he remained in the city, is as follows:

"The windows of the garden front of our host's residence open into a large area, filled with a variety of Brazilian plants, easily distinguished by their gaudy colours; vines extended on a trellis of considerable length, bearing a profusion of purple bunches; superb lemon trees, sweet and sour; lime and orange trees, bending under the weight of their golden fruit; with pear trees, and apples, and plums,

and Alpine strawberries growing in the greatest luxuriance. The Indian cane, with its splendid blossom, whose colour resembles that of the Guernsey, or rather, the Chinese lily, is a great addition to the gay ornaments of this terrestrial paradise. It was delightful during the heat, when it became impossible to mount the steep streets of Porto, to enjoy a lounge under the canopy formed by the vine, imperious as it was to the noon-tide ray."

Let us now take a peep at the inhabitants of this pleasant town :

"The industry of the Porto artisans is quite remarkable. Scarcely an idle person is seen in the streets. Persons who follow similar trades generally inhabit the same district of the town ; and thus, while the booksellers and the shoemakers are pursuing the noiseless tenor of their way in their own exclusive streets, the brasiars, the ironmongers, and the block-tin manufacturers, enjoy, apart, the harmony of their respective trades. Flake, cut in slices and fried in oil on the quays, is the ordinary food of the sailors, and is washed down with a little north-country wine, which may be had in the contiguous wine-houses at a very moderate price. We have often amused ourselves with observing the sailors either consuming huge slices of water-melons, or themselves dressing their sardinhas on little brasiars containing charcoal, round which they are seen in large groups squatted on their hams, in a state of semi-nudity, with their red woollen night-caps and swarthy complexions, resembling a party of Caribbee Indians. \* \* \* What would the fashionables of our own metropolis say to the taste of the day at Porto, where gentlemen's carriages are frequently dragged up the steep and almost precipitous streets by a yoke of oxen to the Opera-house ! The custom is said to have originated in necessity, when the French laid requisition upon all the hidalgos' and wealthy persons' horses, and thus reduced them to the employment of this Smithfield rather than Newmarket team. \* \* \*

In Portuguese houses, the kitchen is generally situated at the top of the house, so that we become quite accustomed to the expression which so much astounded us at first, 'bring down the dinner,' instead of 'serve the dinner up.'"

The number of monks in Porto and the neighbouring convents is rated at 5000. But we must leave Oporto, and accompany our traveller in his voyage down the Douro. Coimbra, with all its learning, we shall leave unvisited, for our anxiety is, to show our reader the country as well as the town. The boat in which they made the voyage is thus described :

"Our little bark had a complement of five men, one of whom, apparently the patron, took charge of the helm. The tiller is necessarily very long, and the blade of the rudder, formed, at its extremity, into a shape resembling the sharp-edged oar of a sculler, is extended to a considerable length, being nothing better, however, than a large log of wood roughly hewn. Its length and form, however, enable the steersmen to guide the boat securely between rocks that often approach each other so closely as almost to block up the navigation of the river, and to turn it round in an instant, as though it moved on a pivot, whenever the man, who is stationed, in difficult parts of the channel, at the head of the boat, with a long pole to keep it steady in its course, may give notice of approaching a sunken rock. One man takes an oar by the steerer, and two are employed in the fore-part with oars, which they work standing up ; and they are occasionally assisted by the fifth man, whose duty it is, as just described, to aid in giving a safe direction to the course of the vessel ; and they are, from time to time, relieved by the two men who have been employed in the stern."

The view from the river strikes us as pleasing :

"Within the distance of a league from the point of our embarkation, we passed under the vine-clad hill of Cambrás, whose towering height is seen from the elevated grounds above Pezo, bounding the line of the horizon to the south. The farm houses and cottages of the vine-dressers, prettily scattered here and there among the green vineyards, and dazzling the sight with their snow-white walls, resemble at a distance the residences of the peasantry in Wales, placed on the gentle declivities of their hills ; and, in some respects, the chalets of the Swiss herdsmen in their construction, the ground tier being appropriated to the reception of cattle, or for the stowage of their wine-vats, while the lodging rooms on the upper floor are approached by a wooden staircase, attached to the outside of the building, under a projecting roof. A covered gallery also runs round

three sides of it, as a defence for its inhabitants against the heat and variations of the atmosphere."

The inhabitants of these pretty, innocent-looking dwellings, are not, it seems, men to be trifled with :

"No act of aggression can possibly give the owner of a vineyard so much offence, as taking the liberty to pluck his grapes without permission. Throughout the whole of the wine-country, the precaution is adopted of fencing in the vineyards, on those sides lying contiguous to the roads, with a light frame-work composed of arundo-donax, covered with furze, to secure the grapes from the grasp of the passing traveller. In most of the detached vineyards there is a small hut made of reeds, which is generally placed on an elevated spot, commanding the whole extent of the vineyard, whence an intruder may be quite sure that he will be fired upon without any previous notice, or the tedious process of a discussion by word of mouth."

The scenery changes as our traveller glides down the Douro :

"We now began to meet the falls. They must indeed be dangerous when the river is swollen, for even in its present state we shot down these rearing rapids with thecelerity of lightning, occasionally enjoying the agreeable sensation of bumping against some sunken rock, and only escaping collision with the shore by the activity and quick-sightedness of the man at the prow, who managed his long pole with most laudable dexterity. Those who have had temerity sufficient to dare the descent at Paris of the Montagnes Russes, may conceive the delight with which nervous travellers commit their precious persons to these fearful cataracts. The stunning noise of the headlong current ; the quick and vehement vociferations of the boatmen ; the rapidity of the stream, increasing as the scene of difficulty is approached, all concur in exciting the lively apprehensions of the timid and inexperienced traveller, and occasion an involuntary shudder even after the dangers have been safely passed. \* \* \* The woods which overhang the rocky banks of the river abound with turtle-doves and nightingales. The sylvan scenery of the Douro principally consists of pine, oak, chestnut, and olive-trees, intermixed with which are occasionally seen cork-trees, and a profusion of myrtles adorning the wild with white blossoms. In many places the rocks assume the most grotesque and varied appearance, in singular forms and odd shapes. There is indeed a wildness about this rock-scenery, which is almost terrific. The rude masses appear to have been thrown into their present state of confusion by some awful convulsion of nature ; and, in some cases their dark appearance would induce the supposition that they had been but recently cast up from the blazing crater of a neighbouring volcano."

But we must shut the book, or we shall never have done ; only let us in justice add, that the engravings and embellishments are numerous and interesting.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### A TRIP TO INNERLEITHEN.

By Charles Doyne Silery, Member of the Saint Roman's Border Club.

"March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale !  
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale.  
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border !"

HAIL ! Muse, hail ! and so on ; but at present  
I have no time for compliment. Parnassus  
Must be forsaken for a space—one hasn't  
Sublimity when writing about glasses,  
And mountaineer, and shepherd clown, and peasant,  
Wrestling and running among whins and grasses ;  
But yet, old maids ! impart to me, a Ranger,  
Some of the spirit of the Bard of Banger.

Now to the field !—the crimson pennons wave,—  
Lo, what a mob is there—all Innerleithen !  
The beautiful, the gentle, and the brave,  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the wee thin  
Rosy-cheek'd lassie, and the lassy knave,—  
Rustic and polish'd—Christian, Jew, and heathen ;

All sects, all kinds, all countrymen,—I never  
Saw such a sight—Saint Ronan's Club for ever!

The piper skirls, "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border!"  
The patriot's heart beats high—"Well done! well done!"  
Now for the sports, and in their glorious order  
I dash them into deathless verse. What fun  
We had that day,—old Scotia laugh'd,—oh Lord! her  
Mountains for very joy sang to the sun.  
If perfect pleasure can be found on earth,  
'Tis where the Border gave her brave Club birth.

First came the quois—see how they fly and glitter  
In the bright sun, like lovely little planets;  
The swallows from their cloud-built castles twitter—  
The rustic swains, with their green cloaks and bannets,  
Crowd round the happy victor—sure a fitter  
Fountain for pleasure could ne'er be.—O! man, it's  
A glorious thing to stand on the brown heather,  
And see so many happy souls together.

Hop-step-and-leap—ay, there they go! By Jupiter!  
They stride as if their legs were Nature's compasses;  
"There's Robertson!"—"Stand back, stand back, sire!"  
—"Noo, Peter,

Cast off your clogs—away he flies!" What rumpuses  
The multitude are making.—"Very few, Peter,  
Of Caledonia's heavy-bellied, plump asses,  
Can beat your leaping."—"Na," said Peter, "truly;  
But it's het wark, this smoking month o' July."

"Ay, so it is," replied the Ettrick Shepherd;  
For Hogg was there in all his wonted glory.  
Can Ethiopian change his skin, or leopard  
Her spots?—no more (to tell a faithful story)  
Can Hogg forego the rapture, (though he keep hard  
At work all day,) encouraging the hoary,  
Old, hearty, healthy, weatherbeaten swain,  
To try his luck again, and o'er again.

But I digress, while Scougal whirls the hammer,  
And throws it from him like a darting comet.  
"How far was that?"—"Not to the mark."—"No!—  
damn her!

She hurt my hand, and aplit like sand eel from it."—  
"Try it again."—"Well done! that's just like glamour!  
You'll win the prize, and stand on glory's summit."  
"Hand here the iron bullet; we must try  
Our luck at putting."—"Let us do or die."

Away the bullet flies!—"Ha! well done, Scott!  
You've nearly broken the Secretary's legs, sir."  
Scott scratch'd his head, and answer'd, "Na, I've not."  
Then, looking wondrous knowingly, said, "Faigs, sir,  
I dinna ken boo that could be a shot  
So very bad; these balls are light as eggs, sir."  
Now for the race—the race! it is begun;  
Huzza! huzza! see how the rascals run!

"Stand back!" bawl'd Hogg; "Once!—Constables, I say,  
Keep the crowd back—Twice!—Odd! we canna see—  
Clear the course—Brodie, gar your baton play—  
That'll do fine—noo tak a breath awae—  
Thrice!—O! ye deevils, fast! rin! rin away!  
They're oot o' sight already! back to me,  
My hearties—glorious! round the pole! they leave it!  
Well done, Rob Laidlaw!—in! in!—Lord, ye have it!

"Noo mak' a ring."—"We shall," said Mr Stewart.  
The ring is made—the wrestling just begun—  
"Odd, Anderson, I kent ye had a true heart;  
You're the best wrestler underneath the sun!  
Try it again, my chappy—odd, man, thoo art  
A glorious fellow!—Is na this grand fun?"—  
Again he tried it—tried it till he had all  
Below his breast, so gain'd the silver medal!

The steeple chase was last,—George Laidlaw first,—  
A race right tiresome up the Curle hill.  
Some cried, "Wha has it?" others roar'd, "Wha's worst?"  
Hogg sigh'd, "The rain comes doon like ony mill-  
Dam—faith, the callant rins as he would burst!"  
Said Mr Brodie, "So I think he will."  
"Nae fears—nae fears," Hogg answer'd; "he's gude stuff.  
And faith he has't, man!—Brodie, gie's a smuff."

But hark, the dinner bell!—away! away!  
Where's Hogg?—where's—Phoo! where's all the  
club?—At dinner.

This is a glorious scene! How dense! how gay!  
How numerous!—I do believe all Inner-  
Leithen is here, in cramming, crush'd array.  
Lo, what a wilderness of fowls!—"Ye sinner,  
Sit up!" cried Hogg, "I canna see Lord Napier;  
I wush to God they'd listen to the Crupier!"

Behold the table!—like a horse's shoe—  
Behold the viands smoking to the ceiling—  
Behold the chairman, Mr Stewart, too—  
Traquair, our patron, on his right hand dealing  
Out vegetables, smiles, and wine; then view  
Lord Napier, on the left, with every feeling  
Of happiness and hospitality:  
Then swear it is a glorious sight to see.

A toast—"God save the King!" Hip! hip! hurra!  
Another—"Navy"—"Army," and so on;  
Up, Mr Bell, and show your tongue to-day,—  
"Professor Wilson! long live he!" Well done!  
All grieved full sore that he was then away;  
But I can safely say, there was not one  
But wish'd him all the joy life can impart  
In this wide world, and wish'd it from the heart.

"Now, fill a flowing bumper," said the Chair;  
"All primed," cried Hogg; then Mr Stewart gave  
"Our noble patron, the Earl of Traquair!"  
And then, most strange, the piper play'd, "God save  
The King,"—a most extraordinary air;  
And while the kilted veteran piped it brave,  
The wine flow'd freely, and the room grew hot,  
And all grew jovial then—and then what not?

Then songs were sung. A youthful bard was there,  
Whose health being drunk with all the honours, he  
Said, "Gentlemen,"—and all the club did stare,  
With mouths and eyes as wide as they could be—  
And "Mr Chairman," and "my Lord Traquair,  
I am no speaker, having been at sea,  
Bawling to blustering seamen loud and long;  
But, in return, I'll sing a sailor's song."

Agreed! agreed! Bravo! your song! your song!  
Then sang the youth, the "Tough old Commodore;"  
And then, in sooth, there was not one among  
The multitude, that did not ruff and roar  
As loud as e'er he could: above the throng  
Hogg bawl'd, "Fine! fine!"—Lord Napier, "O! 'tis  
hot!"  
The chairman, "Bravo!"—the Earl,—God knows what.

Thus pass'd the night—with song, and flowing bowl;  
All were so happy—all so kind and gay,  
That 'twas a sight enough to raise the soul  
Above its brittle tenement of clay,  
Into celestial regions! for the whole  
Met to be merry, and resolved were they  
To part good friends, ay, jovial glorious friends:  
And so they did—and thus that evening ends.

Next day—for think not, reader, all is over—  
We took a ramble through the flowery country:

Miss G—— was there;—by heavens, how I do love her !  
 There was no view, with her—there was not one tree  
 Nor hill, nor river with its bowery cover,  
 On which I gazed—oak, birch, or ash, or row'n-tree,  
 That did not give such rapture to my soul,  
 That of my feelings I lost all control.

Oh, women ! then thought I, are darling creatures !  
 Sure, all the world knows that I love them dearly ;  
 In the fair country all their heavenly natures  
 Expand mid flowers and sunshine.—Most sincerely  
 Do I adore them ; in their fairy features  
 My heart doth make her paradise, and merely  
 Because I feel earth, without womankind,  
 Were but a wilderness of war and wind.

Oh ! that the Fates had placed me here—far, far  
 From the rude haunts, the hum, the shock of men,  
 Where Peace and Passion are for aye at war ;—  
 Here in this heathery, placid, lovely glen  
 How happy could I be !—no woe to mar  
 The blessed golden hours of peace. Oh ! then  
 I'd love the village lassie who can sing,  
 With light and innocent heart, of only thing.

The sun is down—the lamps are lit—the ball  
 Is sparkling with the brave, the young, the fair !  
 Oh ! what a glorious labyrinth in the hall !  
 Is Innerleithen deck'd in diamonds there ?  
 One would suppose, reviewing this, that all  
 Peebles, and Pennicuik, and Selkirk, were  
 Crush'd into living billows : by the Powers !  
 This is no solitude of rocks and flowers !

What fiddling, flirting, flourishing, and feasting !  
 What glittering, glancing, glowing groups of ladies ;  
 No parley, airs ; no whispering, sirs ; no resting ;—  
 It puts me very much in mind of May-days  
 In English villages, when Summer 's hasting  
 To deck sweet Nature, which so wondrous glad is—  
 Now here, now there, now round, now everywhere !  
 This beats all powers of verse, I do declare.

Thank God, the ball is over, and the room  
 Dark and deserted—I am fast asleep—  
 Hogg's scampering to Mount Benger o'er the broom ;  
 And in the Tweed the stars are buried deep.  
 Park swears "the Club have drunk his grog casks toom ;"  
 Then let them slumber with the other sheep :  
 To-morrow morn, when each doth from his bed wake,  
 Park, rest assured, he'll have a glorious headach.

'Tis here worth while to notice what folks say,  
 In Innerleithen, about "being drunk :"  
 "As long as any man can lie (quoth they)  
 On the green grass, and haud by't, like the trunk  
 Of some old tree broke from its root away,  
 He is as sober as a cloister'd monk !"  
 Lordsake ! if it be so, I vow sincere,  
 How awful it must be to get drunk here !

'Tis sunrise—glorious sunrise ! O'er the hills  
 The golden beams stream in a gush of glory—  
 The birds, enraptured, tune their little bills—  
 The Lee Pen Hill, with its cairn'd summit hoary—  
 The Pirn Crag, where the Romans camp'd—the rills  
 Winding into the Tweed, with song and story—  
 The woody Bank of Cadden—all are glowing  
 In the rich sunbeams from the red orb flowing !

Up, Deans ! thou bard of Innerleithen ! stand  
 On Wallace's Hill, and with a poet's eye  
 Behold the clear streams, and the laughing land,  
 And the blue, boundless, beautiful, bright sky !  
 Nature will gently lead thee by the hand,  
 If thou but woo her truly—Oh ! man, try

To do your best, and be a happy bard,  
 For poetry has aye its ain reward !

Farewell ! thou "bonny bush aboon Traquair"—  
 Farewell ! thou lovely landscape, wood and water—  
 Farewell ! my bonny lasses, young and fair—  
 And oh ! farewell ! Miss G., Lord Dolour's daughter !  
 When next I tread the braes and valleys there,  
 May no rude swain into his arms have caught her—  
 But oh ! &c.—Landlord ! let us see bills,  
 For there's the coach about to start for Peebles.

In Peebles, fishing—'tis a glorious river !  
 The Tweed ! the sport and pleasure of my childhood ;  
 Oh ! would to God I'd been a boy for ever !  
 How sweet it was to wander through each wild wood  
 O'er-shading its pure waters—Never, never  
 Can I feel what I felt—so gay, so mild—would  
 That these bright days could come again—for oh !  
 I am not what I was long, long ago.

When last I stood upon thy banks, oh Tweed !  
 My young heart had no sorrow—I was gay  
 As the wild bird—and every little weed  
 That kiss'd thy crystal stream in innocent play,  
 To me was a delight—This heart doth bleed  
 To think how it hath alter'd—far away  
 Are all the wonted pleasures of thy stream :  
 Oh ! man is folly—life is but a dream !

The hills are all remember'd—not a tree  
 But pours associations on my soul :  
 Behold these children at their play ; ah me !  
 And I was once like them—The heavy roll  
 Of years hath pass'd away ;—far o'er the sea,  
 In Indian groves, from icy pole to pole,  
 I've roam'd since then ; and here I stand to keep  
 One vigil—thus to ponder and to weep.

If ever blessings can be call'd from heaven,  
 To thee, oh Sloane ! my Master and my Guide !  
 Thy pupil prays that they may aye be given ;  
 It is my glory now, it is my pride,  
 To think how many a summer morn and even,  
 With kind, unwearied earnestness you tried  
 To pluck all thoughts of evil from their root,  
 "And teach the young idea how to shoot."

Once more, farewell ! romantic-running river !  
 Once more, farewell, old Peebles !—There we fly !—  
 To be what I have been I'd fain endeavour,  
 But that I never can be—no, not I ;  
 So, then, huzza ! Saint Ronan's Club for ever !  
 Edina's Castle's glittering in the sky :  
 Now I must bound and bustle up and down  
 This horrid, humming, cramm'd, infernal town.

#### CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

*By Derwent Conway, Author of "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," "Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," &c.*

#### CHAPTER V.

##### *The Views and Errors of the Sensibles.*

WHEN I was a child, the order of nature was consulted ; and reading was adapted to the different stages of infancy, childhood, and youth. I recollect all these gradations, and all with feelings of pleasure. At the period when "Cinderella," or "Little Red Riding Hood," delighted me, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" would have failed in fixing my attention ; and, at an age when the latter had charms for me, I could have taken no pleasure in the books which are now put into the hands of children with the view of teaching them morality, and of in-

spiring a love of reading at the same time. It is truly a mighty plan which has been conceived by a coterie of Sensibles, with a few preachers and some booksellers at their heels! It is indeed a prodigious design—to do away with one of the four ages of man—to blot out childhood—and to fill the world with prudent matronly ladies and sober-minded gentlemen of twelve and fourteen years of age!

The first and most important step in education is, to give to a child the desire of acquiring knowledge, *without reference to any particular kind of knowledge*,—a love of reading, *without regard to the species of reading*—objects which are to be attained in no other way than by following the order which nature has established in the development of the faculties; or, in plainer terms, by adapting the reading by which education is conducted, to the faculties in the order in which nature successively develops and matures them.

The framers of the new system have been actuated by two considerations; the one, that, by the old plan, foolish and false beliefs, and idle superstitions, gained admittance to the infant mind; the other, that it is far more important to cultivate the judgment than to improve the imagination: and to these considerations there was also added another motive,—that, by the new system, the mind might be led to virtue by presenting to it those models in which virtue is taught by precept. Fully bent upon the great work of preventing false beliefs and foolish thoughts from having any place in the infant mind,—of up-rooting, if possible—at all events, of stinting the growth of—that faculty called imagination—which they looked upon as the enemy of judgment, and worthless in itself,—and of teaching the love of virtue, and the names of the letters which compose the word, at one and the same time,—the Sensibles set themselves to the task of banishing from the infant library all those fictitious relations which were conversant with the unreal world of fairies, and giants, and genii, and magicians. But no system ever originated in so extraordinary a mistake as that of supposing, that injury is done to the mind by familiarizing it in youth with unreal imagery. Is it of any importance that a child, five or six years of age, believes that the story of “Little Red Riding Hood” is a true story? or that a pair of boots could be made, capable of taking seven leagues at every stride? Do the Sensibles suppose, that the child will, at ten or twelve, continue to believe in these fictions? or that the girl of sixteen, who, at twelve, may have been charmed with the story of “Beauty and the Beast,” or “Blue Beard,” will still retain a predilection for that species of reading? For every era in life, a different kind of reading is adapted; and it is just as impossible that a child of eight should relish a sensible history, setting forth the beauty of virtue, as that the full-grown man or woman should give a preference to the fairy tales that delighted their infancy. There is no reasonable ground of alarm that the taste of childhood shall continue to be that of after years; every year will bring a change along with it; but the love of reading once acquired, it will continue through life, and the description of reading will accommodate itself to the changes which the human mind is constantly undergoing in its progress towards maturity.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### *False Notions of the Sensibles with respect to the Imaginative Faculty.*

BUT a second consideration, which has had its weight with the Sensibles, is, that, in their opinion, it is more important to instruct the judgment than to improve the imagination,—a fallacy, which originates in an entire misconception of the nature and uses of the imaginative faculty. It may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that in no one department has true greatness ever been attained where this faculty has not been pre-eminent. Sir Humphrey Davy could just as little have invented his safety-lamp,—or Professor Leslie made his

discoveries in heat and moisture,—or Mr Watt his improvements on the steam-engine, without imagination, as Sir Walter Scott could, without that faculty, have written his *Ivanhoe*,—or Southey, his *Thalaba*. Before researches in any branch of natural science are begun, imagination must have been at work. Newton did not sit down to the calculations which ultimately demonstrated the truth of his system, until imagination had previously suggested the possibility of the results which he afterwards arrived at; nor, in truth, was any object ever reached, either by reflection or experiment, without the exercise of this faculty, both in suggesting the ultimate end, and the steps by which it was to be attained. Then turn to a survey of literature. It is not in poetry and fiction only that the power of imagination is seen: There is scarcely a prose writer of any eminence, the charm of whose works does not owe more to imagination than to the reasoning powers. Johnson, esteemed one of the most profound among our writers, is even more remarkable for the excellence of his illustrations than for the depth of his reasoning; and in the conversations related by Boswell, it is by the force and aptness of his illustrations, and neither by his great learning, nor by the perfection of his judgment, that he silences his opponents. “Women,” says he, “write indifferent poetry;” and then he adds, “A woman who writes poetry, is like a dog walking on its hinder legs; it does it ill, but we are surprised that it can do it at all.” The mere expression of the opinion, that women write indifferent poetry, is nothing very striking or original, and will hardly be admitted, in our days, to the sober merit of being true; but, backed by such an illustration, who is there, after Johnson had spoken, and looked triumphantly round him, that dared to have attempted a reply? All illustration is the offspring of the imaginative faculty, and judgment does no more than approve the suggestion which imagination has made. Nor need I confine my survey to the field of letters. In oratory, what is it that mainly captivates? What would Chatham, or Burke, or Sheridan, or Canning, have been without imagination? And if at this day I were asked, what it is that makes Dr Chalmers the Prince of Pulpit Orators, I would answer, imagination! imagination!! Such is the faculty that is so despised, and which modern wisdom labours to extinguish. Had the Sensibles lived two hundred years ago, we might never have known “Caliban,” or seen “the Mask of Comedy;” and in place of “the Romance of the Forest,” and “Waverley,” we must have been content with “Self-Control,” and “Discipline,” and “May You Like It,” and the tales and talkings of the Sensibles.

But by the new system, the Sensibles would mend the morals, as well as improve the intellects, of the rising generation: and so would I, if I but knew how to set about it. But is not a certain maturity of judgment required to comprehend the nature of a duty, or to understand the value, and feel the authority, of those writings which are the basis of all morality? Refinements in morality may be carried so far as to disturb our conceptions of its true essence. Such is the description of that ridiculous refinement which the Sensibles have declared for, in doing away with the use of fables, upon the ground, that they inculcate falsehood, by making children believe that birds and beasts can speak. Oh! most tender-conscienced of moralists! Was it ever known that a child cried because the cat would not answer when spoken to? It would not, perhaps, be advisable that the morality of the ancients should be taken as a guide; but there were some shrewd men among them, who seem to have considered fables no bad method of instruction. Before leaving this part of the subject, let me briefly notice one other overstrained refinement which has of late years been attempted to be effected. Along with Infant Mythology, the innovators would explode all those mischievous revellings, which, in by-gone days, enlivened the holidays of happy Christmas. Blind man’s buff, and all romping games, are proscribed,

because new-a-days young ladies must never have been children; and all the little games which involve forfeits are strictly forbidden, because it sometimes happens, that, in paying the forfeits, young masters salute their neighbours. This is indeed frightful!!! But with all our respect for the morality of the age, we question if the young ladies who have been brought up upon the new plan,—never having played at any game of forfeits in their lives, nor having read the history of Prince Desire, who did not discover that his nose was a league and a half long, until, being betrothed to a Princess, he wished to salute her through the bars of his prison, are more perfect patterns of modesty than their mothers were before them. Away with this canting and foolery! Let children be children, not ridiculous caricatures of matrons and divines. Let them romp, and laugh, and be merry; take away from childhood its mirth and its festivities, and what is there left to it?

In these chapters, as far as they have gone, the principle has been attempted to be elucidated, that we must not, in education, depart from the *invariable order which nature has established in the development of the faculties*. We shall probably take a future opportunity of discussing that second principle from which the Sensibles have departed, viz. *that education must not run counter to, but must be in agreement with nature, in the varied distribution of her endowments*.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

##### A CLERGYMAN'S DUTY AT SICK-BEDS—FEMALE INTERFERENCE.

THE visiting, and comforting, and praying, with the sick and the dying, is assuredly the most solemn and important part of a minister's daily duties; a duty which implies constant residence, and, what is of still weightier concern, a soul disciplined and attuned to the hallowed doctrines of the Cross. There is no reason, assuredly, why a clergyman should not enjoy the ordinary pleasures, relaxations, and amusements, of society; but there are many very urgent reasons to prevent him from habitually moving under the influence and excitement of such pursuits and enjoyments. It is not that by such indulgences he shall be prevented from, or unfitted for, the discharge of the Sabbath duties which await him. The mind which has been distracted through the week, may be rallied and harmonized against Sabbath, and the weekly dole of preaching be served out to a listening and devout congregation, without any perceptible diminution of energy or effect. But the visitation of the sick and the dying presents a duty of a different character, and one which can never be duly and effectively discharged by one whose soul is habitually abroad in a world of vanity,—by one who permits his heart, and his memory, and his imagination, to be agitated and engrossed by this world's excitements.

The minister has an engagement abroad, or is engaged at home with what is called "company;" I care not how sober, or how respectable; but still, as company, they imply a certain degree of abstraction from serious and sober reflection. The cloth has been removed, the glass has circulated, the hilarity has commenced, and the host, warmed with animal spirits, has gone forth on a sea of distraction. At this critical moment, a card or a verbal message announces the request of a poor dying fellow-creature for spiritual direction and comforting. I ask, in what frame of mind will the clergyman, thus situated, leave the table and the company—whether in a prepared state of Christian knowledge and feeling, or under something like a spirit of disappointment and regret, that the call has been so inconveniently timed?—and I ask in addition, whether he will be disposed to lend that patient investigation to the case—to the soul's inward mournings and feelings, which he might, and probably would have

done, had he left his study, his walk, or even his fishing-rod, for this pious and momentous duty? These observations do not militate against occasional and unavoidable relaxations of the nature mentioned, but they are pointed directly against a routine, or almost continuous succession, of such unhallowing avocations. In order to visit the sick, therefore, as the sick ought to be, and have a right to be visited, the minister should have his soul habitually and daily disciplined to holy and pious reflection—to those views of Christianity which can with safety, and at the same time with comforting, be submitted to the startled and doubting soul. The varieties of cases which occur in the course of medical practice, require every variety of treatment; and the skill of the physician is never more exhibited than in his discovery or diagnosis of the disease, and in the applicability of the remedy which he sees it proper to apply; and thus, too, it is with the spiritual patient and the spiritual physician. One patient will require encouragement, whilst another ought to be cautioned against self-reliance and spiritual pride. One will require doctrinal explanation, whilst another must be extracted from the mists and meshes of his own distorting and perverting imagination. To one, milk, to another, stronger drink, must be given; and of all this the visiting minister is instituted, by reason and by law, the judge. Woe assuredly unto him, if, from a habitual unfitness for such nice and difficult discernments, he mistakes and mistreats the cases before him,—apply sedatives instead of stimulants, or caustic instead of soothing restoratives! When the immortal and unalterable interests of men are concerned, a faithful messenger of God will undoubtedly act with carefulness and solicitude, well knowing that to injure or risk the interests of another's soul, is fearfully to hazard his own.

Thus far I am inclined to go, but no farther; nor can I see the propriety or the safety of a practice, which has of late years become more general than formerly,—that, namely, of lay visitations, and of *lady* visitations in particular. Now, let me not, in an age of womankind, when the whole sex is combined, as it were, into one excitement on the score of religion, be mistaken. Lazarus, when sick, was nursed by his sisters, Martha and Mary; but we do not read of these good and pious ladies travelling out of their own house, or out of the precincts of Bethany, to exhibit their philanthropy and ghostly consolation.

Every clergyman will be delighted to find, that the soft part of female benevolence has preceded him in the habitation of poverty and distress. Woman never can, and never will, look more lovely than, when seated by the bed of the sick, she holds up the cup of comforting which her own benevolent heart has procured, to the parched lip of a suffering parent, or to the pale lips of a half-famished family. And in cases where spiritual advice or consolation is *solicited*, it would be fastidious to refuse to educated and zealous women, on any clerical grounds of inadequacy, the pleasure of doing, or at least of attempting, in this way, to do good. But woman (and I am sure I will be pardoned the avowment by all who can appreciate my sincere feelings of respect and regard for the kindly and noble motives by which, even on such occasions, she is manifestly influenced) does not always step here; instead of waiting for the *call* to advise and to console, she not unfrequently volunteers her exhortations and expostulations—she dives with a dangerous anxiety and hardihood into the mysteries of the human heart, at all times dark and mysterious, but particularly so when distracted and darkened by affliction—conscious hope and fear—confidence and despair. It is on such occasions that, as commissioned delegates of heaven, we would say, even to the fairest and the most heaven-like messenger whom we might surprise thus intervening betwixt us and our flocks—our flocks, whom we have watered, it may be, and pastured for years,—“Stand by! —the physician who is regularly instructed and pre-

tised, is surely preferable, in such difficult cases, to the unprofessional self-recommended comforter." I once encountered the presence of a very well-meaning person, at the bed of a boy of seven years, who was apparently dying of a fever, and whose reason did but imperfectly minister to his perception of those around him. The lady hung, at the risk of an infectious disease, over the bed of the sick child, exclaiming from time to time, with an intensity of voice and mental anxiety which alarmed me for her own intellect, "Oh, tell me, my boy—my dear boy—oh! tell me, have you any hope—have you any hope?" I say, that on this occasion I did right, as the clergyman of the parish, in clearing the house, and even the parish, of such injudicious comforters.

An old man of ninety, the greater part of whose life had been spent in the eldership, and in full communion with, and regular attendance upon, the church, came at last to be placed upon his deathbed, and, unhappily for himself, under the mistaken solitudes of a *young lady*, whose zeal was at least a match for her knowledge. The elder's mind seemed completely made up upon his spiritual condition; nor did he shrink from expressing, in the most becoming and humbled manner possible, his confidence in the mercy of that God who had made, preserved, and ultimately redeemed him, and whose blood was capable of procuring the remission of his many sins. This state of mind, which appeared to me the most desirable imaginable, did not exhibit the same aspect to my female assistant; she spoke long and earnestly "on particular grounds of assurance," and particular dates of conversion and regeneration. This at once bewildered and terrified the poor elder, and it was not without some difficulty that I was enabled to restore him to that comfortable frame of mind, from which, by such, to say the least of it, *rash* and uncalled-for interposition, he had been driven.

I could multiply instances, but these are sufficient to illustrate my meaning—a meaning, which leaves to real and unassuming piety a field of usefulness and benevolence at once inviting and extensive, and which only hedges it out from such cases as, from their very nature, are capable of being misunderstood and mismanaged. I am no enemy to religious zeal, in woman particularly. I think that when such zeal is chastened by good feeling, and directed by good sense, it is the loveliest feature in her countenance—the brightest ornament in her dress—the most graceful movement in her daily walk. It is, indeed, twice blessed, both in respect of others and herself. I would wish merely to brighten the flame, by removing the snuff—to trim the lamp into undimmed splendour, by double-refining the oil by which the flame is supported.

T. G.

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### MY NEW COAT.

#### A FRAGMENT.

I NEVER WAS so miserable in all my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, so my tailor tells me. I had been reading Miss Landon's "*Improvisatrice*;" but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's Street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us, that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get a habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and sallied forth. I passed through the western divisions of George Street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care. I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I

said to myself, "They may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good-humoured, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before. I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coat get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India, and I have only one of the sort,) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my nose; but, when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Castle Street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid-servants, who were standing at the top of their area-stair, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, opposite the Assembly Rooms, three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but, though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Just as I passed Gardner's shop, or between that and M'Diarmid's, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear,—"Any old clothes to sell, sir?" I answered "No!" rather gruffly; for my first impression was, that a kind of sneer was intended at my new coat; but, on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am sorry to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into South Hanover Street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flour and dust. The daring villain was a baker, and, with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lineal descendant of the murderer Haggart, he had attempted to destroy for ever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately, an obliging footman, who was near me at the time, seeing my distress, lifted his hand, and, by a pretty violent application of it to my back and side, succeeded in restoring me to comparative peace of mind. I got into Prince's Street. The sun was shining brightly; all the world was abroad; but I did not meet with one whose coat was so new as my own. I felt my superiority; I perceived that I was an object of universal attention. I don't know how many black eyes glanced sunshine into mine; I cannot recollect the number of blue ogles that stole my heart at every step. Opposite Blackwood's shop, a gentleman, in a blue surcoat and green spectacles, stopped me, and, addressing me in French, gave me to understand that he was a Spanish refugee—very poor and very miserable—and that, as he had been informed I was celebrated for my charitable actions, he hoped I would afford him a little assistance. I was rather pleased with the stranger's address; but how he came to be informed that I was celebrated for my charitable actions, I confess I cannot very well comprehend; for, with the exception of a penny I threw to a little boy who continued scraping on the fiddle under my window one day after dinner when I was falling asleep, I do not think I have given away a farthing in charity for the last nine months. The Spanish refugee, however, in green spectacles, had done me the honour to single me out, probably in consequence of the air of distinction which my new coat gave me, and it would have been very inhuman in me not to have presented him with half-a-crown. He received it with much gratitude, and I went on towards the Calton Hill.

Passing the Waterloo Hotel, I encountered a cloud of

dust, which I did not at all like, but which I was philosopher enough to submit to in silence. Severe evils were awaiting me. After I had ascended the hill, the day suddenly overcast; big, heavy drops of rain began to fall—faster and faster—till a thunder-shower came tumbling down with irresistible violence. Good Heaven! rain—thunder-rain upon a new coat—the very first day I had ever put it on! I turned back—I ran—I flew—but in vain! Before I could reach the nearest place of shelter, I was completely drenched. I could have wept, but I was in too great agony to think of weeping. When I got to the east end of Princes' Street, there was not a coach on the stand. I might have gone into Barry's or Mackay's, but it would have been of no use,—I was as wet as I could be. I walked straight home through the splashing streets. I do not think that I was in my right reason. I was to have dined out in my new coat, and now it would never look new again! It was soaked in water. I put my hand in my pocket mechanically to take out my silk handkerchief—I don't know why; Heaven and earth! it was gone; my pocket had been picked! I had lost my new silk handkerchief. The horrible conviction flashed upon me that the Spanish refugee in green spectacles, who had complimented me on my charitable actions, and to whom I had given half-a-crown, took it from me.

I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat by myself, meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached my nostrils. I started up; in a moment the fatal truth crossed my mind; I rushed into the kitchen; my cook was fast asleep; and my coat was smoking before the fire, burned brown in a dozen different places, with here and there several small holes. I seized a carving knife to stab the cook to the heart; but, in my impetuosity, I tumbled over a kitchen tub, and as I fell, my head struck with a bump upon the cook's lap. She started up, and, calling me a "base monster," fled from the kitchen as fast as her dumpy legs could carry her dumper carcass. I thought of committing suicide; but just at that moment the chambermaid came to tell me that the tailor had called to know how I liked my new coat. I pushed my arm through one of the holes that had been burned in the back of it,—trottered into the dining-room where he was waiting for me,—and fell in a swoon at his feet.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

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### THE BARDS OF BRITAIN.

*By David Tweedie.*

[We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr David Tweedie has had less to do with the following composition than our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, through whom the manuscript reached us.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

We begin with Sir Walter Scott,  
Who is, and yet is not,  
A poet of the first note;  
Yet I think it has been his lot  
Some things to have wrote  
That will never be forgot.

There's that mighty Lord of Byron,  
Who is like a red-hot iron,  
Or, as in Scripture told,  
Like Ephraim of old;  
One side with passions burn'd,  
Like a cake that is unturn'd,  
And the other cold as heaven  
Unto either earth or heaven.

Mr Robert Southey—  
He is rather mouthy;  
His poems are very long,  
And mostly very drouthy.

There's one Wordsworth by name,  
A poet of some fame,  
And none by line or letter  
Knows the Worth of Words better.  
If he were not so affected,  
He would not be so neglected;  
But let them say what they can,  
There is something in the man.  
I write this paragraph at him  
To hinder folks to laugh at him.

Mr Professor Wilson,—  
People won't have their fill soon  
Of all that he can write,  
And of all he can indite;  
For his soul is a moon-streamer,  
And a very glorious dreamer!

There's his friend, the Ettrick Shepherd,  
Who is spotted like a leopard,  
With faults and beauties mix'd,  
And but little room betwixt:  
He's as vulgar as a sailor,  
And conceited as a tailor;  
But no more with him I'll meddle,  
For he plays upon the fiddle.

There's one Allan Cunninghame,  
Who is mentioned by fame;  
But I'm sorry I scarce know of him  
So much as I would show of him.  
I have only seen his tragedy,  
Right clever, though quite mad she be,  
And some ballads, which I know  
Are but rather so and so;  
For he uses terms too holy  
For a strain of mirth and folly.

But too long I have neglected  
One who long will be respected,  
For a poem I love well  
On the Warning of Lochyell;  
And there's likewise one on Hope,  
Where he gives his muse some scope;  
But Gertrude of Wyoming  
Is but a sickly thing.

There are poets of great fame,  
Which I scarcely know by name;  
Such as Mr Moore or Little,  
Who seems to have been kittle  
When the lasses were concern'd,  
Which can easily be learn'd  
From spontaneous confession  
In the turn of his expression.

There's a chap I fain would mangle,  
With a name like a triangle—

A poet most profound,  
If poetry is sound;  
But, for all the world, one I call  
With a tinkling harmonical;—  
That man's common sense to gather  
Goes beyond the length of my tether.

Willie Aitchison (dell tak' him!)  
Still raves of one John Malcolm,  
And his verses o'er does blunder,  
In a voice like rolling thunder;  
Now, I could him allow  
To talk well of tarry woo,  
Which would be a deal discreeter  
Than to turn a bad repeater,  
And pretended judge of metre.

I have lately heard some raillery  
Of a poet, Mr Sillery,  
A name the most egregious,  
And a poet most outrageous.

And Kennedy and Motherwell,  
Who seem to know each other well.  
Then of one Bell I've heard,  
A chap that wears a beard,  
A freak that's rather drollish,  
And shows the man is foolish.  
But the names that stand around me  
Of rhymers quite confound me;  
And some patience I must crave,  
Ere I either damn or save.  
Bad luck to every creature here,  
That wants a spark of nature here;  
And, for all their fume and trouble,  
Can raise naething but a bubble.

Of all the poetations,  
In the monthly publications,  
And the sickening verbalities,  
That fill up the annualities,  
The best that we can say,  
They are *poetry of the day*,  
And quite sufficient whereof  
For the day is the evil thereof;  
But I think of all the women's,  
I like that of Mrs Hemans;  
For I fear that L. E. L.  
Is a moorfool of the fell,  
That pretty bird of game,  
Which is devilish hard to tame;  
But for verse emphatical,  
Jacky Baillie beats them all.

\* Now begging pardon of the whole  
Whom I have brought into my scoll,  
I sign myself, lest there should need be,  
And they should think I were ill-deedie,  
Their humble servant,

DAVID TWEEKIE.

July 16th, 1829.

\* Here my verse changes.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

CAPTAIN BROOKS, who is already known as a Northern traveller, has ready for the press a volume of travels in Barbary and Spain.

A Manual of Art is preparing for publication, which will contain a critique on seventy of the masters of the old school; and also a catalogue of upwards of two thousand of their principal paintings, on the Continent and in England.

Mr William Hasking has in the press a Popular System of Architecture, to be illustrated with engravings, and exemplified by reference to well-known structures. It is intended as a class, or text-book, in that branch of liberal education, and will contain an explanation of the scientific terms which form its vocabulary, and are of constant occurrence.

The Second Volume of Colonel Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, will shortly appear.

The Rudiments of the Anglo-Saxon Language, by Joseph Gwilt, Esq. are in the press.

Sir R. Phillips announces a Standard Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in which the authorities will be given for every definition; and the text will be liberally illustrated with woodcuts.

We understand that the new work by Cooper, the American novelist, which will speedily appear, is to be entitled "The Borderers; or the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish." The name sounds rather oddly in English ears.

A Picture of Australia, comprising, in a small compass, all that is known of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land, is announced.

Sir Walter Scott is employed on a Third Series of Tales of a Grandfather, which will relate principally to those stirring periods of Scotch History, the *fifteen* and *forty-five*.

Besides her Book of the Boudoir, Lady Morgan is also preparing for publication, the result of her Observations on Parisian Society and Manners, under the title of Sketches.

Mr Thomas Hood, in announcing his Comic Annual, mentions,

that many enquiries having been made when a *third* series of Whims and Oddities would come forth, in order to allay such doubts, for the future, it has been determined by the author, that the work in question shall become periodical. In this periodical he will aim at creating a laugh from year to year. The work is to be strictly satirical, and will take its Chance with Hamlet of 65, St Paul's Church-yard.

Historical Recollections of Henry of Monmouth, the Hero of Agincourt, and other eminent characters, are announced.

We understand that the Transactions of the Phœnix Society of Edinburgh will speedily be published.

PHILOSOPHICAL TABLES.—This is a *brochure* from the pen of the learned author of the Contest of the Twelve Nations, and is meant as supplementary to that work. We have looked over these Tables with considerable interest, and recommend them to the attention of the antiquaries and the scholars.

Dr Hamilton, Professor of Mathematics in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and author of the well-known treatises on Finance, the Sinking Fund, &c., in opposition to the calculations of Dr Price, died at Aberdeen on the 14th inst. in the 87th year of his age.

Theatrical Gossip.—Cimarosa's fine opera of "Il Matrimonio Segreto," has been revived at the King's Theatre. Sontag, Malibran, and Zucchi, sustained the principal parts with great applause.—Liston is now playing at the Haymarket.—A new farce, called "Innocence, or What's in a Name?" has failed at the English Opera House.—"The Sister of Charity," by Bannan, supported by Miss Kelly's acting, still continues to be the great attraction at this theatre.—Mr Matthews, the comedian, who is making a provincial tour with Yates, on their way to France, was nearly killed on the stage at Plymouth, a few days ago, by the unexpected fall of the curtain, which struck him on the head, and rendered him insensible for an hour and a half. He has since recovered, and resumed his performances.—Miss Mitford's tragedy of "Rienzi" has been very successfully performed at Dublin. This lady has very nearly finished another Tragedy, which is to be acted at Drury Lane in the early part of the ensuing season, Miss Phillips and Young sustaining the principal parts.—Miss Fooks, whose retiring from the stage has been formally announced at least half-a-dozen times, is still playing in the provinces, and is about to visit Liverpool.—The English Company has commenced its season in Paris; Mrs West is their principal female actress, Miss Smithson having not yet joined them.—We observe that the Liverpool papers contradict the report, that Madame Caradori received only £35 at her benefit there. They state that she was engaged for three nights, and that the least receipt on any one night was upwards of £100. They also mention that their theatrical season has not been an unfavourable one.—Nothing new in the dramatic world is stirring in this quarter of the island.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot find room for the paper written in the style of the "Economy of Human Life."—We shall endeavour to comply with the request of "A. L."—We have forwarded the communication of "F. H." to "Lorna." "F. H." should recollect that the songs were only said to be "Frenchified," not "Translated."

"The Nightmare" is in type.—We shall endeavour to find a place for the "Lines written by the Leithen."—"J. C." of Glasgow had better send us one or two other specimens of his poetical abilities.—The Lines by "J. R." will not suit us.

We regret to learn, that a communication forwarded to us through Mr Sinclair, of Dumfries, by some accident never reached us. We shall be glad to hear from Mr Sinclair at his convenience.

We have to apologise this week to our advertising friends for postponing their favours, being anxious to overtake several literary articles which have stood over too long. We shall not often infringe upon the space we set apart for them.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*The Atlantic Souvenir ; a Christmas and New Year's Offering, for the Years 1826, 1827, 1828, and 1829.* Philadelphia. H. C. Carey and J. Lea.

*The Token ; a Christmas and New Year's Present.* Edited by N. P. Willis. For 1828 and 1829. Boston. S. G. Goodrich.

*The Talisman, for 1828 and 1829.* New York. E. Bliss.

*Specimens of the American Poets ; with Critical Notices, and a Preface.* London. T. and G. Allman.

*Poems.* By James G. Percival, M.D. Two vols. London. John Miller.

AMERICAN literature is as yet a very small thing. Nor do we say this as a reproach ; it is impossible that it could be otherwise. A great nation has a thousand things to do before it can sit down and either write or read books. Literature is the offspring, not of civilization alone, but of a considerable degree of luxury. In the infancy of states, all classes are too much engrossed with the pressing affairs of the moment, to be able either to moralize or philosophize on paper concerning them. Laws have to be made, lands have to be cleared, cities have to be built, provisions have to be procured, public officers have to be elected, foreign and domestic enemies have to be held at bay, and life must be one constant scene of activity and bustle. What matters it to the inhabitants of such a state, that the Egyptians were learned in astronomy thousands of years ago ? Will the man who has read Homer and Herodotus be able to open a store, or general wholesale and retail shop, with greater advantage to himself and the community ? Should Horace " De Arte Poetica," or Cicero against Catiline, be studied, by way of preparation for cutting down trees in the back settlements ? Will young ladies pore over fashionable novels, if there be not a single fashionable person in the place of their nativity ? Or will gentlemen delight in " Tours to the Continent," if their whole minds be taken up with the discovery of some practicable means of making a tour through their own estate ? It is right that all young dynasties should have next to no literature, else it will be built on a sandy foundation, and will not last above a dozen lustrums. Look for the golden age in the literature of all countries, and it will be invariably found, that it is to be dated at a period when the country had acquired stability and vigour throughout all its ramifications. Intellectual pre-eminence has never yet been gained in any one instance, until by its display of physical strength, resources, and achievements, a nation has proved itself entitled to respect. It is only when the sword hangs upon the wall, that has flashed triumphantly over the battle-field, and when the gallant vessel lies idle in the harbour, whose thunders have been heard afar upon the main, and when the peasant sleeps securely, and the wealth of the noble glitters unmo- lested,—it is only then that the voice of song will be listened to in the valley, or on the green hill side, and that philosophy may be seen on the house-tops counting the stars.

Let us not twit the Americans, then, with wanting as yet what it has always taken ages to obtain—a national literature. They know well what they are about, and slowly and surely they are following out the natural order of things. It is folly to say, as *has* been said, that the Americans, being our descendants, and speaking our language, and reading our classics, enjoy the same advantages that we do, and ought already to be producing as many literary characters as we ourselves. They *are* our descendants, it is true, and may certainly bless their stars that the English language is their mother tongue ; but they have become an independent people, entirely separated from us by an immense ocean, and, as yet, have had little enough time to think of how they are to gain a position in the world at all, and scarcely any time to think of how they are to maintain that position. But, short as their time has been, they have made good progress towards getting things into a regular train ; and when once all the machinery of their vast empire is properly fitted, there is every reason to believe that it will proceed to work at a rate which will not lightly astonish some of the lazy pieces of worn-out clock-work, now feebly ticking and vibrating in the old world. Let but the " mighty heart " of that vast continent send forth the blood in free and healthy circulation through all its arteries and veins, and it will rise up the " giant of the western wave," to laugh, perhaps, at the feeble flights of our earlier and less concentrated genius. Behind the Americans, as it were, lie all the lore and long-cherished associations of Asia, Africa, and Europe ; before them, is their own fresh, boundless, and magnificent land. They may cull what they choose from the *past*,—they may mould it into any forms they please ; but the power of creation is in the *future* ; and why should they not " call spirits from its vasty deep ? " Why should they not find, by Ontario's shores, or on Chimborazo's height, or by Mississippi's stream, or in New England's depth of forest, that for which our best and noblest have long looked in vain—a new source of poetry—higher and sublimer glimpses into the hidden mysteries of nature ?

These reflections have been partly suggested to us by looking over the works whose titles stand at the head of this article. The Atlantic Souvenir, which has now existed for four years, is a publication precisely similar in its plan and appearance to the Literary Souvenir of this country. It was the first of the American annuals ; but both Boston and New York speedily followed the example of Philadelphia. Every article in these works, with the exception of one or two minor pieces by Mrs Hemans, is the production of Americans ; and as the editors have followed the example set them in Great Britain, of endeavouring to collect contributions from all their most celebrated writers, these volumes afford a pretty fair specimen of what the Americans can at present do in this way. We are no great admirers of the intellectual strength even of our English annuals ; but, nevertheless, against the celebrated names which they bring into the literary arena, we are afraid that those of Percival, Pausanias, Bryant, Halleck, Barker, Sedgwick, Brooks, and Wain, make but a poor appearance. It is hardly fair, however, to subject to so trying a contrast these Transatlantic authors. We shall

show immediately that several of the poets among them, and to the poets we shall at present limit our observations, possess merit of a highly respectable kind. They are destined, no doubt, to be succeeded by bards of a higher stamp; but they deserve commemoration, as being among the first to wake, although with uncertain fingers, the music of their country's lyre.

The four poets of greatest eminence which America at present possesses, are Percival, Bryant, Paulding, and Halleck.

James G. Percival was born in the state of Connecticut, in the year 1795. From his father, who was a respectable physician, he inherited a small patrimony. He was educated under Dr Dwight, at Yale College, a seminary of much reputation, in his native state. He studied medicine, and, as soon as he was of age, he graduated with much eclat. At college he was remarkable for retired habits, for being a romantic lover of nature, for extreme sensibility, and an early development of genius in two pursuits which do not very often go hand in hand—poetry and mathematics. "In 1820," says a short biographical notice, prefixed to the edition of his poems published in London, "he went to Charleston, South Carolina, with the intention of following his profession; but happening to insert some fugitive pieces of poetry of extraordinary beauty in one of the gazettes, he was soon called forth as a poet, and the following summer, having returned to his native village, where he still resides, he published a collection of his early compositions, which met with the most flattering reception. Being now roused to the cultivation of his poetical powers, which he had hitherto exercised only in fugitive pieces, he soon produced and published several other works." Without possessing a mind of the very highest order, Percival's poetry is nevertheless of that kind which cannot fail to attract and please. He often *thinks* deeply, and always *feels* acutely; he has an intense perception of the beautiful—more than of the sublime—in nature; and his style is a sort of compound of that of Shelley and Wordsworth,—the latter of which poets, we may remark in passing, seems to be a decided favourite with the Americans. On the whole, we cannot help thinking Percival infinitely superior to the great crowd of poetsasters with which this country is at present infested, and are surprised that his works are not better known among us. His two longer poems are entitled "The Wreck" and "Prometheus;" the first in blank verse, which is his favourite measure, and the latter in the Spenserian stanza. There are many beautiful passages in both. Of his miscellaneous productions, almost all those in blank verse possess great beauty, whilst his lyrical productions are decidedly inferior. We have room for only two short specimens, and these by no means do the poet justice. The first is entitled—

VAUCLUSE.

*By James G. Percival.*

"The laurel throws its locks around the grave  
As freshly, as when erst thou linger'd there,  
And pluck'd the early flowers to crown thy hair,  
Or gather'd crosses from the glassy wave,  
That winds through hills of olive, vine, and grain,  
Stealing away from Vaucluse' lonely dell,  
Now murmuring scantily, now in the swell  
Of April foaming onward to the plain—  
Laura! Thy consecrated bough is bright,  
As when thy Petrarch tuned his soft lute by,  
And lit his torch in that dissolving light,  
Which darted from his only sun—thine eye;  
Thy leaf is still as green, thy flower as gay,  
Thy berry of as deep a tint, as when  
Thou mov'd a Goddess in the walks of men,  
And o'er thy Poet held unbounded sway.  
Methinks I hear, as from the hills descend  
The deepening shadows, and the blue smoke curls,  
And waving forests with the light winds bend,  
And flows the brook in softer leaps and whirle—  
Methinks I hear that voice of love complaining,  
In faint and broken accents, of his hours

Of lonely sorrow, and of thy disdaining  
And half-averted glances, till the bowers  
Are pregnant with the hymn, and every rose  
With fresher dew, as if in weeping, flows,  
And every lily seems to wear a hue  
Of paler tenderness, and deeper glows  
The pink's carnation, and a purer hue  
Tints the modest rosemary, the wind  
Whispers a sweeter echo, and the stream  
Spouts stiller from its well; while, from behind  
The snow-clad Alpine summit, rolls the moon,  
Careering onward to her cloudless noon,  
In fullest orb of silver, and her beam  
Casts o'er the vale long shadows from the pine,  
The rock, the spire, the castle; and away  
Beyond thy towers, Avignon! proudly shine  
The broad Rhone's foaming channels, in their play  
Through green and willow'd islands, while they sweep,  
Descending on their bold resistless way,  
And heaving high their crest in wild array,  
With all a torrent's grandeur, to the deep.

We find a still more recent specimen of Percival's abilities in the *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1829. It is a poem, which celebrates very beautifully some of the scenery of his own country. We can give only its commencement, but hope for an opportunity soon of speaking of Percival again:

SENECA LAKE.

*By James G. Percival.*

"One evening in the pleasant month of May,  
On a green hillock swelling from the shore,  
Above thy emerald wave, when the clear west  
Was all one sheet of light, I sat me down,  
Wearied, yet happy. I had wander'd long  
That bright, fair day; and all the way my path  
Was tended by a warm and soothing air,  
That breathed like bliss; and round me all the woods  
Open'd their yellow buds, and every cottage  
Was bower'd in blossoms, for the orchard trees  
Were all in flower. I came at close of day  
Down to thy brink, and it was pleasure there  
To bathe my dripping forehead in thy cool  
Transparent waters. I refresh'd me long  
With the bright sparkling stream; and from the pebbles  
That bedded all thy margin, singled out  
Rare casts of unknown shells, from off thy cliffs  
Broken by wintry surges. Thou wert calm,  
Even as an infant calm, that gentle evening;  
And one could hardly dream thou'dst ever met  
And wrestled with the storm. A breath of air,  
Felt only in its coolness, from the west  
Stole over thee, and stirr'd thy golden mirror  
Into long waves that only show'd themselves  
In ripples on thy shore—far distant ripples,  
Breaking the silence with their quiet kisses,  
And softly murmuring peace. Up the green hillock  
I mounted languidly, and at the summit  
On the new grass reposed, and saw that evening  
Fade sweetly over thee."

Bryant, though wanting perhaps the acute sensibility of Percival, is on the whole his superior in vigour and originality. He is much esteemed in his own country, and in the *North American Review*, which is now very ably conducted, his talents have more than once received the praise to which they are entitled. Bryant is a strong, bold thinker, and evidently indulges the poet's best ambition—the wish to be more distinguished for his conceptions than his execution. The poem which first brought him into notice is entitled "The Ages," and is a spirited sketch in the Spenserian stanza. Several of his minor pieces, such as his "Lines to a Waterfowl," and others, have found their way into English collections of fugitive poetry, and have been justly admired. His poem entitled "Green River" is exceedingly beautiful, but we refrain from quoting it to give a place to one in a still higher strain, the intellectual beauty of which would not have disgraced Byron:

THANATOPSIS.

*By W. Bryant.*

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
 Into his darker musings with a mild  
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
 Go forth under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,  
 Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and these  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
 And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements,  
 To be a brother to th' insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
 Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
 Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun—the vales  
 Stretching in pensile quietness between—  
 The venerable woods—rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green—and, pour'd round all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
 Through the still lapse of ages—all that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or loe thyself in the contiguous woods,  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest;—and what if thou shalt fall  
 Unnoticed by the living—and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure?—all that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny: the gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall cease  
 And make their bed with thee; as the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles  
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,  
 Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,  
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.  
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
 Scour'd to his dungeon; but sustain'd and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In proof of Bryant's versatility, we subjoin a few stanzas of a much lighter kind, which we find in the "Literary Coronal" for 1828; an agreeable melange, got up, we believe, under the superintendence of Mr Mennons, the editor of the *Greenock Advertiser*, who has intersper-

sed his selections with a number of pretty things from the other side of the Atlantic:

IS THIS A TIME TO BE CLOUDY AND SAD?

By W. Bryant.

- "Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
 When our mother Nature laughs around?  
 When all the deep blue heavens look glad,  
 And gladness breathes from the blooming ground?"
- "There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky,  
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,  
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by."
- "The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
 And their shadows at play in the bright green vale,  
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
 And there they roll on the easy gale."
- "There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."
- "And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray;  
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles,  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!"

Mr J. K. Paulding has attained considerable literary celebrity in America, but we believe he is more appreciated as a prose writer than as a poet, being one of the editors and principal contributors to "Salmagundi," a clever work, in which Washington Irving first came before the public. An anonymous American writer, after complimenting Paulding on his abilities, when exercised in their proper sphere, asks—

"Why is he sipping weak Castalian dews?  
 The Muse has damn'd him—let him damn the Muse!"

Paulding's style is rough and harsh, but full of shrewd sense and careless humour. He is a thorough democrat, and as such affects to despise what is polished and courtly. His longest poem is entitled "The Backwoodsman," and is much smoother than his general writings. It is in heroic verse, and frequently combines the terseness of Pope with the fine flow of Goldsmith. But Paulding, nevertheless, strikes us as only a third or fourth-rate genius.

Of Halleck, who is rising into much esteem, we as yet know little, but the few things of his we have seen are spirited and good. There are many others who write poetry in America, and poetry, too, of no mean order, but they have not yet invested themselves with "the magic of a name." One or two of them, however, we have pleasure in particularizing. In the *Atlantic Souvenir* for this year, we find some lines by a Mr M'Lellan, which, though on rather a commonplace subject, please us much:

ON REVISITING THE PLACE OF MY YOUTH.

By J. M'Lellan.

"I have toil'd far to view these pleasant scenes  
 Of my young days—once more to trace again  
 These woodland mazes, in whose secret depths  
 My childhood years, like happy dreams, roll'd on.  
 Beautiful haunts! the wild and careless boy  
 That wander'd from your dim and quiet walks,  
 All hope, and strength, and gladness, hath come back  
 An aged and heart-broken man. His hopes!  
 Alas, the grave hath swallow'd them! His strength  
 'Twas broken in the distant battle-field!  
 His gladness hath given place to bitter cares!"

"Methinks that lapse of years hath wrought a change  
 Even on your calm beauties. The red deer,  
 Whose bounding hoofs flew down your darken'd glade  
 Swift as an arrow-flight, is nowhere seen  
 Under the mossy boughs; and the meek fawn  
 And gentle roe are not beside the founts  
 In their green pastures; haply they have found

The hunter's rifle deadlier than the shafts  
From the alight bow that pleased my infancy.  
Alas! the green tree at my cabin door,  
The huge growth of a century! it lies  
On the smooth turf it overhung so long;  
The flowers are gone from the broad garden walks,  
And the fair trees are dead! The sycamore,  
Clothed like a prince in scarlet, the pale birch,  
A tall and silvery spire, the hoary beech,  
And the dark, solemn cypress, lie o'erthrown  
In ruin, and rank weeds rejoice above.

"The cottage door is broken! its thatch'd roof  
Lies on the quench'd and long-deserted hearth,  
And the dark wall is settling to the ground!  
The red-stemm'd honeysuckle, that once clasp'd  
Closely the latticed casement, and bloom'd thick,  
No more gives out the known delicious smell.  
The drowsy brook that whisper'd by the door  
A low strain of unbroken music, plays  
By some far lovelier bank; it long hath shrunk  
And wander'd from its weed-choked channel here.  
My brethren come not at my call; the song  
My mother sang at twilight is not heard  
By the still threshold, and the passing wind  
Sighs o'er my father's grave; this lonely place  
Hath lost its charm—I leave it to its dead!"

There is Mr J. G. Brooks, too, of New York, who, if he is the author of "Fanny, an American Tale," in the "Beppo" style, is a very clever fellow. This is by far the best specimen of humour in verse which America has yet produced, and combines the gay, the grave, the severe, and the pathetic, in a very felicitous manner. Some poetesses have also made their appearance among the Jonathans. They have a lady, in particular, who calls herself "Ianthé," who is not much inferior to our own L. E. L., and writes a good deal after the same fashion. There are some modest people, too, scattered over the land, who, like little flowers or Indian fire-flies, give their odours and their light to the world without name or signature at all. Among these, the discriminating eye may every now and then discover the true germ of genius, "lurking lowly unseen." In one of the Atlantic Annuals for 1826 we lighted upon the following stanzas, which, though anonymous, we do ourselves a happiness in transferring to our pages:

## JUNE.

"I gazed upon the glorious sky,  
And the green uplands round,  
And thought, that when I came to lie  
Within the silent ground,  
'Twere pleasant that in merry June,  
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's spade, my grave to make,  
The rich green mountain turf should break.

"A cell within a frozen mould,  
A coffin borne through sleet,  
And icy clods upon it roll'd,  
While fierce the tempests beat—  
Away! I will not think of these—  
Blue be the sky, and soft the breeze,  
Earth green beneath the feet,  
And be the damp mould gently prest  
Into my narrow place of rest.

"There, through the long, long summer hours,  
The golden light should lie,  
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by;  
The oriole should build, and tell  
His love-tale close beside my cell;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming bird.

"And what if cheerful shouts at noon  
Come from the village sent,  
Or songs of maids beneath the moon,  
With fairy laughter blent;

And what if, in the evening light,  
Betrothed lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument,—  
I would the lovely scene around  
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

"I know, I know I should not see  
The season's glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
Nor its wild music flow;  
But if, around my place of sleep,  
The friends I loved should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go;—  
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

"These to their soften'd hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene;  
Whose part in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills  
Is, that his grave is green;  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice,  
To hear again his living voice."

This article has run to a much greater length than we originally intended; but if it has partially introduced our readers to a new set of acquaintances, whom it is right that they should know, we do not regret the space it occupies. We shall consider it our duty frequently to return to a subject which we have now only broached, but which cannot fail to be regarded as a highly interesting one. "We are not inclined," says the North American Review for April last, "nor, if we were, would we indulge the inclination, to clamber to the dizzy top of prophecy, and point to the little golden specks which are just glimmering above the horizon, as the twilight dawn of American literature. Still less are we disposed to get us upon the mount of retrospect, and counting over, as we too easily could, the scant and thinly scattered productions of our past years, to add these as fresh specimens of a vain and vaunting littleness." There is sound philosophy in this. America must not be too much hurried. The *laissez aller* is the only prescription which should be at present administered by her best lovers. Let them have no fears for future celebrity. She is destined to produce hundreds, thousands of human beings, worthy of the mountains, the lakes, and the forests, among which they are to be reared.

*A Treatise on Philosophical and Theological Sects, &c.*  
By the Rev. William Meek, Minister of Dunsyre.  
Edinburgh. John Anderson. 1829.

Of all controversies, religious controversy is undoubtedly the most unprofitable. But this observation can only attach to such disputes as are purely and exclusively religious: And it has so happened, that in point of fact a purely religious controversy has seldom existed. Man is so decidedly imbued with religious sentiments, that whatever interests him deeply and permanently, is sure to mix itself, in a closer or more imperfect degree, with religion. His progress in science and philosophy, and, above all, his political sentiments, have from age to age been advanced or retarded, or materially influenced, by his religious opinions; so that the study of what is termed Divinity, is in reality rooted and established amidst the sentiments and avowals of ages in philosophy and the art of government. As surely as Christianity perverted did model and influence the government of papal Rome,—as its partial purification has been partially beneficial amidst the German states,—and the more thorough reformation of Scotland has associated itself with freedom and political advantages of a high character and value,—so surely will the student of divinity, who contented himself with a history of sects, sermons, councils, and opinions merely, fail of acquiring that knowledge which

alone can make the other either intelligible or worth the acquiring—the knowledge, namely, of human nature, as evinced and developed by a master sentiment, operating on the whole mechanism of the human heart. To dive, for example, into the minutiae and details of sectaries, with no other object in view than the mere acquisition of knowledge, is an unprofitable, and even a disgusting and deteriorating labour; but to connect such local and limited exhibitions with the general principles of our nature, with the spirit and pressure of the age, is not a task, but a privilege,—not a toil, but a pleasure,—yielding profit, and conducting the soul to more enlarged and liberal views.

Such being our decided sentiments, we have perused with much pleasure the volume whose title is prefixed, and can safely recommend it as a most meritorious work, on an improved plan,—as a successful attempt to unite a competent knowledge of philosophy, in as far as her influence over religion extends, and of religion again—by which, of course, we mean Christianity—in reference to her bearings upon, and influence over, the progress and fortunes of human wisdom. In an age when knowledge has multiplied upon the earth, and a little acquaintance with many things is absolutely necessary, such an abridged statement as Mr Meek's must be useful to all; but it will undoubtedly be peculiarly acceptable to the student of divinity, for whose use it is more immediately planned and fitted. Indeed, we should not be surprised to see it supersede the use of Evan's Sketches throughout the universities, as it is both more full in its details, and far more philosophical; not, indeed, in its disquisitions and speculations, from which happily it is entirely free—but in that plan to which we have referred, as calculated to preserve in combination what, in fact, are never disunited—the various powers, as they are called, of the human mind—being, in our opinion, not more essentially an united whole than are philosophy, science, and religion.

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THE PERIODICALS FOR AUGUST.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. No. CLV.—*New Monthly and London Magazine*. No. CIV.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*. No. II.—*La Belle Assemblée*. No. LVI.—*The New Scots Magazine*. No. IX.—*The Scots Law Chronicle*. No. IV.

A GLANCE at the catalogue of periodicals, standing at the head of this notice like the muster-roll of a regiment, will satisfy our readers that the labourers in this department are not idle. The active share taken of late years in these publications, by some of our most eminent literary characters, has given them a higher rank in literature than they held in our younger days. Honest Cave—the original Sylvanus Urban,—whose first half-century of volumes ornament that lower shelf on our right hand, would find, were he to rise from the dead, and attempt to re-assume his place in the trade, that his eighteenpenny brochures, with their stiff, ill-designed, and worse executed frontispieces; their antiquarian descriptions of old halfpence, found in the ruins of some antediluvian baker's oven; their biographies of eminent characters, whom no one ever heard of; and their criticisms of stupid books, as old as the hills, were worthless and insipid to the taste of a public accustomed to more highly-spiced dishes. Even *La Belle Assemblée* aspires now-a-days to a higher intellectual character than belonged to its predecessor—the *Ladies' Magazine of Fashion*, which (not to speak it profanely) always appeared to us to be conducted by a posse of decent elderly matrons in that nondescript rank of life which visits, and is visited, by some of the small noblesse, yet is on terms of intimacy with the cits. Two of these good old souls, retailing over their pot of tea the small talk of their illustrious seventeenth cousins; canvassing the merits of the silks, gauzes, and feathers which some

lady has allowed them to call and admire, just as she was dressed for a drawing-room; expatiating on the splendour of some regal or ducal fête, which they have been allowed to witness from the fiddler's gallery—would just furnish such stuff as used to cram the pages of the *Ladies' Magazine*. But unto what shall we now liken *La Belle Assemblée*, with its hot-pressed paper, and masterly engravings of the beauties of the age? To nothing more appropriately than to a milliner of the better class. She is good, pretty, and well-dressed; she reads reviews, and the last new novel; she is slightly tinged with evangelical principles; and, in short, she would be every thing one could wish in woman, but for an indescribable, scarce perceptible, though deep felt, breathing of vulgarity which runs through all her actions, like the small thread of red silk which is entwined with all the cordage of the royal fleet and arsenal.

The impulse which has been given to Reviews and Magazines, still bears them onward,—but not, we are afraid, with the same force and majesty as at the outset. When Christopher North first raised his voice,—when Hazlitt and Lamb were the spirits of the London,—and before the Opium-Eater ceased to write, the sound of our Magazines (now for something sublime!) was as the sound of the deep sea! There was a buoyancy in them, as of the swelling of a broad-backed billow. Now-a-days they are rather like the shallow frothing water, which the breaking of that billow sends far up on the beach, tinkling among the pebbles. In plainer terms, although they still speak the language that wont to charm our ear, it is less frequently that the voices who gave it half its charm now address it to us. The form is the same, but the spirit manifests itself more rarely. The good old ladies begin to indulge in an occasional nap—which is very commendable at their years, but not so amusing to their visitors.

Our readers are, we hope, too well-bred to expect that we should go through in detail the whole contents of the long catalogue of sin and misery which has suggested these remarks. It will surely be held sufficient, if we recommend to them a few of the tit-bits, conducting ourselves, on the present occasion, as we invariably do at any of those tantalising exhibitions beloved of the fête-giving and economical matrons of Edinburgh,—where, when we have handed a jelly to our fair friend on the right, and an ice to her on the left, we forthwith demurely and leisurely sip off our wine, and secure a few delicacies for our own private eating. For you, then, Mr —, (we are sorry we have not the honour to know your name, but we mean the young gentleman with the pale countenance and the pensive neckcloth,) being informed that you are addicted to solitary rhyming, and that your friends entertain serious apprehensions that you have it in contemplation to perpetrate a printed poem, we beg to recommend some nice whipped "Cantering Poetry" from the kitchen of the celebrated gastronome, Christopher North.—Mr S—, you are reported, in addition to your literary and scientific propensities, to be the most gallant of journalists; if at any time you should stand in need of a wife, allow me to suggest the propriety of allying yourself to this "congenial soul," whom Jupiter or James Hogg seems to have formed expressly for you. You will find her portrait in the Letter on Men and Women in the present Number of *Maga*.—My dear Miss Evergreen, we observed you constantly in the first file of Mr Buckingham's auditors, laughing with your usual graceful perversity, when all around you was grave, and sitting like "nun demure," when even the grim visage of the bull-terrier of the church of Scotland was lit up with the radiance of a momentary smile. Don't you observe Mr Thomas Campbell holding out to you No. IV. of *Sporting Scenes in India*, on the point of his silver fork? Take it! your brother's a sportsman, and will thank you for it; and you yourself will become the beloved of all the young men in the moors, for you will be able to

"discourse most excellent music" to them.—Were Mr Buckingham with us just now—"were the graced presence of our Banquo here"—we would hand him these "Traveller's Tales." They would be capital sauce to the fish he caught in the Egyptian lakes, or the pigeons of the neighbouring province.—Dr Redgill, broiled salmon is rather a heavy dish to supper. Had not you better apply to that case of *Sharpe's sauces*? The sauce à l'Éditeur is the most piquant of the batch; but they are all good, especially Captain Hall's American sauce, prepared, unless we are very much mistaken, by Gray, a celebrated *traiteur* from Oxford.\* The side-table, which seems to engross the attention of the ladies and gentlemen at the other end of the room, is a fac-simile of the fare to which the editor of the Monthly Magazine has been in the habit of treating his friends once a-month, since his hopes at St James's were blasted. Its chief recommendation is plenty and cheapness. There is a great variety, from Irish stew of Clare mutton, to yams dressed with Jamaica pepper. The characteristic of his cookery is high spicing. The cook was brought up by Salathiel, under whose tuition he began by roasting Salamanders in Mount Vesuvius. Nothing but brandy allowed to drink.—Ah! Peterkin, are you there with the good old lady, the Scots Magazine Rediviva, hanging on your arm in her new buff gown? We hope that under your superintendence she will give up her old habit of prating of matters that no one cares about. Your young American friend on your right hand has made a fair and manly rally at Captain Hall. We thank you for your fragments of Ritson's and Pinkerton's Correspondence—the former is quite characteristic.—If, after so much Intellectual food, there is still any body a little hungry, here is something from the Scots Law Chronicle Office, which will put a stop to his appetite.

*Three Years in Canada. An account of the Actual State of the Country in 1826-7-8. Comprehending its Resources, Productions, Improvements, and Capabilities; and including Sketches of the State of Society, Advice to Emigrants, &c.* By John Macgregor, Civil Engineer in the Service of the British Government. Two vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

MR MACTAGGART is a shrewd, sensible, rather vulgar, patriotic, and somewhat prejudiced writer. He observes acutely, and thinks independently; but we question whether he was exactly in the best position for comprehensive observation, and we suspect that early habits and preconceived opinions too easily disposed his mind to take views of various subjects not exactly in accordance with those which a more unbiassed judgment would have dictated. The situation which Mr Macgregor held in Canada, and to which he was appointed in the year 1826, was that of Clerk of Works to the Rideau Canal, then about to be commenced, and to extend between the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, through an uncleared wilderness. He was thus prevented from mingling so much as he otherwise might have done with Canadian society, and he had fewer opportunities of judging of the inhabitants than of the geographical and physical condition of the country. It is also very evident, in the course of his work, that Mr Macgregor thought it incumbent on the part of a "civil engineer in the service of the British government," to hate the Americans with a perfect hate. He never

allows any occasion to pass in which he may indulge in a bit at Jonathan without laying it in *con amore*, and in a style which would do no discredit to old Spring himself. This is not exactly fair, and will at all events entitle our Yankee friends to dispute his right to the name of "civil engineer."

Mr Macgregor, however, was *three years* in Canada, which is a great blessing, considering that many of our modern travellers look upon themselves as authorised to publish huge books after having been only three weeks in a country. Our worthy Gallovidian took his time to his two volumes; and, knowing the great and growing interests which attach themselves to the Canadas, he very prudently resolved not to speak too rashly or hastily of their internal resources, productions, and capabilities. His book, as we have already said, is more valuable for the information it conveys upon these subjects than for its pictures of men and manners. Mr Macgregor seems to have extended his researches through very considerable districts, especially in Upper Canada, where little more than the borders of some of the great lakes have been yet explored, and where the inexhaustible resources of the interminable forests are but very imperfectly known. He of course enters at considerable length upon his own immediate subject, that of canal-making; and, connected with it, gives much information of a local character which must be valuable, and which may be turned to good account hereafter in the formation of canals in various parts of Canada. Upon this matter, however, it is unnecessary for us to enter. Neither shall we attempt any abstract of an important part of the work which describes the progress that has been made by the Canada Company, and which talks in the highest terms of the advantages likely to accrue to this country and to the Canadas from its exertions. The statements are distinct and straightforward, yet we are disposed to take them *cum grano salis*; for Mr Macgregor appears to be on terms of intimacy both with Mr Galt, the late secretary to the Company, and Dr Dunlop, the warden of their woods and forests, and is not therefore very likely to say any thing that might be displeasing to these gentlemen. At the same time, we mean not for a moment to deny, that the Company has put facilities in the way of emigrants which they never before enjoyed, and which reflect credit upon the enlightened and truly British principles by which it is actuated.

These two subjects apart, the rest of Mr Macgregor's work might be more appropriately entitled "Notes on Canada" than any thing else. He observes no particular arrangement; and though he classes his remarks under separate heads, these follow each other just as they appear to have presented themselves in his portfolio. This being the case, we conceive we shall both do him most justice, and give our readers most satisfaction, by selecting from the two volumes such passages as appear to us most worthy of observation, either from the facts they contain, or the amusing anecdotes they relate. It is of little consequence in what order they are read; we begin with the following:

*LIFE IN CANADA.*—"You are quite a townsman, my dear fellow; so it is needless for me to bore you about lakes, snows, serpents, &c. The inhabitants are tolerably civil. In a common tavern, your food and bed will ease your pocket of a dollar a-day; if in an hotel, half as much more, exclusive of wines, which are so so—no great shakes, a dollar a-bottle—and grogs in proportion. The fashionable young fellows follow a good deal the manners of the Americans—drink gin sling, mangrove, and lemonade; smoke cigars, and in the morning take bitters, cocktail, and soda water. The theatres are not open very often, unless some of your stars get erratic, and come over the water. I have seen Keen at his old Richard here: he is ruffed much, and I dargany deserves it;—as for me, I never ruff any body, but keep quiet. They have their parties and their scandal through all the towns, the same as at home. You are well off, who are not bothered with these things in London; it is the only place in Britain where pride and presumption dare sever

\* We avail ourselves of a note here—not, like Dr Southey, lest the text should be otherwise unintelligible, but simply because we wish to recommend to our readers' notice the beautiful line-engraved landscape which accompanies the August number of "Sharpe's London Magazine." Both in regard to composition as a painting, and masterly execution as an engraving, it is one of the most exquisite gems we have seen. We take this opportunity, also, to notice with approbation an engraving from a portrait of the Viscountess Eastnor, by that able artist Mrs Carpenter, in this month's number of "La Belle Assemblée."

show themselves, and where scandal can never thrive. The ladies dress very well, and seem to have a considerable quantity of conceit; their dresses here are not so plain and so elegant as with you; they have too great a profusion of flounces, feathers, and ruffles; few of them are to be met with very good-looking; the climate robs their complexions of all the beautiful colours, leaving behind the sallow, dun, and yellow; no pure red and white in Canada, and dimples and smiles are rare. I endeavoured to fall in love once or twice, and flung my old heart quite open to the little archer; but the frost, or something or other, would not allow the arrows to penetrate. I have met with girls from my own old Scotland that I liked to spend the day with very much, but they had no pretensions to beauty; we could talk of witches, and quote Burns together. But this love proceeds from many causes, which have but small connexion with beauty of person; it is to be traced to the affinity of mind.—Humph!

“Do not let yourself be any longer deceived with the tale, that there are no unmarried ladies here, for there are in the greatest abundance; and also more bachelors than I like to live among, having boarded in a house for a few days where there were above thirty bachelors, between twenty and forty years of age, every day at dinner. What do you think of this? Canada is not a place for people to get married in. What is the cause, it is not easy to assign: me thinks it proceeds from the bachelors being chiefly foreigners—people badgered up and down this world, who forget that there is such a state as matrimony. Those who are long without a home get careless about finding one. The natives, however, and settled residents, wed as becomes them; and at their weddings they have what are called *spicereces*, a parading kind of show, with sleighs, if in winter, or a two-wheeled kind of gig, if in summer. Round the towns they fly—What a set-out!—fiddles playing, pistols firing,—altogether composing lots of fun: a true Canadian *spree* is worth the looking at. In Montreal, the snow accumulates to a great depth in the streets during winter, rendering the walking very precarious; people wear a kind of cramp on their feet, called *creepers*, and the ladies move about with stockings drawn over their boots. The Scotch brogue here is not only conceived vulgar, but highly offensive.”—Vol. I. pp. 38-42.

INDIAN MODESTY.—“The modesty of the Indians is very great. Their noble chief, De Campsie, being at a party once where English ladies were showing off their snowy necks, and lovely heaving bosoms, on being asked what he thought of them, replied, shaking his head, ‘They show much too great face for me.’”—Vol. I. p. 65.

WINTER TRAVELLING IN CANADA.—“In the winter of 1826, the ice of Lake Ontario, when at the thickest, was within half an inch of two feet; the Lake of Chaudiere was three feet and a half: they are not so thick, by about half a foot, towards the middle, and begin to take (that is, freeze) round the sides first, before the middle; sometimes towards the centre they will not freeze at all, unless the frost be very severe. The road for sleighs is therefore round the sides. The Canadian adopts this for two substantial reasons; first, that the ice is more safe there; and secondly, that should it break in, he has a better chance to get out. Often horses and sleighs will break chance through, sink beneath the ice, and be seen no more: the drivers generally contrive to escape, although sometimes they get entangled or confused, and sink with the rest. An honest settler and his wife were cantering along the Ottawa to hold their merry New-year in Montreal: what a gay set-out! and what a span of beautiful American bay horses!—they went like the wind; while the cutter (an elegant species of sleigh) tilted over the cracks and cahots in glorious style. My much-respected friend, John Sheriff, Esq. was a passenger aboard;—who would not have had his interesting company if it were to be obtained?—a profound connoisseur in the news and manners of Canada, deeply read in the periodical literature of the old country, a great traveller all over the world, ever retaining a good and cheerful disposition. Often would he warn the farmer to take care of the ice, as about the eddies of Long Island it was never to be fully depended on; but the other still replied there could be no fear, seeing by the track that two laden *traineurs* had lately passed before them. Thus gliding along with a swift and smooth velocity, down they went with a plunging crash. My humorous friend, whose presence of mind never forsook him, vaulted on to the solid ice, and very politely handed out the lady; while her husband, poor fellow, kept touching up the cattle slightly with the whip, unconscious of his dangerous situation, and, had my friend not caught him by the coat-

tail, he would have sunk like his horses, beneath the cold cacement of the river, to be seen no more. If the horses are allowed to plunge much, there is no chance of saving them: they have, therefore, to hang them, to keep them quiet until they are pulled out, when the noose on the neck is slackened, and life permitted to return.”—Vol. I. pp. 67-68.

In the subjoined passage, our author is more poetical and elevated in his composition than is usual with him:

CANADIAN FORESTS.—“The bush is the native title of the boundless forests of Canada. How different from a mere shrub, as the English language has it! Is the term from the French, *bois* (wood)? or what is its root? The matter is worthy philosophical consideration. To the bush goes the settler, hungered out of the old world, and there he finds food for his family. To the bush goes the lumberman, and there is a supply of timber for the Quebec market forever and a day. To the bush goes the furrier, and there are his otters and beavers, the muffs and the tippets. In exploring the bush, a person fancies at times that he has got into complete solitude: he bustles along, and the rustling he makes in getting through the brushwood, deafens his ears to other sounds, while mosquitoes, &c. are too apt to obscure the functions of the eyes; but let him listen a little, and various singular sounds meet the ear, as do also strange prospects to the eye. Birds fly about screaming piteously, as if their nests had been lately robbed—these remind us of the lapwings in England. None of the feathered tribe in the woody wilderness perch upon boughs, and warble sweet notes. No linnets—no nightingales there: the music is melancholy, the cadence is sorrow, creating similar sensations in the wanderer. Partridges there sit on the branches, and there is the robin red-breast as large as a thrush, yet a much greater coward than the British robin; he turns tail on the proffered crumb, and fears to enter the most hospitable mansion, although the doors may be flung open to receive him. In the bushy hemlock the owl is found dozing, while the swamps croak with bull-frogs and bitterns. During the cold frosty nights, the trees creak, as if ten thousand *bûcherons* were at them with their hatchets. On the banks of the wild rivers, are curious treaden paths—these are the walks of the wolves, foxes, deer, &c. These roads the Indians always adopt when on their journeys. Places called *deer-hicks* are also frequent: these are salt-marshes, where the deer assemble to lick the saline soil. Hunters looking for the animals await them at these marshes with their guns, and shoot scores of them.

“The bush is an interesting scene. There is, as Byron says,

‘A pleasure in the pathless woods.’

When a man loses his way, he follows down the first running brook he comes to, and this never fails to conduct him to the banks of some river, where he generally may obtain information of his situation. The Indian writes his letters on the bark of a tree, and places them in some post-office well known to his tribe; which post-office is generally an old hollow cedar. Thus they conduct their business in the bush, and breathe sighs to their squaws from Lake Simcoe perchance, to beyond the Rocky Mountains. Think what ye will, ye denizens of gay luxuriant cities; ye who boast of your wealth, your wives, your comforts, your society,—give an honest Canadian a bit of pig, his wife, and his pipe, and he is happy in the bush as you are, and treads his brushwood way as pleasantly as you do a Turkey carpet.”—Vol. I. pp. 100-2.

Sportmen often meet with strange adventures; we should like to know how some of our August and September friends would relish a wild goose, obtained after the following fashion, with a gun whose powers of percussion were so tremendous:

DUCK-SHOOTING.—“The Camerons were the best hunters I ever knew in Canada. They were brothers, of Highland extract, hardy fellows, and extremely fearless: they would go out a deer-hunting, and sometimes bring home fifteen in a couple of days. As for shooting ducks, they were unmatched, and filled the canoe with large fat fowls when nobody else could get a shot: they would go out on a morning and procure four or five dozen with ease. The black wood-duck is the best of all the wild duck tribe; it is of a sooty colour, with a dirty yellow speckled breast, and nearly as large as a goose. They feed on the wild rice, which grows plentifully in the small streams in the remote woods; they are not met with in large flocks; many of them remaining during summer, and are met with large broods following after them.

"One of the Camerons having observed a large flock of wild geese on the Lake of the Chaudière, used every means in his power to have a shot at them, but could not: he crawled round the rushy banks from one point to another, but it would not do,—still the flock kept aloof, and vexed him with their shyness. At length he took his canoe, and having cautiously got into it, allowed himself to drift out into the Big Bay towards his prey; and when he had got, as he considered, within shot, he let fly, and, dreadful to relate, the canoe upset from the percussion of the musket, and launched the keen sportsman into the deep. This, however, did not concern him much; instead of clinging to the canoe, or even catching a paddle, as many others would, he quietly swam ashore, without saying a word, with the gun in his hand, a distance nearly of a mile. His brothers on the bank did not seem at all alarmed: they got out on a point, and rode a tree to the canoe; that is, took a branch of some one or other that had tumbled down—these are always in superabundance—sat on it as we would on a saddle, and paddled away in the water to the canoe, which having uprighted, they easily succeeded, with the aid of the branch, in embarking by the stern, when away they hunted the wounded wild-geese, and brought a good shot ashore, where, on arriving, they found their brother had prepared a fire, was drying his clothes, and broiling something to eat."—Vol. I. pp. 231-3.

Mr Mactaggart's account of one of the greatest wonders of the natural world is graphic and interesting:

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—"Now you expect a description beyond the poetic quill of Howison, or statistical one of Gourlay; but this, my good fellow, I cannot do. You must come and see them with your own eyes. They are certainly sublime, awful, and beautiful, beyond my highest expectations. Think of the Great St Lawrence coming over a precipice of 150 feet, divided in the middle by Goat Island! More than one half of the water rolls down on the Canada side of the island, the rest on the American—both falls are nearly one height. The grand *horseshoe* fall is that on the Canadian side. The noise is deafening, but not disagreeable; and the smoking *spume*, though it obscures the bottom, and hinders the eye from penetrating into the awful cauldron, makes the whole more awfully beautiful. Look at them every day of the year, and every hour of the day, and new scenes will present themselves. Sometimes the noise lulls—sometimes the spray is full of rainbows and haloes. The waters at times seem green, and the next instant they are black. The frost adorning them with fringing icicles and furbelows of snow, while the sun paints them with streaks and circles of coloured light. Though I were a Milton, they would laugh at my muse; and being only a very humble individual, of course it is high presumption for me to speak; but triflers must be gabbling. As I examined, I could not but reflect on the numbers of mankind who have wandered far to see this wonderful spectacle, and of the far greater numbers who have heard of the Falls, but have not been so fortunate as to have seen them. I then considered myself extremely lucky, and said this was well worth leaving Britain for; for this, what is a voyage over the broad Atlantic? I went down *Jacob's ladder*—a ladder which hangs from the ledge of the table rock over which the waters fall; and, after descending about two hundred steps, found myself at the bottom of the Falls. Now for ye! I looked upon the face of the descending element. I crept along by the side of the limestone precipice, and looked through the foaming surge into the cauldron itself. Heavens!—Not yet satisfied, I got in between the Falls and the precipice, and looked through the descending torrent. Speak not of thrones and happiness! could a soul at that moment be more happy than I was? I was alone! I was curtailed by the Falls of Niagara. Nature in her greatness was before me, in a majesty of splendour! Could I then think of any thing else than her Author, my own insignificance, and the trust to repose in Him through time and eternity.

"Returning towards the ladder, I espied a duck which had been swept over the Falls; she was *alive*, but seemingly more than three-fourths dead; from her I inferred, that if one hundred good swimmers, such as the surf-gambollers of the South Sea Isles, were to be swept over, one-fourth of them would come out alive. Had Lord Byron been with me, I daresay he would have attempted it and made a *coward* of me, for I should not have liked to accompany him."—Vol. II. pp. 42-4.

We cannot resist adding the following anecdote, which bears a kind of relation to the above subject:

NELLY BURNSIDE.—"When the question was put in the forum of Edinburgh, respecting the 'objects of nature in heaven above and earth beneath,' which were likely to fill man with the greatest awe;—'Those in the heavens,' quoth one of the speakers, 'for there are the sun and the stars.'—'No, no,' replied another, 'they are not so awful as the stormy ocean, or the Falls of Niagara.'—'You are both wrong,' cried out a Galloway poet in the gallery; 'there is nought in heaven above, nor earth below, can half match Nelly Burnside!'"—Vol. II. p. 46.

We shall conclude our selections from this work with a passage, which we recommend to the serious attention of all persons who may ever indulge any thoughts of leaving their native country, and settling on the other side of the Atlantic:

CAUTION TO EMIGRANTS.—"Letters from settlers to their friends in Britain are not to be entirely depended upon; few of them are exactly true, and for these reasons: They wish as many of their friends to follow them as possible, for it is natural in man to have his friends about him; and to do this, he must paint the beauties of Canada in glowing colours; he must dwell upon the fertility of the soil, the cheapness of farms. If they cause them to forsake a *comfortable* home and come out to Canada, they commit no small crime. By remaining as they are, they benefit their own country, according to their station; by leaving it, they in some degree do it an injury; and, after being *deceived* in going abroad, they blame their friends, themselves, and the country they are brought to adopt. They may, it is true, *return home again* if they are able; but this, by a family of spirit, will not be thought of—they will wear away life with vexation; and in this state they are too frequently met with. There is nothing like travellers telling the honest truth, and letting people judge for themselves. There are certain classes of emigrants that might do well, but these must not be poor, nor yet very rich—such as have been in the school of adversity, and are no strangers to difficulties. Such letters do much injury; they not only bring out people to be deceived, and so become *discontented*, but from being friends at home, they are foes ever afterwards. All the noise about cheap provisions, plenty to eat and drink, and but little to do, is nonsense; and indeed if any one out of the country would consider it, they might see it at once. I can only say, that I have seen *more distress* in Canada than ever I saw out of it; and if we used as much exertion to live at home as we are obliged to do when there, few of us would go there. But we are slow of belief; and probably it is as well; the truth is generally disbelieved. Any thing that gratifies the imagination is easily imposed on us, while that which detracts from the ideal is abhorred, and will not be received. They who invite their friends extol the absence of taxes, the salubrity of the climate, the pleasures, amusements, pastimes, &c. They must not say a word about the *difficulty of clearing the woods*, the toils of the hatchet, the heavy lifts, rheumatic complaints, &c.; they must not say that only a mere speck of the country is yet cleared, and that they may get *land almost for nothing*; for what is its value, remote from towns and places where it may be brought to some account? Not one of the *logs* that are seen landed on our shores is cut on the farm of any settler. There is no cleared land within 300 miles of where they are obtained. There are no taxes of any extent, because there are very few who could pay them were they imposed. Where there is little taxation in a country, there is often little wealth."—Vol. II. pp. 254-6.

We can easily conceive a much superior book to the one we have now noticed, being written about Canada; but, in the present state of our information regarding that most extensive and interesting colony, we feel indebted to Mr Mactaggart for what he has done, and willingly confess that, upon many points, he has extended our previous stock of knowledge, and thereby done us a service, for which we, in common with all right-thinking men, should be thankful.

*National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century.* Engraved on Steel. With *Memoirs*, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. London. Fisher and Co., Colnaghi and Co., Jones and Co., and Ackerman. Published Monthly. Parts I. II. and III.

THIS is a work of a very different stamp from the numerous catchpenny publications, connected with the fine arts, which are at present over-running the country. The portraits it contains, and which are taken either from original paintings, or from rare and valuable engravings, are executed in a style to entitle them to a place on the tables, or in the libraries, of all patrons of the arts. Each part furnishes three of these, together with judiciously written biographical notices of the individuals represented. The series is to embrace all those of our own times who are distinguished either for their exalted rank, their professional celebrity, or their literary and scientific attainments. It has already presented us with the Duke of Wellington, Lord Byron, the Marquis Camden, Earl Amherst, her Royal Highness the late Princess Charlotte, Dr Wollaston, Lord Grenville, the Marchioness of Stafford, and Earl St Vincent. As a specimen of the simple and useful manner in which the accompanying memoirs are executed, we select that of our countrywoman, Elizabeth Sutherland-Gower,—

#### THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

"This noble and illustrious lady is descended from the most ancient house in Scotland, and represents a family whose nobility has passed through many of the most distinguished personages in the history of the country. The first of her ancestors, of whom we find mention, was Thane of Sutherland, and his name is rendered interesting to us by his having fallen a victim to the revenge of Macbeth. The earldom of Sutherland was bestowed by King Malcolm upon the son of this nobleman, who was in his turn succeeded by his son, who built the ancient seat of the family, Dunrobin Castle. William, the fourth Earl of Sutherland, married the eldest daughter of King Robert the First, whose son David is recorded to have erected the earldom into a royalty, in the year 1345. On the decease of the ninth Earl, the titles and estates of the family descended, as in the instance of the present Countess, to a female possessor, married to the second son of the Earl of Huntly, who assumed the title in right of his wife.

"The present inheritor of the honours which have descended through this long line of noble ancestry, is the only daughter of William, the seventeenth Earl, who married the eldest daughter and co-heiress of William Maxwell, Esq. of Preston. Her ladyship was born May 24th, 1765, and her father died on the 16th of June, in the year following. Her right of succession, as a female, was immediately strongly disputed by Sir Robert Gordon, baronet, of Gordonstown, and by George Sutherland, Esq. of Force. A long and difficult discussion was entered into on this important point, but her ladyship's guardians succeeded in proving her clear and distinct claim as heiress to the earldom; and, on the 21st of March, 1771, her right was settled by a decision in the House of Lords. When only four years old, she thus became possessor of the most honourable title, and of the richest domain, of any of the Scottish nobility.

"In the year 1785, the Countess of Sutherland married the first and present Marquis of Stafford, distinguished not more for his wealth and exalted rank, than for his splendid patronage of the Fine Arts. Her ladyship has issue, Earl Gower, who was born August 8th, 1786; Francis, born January, 1800; and the ladies Charlotte and Elizabeth, born, the former on June 8th, 1788, and the latter in November, 1797.

"The high nobility of the Countess of Sutherland received, on his Majesty's visit to Scotland, in 1822, the royal distinction—her son, Lord Leveson Gower, being appointed to carry the sceptre before the King, as representative of the Earls of Sutherland, to whom that honour was determined to belong."

We have only to add, that this work is amazingly cheap, the price of each Part being so low as two shillings.

*Prize List—Public Exhibition Day of the Edinburgh Academy, Wednesday, 29th July 1829.*

THIS little pamphlet contains, besides the names of the young gentlemen who distinguished themselves during the last year in the seven different classes of the Edinburgh Academy, several specimens of their abilities in the shape of exercises in English and Latin verse and in French composition. We think it should also have included a specimen or two of Latin prose, as it did last year, when Mr Williams was Rector. We observe, also, that to the "Prize List" for 1828 there is the following preface:—"These exercises are printed without any corrections on the part of the Rector or Masters, and without any suggestions as to the mode in which passages might be amended. They have been printed from the manuscript copy delivered in for competition, and even the errors of the press have been corrected by the authors. J. Williams, Rector." No similar statement has been made this year by the present Rector, the Rev. Thomas Sheepshanks, and we are therefore left in the dark upon the subject, which ought not to have been the case.

The Dux of the highest Latin class this year was Mr Andrew Ramsay Campbell; and we observe that prizes have been awarded to the same gentleman for the "Best Latin Verses," the "Best English Verses," the "Best French Composition," and for being the "Best Grecian," and the "Best French Scholar." This indicates a degree of industry and talent deserving of no mean praise, and we hope that these distinctions are only the *avant-couriers* of others still more desirable. From a Latin poem, entitled "Holyrood," by Mr Campbell, we have pleasure in making the following short extract:

Ut juvat hic vacuum me solas ire per aulas,  
Quas tenuit dudum forma prestante Maria,  
Atque Italæ fuscum spectare cruorem  
Hærentem tabulis, detergerique negantem—  
Hic, a reginâ multo dignatus honore,  
Primores, ipsæque ausus contemnere regem,  
Demens! sic fastus expendit sanguine pœnas.  
Hic quoque Reginam sollicitus gravis ille sacerdos  
Hortari, vitæ culpas delictaque poscens,  
Romane fidei promptus reprehendere sacra,  
Atque Dei verum menti dēdere cultum.  
O! nimis infelix, funestis casibus acta,  
Ter vacuos thalamos plorasti, conjuge rapto;  
Carceræ te, hospitium querentem, clausit Eliza,  
Et tandem ferrum cognato sanguine tinxit;  
Perfida! si formæ non ulla moveret imago  
Corda tibi ævæ, triptici circumdata ferro,  
Si non hospitii leges violare timeres,  
Nec consanguines dextram maculare cruore;  
Nonne tamen mentem memoris præconia famæ  
Moverunt, læsi nec vivax numinis ira?  
Munera dum Phœbus diffundit grata diæ,  
Dumque reget tacitam bijugis Latonia noctam,  
Restabit semper terris infamia cœdis.

*Thoughts on Union with Christ, and Abiding in Him.* By Soethenes. Edinburgh. W. Whyte and Co. 1829.

We can safely recommend this little work to the devout, as one of great piety and sound Christian doctrine.

*The Youth's Instructor.* Nos. I. and II. Berwick. Thomas Melrose. 1829.

THESE little books, which contain reading lessons for very young children, are upon a simple and judicious plan. Had we a large family in Berwick, we would purchase a bundle of them from Mr Thomas Melrose.

\* We doubt whether these three lines convey a just view of Rimini's character.—Ed.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

TRADITIONAL NOTICES OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH  
AND ITS TENANTS.

*By the Author of the "Histories of the Scottish  
Rebellions."*

WHOSOEVER is fortunate enough to have seen Edinburgh previous to the year 1817—when as yet the greater part of its pristine character was entire, and before the stupendous grandeur, and dense old-fashioned substantiality, which originally distinguished it, had been swept away by the united efforts of fire and foolery—must remember the Old Tolbooth. At the north-west corner of St Giles's Church, and almost in the very centre of a crowded street, stood this tall, narrow, antique, and gloomy-looking pile, with its black stanchioned windows opening through its dingy walls, like the apertures of a hearse, and having its western gable penetrated by sundry suspicious-looking holes, which occasionally served—*horresco referens*—for the projection of the gallows. The fabric was four stories high, and might occupy an area of fifty feet by thirty. At the west end there was a low projection of little more than one story, surmounted by a railed platform, which served for executions. This, as well as other parts of the building, contained shops. On the north side, there remained the marks of what had once been a sort of bridge communicating between the Tolbooth and the houses immediately opposite. This part of the building got the name of the *Purses*, on account of its having been the place where, in former times, on the King's birth-day, the magistrates delivered donations of as many pence as the King was years old to the same number of beggars or *blue-gowns*. There was a very dark room on this side, which was latterly used as a guard-house by the right venerable military police of Edinburgh, but which had formerly been the fashionable silk-shop of the father of the celebrated Francis Horner. At the east end, there was nothing remarkable, except an iron box attached to the wall, for the reception of small donations in behalf of the poor prisoners, over which was a painted board, containing some quotations from Scripture. In the lower flat of the south and sunny side, besides a shop, there was a den for the accommodation of the outer door-keeper, and where it was necessary to apply when admission was required, and the old grey-haired man was not found at the door. The main door was at the bottom of the great turret or turnpike stair which projected from the south-east corner. It was a small but very strong door, full of large-headed nails, and having an enormous lock, with a flap to conceal the keyhole, which could itself be locked, but was generally left open. One important feature in the external of the Tolbooth was, that about one-third of the building, including the turnpike, was of ashler work—that is, smooth freestone—while the rest seemed of coarser and more modern construction, besides having a turnpike about the centre, without a door at the bottom. The floors of the west end, as it was always called, were somewhat above the level of those in the east end, and in recent times the purposes of these different quarters was quite distinct—the former containing the debtors, and the latter the criminals. As the east end contained the hall in which the Scottish Parliament formerly met, we may safely suppose it to have been the oldest part of the building—an hypothesis which derives additional credit from the various appearance of the two quarters—the one having been apparently designed for a more noble purpose than the other. The eastern division must have been of vast antiquity, as James the Third fenced a Parliament in it, and the magistrates of Edinburgh let the lower flat for booths or shops, so early as the year 1480.

On passing the outer door, where the rioters of 1736 thundered with their sledge-hammers, and finally burnt down all that interposed between them and their prey,

the keeper instantly involved the entrant in darkness by re-closing the gloomy portal. A flight of about twenty steps then led to an inner door, which, being duly knocked, was opened by a bottle-nosed personage denominated Peter, who, like his sainted namesake, always carried two or three large keys. You then entered the hall, which, being free to all the prisoners except those of the east end, was usually filled with a crowd of shabby-looking, but very merry loungers. This being also the chapel of the jail, contained an old pulpit of singular fashion,—such a pulpit as one could imagine John Knox to have preached from; which, indeed, he was traditionally said to have actually done. At the right-hand side of the pulpit, was a door leading up the large turnpike to the apartments occupied by the criminals, one of which was of plate-iron. This door was always shut, except when food was taken up to the prisoners. On the north side of the hall was the *Captain's Room*, a small place like a counting-room, but adorned with two fearful old muskets and a sword, together with the sheath of a bayonet, and one or two bandeliers, alike understood to hang there for the defence of the jail. On the west end of the hall hung a board, on which—the production, probably, of some insolvent poetaster—were inscribed the following emphatic lines:

A prison is a house of care,  
A place where none can thrive,  
A touchstone true to try a friend,  
A grave for men alive—  
Sometimes a place of right,  
Sometimes a place of wrong,  
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,  
And honest men among.

The historical recollections connected with the hall ought not to be passed over. Here Mary delivered what Lindsay and other old historians call her *painted orations*. Here Murray wheedled, and Merton frowned. This was the scene of Charles's ill-omened attempts to revoke the possessions of the Church; and here, when his commissioner, Nithsdale, was deputed to urge that measure, did the Presbyterian nobles prepare to set active violence in opposition to the claims of right and the royal will. On that occasion, old Belhaven, under pretence of infirmity, took hold of his neighbour, the Earl of Dumfries, with one hand, while with the other he grasped a dagger beneath his clothes, ready, in case the act of revocation were passed, to plunge it into his bosom.

From the hall a lobby extended to the bottom of the central staircase already mentioned, which led to the different apartments—about twelve in number—appropriated to the use of the debtors. This stair was narrow, spiral, and steep—three bad qualities, which the stranger found but imperfectly obviated by the use of a greasy rope that served by way of balustrade. This nasty convenience was not rendered one whit more comfortable by the intelligence, usually communicated by some of the inmates, that it had hanged a man! In the apartments to which this stair led, there was nothing remarkable, except that in one of them part of the wall seemed badly plastered. This was the temporary covering of the square hole through which the gallows tree was planted. We remember communing with a person who lodged in this room at the time of an execution. He had had the curiosity, in the impossibility of seeing the execution, to try if he could feel it. At the time when he heard the palms and other devotions of the culprit concluded, and when he knew, from the awful silence of the crowd, that the signal was just about to be given, he sat down upon the end of the beam, and soon after distinctly felt the motion occasioned by the fall of the unfortunate person, and thus, as it were, played at *see-saw* with the criminal.

The annals of the Old Tolbooth would, we have often thought, form a curious and instructive volume. If it

were not rather our province to communicate scattered traits than to compose regular history, we might be persuaded to attempt such a work. The annals of crime are of greater value than is generally supposed. Criminals form an interesting portion of mankind. They are entirely different from us—divided from us by a pale which we will not—dare not overleap, but from the safe side of which we may survey, with curious eyes, the strange proceedings which go on beyond. They are interesting, often, on account of their courage—on account of their having dared something which we timorously and anxiously avoid. A murderer or a robber is quite as remarkable a person, for this reason, as a soldier who has braved some flesh-shaking danger. He must have given way to some excessive passion—and all who have ever been transported beyond the bounds of reason by the violence of any passion whatever, are entitled to the wonder, if not the admiration, of the rest of the species. Among the inmates of the Old Tolbooth, some of whom had inhabited it for many years, there were preserved a few legendary particulars respecting criminals of distinction, who had formerly been within its walls. Some of these I have been fortunate enough to pick up.

One of the most distinguished traits in the character of the Old Tolbooth was, that it had no power of retention over people of quality. It had something like that faculty which Falstaff attributes to the lion and himself—of knowing men who ought to be respected on account of their rank. Almost every criminal of more than the ordinary rank ever yet confined in it, somehow or other contrived to get free. An insane peer, who, about the time of the Union, assassinated a schoolmaster that had married a girl to whom he had paid improper addresses, escaped while under sentence of death. We are uncertain whether the following curious fact relates to that nobleman, or to some other titled offender. It was contrived that the prisoner should be conveyed out of the Tolbooth in a trunk, and carried by a porter to Leith, where some sailors were to be ready with a boat to take him aboard a vessel about to leave Scotland. The plot succeeded so far as the escape from jail was concerned, but was knocked on the head by an unlucky and most ridiculous *contretemps*. It so happened that the porter, in arranging the trunk upon his back, placed the end which corresponded with the feet of the prisoner uppermost. The head of the unfortunate nobleman was therefore pressed against the lower end of the box, and had to sustain the weight of the whole body. The posture was the most uneasy imaginable. Yet life was preferable to ease. He permitted himself to be taken away. The porter trudged along the Krames with the trunk, quite unconscious of its contents, and soon reached the High Street, which he also traversed. On reaching the Netherbow, he met an acquaintance, who asked him where he was going with that large burden. To Leith, was the answer. The other enquired if the job was good enough to afford a potation before proceeding farther upon so long a journey. This being replied to in the affirmative, and the carrier of the box feeling in his throat the philosophy of his friend's enquiry, it was agreed that they should adjourn to a neighbouring tavern. Meanwhile, the third party, whose inclinations had not been consulted in this arrangement, felt in his neck the agony of ten thousand decapitations, and almost wished that it were at once well over with him in the Grassmarket. But his agonies were not destined to be of long duration. The porter, in depositing him upon the causeway, happened to make the end of the trunk come down with such precipitation, that, unable to bear it any longer, the prisoner fairly roared out, and immediately after fainted. The consternation of the porter, on hearing a noise from his burden, was of course excessive; but he soon acquired presence of mind enough to conceive the occasion. He proceeded to unlase and to burst open the trunk, when the hapless nobleman was discovered in a state of insensibility; and

as a crowd collected immediately, and the City Guard were not long in coming forward, there was of course no farther chance of escape. The prisoner did not revive from his swoon till he had been safely deposited in his old quarters. But, if we recollect aright, he eventually escaped in another way.

Of Porteus, whose crime—if crime existed—was so sufficiently atoned for by the mode of his death, an anecdote, which has the additional merit of being connected with the Old Tolbooth, may here be acceptable. One day, some years before his trial, as he was walking up Libberton's Wynd, he encountered one of the numerous hens which, along with swine, then haunted the streets of the Scottish capital. For some reason which has not been recorded, he struck this hen with his cane, so that it immediately died. The affair caused the neighbours to gather round, and it was universally thought that the case was peculiarly hard, inasmuch as the bird was a *clocher*, and left behind it a numerous brood of orphan chickens. Before the Captain had left the spot, the proprietrix of the hen, an old woman who lived in the upper flat of a house close by, looked over her window, and poured down upon the slayer's head a whole Gardeloo of obloquy and reproach, saying, among other things, that "she wished he might have as many witnesses present at his hinder-end as there were feathers in that hen." Porteus went away, not unaffected, as it would appear, by these idle words. On the night destined to be his last on earth, he told the story of the hen to the friends who then met in the jail to celebrate his reprieve from the execution which was to have taken place that day; and the prophesies of Libberton's Wynd was honoured with general ridicule for the failure of her imprecation. Before the merry-meeting, however, was over, the sound of the *dead-drum*, beat by the approaching rioters, fell upon their ears, and Porteus, as if struck all at once with the certainty of death, exclaimed, "D—n the wife! she is right yet!" Some of his friends suggested that it might be the fire-drum; but he would not give ear to such consolations, and fairly abandoned all hope of life. Before another hour had passed, he was in eternity.

Nicol Brown, a butcher, executed in 1753, for the murder of his wife, was not the least remarkable tenant of the Tolbooth during the last century. A singular story is told of this wretched man. One evening, long before his death, as he was drinking with some other butchers in a tavern somewhere about the Grassmarket, a dispute arose about how long it might be allowable to keep flesh before it was eaten. From less to more, the argument proceeded to bets; and Brown offered to eat a pound of the oldest and "worst" flesh that could be produced, under the penalty of a guinea. A regular bet was taken, and a deputation of the company went away to fetch the stuff which should put Nicol's stomach to the test. It so happened that a criminal—generally affirmed to have been the celebrated Nicol Muschat—had been recently hung in chains at the Gallowlee, and it entered into the heads of these monsters that they would apply in that quarter for the required flesh. They accordingly provided themselves with a ladder and other necessary articles, and, though it was now near midnight, had the courage to go down that still and solitary road which led towards the gallows, and violate the terrible remains of the dead, by cutting a large collop from the culprit's hip. This they brought away, and presented to Brown, who was not a little shocked to find himself so tasked. Nevertheless, getting the dreadful "pound of flesh" roasted after the manner of a beef-steak, and adopting a very strong and drunken resolution, he set himself down to his horrid

\* It is but charity to suppose Porteus might, in this case, be only endeavouring to introduce a better system of street police than had formerly prevailed. It is not many years since the magistrates of a southern burgh drew down the unqualified wrath of all the good women there, by attempting to confiscate and remove the filth which had been privileged to grace the causeway from time immemorial.

meat, which, it is said, he actually succeeded in devouring. This story, not being very effectually concealed, was recollected when he afterwards came to the same end with Nicol Muschat. He lived in the Fleshmarket Close, as appears from the evidence on his trial. He made away with his wife by burning her, and said that she had caught fire by accident. But, as the door was found locked by the neighbours who came on hearing her cries, and he was notorious for abusing her, besides the circumstance of his not appearing to have attempted to extinguish the flames, he was found guilty and executed. He was also hung in chains at the Gallowies, where Muschat had hung thirty years before. He did not, however, hang long. A few mornings after having been put up, it was found that he had been taken away during the night. This was supposed to have been done by the butchers of the Edinburgh market, who considered that a general disgrace was thrown upon their fraternity by his ignominious exhibition there. They were said to have thrown his body into the Quarrel Hole.\*

(To be concluded in our next.)

### STRABO THE GEOGRAPHER.

By the Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

STRABO, the most learned and judicious of the ancient geographers, was born about forty or fifty years before the commencement of the Christian era at Amaseia, a flourishing city of Cappadocia, whose situation and appearance he describes, in the twelfth book, with an emphasis of interest derived from its being "his own city," his own romantic town. Of his personal history and adventures little is known, except what accidentally and at intervals glances forth from his own pages. He seems to have studied in his youth under the best masters in Asia Minor; to have employed every means, whether by reading, meditation, or conversation, for the acquisition of elegant and useful knowledge; and, like Herodotus, to have fitted and perfected himself by travel into many various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the Herculean-rivalling labours of giving a full description of the then known world, its climates, cities, customs, and governments.

His work is divided into seventeen books, of which the seventh is mutilated; and of others, the text is broken and vitiated by the negligence or ignorance of transcribers. The general character of the writer is, *good sense—compressed and forcible style—brief, masterly, and impressive description*. He leads us by the hand, as it were, in gradual progress through countries, provinces, and cities; and by a few touches of striking and rapid delineation, at once introduces us into the heart of almost every scene, town, temple, and palace of antiquity. The dry names with which, ere his work be perused, maps seem to be dull and confusedly crowded, become animated and illuminated, as it were, with a living interest, after the perusal of his short but graphic elucidations. He expands not into secondary or unimpressive details, but, catching at once the prominent peculiarities of places and manners, he sets them down in all the energy of his simple significance, and leaves his reader satisfied in the fulness of that emphatic brevity. His work is also interspersed and enlivened with notices and anecdotes of the learned men of every country; and numerous quotations, from Homer and the poets, gem, almost at every page, the

unavoidable uniformity of geographical description. He has indeed been called the Homeric geographer, from his admiration of the land of Smyrna; and, in his masterly chorography of the Troad, he has at once given us, from a reference to the Iliad, an enlarged and intenser interest in that region, and has bestowed upon the works of the poet, from a reference to their geography, more illumination than all his other commentators taken together. As the geographer has associated himself with so much affection to the poet, so the poet, to be well understood, should never be dissociated from the geographer. Enriched as the mind of Strabo was with poetical reading, his style seems to have thence taken its peculiar strength and colour, and

—“whispers whence it stole  
Those balmy sweets.”

His diction is nervous, compact, close to a degree bordering sometimes on obscurity; and he has imitated his favourite authors principally in the free and unlimited use of compound verbs, substantives, and adjectives—a noble privilege, and possessed by the Greek, in superiority over all other modern and ancient languages. In the formation of these expressive neologies, the geographer has shown a dexterity, copiousness, and felicity, not exceeded by any other Greek prose author.

The most heavy, fatiguing, and laborious portion of his work will be found, by the majority of his readers, to be the disputatious part of it. By far too much of his first and second book is made up of such controversial matter, whereby he endeavours, at great and yawning length, to refute the obsolete opinions and systems of his predecessors. His desire of grasping at the pure truth alone, and his reluctance to accept of any statement unfounded on ocular or problematical evidence, if it has purified his book from the fanciful fable with which the narratives of his predecessors were so attractively adulterated, has also, on the side of virtue, misled him into operose and disagreeable disputations with his competitors, and excited in him a distrust and geographical scepticism with regard to some points, for which not every modern reader will be inclined to forgive him. This may be instanced in his notions regarding the circumnavigation of Africa, the most curious particular in the geography of the ancients. On this interesting subject he disappoints his reader by saying but little; and even that little is contrary to expectation; he appears to have doubted of the possibility of a periphus; what Herodotus published four hundred years before, of its accomplishment by the expedition dispatched by Necho, is suppressed; the evidence given by persons who declared they had performed it is rejected, and the very plausible account given by Eudoxus, of the prow of the Cadiz vessel found on the eastern shores of Africa, though its first perusal produces immediate conviction on the modern reader, is, to that reader's surprise, attacked, wrangled upon, and depreciated with an ingenious incredulity, which one has to regret rather than to admire.

With these abatements, however, Strabo must be considered one of the soundest and most judicious writers of antiquity. Vitiated and mutilated as his work is, it is yet a fortunate thing for learning that it has been, even in that vitiated state, preserved. Possessed of him, we need the less to regret the loss of the other eminent geographers.—In concluding this short notice of an author whom we so much esteem and admire, we cannot forbear to observe, that it is discreditable to the vernacular literature of Great Britain that this respectable classic, which diffuses so much light over antiquity, is not yet made a denizen of our land and language; and when inferior classics have been long ago translated, that it remains yet a sealed and inaccessible book to our great reading community. A translation of Strabo should have been furnished long ago, as the most agreeable and pertinent accompaniment to the English versions of Homer, Herodotus, and Thucydides; and should be read, for one day in the week

\* It is perhaps worth recording, as the recollection of a venerable native of Edinburgh who remembered seeing the son of Rob Roy walk down the West Bow to execution, in 1754, that that unfortunate hero then wore a pair of black silk breeches, and was attended by a Roman Catholic clergyman.

† Of one of these, Christodemus, not the least celebrated, who taught at Rhodes and Nysa, it may be amusing to observe, that he combined in his *Ges. paedagogicæ* the duties of the modern school-master and professor, having two schools, one in the morning, where he gave prelections on rhetoric, and another in the evening, where he taught grammar. He afterwards became tutor to the children of Pompey the Great, contenting himself in that higher appointment with teaching grammar alone.—Lib. 14.

at least, to the higher classes of Greek and Latin of our universities,—particularly those books illustrative of Italy, Greece, and the Troad.

We subjoin a translation of a few sentences from Strabo, which are given, not as a specimen of his best manner, but merely to show what opinions, about the time of our Saviour's birth, were entertained in the polished city of Athens and Rome regarding our forefathers, the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Of Britannia, the greatest part is champaign country, and shaded with woods; yet many of the grounds are heaved into fair elevations. It abounds in corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron; all which are exported, together with skins, slaves, and dogs, that by nature are admirably adapted for hunting. The Gauls employ in war both these hounds and those of their own country. The men are taller than the Gauls, and less yellow-haired, and of softer texture of body. As a proof of their tall stature, we may instance that we have seen, in Rome, some of their young men, who exceeded by half a foot the tallest men of that city; but in their limbs they were ill-formed, and in the other features of their constitution, coarse and inelegant. As to their customs, partly are they similar to those of the Gauls; partly are they still more simple and barbarous; so that some of their people, though they abound in milk, yet, through mere ignorance, cannot make cheese, and are utterly ignorant of gardening, and the most simple processes of agriculture. They are governed by many divided and petty dynasties. In their wars they use chariots, like their neighbours, the Gauls. Their cities are their forests; they barricade with felled trees a large circular space, within which they build temporary huts for themselves, and stalls for their cattle. The atmosphere is showery, rather than snowy; even when the heavens are unclouded above, a dense mist prevails below, so that during a whole day, the sun is seen only for three or four hours about mid-day."

"Adjoining to Britain are sundry small islets, as well as the great island Hibernia, which lies on its western side, extending in an oblong form towards the north. Regarding which I can say nothing certain, excepting that its inhabitants are still more wild than the Britons, being anthropophagi, devourers of human flesh; and reckoning it a goodly thing to eat the bodies of their deceased parents. These things, however, we mention, having no sufficient evidence of their truth. Of Thule,\* the history is still more obscure, on account of its great distance; for of all places whose names are given by geographers, this is deemed the most remote and northern. What Pytheas hath said of this and other countries there situated, is manifestly fabulous; nevertheless he hath, from considerations of climate founded on mathematical calculation, hit upon many particulars peculiar to the places near the frigid zone: that of the milder fruits and tamer animals there is either great paucity, or total want; that people live on millet and other herbs, fruits, and roots; that those that abound in corn or honey, make a drink from thence; and that their corn, seeing there is no clear strong sunshine, is carried into large houses, and there thrashed out

\* By this word THULE, which in the Syriac or Chaldaic means darkness, and which was most probably first applied by the Cadiz-Phenician navigators, no particular place or island seems to be denoted, but generally all the dark, unexplored regions extending from their own latitudes of discovery towards the pole. Accordingly we find, that when the southern parts of Britain only were known, it was applied only, or principally, to the north of Scotland; when the northern parts were discovered, it shifted back to Orkney and the Shetland Isles, then to Scandinavia, then to Iceland; in short, as discovery advanced northwards, Thule, or the line of darkness, seems to have proportionally receded, so that Spitzbergen or Greenland must now be honoured with that classical appellation. It is curious that the name Scotland, Scotia, *Scotia*, is but this same *Thule* translated into Greek; and it is certain, that the Greek poets and geographers applied the word *Thule* (also signifying darkness) to denote all the dark, undiscovered regions of the north and north-west.

from the spike,—otherwise, on account of the sunless skies and copious rains, it would rot and become useless."—Lib, 4, chap. 5.

*Devon-Grove, Clackmannanshire,  
3d July, 1829.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### POEMS.

*By Thomas Todd Stoddart.*

#### I. THE INFANT ONE.

He lay upon her lap in innocence;  
A feeble and a melancholy babe!  
And o'er the fringes of his eyelid play'd  
A lambent glory. The Divinity  
Shone through the dim material, like the sun  
Bask'd on a shadowy cloud. Luxuriant fell  
The cluster'd tresses on his infant brow,  
Bathed o'er with splendour. Silently he bent  
His eye above; devotion beautiful  
Seem'd gathering within, nor human lip  
Can picture the untold intensity  
That linger'd on his features, like the wish  
Of parting saint, but holier by far;—  
The promise from the earliest of days  
Lay visible in him, fulfilling fast—  
It was the infant Christ!

Upon a bed  
Of straw the mother sat, and smilingly  
Bent over him—her son! the Son of God!  
Blessed of women! that repair'd again  
The fall of Eve, and gavest glorious birth  
To Shiloh, the Redeemer.

Who are they  
That bend before the infant, reverend  
In years?—These are the sages of the East,  
That sought among the heavens, and follow'd far,  
The meteor of his birth, which splendidly  
Stood, like the eye of God, in holy watch  
Above the child of Bethlehem!

#### II. TO ———.

My heart it follows thee,  
As twilight doth the day,  
When the sun is set beneath the sea  
In glory, far away.

Though ne'er a thought nor sigh  
Of thine be spent on me,  
Still, when thou goest gaily by,  
My heart it follows thee!

A word, a smile, to lift  
My heart to hope again!  
And but this gift—this little gift  
Might save a world of pain.

I loved thee long ago—  
That long ago is past;  
And now that it doth wound me so,  
I tell my love at last.

Then take my heart; a smile  
Will pay it back to me;  
Oh! lifetime is too brief a time  
For it to follow thee!

#### III. TO THE SPIRIT OF IASTE.

Iaste! Iorn Iaste! love!  
Like to the cooling of a turtle dove,

I sob away the dewy night,  
 Untill the stars do gather in their light,  
 And the moon lifts her holy shade  
 From the green grave where thou art laid—  
 Taste! gentle maid!

No breath of breezy zephyr stirs  
 Amid the blossom of the golden furze;  
 No melancholy murmurs break  
 On the wild shore, that girds the mountain lake;  
 But half I fancy it is thee  
 Returning with thy ancient glee—  
 Taste! back to me.

Spirit of her, that art  
 The other relic of my broken heart,  
 If, from the heaven where afar  
 Thou shinest gorgeous, like a morning star,  
 One fondling memory left to thee  
 On earth may bend, oh! let it be,  
 Taste! breathed for me.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A NEW Plan of Edinburgh and its Environs, by James Knox, Esq. Land Surveyor, has just been published, in which all the Improvements as yet determined on and in progress are accurately delineated; also all the boundaries of the different parishes—a very useful addition.

The Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Louis the Eighteenth, which have recently appeared at Paris, will very shortly be translated into English.

Tales of my Time, by the authoress of Blue-Stocking Hall, are nearly ready.

A work, that recommends itself to the military reader under the attractive title of Stories of Waterloo, may be very shortly expected.

Tales of the Classics, designed to convey the traditions of the Heathen Mythology in a familiar and agreeable manner to the mind, are in preparation. The work is said to be written by a lady, who has spent several years in its execution.

Lieutenant Rose announces a work, under the title of Letters Written during a Residence in South Africa. It will contain an account of the state of society at the Cape, personal observations on the country, and a variety of other interesting details.

Mr William Andrew Mitchell, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has in preparation a Tragedy upon the story of Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.

Shortly will be published, *Thesaurus Ellipseum Latinarum*, sive Vocum quæ in Sermone Latino suppressæ indicantur, et ex præstantissimis auctoribus illustrantur, cum Indicibus necessariis, auctore Elia Palaiet, 1760.

A Translation of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge is about to appear in France.

A History of Germany, from the earliest period to the present time, is preparing for the press by Mr Bernays, the editor of the German Poetical Anthology.

An account of the Early Reformation in Spain and the Inquisition is about to appear, translated from the French, by the late Dr A. F. Ramsay; to which will be appended, a Memoir of the Translator.

Mr Swan is preparing for publication a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the subjects of the two collegial anatomical prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons.

The Abbé Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, to whom learning is so much indebted for the discovery of Cicero's Treatise "De Republica," has just presented to the Sovereign Pontiff some curious fragments of Sallust, Tacitus, and Cornelius Nepos, which he lately discovered.

A LITERARY JOURNAL was established, at the commencement of the present year, at Constantinople, which has met with distinguished success.

PHRENOLOGY.—An address has just been circulated by the conductors of the *Phrenological Journal*, by which it appears that complete sets of that work, the full price of which is £4, are henceforth to be sold for £2; and that the separate Numbers, which were formerly sold at 4s. each, are now to be reduced somewhat in size, and to cost only 2s. The Phrenologists may put what construction they like upon these alterations, but they certainly seem to us to imply that the *Phrenological Journal* is on its last legs—a circumstance we cannot very much regret, because that ingenious periodical has all its life been attempting to disseminate nonsense.

Mrs HEMANS.—Our readers will be glad to learn that this distinguished lady—the possessor of the domestic affections, and of all that endears a Briton to the "stately homes of England,"—is at present in Edinburgh. She is in delicate health, but able to go into society, and has of course been visited by most of the literati at present in town. She has two of her children with her.

MONSIEUR CHABERT.—We are a good deal surprised to observe, that the London papers, for want of something better to speak about, are occupying their columns with long accounts of the wonderful performances of this quack. When he was in Edinburgh, some time ago, we went to see his exhibition, which was a piece of complete fudge. We entered the oven ourselves after he had come out of it, and found the heat to be by no means oppressive, and certainly not more than the engine-men in steam-boats, bottle blowers, and others, submit to every day in their lives. As to his swallowing boiling oil, phosphorus, and similar pleasant things, we believe the oil to be no hotter than can be easily borne, and the phosphorus, we have a shrewd suspicion, is something very like green wax.

THE BARDS OF BRITAIN.—We have received the following communication from one of the gentlemen mentioned in the *Ettrick Shepherd's* poem in last Saturday's *JOURNAL*:—"My Editor,—In justice to an injured trampled vegetable, which has long flourished in a corner of your Literary Paradise, I request you will give insertion to the following complaint against that voracious animal which has lately issued from the solitudes of Mount Benger, to devour up and trample down all the young shoots in the country. Charles Doynes Sillery."

Gods! do I live  
 To see a Hog  
 Crush all our poets,  
 Like a log  
 Thrown down from some high gallery?—  
 Besides, he bites  
 So furiously  
 In all he writes;—  
 Injuriously  
 He made a snap at Vallery:  
 Blew all the fruit  
 Into a bog,  
 And gnaw'd the root:—  
 All know a Hog.  
 With most unearthly rallery,  
 May bite a Belf,  
 And do no ill  
 But who can tell  
 How soon he will  
 Devour a bunch of Celery!

Theatrical Gossip.—The King's Theatre is now closed.—Madame Pasta, who has lately been performing at Vienna with unparalleled success, and is now at Milan, is expected to return to this country before next season.—At the Haymarket, a translation of a little drama from the French, entitled, "The Happiest Day of my Life," has been well received.—There is nothing very new at the English Opera-house; the critics complain that there is a dearth of singers at this theatre. Miss Kelly seems to be its principal prop.—The Coburg and the Surrey Theatres go on thrivingly.—The weather has been a good deal against Vauxhall.—At Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, Ducrow and the "Cataract of the Ganges," are drawing crowds.—The affairs of Covent Garden seem to be in a sad state. It is in the hands of the parish officers of St Paul's for debt.—Miss Love, who was performing at Nottingham, has gone away in a coach with somebody, in the middle of her engagement.—The Liverpool Theatre must be the best worth visiting in the kingdom at present. Kean is there, together with Warde, Vandenhoff, Blanchard, Bianchi Taylor, Miss Smithson, and Miss Lacy, all of whom play on the same night, and frequently in the same piece. This is an example for provincial managers.—At the Caledonian Theatre here the melo-drama of "Masaniello" has been brought out in exceedingly creditable style; and the dancing still continues to attract crowds.—We are glad to learn that there is a probability of Pritchard being re-engaged for the Theatre-Royal, in which case he and the new actor, Barton, will appear together.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL reviews of interesting works are unavoidably postponed. "Some Remarks on the Progress of the Fine Arts in Scotland," by the Rev. Dr Morehead, and "Letters from the West, No. III." in our next.—We have just received the communication from Göttingen, and the packet from Callander, both of which will meet with our best attention.

We have perused the volume concerning which we have received a letter from Glasgow. There is some cleverness in it; but it is too full of coarse descriptions, and very objectionable morality; and for this reason we have not noticed it.

We cannot give any encouragement to the "Poor but honest Weaver" of Stonehaven. The Poetical Communications of "N. C." of Glasgow,—of "T. D." of Paisley,—and of "M." of Dalkeith, will not be overlooked.

[No. 39. August 8, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

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"We have no hesitation in praising it, since we happen to know that the most distinguished personage in literature, whom Scotland can or ever could boast of, has deliberately pronounced it to be the best book of its kind that has fallen into his hands. It is chiefly remarkable for skilful condensation of much matter, which has lost none of its value by undergoing that process—accurate and extensive historical knowledge, and elegance and vigour of diction. The formation of the plan of the work, and its various details, and the preparatory study, must have cost much more labour than the composition itself; for a plan more perfect—embracing such a variety of objects (all that is interesting and curious in Scottish scenery)—and showing the geographical relations in which these objects, and the roads conducting to them, stand to each other, never came under our observation."—"The value of the whole work is much enhanced by a number of Maps, upon such a truly original and ingenious plan as do credit to the inventor.—Each of these is devoted to an entire tour, occupies a page, and consists of three columns, in which are distinctly traced all the places of any note, (mountains, lakes, rivers, towns, villages, villas, &c.) along the route to be pursued, their relative distances, and the roads that diverge from the route."—*Caledonian Mercury*, 11th May, 1829.

"Those, however, who desire to extend their knowledge of Loch Lomond, I would refer to Stirling and Kenney's *Tourist's Guide of 1827*—one of the best books of the kind I have met with."—*Scotsman*, 16th April, 1828.

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No. 40.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1839.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities.* By the Marquis Spineto. Rivingtons. London. 1829.

THESE Lectures were originally delivered by the author in the course of his official duties as assistant Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, and afterwards at the Royal Institution in London, where they appear to have been received with much applause. The object of the publication is to give a brief history of those discoveries by means of which, since the year 1814, great light has been thrown on the structure and use of hieroglyphical writing, and, of consequence, upon the antiquities of the Egyptian monarchy. The Marquis himself lays no claim to the honour of discovery, either in point of fact or of reasoning. He pretends to nothing more than the merit of giving a correct and impartial account of what has been done by others; and, in this respect, he performs for Dr Young and M. Champollion the service which was rendered to Newton by the affectionate zeal of the learned Maclaurin. Such an historian becomes doubly valuable at the present moment, when the opinions of France and of England are divided as to which of the two countries the priority of discovery belongs to; and as Spineto draws his birth from a land foreign to both, his judgment is less liable to be warped by national feelings and local associations. So far as we are qualified to determine, we think his book well entitled to the praise of impartiality; while, with regard to the narrative of facts, it is equally full and perspicuously written.

The less learned reader may require to be informed, that the word *hieroglyphics* literally means *sacred carving*, and is used to denote those inscriptions, whether of figures or of symbols, which are found upon the ancient temples, pillars, and tombs of Egypt. The most ancient account that we have of these carvings is to be found in the works of Clemens Alexandrinus, a Christian priest, who lived about the second century of our era, and who, it is clear, had paid great attention to the study of antiquities. He tells us that the Egyptians had three different modes of writing, or rather perhaps three different sorts of characters. These were the *epitaphographic*, or common characters, called, by other authors, *demotic* or *enchorial*; the second were the *hieratic* or sacerdotal, employed merely in the writing of books by the priesthood; and the third were the *hieroglyphics*, destined to religious uses, and generally inscribed on public monuments. With the first and second classes we have no concern at present, there being nothing particular either in their form or use. The third, or hieroglyphic, he divides into two sorts: the *kuriologic*, which are expressive of objects by means of the first or initial elements; and the *symbolic*, which denote objects by representation, either *imitatively*, *tropically*, or *enigmatically*.

We request the attention of the reader, in the first place, to the *kuriologic* hieroglyphics, or such as express objects by means of the initial or first elements. The

phrase *first elements* is so ambiguous, that seventeen centuries passed away before its meaning was found out; and at length the discovery was owing to accident, and not at all to antiquarian ingenuity or classical learning. While a party of French soldiers, during their invasion of Egypt, were employed in digging for the foundation of Fort St Julian, they lighted upon a huge block or pillar of dark-coloured stone, which fortunately contained an inscription in three different languages or sets of characters, namely, hieroglyphic, demotic or enchorial, and Greek. This stone, which soon afterwards fell into the hands of the English, and is now in the British Museum, is mutilated in several places. The top part of the hieroglyphical inscription is gone. The beginning of the second and the end of the third are also wanting; but enough was still left to afford the means of arriving at a proper idea of its import and contents, and of ascertaining the meaning of Clement's "initial elements."

It is not our intention to detail minutely the various steps by which M. Silvestre de Sacy, M. Akerbald, Dr Young, and M. Champollion, completed the important discovery, that one portion of the hieroglyphics used by the ancient Egyptians did not denote *things*, but *sounds*. Hence the name of *phonetic* or vocal hieroglyphics, in contradistinction to those which are properly *symbolic*, and express not alphabetical sounds, but ideas and even conceptions of the mind. The use of the phonetic, or, as Clement of Alexandria called them, the *kuriologic* hieroglyphics, may be illustrated by a familiar example, taken from an able article in the Edinburgh Review. Suppose the *spoken* language of England to be what it is, but that no other sort of *writing*, except by pictures or symbols, had yet been invented; and that it was wanted to record in some legend or inscription, that an individual called JAMES, had done or suffered something. The word James here was evidently a mere sound, and could not be described or defined in any other way than as that sound by which the individual in question was suggested to those who heard it. It could not, therefore, be directly intimated to posterity by a mere *visible* symbol or picture, that such a sound had in his day been associated with that individual: And if this was what was proposed to be done, it is plain that some new device or contrivance must of necessity be adopted. According to the late discoveries in phonetic hieroglyphics, the device was as follows. They set down a series of pictures of familiar objects, the names of which in the spoken language began with the sounds which were to be successively expressed, and which, taken together in that order, made up the compound sound or name that was wanted. For the sound now expressed by the letter J, for example, they would set down the figure of a jug or jar—for that corresponding to A, they would set down an ape or acorn—for M, a man or mouse—and for S, a spear or spur; and thus would they indicate the sound JAMES as the name of the person whom they wished to commemorate. If this was generally known to be the way of representing such sounds, and if the painter or sculptor gave an intelligible warning *when* his figures were to be so deciphered or applied, it is plain that the device would have been tolerably successful, and

that the object would be attained with considerable ease and precision. It is very remarkable, accordingly, that all the groups of figures which are found to represent proper names, are insulated and set apart, in the hieroglyphic sculptures, by being surrounded with an oval ring of an appropriate and invariable form.

In a word, the phonetic or kuriological hieroglyphics proceed on the very familiar principle long ago adopted by mothers for teaching their children the sounds of the alphabet, when they instruct the little ones to associate the letter M with Mamma, and P with Papa, N with Nurse, T with Top, and B with Bird. Hence, in interpreting a kuriologic inscription, it is only necessary to learn the names of the several objects which it comprehends, and then to arrange the initial sounds of those names, according to the established order of reading in every particular case. It is obvious that, in the different provinces of Egypt, where different dialects prevailed, the same animals might be variously named, a circumstance which cannot fail to give rise to some obscurity in the process of deciphering ancient legends. But, upon the whole, there is little doubt that the Coptic language, still used throughout the greater part of that country, preserves the structure and vocables of the tongue which was spoken even in the times of the Pharaohs.

It might be conjectured that there would be some room for taste and flattery in selecting objects to supply the alphabetical sounds, and that, in recording the name of a popular sovereign, a choice would be made of such animals, for example, as denote courage, generosity, and magnanimity. In writing, says Champollion, the articulated sounds of a word, they chose, amongst the great number of characters which they were at liberty to employ, those figures which by their form represented the object which had a relation to the idea which these characters were to express. The lion, for instance, which in the ancient Coptic was *labo*, and the eagle, which in the same language was *akhom*, were usually selected to express *l* and *a* in the names of great personages. The Marquis gives an illustration of the principle, which will be at once understood and felt, and throw greater light on the practice of the Egyptians than would be effected by the most lengthened description:

"Suppose we were to imagine an alphabet of our own: to write the name of London, for instance, we might choose for the several letters the following images or hieroglyphics. For the letter L we might take the figure of a lion, or of a lamb, or of a lancet, or a leaf, or any other such objects whose names begin with an L. Again, to express the letter N, we might select a net, a negro, the north star, or the nave of a temple. To denote the letter D, we might choose the figure of a dromedary, or a dagger, the deck of a ship, or even the whole of the ship, to signify the deck: And for the letter O, we might pick out the figure of an oak-tree, an ostrich, an ox, or an owl. Now, if from all these images or hieroglyphics we should be obliged to write the word London, we ought not to select the lamb, but the lion, as the expression of the letter L, because the lion is the acknowledged emblem of England. For the O, we should prefer the representation of the oak-tree, or of the acorn, its fruit, as connected with the building of a ship: for the N, you certainly would not pick out the negro slave, for this choice would be contrary to the decided antipathy which the English have to slavery; nor would you select the representation of the nave of a church, because this emblem would better suit an ecclesiastical government, and by no possible means could it apply to your nation; but you would choose in preference the fishing-net or the north star, as the only images which would convey to the mind of the beholders two of the characteristics of a seafaring nation, as the English are. And last of all, for the letter D, you would, I am certain, decidedly prefer the representation of the whole or of part of a ship, as the only image connected with the very existence of the nation. Thus, the whole word, London, written hieroglyphically, would thus be represented by a lion, an oak-tree, a net, a ship, and the north star; for, you remember that we have no need to repeat the second O."

We do not think the  happy in the selection of

the ship and the pole star for the letters D and N; for it would not readily occur to the reader that the one was to be restricted to *deck*, and the other to *north*. In his love for sea terms and figures he might have thought of the *dolphin* and the *needle*; but we admit that his example serves the purpose of illustration, and fully explains the use of *phonetic* hieroglyphics.

The *symbolic* hieroglyphics are more familiar to the common reader. We may remark that they are divided into three classes; the *imitative*, the *tropical* or figurative, and the *enigmatical*.

The first consists in employing the most remarkable circumstance attending any subject, to express the subject itself. Thus, if they wished to represent two armies ready to come to battle, they painted two hands, one of which held a bow and the other a shield.

The second was more ingenious, and it consisted in substituting for the thing which they wished to exhibit, the real or metaphorical instrument by which the thing itself could be done. Thus, an eye and a sceptre represented a king; a sword, a tyrant; and a vessel with a pilot, the ruling power of the universe.

The third mode went still farther; it employed one thing for another, in which there was no other resemblance than that which convention had established. Thus, a serpent with its tail in its mouth, forming a circle, became the symbol of the universe, and the spots on its skin the emblems of the stars. In process of time the use of this third method was extended so far as to express the qualities of substances by sensible images; for instance, a hare meant simplicity and openness of character; a fly, impudence; an ant, science; a client flying for relief to his patron, and finding none, was represented by a sparrow and an owl; a king, inexorable, and estranged from his people, by an eagle; a man who through poverty exposes his children, by a hawk; a woman who hates her husband, by a viper; one initiated in the mysteries, or under the obligation of secrecy, by a grasshopper, which was thought to have no mouth.

It is no part of our undertaking to set forth what has been accomplished in the way of interpretation, by means of the hieroglyphic key thus obtained. For this purpose we must refer the reader to the able lectures now before us, in which the successful labours of Young, Barker, and Champollion, are described with great accuracy and at full length. On this interesting subject Spineto writes with a kindred spirit. He follows the footsteps of the distinguished men who have brought the literary Sphinx to the light of day; and he anticipates, as they do, as the approaching reward of their toils, a complete knowledge of the ancient history and chronology of the most interesting people of the East. The dynasties of Maretho, it is said, have already received considerable confirmation from the names and dates discovered on certain national monuments; and hence the best-founded hopes are entertained that the credit of his chronicle, even in those parts which most greatly exceeded the belief of modern writers, will at length be placed beyond all objection. With such views, we need scarcely add, that we recommend to our readers the Lectures of Marquis Spineto as one of the most interesting books that have been published since we commenced our critical career.

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*The Book of the Boudoir.* By Lady Morgan. Two volumes. London Henry Colburn. 1829.

THE Quarterly Review sometimes calls Lady Morgan "a lively little lady," and sometimes "a poor worm." The latter designation is not in the least applicable. Lady Morgan is always clever—not unfrequently *disgustingly* clever—but she is never "a poor worm." She is terribly masculine, awfully conceited, shockingly irreligious, and fearfully metaphysical; but she is withal a right "bold dragoon," and with her long sword slashes away not ineffectively both right and left. After all, we believe her

chief misfortune to be, that she was born a woman. This is evidently a mistake which nature never intended should be committed, and in revenge Lady Morgan has worn at least a pair of intellectual breeches ever since she was three hands high. Had she been called Lord Morgan, nobody would ever have accused her of going beyond her depth, or out of her sphere; for a thousand subjects and modes of expression are patent to males, which the fair sex ought to handle cautiously, or reject altogether. Hence we say that Lady Morgan is far too often disgustingly clever. She is continually taking a tremendous stride, or rather straddle, across the rubicon of female delicacy, and with the most hearty good-will proceeds to grapple with every thing that comes in her way. Her personal vanity, joined with a total want of feminine susceptibility, prevent her from ever for a moment suspecting that she is doing any thing in the slightest degree wrong; and altogether mistaking the nature of her own powers, she confidently wraps herself up in the belief that she is unquestionably the Madame de Stael of Ireland. This she is not, and never can be. She has a good deal of information, a good deal of shrewdness, a good deal of knowledge of life; but her imagination is very limited, her feelings are blunted, and her judgment is any thing but infallible. Miss Edgeworth even is rather dry and masculine to our taste, but she is softness and delicacy itself compared with Lady Morgan. The child in the fable says to the goat, "If you be a goat, show your beard." We wonder whether Lady Morgan has a beard or not. We offer an equal bet that she has.

Notwithstanding all this, however, Lady Morgan's books are read, and are worth reading. A book, perhaps, ought to be viewed as an abstract thing, independent of its author. In all her Ladyship's writings there is *thought*,—sometimes correct, and sometimes incorrect,—in general vigorous, and often original. She comes into the literary arena armed *cap-à-pie*, and dares the lords of the creation to the combat. There are of the masculine gender many whom she could with ease horsewhip at their own doors. This rather piques *nos autres*; and we revenge the indignity offered to our brethren, by voting the lady vulgar, and so forth. Nevertheless, wherever a reviewer gets really angry, you may depend upon it he is paying a compliment to the intellectual strength of the person reviewed. When the Quarterly called Lady Morgan "a poor worm," they must have been terribly incensed at something she had said; and it has ever taken something more than a poor worm to incense the Quarterly.

The "Book of the Boudoir" is full of all Lady Morgan's faults, and is by no means destitute of some of her excellencies. The London Journalists have been all abusing it, yet all quoting from it. It is a kind of Album, made up of odds and ends,—anecdotes, reminiscences, reflections, apophthegms, and gossip. It is certainly by no means a bad book for killing a wet forenoon with. If one could overlook, in its perusal, its vulgarity, its egotism, its loose notions of morality, its vanity, and its total want of sentiment, there is enough of smart, ingenious writing behind, to make the work palatable. Hoping that these remarks have conveyed a general notion both of the author and her book, we shall add a few lively extracts, which we have selected, with a view of giving as favourable an impression of both as possible, and, at the same time, of amusing our readers. We begin with the passage with which the first volume commences, and add to it one or two miscellaneous articles:

NOIX BOOKS.—"Last night, as we circled round the fire in the little red-room in Kildare Street, by courtesy called a boudoir, talking about every thing, any thing, and nothing at all, I happened to give out some odds and ends that amused those who, truth to tell, are not among the least amuseable; when somebody said, 'Why do you not write down all this?' and here is a blank book placed before me for the express purpose. But I suspect there is no talking upon paper as one talks '*les pieds couchés sur les chenets*.' I feel, at least at this moment, that there is all the differ-

ence in the world between sitting bolt upright, before a marble-covered, blue-lined, lank, ledger-looking, Threadneedle-Street sort of a volume, for the purpose of opening a running account with one's own current ideas, and the sinking into the downy depths of an easy chair, and 'then and there, without let and molestation'—as the old Irish passport has it—giving a careless and unheeded existence to the infinite deal of nothings which lie latent in the memories of all such as have seen and heard much, and have been 'over the hills and far away.' 'Thoughts that breathe' will not always write; 'words that burn' are apt to cool down as they are traced; visions that 'come like shadows' will also 'so depart'; and the brightest exhalations of the mind, which are drawn forth by the sunny influence of social confidence, like other exhalations, will dissipate by their own lightness, and—beyond the reach of fixture or condensation—make themselves air, into which they vanish!

"I never in my life kept a commonplace book for preserving such 'Cynthias of the minute.' I have even an antipathy to all albums and vade-mecums, and such charitable repositories for fugitive thoughts, and thoughtless effusions—reveries which were never *révés*—and impromptus laboured at leisure. I hardly think I can bring myself to open a regular saving bank for the odd cash of mind, the surplus of round sums placed at legal interest in the great public fund of professed authorship: '*on renvoie tout cela à la pédantisme*.'"—Vol. I. pp. 1-3.

GRAMMAR.—"By the by, grammar is the last thing that should be placed in the hands of children, as containing the most abstract and metaphysical propositions, utterly beyond their powers of comprehension; putting them to unnecessary torture; giving them the habit of taking words for things; and exercising their memory at the expense of their judgment. But this is the original sin of education in all its branches."—Vol. I. p. 136.

THE COUNTESS D'ALBANY.—"Talking of the accidents, incidents, and odd conjunctions of travelling, it happened, one fine autumnal morning, at Florence—and oh, for the Tuscan autumn! with its 'Tuscan grapes,' fresh olives, and autumnal flowers, which give the Tuscan capital its pretty name—it happened that my illustrious countryman, Mr Moore, my husband, and myself, were seated on a sofa in our old palace in the Borgo Santa Croce, looking at the cloud-capt Apennines, which seemed walking in at the windows, and talking of Lord Byron—from whose villa on the Brenta Mr Moore had just arrived—when our Italian servant, Pasquali, announced 'The Countess D'Albany.' Here was an honour which none but a Florentine could appreciate!—for all personal consequence is so local! Madame D'Albany never paid visits to private individuals, never left her palace on the Arno, except for the English Ambassador's, or the Grand Duke's. I had just time to whisper Mr Moore, 'The widow of the Pretender! your legitimate Queen! and the love of your brother poet, Alfieri;' and then came my turn to present my celebrated compatriot, with all his much more durable titles of illustration: so down we all sat, and '*fell to discourse*.'

"I observe that great people, who have been long before the public, and feel, or fancy, they belong to posterity, generally make themselves agreeable to popular writers; and they are right; for what are the suffrages of a titled coterie, which can 'bear but the breath and supplance of an hour,' to the good opinion of those whose privilege it is to confer a distinction, to awaken an interest that vibrates to the remotest corner of the known world? Kings may give patents of nobility—genius only confers patents of celebrity. One line from an eminent writer will confer a more lasting dignity than all the grand and arch dukes that ever reigned from Russia to Florence can bestow.

"Madame D'Albany, already forgotten as the wife of the last of the royal Stuarts, will live as long as the language of Dante lasts in the lines of Alfieri.

"The Countess D'Albany could be the most agreeable woman in the world; and, upon the occasion of this flattering visit, she was so. She could also be the most disagreeable; for, like most great ladies, her temper was uncertain; and her natural hauteur, when not subdued by her brilliant bursts of good-humour, was occasionally extremely revolting. Still she loved what is vulgarly called fun; and no wit, or sally of humour, could offend her.

"We had received very early letters from London, with the account of the King's death, (George the Third.) I was stepping into the carriage, to pay Madame D'Albany a morning visit, when they told me that she was dead; and I had them still in my hand on entering her room, when the *roi-de-chaussée*,

where I found her alone and writing, when I suddenly exclaimed, with a French theatrical air,

'Grande Princesse, dont les torts tout un peuple deplore,  
Je vien vous l'annoncer, l'*Usurpateur* est mort !'

"What usurper !" asked Madame D'Albany, a little surprised, and not a little amused.

"*Madame, l'Electeur d'Hanovre cesse de vivre !*" The *mauvaise plaisanterie* was taken in good part; for, truth to tell, though the Countess D'Albany always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude of the royal family, and felt (or affected) an absolute passion for his present Majesty, whose picture she had, she was always well pleased that others should consider her claims to the rank of queen as legitimate, of which she herself entertained no doubts. She, however, affected no respect for a husband, whom, living, she had despised for his vices and hated for his cruelty."—Vol. I. pp. 198-6.

**COUNTRY LIBRARIES.**—"Madonna mia ! how well I know the smell of a country-house library ! Being, by divine indignation, an author, people think I do nothing but read and write books, 'eat paper, and drink ink,' as Sir Nathaniel says; and are pleased to consider that which is but the episode, as the history of my life. It frequently happens that, before I have made acquaintance with half the rose-trees, smelled the geraniums, or swallowed a draught of the delicious air I left town expressly to breathe, I am presented with the key of the bookcase—(I would as soon lock up my bells as my books, since the great merit of both is, to be always at hand)—So I go twisting and turning the said key into its rusty lock; and, *ouf !* the fust and the must, when the bookcase is opened ! Then, what a search for something one can read through in less than a twelvemonth. Out of every hundred volumes, there are scarcely more than six or seven works; for country-house libraries are made up of folios, quartos, or large octavos *pour le moins*; except that here and there is a sort of thick, short, squat volume, that belongs to no class or form; and every work runs from ten to fifteen volumes. The reason is, that country-house libraries are generally heir-looms, originally collected as a work of gentility by the wisdom of the country-house ancestors. They consist of what are called standard books—books that would let the world stand still to the end of time!—composed and collected when knowledge, instead of being given, as now, in quintessential drops, was weighed out by the stone, or measured by the yard. Concentration, in all things,—the throwing off the rubbish, and getting at the element—is the true proof of excellence; and it is now in literature, as in medicine; instead of being choked with a pint of bark mud, (all port wine as it may be,) we swallow a few pellucid drops of *quinine*, without wry faces or deep inspirations ! It formerly took a life to write a book, and half a one to read it. Oh, the 'Rollin's Histories,' and 'Voyages round the world,' and the 'Clelidas and Cassandras,' and the poems in fifty-nine cantos, the folio 'Thoughts upon Nothing,' and the seven-volume ponderosity of 'Sir Charles Grandison !'—Vol. I. pp. 289-4.

The following passage is rather severe on the rhyming race, but we almost suspect it is just :

**POETS' LOVES.**—"Poets seldom make good lovers, except on paper; there is no serving God and Mammon. The concentration of thought which goes to the higher flights of composition, allows the feelings but little play. There has been much dispute whether great actors are the dupes of their own art; but the great actors themselves have honestly avowed that they owe their successes to their coolness and self-possession; and the poets, if they were equally candid, would own themselves in the same predicament. They are not, however, often inclined to make the confession. Horace says, 'We must weep ourselves before we can make our readers weep;' and Pope's 'He best can paint them, who shall feel them most,' goes very nearly to the same tune.

"Passion, though eloquent, is not descriptive; and delights not in those details which make the essence of impressive writing. Dr Johnson, who loved, or fancied he loved, his she-bear, and was therefore (good bruin !) the better authority on the subject, has said that 'he who woos his mistress in verse, deserves to lose her;' and there is no woman of sense who would not come to the same conclusion. I have heard an odd paradoxical person assign a physiological reason for this. When one great organ, he says, is much and permanently excited, the development is at the expense of all the other functions. Head-workers, in particular, have uniformly had a small brain, and how can a man be he-

roically in love with a female stomach ? I, who am no physiologist, can only appeal to facts. Pope, Dryden, Swift, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, were none of them famous as lovers; they had no great passion, and excited none; some of them were absolutely insensible to female charms, and were sceptics to their influence. La Fontaine, with all his *naïveté*—which is generally so indicative of passion—was as cold as an icicle. '*Je doute,*' says Miron, his friend, '*qu'il y ait un filtre amoureux pour La Fontaine. Il n'a guère aimé les femmes.*' I have some doubts of the sensibility even of the divine Petrarch, notwithstanding his thousand and one sonnets, which made so little impression on Laura. As to Ovid, his conceits are the antipodes of passion and feeling; and Anacreon was so mere a *roué*, that I should as soon take Don Juan for a martyr to the '*belle passion*' as he. Cowley, who wrote so much upon love, was an anchorite. Prior, who wrote so freely on it, was a rake; and Rousseau, a poet in prose, wrote *Julie*, and lived with Thérèse, who, besides being an *imbécille*, was neither chaste nor sober, and was 'all for love, and a little for the bottle.' When Doctor de Prail chided Rousseau, a few days before his death, for exposing himself, in his weak health, by going to the cellar, Rousseau, pointing to Thérèse, observed, '*Que voulez vous ? quand elle y va, elle y redouble.*'—Vol. II. pp. 21-3.

We are always glad to meet with our old friend Robert Owen of New Lanark, a man whom his day and generation do not sufficiently appreciate. The following anecdote places him in far too ludicrous a light, but it is characteristic :

**ANECDOTE OF ROBERT OWEN.**—"On the previous morning the most benevolent, amiable, and sanguine of all philanthropists, called on me with a countenance full of some new scheme of beneficence and utility. It was Mr Owen of New Lanark, whose visits are always welcome in Kildare Street, though so 'few and far between.'

"As soon as we had sunk into our arm-chair, and put our feet on the fender, and before we had got on the usual topics of parallelisms and perfectibility, New Lanark, and a new social system, he began,

"My dear Lady Morgan, you are to have a party to-night."

"To be sure, my dear Mr Owen, and it is made expressly for yourself. You are my Lion; I hope you don't mean to jilt me?"

"By no means; but I have brought you a better lion than I can prove."

"I doubt that; but who is he? where is he?"

"In my pocket."

"You don't say so; is it alive?"

"Here it is," said Mr Owen, smiling; and, drawing forth a little parcel, he unfolded and held up a canvass tunic or chemise, trimmed with red tape.

"I want you," he added, "to assist me in bringing into fashion this true costume of nature's dictation, the only one that man should wear."

"But woman, my dear Mr Owen?"

"Or woman either, my dear Lady."

"Consider, Mr Owen, the climate!"

"Your face does not suffer by it."

"But then again the decencies?"

"The *decencies*, as you call them, Lady Morgan, are conventional; they were not thought of some years ago, when you were all dressed in the adhesive draperies of antiquity, like that beautiful group on your chimney-piece. You see there the children of Niobe wore no more voluminous garments than my tunic; that lovely child, for instance, which Niobe was endeavouring to save from the shafts of Apollo. And yet none of your fine ladies or gentlemen are shocked by the definition of forms which have ever been the inspiration of art. I assure you that I have already got several ladies to try this tunic on—"

"Oh! Mr Owen!!!"

"On their little boys, Lady Morgan; and if I could only induce you to try it—"

"Me! my dear Mr Owen! you surely cannot suppose—"

"I don't ask you to wear it, Lady Morgan. All I beg for the present is, that you will give it a trial, by showing it off to your party to-night: recommend it—put it off!"

"*Quitte pour la peur*, I promised to do so to the utmost of my appraising abilities; and so we suspended the little chemise from the centre of my bookcase, under a bust of Apollo.

" 'There,' said Mr Owen, looking rapturously at the little model dress of future perfectibility; 'there it is worthily placed! Such were the free vestments, that, leaving the limbs of the Greek Athlete unrestrained, produced those noble forms which supplied models for the Apollo of Belvedere!'

" 'It is certainly placed to great advantage, Mr Owen,' I replied, with a sigh; 'but it gives my pretty library very much the look of Ragfair, or a back parlour in Monmouth Street.'

" 'My dear madam,' he replied, emphatically, 'where the human race is to be benefited, no sacrifice is too great.' And this sentiment, which is the governing principle of Mr Owen's life, may serve for his epigraph."—Vol. II. pp 62-5.

We bid Lady Morgan farewell with no unkindly feeling; and, if we did, she is an old soldier, and knows very well how to fight her own battles. We like to get a book from her now and then. It is always a dashing, halloo-shalloo sort of affair; and, in those "meek piping times of peace," it is a comfortable relief to the creamy-faced weaklings who are continually melting under our hands. Let Lady Morgan publish, therefore, at intervals; but she need not visit Edinburgh, for we have a Byronic hatred towards dumpy women.

*The North American Review.* No. LXIV. Boston. Frederick T. Gray. London. O. Rich. Edinburgh. Adam Black.

MORNING can afford a more striking contrast than the first number of this Review, which fell accidentally into our hands some time ago while on a visit to a friend in the country, and that which is now lying on our table. It is the contrast between a heavy imitation of the Edinburgh Review, and a work which imitates no other, but expresses, in a spirited and polished style, original views on a variety of interesting topics. This advance it has not made alone, but in company with the whole of American literature. When that country first separated from Britain, it was necessarily too much engrossed with business to pay much attention to letters; and separating, moreover, at a time when there was a greater intellectual stagnation than has been experienced at any other period of British history, it could not be expected to carry any great impulse along with it. Little progress was made in this respect till about the beginning of the present century; for we cannot dignify the coarse and tasteless, though occasionally vigorous, effusions of Joel Barlow and his contemporaries with the name of poetry.

It may look like an effusion of national vanity to say, that the first kindling up of a true literary spirit in America was caused by the Edinburgh Review; but, as we are convinced of the truth, we must even run the risk of incurring the suspicion. That periodical, be its critical and other tenets what they may, communicated its own energy and activity to the literature of Britain,—it did more, it gave it for a time its own form and impress. America drew, at that period, its literature from this country, and received, along with it, the contagious disposition to intellectual activity. Its first efforts were characterised chiefly by a power which knew not well how to direct itself, and was sorely in want of materials to work upon. It is not enough to give men the first rudiments of taste, and then turn them into the wilderness with nothing but nature for their guide. The men who would excel in literature must live in the constant interchange of thoughts with a community who share their feelings and their knowledge. They must have it in their power to look back on the long lapse of past ages; all the mighty deeds and events which stand in reality isolated, with empty and formless years intervening between them, must appear to them in the retrospect grouped into one glorious whole. In the want of all these in America, rent as she had been from the European system, we are to look for the secret of the emptiness of her first productions.

Since that time, the intimacy between America and

the Old World has been materially increased. Independently of the numerous body of merchants and diplomatic agents, or of wealthy and inquisitive travellers, who constantly visit us, many sons of the richer families have been sent for education to France, to England, and to Germany. We have the happiness to reckon some of them among our friends; and we can bear them this testimony, from an intimate acquaintance both here and in other lands, that more enthusiastic and unwearied students, or men more anxious to carry home the useful and ornamental knowledge of foreign countries, we have never known. The effects of their labours are already beginning to be visible—in the tone of society, and in the universities and literature of America. Any one accustomed to look over the successive numbers of the North American Review, must have been struck with the early and accurate analysis it contains, of almost every important work in literature and science that appears in Great Britain or on the Continent. We are ready to admit, that this highly-educated state of the public mind does not necessarily infer the presence of original talent. We are aware that, notwithstanding the intensity of Cooper, or the classic beauty of Percival, we would look in vain for one name that stands out in bold relief among its fellows like those of Byron, Wordsworth, or Scott. All that we contend for is, that the atmosphere in which alone such spirits can breathe, a dense congregation of congenial souls, is there,—minds with the same aspirations,—minds capable of appreciating them. Where God builds a house, he does not let it wait long for a tenant. Let the future fates of America be what they will, of one thing we are sure, that she never will disgrace the lineage from which she has sprung. Noise and nonsense enough will be uttered, but wherever men's tongues and pens are free, this must be the case; and over the creeping and noxious weeds, the majestic trees of the forest will wave their branches beneath the blue dome of heaven.

A mere descriptive catalogue of the articles in the present Number of the North American Review, would afford the reader but an unsatisfactory idea of its contents. We prefer giving one or two extracts, which we have selected, not because we think them particularly original or striking, but as they are characteristic of the sentiments and principles of the most widely-circulated American periodical. The first is from an article, entitled "History of Intellectual Philosophy."

"In politics, the deficiency of standard works in the literature of modern Europe is equally remarkable, and the science is evidently still unsettled. Locke's 'Treatise on Government' is far from possessing the same complete and satisfactory character with his 'Essay on the Human Understanding'; and the notion of a social contract, which he held in common with all the English politicians of his time, and which forms the basis of his theory, seems to be essentially erroneous. The 'Spirit of Laws' is justly celebrated for the depth of thought, extent of reading, and point and beauty of language, which are exhibited in it, and will ever remain a most valuable literary monument; but, unfortunately for its utility as a classical and standard work, it excels chiefly in details, and the statement of leading principles is precisely the most questionable thing about it. The later French politicians wrote under the influence of temporary passions and interests, and receded from, instead of advancing beyond, the point to which the science had been brought by Montesquieu. Rousseau did little more than present, under the attractions of his powerful style, but, in other respects, under a less advantageous form, the theories of the English writers; and Mably, whose name was at one time distinguished, with all his apparatus of positive historical knowledge, is substantially a mere declaimer. In England, little or nothing has been done since the time of Locke, towards completing the enterprises which he unfortunately failed to accomplish. Had Burke digested his notions into a complete and formal treatise, he would have been at once the Locke and Plato of politics; and it is in his writings, occasional, fugitive, passionate, sometimes self-contradictory, as they are,—that we must look, if anywhere, for the scattered elements, the *prolegomena*, of a true theory of government. The *Review* is the most popular in Eng-

land, regarding only the number, and not the character of its adherents, is that of radicalism, (?) as understood and taught by the followers of Bentham. Little can of course be looked for in politics, from a school which denies the reality of moral distinctions; but their opinions evidently gain ground, in the absence of any powerful champion of an opposite one, and threaten to subjugate the mass of the people; an event which, if it happen, must of course be followed by a bloody and disastrous revolution."

The following passage seems to us to contain a just appreciation of the merits of De Béranger, the French lyricist:

"Born of humble parents, and cast upon the lowest spoke of the wheel of Fortune, in spite of her malicious efforts to throw him off, he has clung to it during its revolutions, until the goddess, mollified, as it were, by his perseverance, has bestowed upon him a boon which would gladly be grasped at by most men, namely, a most extensive and popular reputation. As a party writer, he has made himself obnoxious to one great political sect throughout the kingdom, and has made himself an equal favourite with the numerous faction which is arrayed on the other side. We may be enthusiastic; and we confess that we find something to excite enthusiasm in the character of one, who, despising alike the favours of fortune and of power, has devoted himself and his talents to his country. Blind and selfish though his affection may be, still it is a noble selfishness, and one that excuses much that we should not otherwise so lightly pass over. The levity, the voluptuousness, the vanity, nay, the coxcombry of talent, which abound in many of his songs,—all these blemishes we excuse, when we remember how often he throws off this veil which shrouds his more estimable qualities, and displays to us, in its true light, the feeling, or rather passion, which burns beneath them—an ardent and unquenchable love of freedom."

But we will not lavish any more commendatory epithets upon Béranger or his work; for, on looking over our article, we are apprehensive lest we should be misunderstood, and lest the unquestioned beauty of some of his songs should have led us into somewhat too unqualified an expression of admiration of the *tout ensemble*. To our extracts, we trust no reader of good taste will refuse to award the same amount of praise that we have bestowed upon them; but, nevertheless, for the sake of our national character, and our claims to a superior degree of moral sense, we should be extremely sorry to see these two volumes in general circulation among us."

Our last quotation contains the American reviewer's account of what constitutes a poet:

"The child of impulse and passion, yet retaining all the simplicity and easy confiding faith of childhood; impatient, impetuous, and full of life, with the blood ever running races through his veins, yet ever under the guidance of Reason—not cold and pale as she is wont to be painted, but wise with an earnest wisdom, and warm with the glow and freshness of an earlier clime;—he must be skilled in human nature, and not only must he be familiar with the spoken word and the visible act, but with that philosophy according to which these are regulated. He must ponder deeply the motives of the heart, and be able, by a quick and divining sympathy, to penetrate into its very retirements. He must cherish his imagination, and cultivate his taste, by a careful study of all those whose works give evidence that they felt within them the strivings of the diviner mind; not to imitate, but to gain directions which may guide him to those guarded and enchanted fountains of inspiration from whence they themselves have drawn. He must be learned in all the branches of human knowledge, that his mind may be full of associations. He must become master of the most copious vocabulary, that *copia verborum*, not less important to the poet than the orator; and not only take pains to acquire command of words, but he must study into their powers, and busy himself in learning all those reflected shades and hues of meaning, with which they have been tinged by association, as if they had been dipt 'in the warm flush of a rainy sunset;' for this is the distinguishing peculiarity of a poetic dialect, that its words not only suggest the single and immediate idea to the mind, but come linked with a thousand beautiful, though dim, remembrances. But his most anxious labour ought to be to cultivate his own heart,—to cleanse it from all the taints which it acquires by coming in contact with the world. He must strive earnestly to purify his imagination; to fill his mind with noble desires and to divest himself of every

selfish, local, or party prejudice; to become, in truth and in deed, a citizen of the world; to ennoble and expand his heart till it become a great sea, which shall gather tribute from the fountains of the whole earth, to purify and again give back their contributions in the shower and the fruitful dew. He must strive to make himself perfect in all good, wise, and great things, and to become a living example of that perfection upon which his soul's eye should be for ever fixed. Thus educated, those restless yearnings of the spirit, those unquenchable desires, ever thirsting for satisfaction, yet never satisfied, which form the real moving power that impels the true poet forward, will be left free to act; and those high instincts 'haunting the eternal mind, a presence that will not be put by,' will find for themselves a tongue and a ready utterance."

Like the manager of a theatre, stepping forward at the end of an overpowering tragedy, to remind the audience of the neatness and taste of his establishment, we conclude by assuring our readers, that the paper and printing of the North American Review are worthy of Balcantyne himself, being little inferior to what they meet with in their own LITERARY JOURNAL.

*The Davenels; or, A Campaign of Fashion in Dublin.*  
Two Vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

THIS is a vulgar piece of fashionable drivel, peculiarly offensive in our nostrils. It is a matter of six hundred pages, covered with letter-press, but for what earthly purpose, it "goes beyond the length of our tether," as David Tweedie says, to discover. The first volume contains an account of several balls given during the winter season in Dublin, and which appear to us precisely similar to all the other balls given in all the other cities of his majesty's dominions, the leading characteristic of these assemblies being, that some young men dance quadrilles with some young ladies. The second volume takes us to Nice, for no particular reason that we know, unless that the authoress (for it must be a lady) has exhausted all she has got to say about Ireland, and finds change of scene necessary. Nice, as we learn from the *Gazetteer*, "is an ancient and considerable city of Italy, capital of a county of the same name, with a strong citadel, and a bishop's see. The exports are silk, sweet oil, wine, cordials, rice, oranges, lemons, and all sorts of dried fruits." All the *dramatis personæ*, therefore, of the "*Davenels*," go to Nice, and after the heroine is thoroughly satisfied that she can never be married to the hero, she is married to him, and the novel ends. We shall with pleasure surrender our editorial functions to the person who convinces us that this is not as good an account of the plot as can be given. Then, as to the dialogue;—surely there must be something sparkling there; when did a "*Campaign in Dublin*" ever take place without some good things being said? Let us dip for a moment into the "*Davenels*" to try. The heroine and her sister thus express themselves on their return home from an assembly:—"O dear!" said Henrietta, yawning, 'I am glad Harris did not sit up; but I think she may get up now to disrobe me.'—'We are better without her,' said Frederica; and offering her assistance, they helped each other to undress, and retired to rest." Frederica is the heroine, and of course, as this extract implies, is *very amiable*. She is lively, too, and indeed almost *trop prononcée* in her manners, as might be guessed from the following passage:—"Frederica burst out laughing, and said, 'I protest I was taken in at first; I really thought she had not where to lay her head.'—'She is very tiresome,' said Henrietta, 'with her eternal complaints. I am sure nothing should induce me ever to travel with her again.'—'If one seems to pity her,' said Frederica, 'she will bear any thing; indeed, she has very little to bear, more than any of us, and I was longing to stop in the kitchen, though they were frying.' [From a delicacy of constitution, we presume, in the heroine.] 'We must have a fire here,' said Henrietta"—[a noble and generous

proposal.] This same Henrietta is remarkably clever; upon one occasion she made the following admirable observation:—"Come, you shall not pretend you are less happy with an agreeable young man; I feel very happy when I am with you and my brother, but I am not at a loss how to be agreeable when I am with men I like." She said this, as the authoress obligingly informs us, "with a little vanity of manner, which Frederica thought became her." Frederica is occasionally sentimental, which we think a great charm in woman. Happening to be in the country, she exclaims,—"How delightfully that thrush sings, and how pleasant the smell of the new-mown hay!"—"Is that hay?" said Sir Martyn, [a gentleman who was unable to appreciate this fine poetical burst.] "I thought there was an agreeable smell!" Concerning this same Sir Martyn, we are favoured with the subjoined highly interesting anecdote:—"Sir Martyn had intended asking Henrietta Davenel for the next quadrille; but Lady Floranthe chose to consider him as her partner still. Though standing near her, he forgot her very existence for some minutes, and the stopping of the music reminding him that it was time to secure Henrietta, he turned briskly round in order to find her, when Lady Floranthe, taking it as a signal for going to their places, passed her arm in his, and most undoubtedly led, while she seemed to follow him, to the top of the room." We can conceive few situations more horrible; and it is evident that Lady Floranthe must have been a female Machiavel. One other little passage, and we have done. It is very impressive, and full of incident:—"Lady Hortensia suddenly stepped towards the door. [The attention is roused by the word "suddenly," for when one does any thing suddenly, you may always be sure that something is to follow.] Martyn, who went last, glanced back at Frederica. [This was a natural action on the part of Martyn, for he was in love with Frederica.] Lady Hortensia, in a low voice, [there is something awful in a low voice,] asked him—to dine and go to the play with them that evening, adding, [still in a low voice,] *We have a box.*"

If our readers are not now inspired with a desire to read the "Davenels," we shall merely add, that the hero, Captain Villiers, made it a rule to give himself considerable airs at every party he went to.

*Selecta ex Eutropii Historia Romana, et Cornelii Nepotis; itemque ex Fabulis Phaedri Æsopii, cum Notulis Anglicanis; et Vocabulario Uerrimo, in Gratiam Tyronum Conscripta.* Edidit Gulielmus Lorrain, LL.D. Editio Tertia, Ampliata. Glasguae. Venent apud Robertson et Atkinson. 1829.

We feel happy in recommending to the notice of teachers, and others who are interested in facilitating the progress of a classical education, this elementary work as one of very considerable merit. The selection furnishes a good groundwork for the Latin tyro's study while at school. The English notes are judicious and appropriate, and in the vocabulary the quantity is carefully marked, the etymology of every word is pointed out, and synonymous words, classical allusions, phraseology, and proper names, &c. are also fully and clearly illustrated.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### SOME REMARKS ON THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

*By the Rev. Dr Morehead.*

I was present at the dinner given, some time ago, by the Members of the Scottish Academy, and could not but feel highly gratified, both with the company, and the occasion on which they were assembled. We dined in a room, the walls of which were thickly ornamented with the paintings exhibited by that Institution, with the ad-

dition of a very fine old picture by Reubens, the noble proprietor of which had kindly given the Academy the use of it for a time. The glare of lamp-light was not, indeed, suited to set off the pictures to advantage, and it was rather their general moral effect which was left upon the mind, than any distinct perception of their individual merits. It was a delightful patriotic feeling to sit encircled by so many specimens, chiefly of Scottish art; and the few noble additions from England, and the magnificent masterpiece of the Flemish School, seemed to look with no scorn, but with a very benevolent eye of encouragement, upon the efforts of our Northern Artists, which are the fruit of but a few years' practice and experience.

The progress has, indeed, been wonderful; and I am not sure whether the genius of Scotland has not evinced its fertility and resources quite as much in this unaccustomed department, as in those literary walks in which it has been so long distinguished. Whatever distinction, indeed, a nation may acquire in certain displays of talent, till the fine arts are obtaining a firm root in its soil, it cannot entirely throw off the reproach of barbarism. Poetry will not accomplish that advantage for it, because the greatest poets the world has seen, have lived in ages very remote indeed from civilization. There may be great scholars, too, and philosophers, in a country where there is but little general cultivation; but where that becomes prevalent, ambition to excel in the fine arts grows likewise into a prevailing passion, and a field is opened for the genius of a people, which may hitherto have been quite unthought of, and unexplored. It is only, however, when they enter upon this splendid course, that one and the same character of elevated mental existence seems universally to encircle them. The creations of art are not like books, which speak merely to the mind, and do not speak alike to all; they address themselves first to the senses, and gaining an inlet by those entrances which are common to all men, they triumphantly advance to fill the imagination and to excite the feelings of nations. No doubt, the eye which is qualified to relish the beauties of painting or sculpture, is not the inexperienced eye of the inattentive or unrestrained spectator—but it is remarkable how soon, when the taste for these divine arts is once awakened, a very keen perception of their excellence becomes widely diffused. The forms of a higher and superior beauty come thus to be familiar to the public mind. The citizen and the rustic themselves have their minds exalted by the representation of the sublime in human affections, or of the still higher attributes of superior beings—or natural beauties, which before were undistinguished by them, now acquire a meaning and expression unfelt hitherto, when they are reflected from the living canvass or marble.

Sentiments to this effect, though much better expressed, were brought forward in the eloquent orations with which we were favoured, on the occasion to which I have alluded. The excursive genius of Wilson had a fine theme for its delightful wanderings; whether it hovered over the cradle of the arts in ancient Greece, or followed them in their later exhibitions of excellence,—or at last rested with love and hope upon their rise in his native land, and saw, amid the mist of its mountains, forms of natural scenery for the painter,—or the no less dense mist of its peat fires, countenances and limbs for the statuary, to which Greece or Italy themselves could scarcely find rivals. The progress of architecture among us, of late years, was likewise strikingly adverted to by him and other speakers; and that splendid building, the New High School, met with universal tributes of applause. A people who are surrounded in their daily walks by fine architectural displays, must derive from them a character of elevation and refinement, especially where they are applied to high objects—for the academies of youth—for the monuments of the illustrious departed—and for the temples of the Deity. Objects have been, till of late, prosecuted in the island in edifices the

most mean and unworthy of them. School-houses resembling manufactories; monuments, like dovecoats or light-houses; churches, no better than ugly barns—such has been the character of architecture in Scotland; and although many men of learning and accomplishment have both taught and been produced, and the eminent dead have been truly revered, and the Deity devoutly worshipped, in the midst of all this architectural barbarism, it must now be a pleasing spectacle to every lover of his country, and of its improvement, to see the incongruity between its sterling worth, and the wretched aspect of its exterior, in so fair a way of being abolished. The fury of the Scottish Reformation left unfortunately few remnants of those sacred edifices, which, amidst all its corruptions, were among the redeeming points of the Church of Rome. It is, however, a very gratifying circumstance, that what remains is now carefully preserved, and, if possible, restored. An instance is within my own observation. The singular old church of Corstorphine, with its short stubby spire, and uncommonly massive ribbed stone roof, was on the point of being overthrown, and some strange piece of modern Gothic erected in its room, when the taste of Mr Burn interposed, and he has been enabled, by some additions quite in keeping with the original building, and with as little destruction as possible of any of its peculiar features, to preserve, and render serviceable as a church, this venerable monument of the olden times.

The application of the genius of the architect to sacred purposes is the highest and most impressive use of his art. The same may be said of painting; and I hope this application of that admirable art will not be overlooked by our Scottish artists. To be sure, the National Church gives no encouragement to this use of it. And it is a very delicate thing to interfere with the tastes and peculiar habits of churches, in any of their defects or redundancies. The sacred character of the institution itself is apt to be communicated to their forms, or to their want of forms; and one feels it to be something like sacrilege to make a change in the slightest particular connected with them. I do not feel assured that the Church of Scotland would not lose more than it would gain by the introduction of the organ into its music, or of altar-pieces into the decoration of its sacred buildings. There is a character of peculiar sanctity in the present simplicity of its services. In like manner, the very same additions to the harmony and the ornament of worship, are blended with the most holy services of the sister Church, and are in unison with all the sentiments of her children. There are improvements occasionally, too, suggested in *her* forms, which may be substantially right, but which have an air of sacrilege to one who is inured to them. Repetitions of the same prayer, in different parts of the same service, have been objected to; yet even the slight change of an omission of this kind would be felt with an unpleasant flutter of the pulse, and beating of the heart, throughout the frame of English piety, and be predicted as an overthrow of the Church, almost as much as Catholic Emancipation itself. I am afraid, then, our Scottish artists must not look to the churches for the reception of sacred pieces; but notwithstanding, the taste of the people may encourage these efforts perhaps the more that they are of the character of forbidden fruit in the interior of the sanctuary. I do not think there is now a Presbyterian family who would have any objection to an organ or sacred music in their drawing-room; nor do I apprehend that they would conceive themselves in danger of falling into the sin of idolatry, although a Madonna of Raphael himself were to look down upon them from its walls. On the contrary, they are not insensible to the inspiration of religion, both from sounds and expressive forms, and would encourage, I doubt not, their native artists, in this the noblest and most important branch of their art.

I can easily conceive the great painters of Italy have aided the idolatry of the forms of their church, be-

cause they have given to mute material shape and colouring the wonderful impress of divinity. In this astonishing power, painting, indeed, has a superiority over poetry. Our divine Milton, for instance, is not peculiarly happy in his delineation of heavenly beings, especially where he soars the highest. His effects are usually produced more by an accumulation of impressions, than by any one vivid touch, such as must be looked to for the effects of the pencil. This does wonderfully well when he describes beings distinguished chiefly by power and force of character, and of whom we require to have no very distinct visible representation, but rather have a deeper conception of them when they are surrounded by "darkness visible." His Satan, and all his conclave of fiends, are the most astonishing conceptions, perhaps, that poetry ever imagined, and the most successfully brought out; yet there is not one of them of whom we can form a distinct delineation to our minds—and all attempts of the painter to pourtray Milton's devils have universally failed, and ended in the hideous, or the ludicrous. His angels are not so successful representations, because we are not satisfied with an indistinct angel as we are with an indistinct devil. The glimpse which we have of them may be as short as you will, but it must be quite definite and precise. An angel is a being, no doubt, of great power, but it is of limited and regulated power, and every thing about them must be orderly and within rule. Milton's finest angel is that angelic form assumed by Satan to deceive Uriel, the Regent of the Sun:

"In his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd!  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore  
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;  
His habit fit for speed, succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand."

This might be painted; but, in general, Milton does not possess the eye of a painter. In this respect Dante infinitely excels him, all whose representations are distinct pictures; and there is no poet who has given images of angels with such nice and appropriate touches. I am somewhat disposed to think that the painters of Italy have learned their skill in the delineation of sacred figures from this their oldest and greatest poet, who, before the art of painting had made any progress, was the first of painters, and had in his mind's eye visions as distinct as have ever been thrown upon canvass. Surely, however, it must have an impressive religious effect, and may almost be a commentary on Sacred Scripture, to have the personages and events introduced there brought before the view in the actual vision of the pencil,

"where God, or angel guest,  
With man, as with his friend, familiar used  
To sit indulgent."

Painters may have encouraged idolatry, but they have always supported the highest conceptions of the Divinity of sacred personages. In Him who is most commonly the subject of their delineation, we behold the God, whether he is in the manger or on the cross. A lower conception of his character is derived from the refinings of the metaphysician—not the feelings of the artist. There never was any heterodox representation upon canvass.

It may seem extraordinary to speak of the expression of a divine nature in mere lineament and colouring. Yet this is what the art of Painting has reached, and Poetry has completely failed in; at least if our great Milton be here brought into contrast with a painter, whose name is scarcely of a lower order than his own. Nearly thirty years ago, in a summer's ramble, I found myself accidentally in the neighbourhood of a magnificent but *délabré* chateau in Northamptonshire. There was no appearance of modern improvement—fine avenues, in long straight lines, with scarcely a tree over the whole

park, by any chance, in a free or natural position,—fountains, with their artificial gods thrown down into their basin, and not a drop of water playing ! It was Boughton—the seat of the Montague family. I walked through the house, in which, I think, there was no mortal but an old housekeeper, and found little to attract my notice as I wandered from one waste room to another. There might be knights in armour, as old as the Conquest, frowning from the walls, relieved by shepherdesses with their crooks and lambs ; but it was not till I came within view of two cartoons of Raphael, that I felt myself spell-bound. How they got into this scene of desolation, where, perhaps, they may be seen once in half a century by some wanderer like myself, I know not. One of these, even, has left so little impression, that at this moment I am uncertain of the subject, though I know it is an incident in the life of St Paul ; but whether it is before Felix, or at Athens, that the Apostle is represented preaching, I cannot now remember. But the other—I defy any man to see it, and forget one line or touch of the pencil of fire ever after. It is the astonishing subject of the vision of Ezekiel. There is the living chariot of the prophet :

“ Wheel within wheel undrawn—  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convey'd  
By four cherubic shapes.”

But what even the prophet has not dared to picture, has been conveyed to the inspired glance of the painter. Over the chariot there reclines a horizontal human figure at full length—perfectly composed—unmoving ; but the expression of the countenance conveys at once the idea of irresistible power, that requires no effort beyond a word or volition.

But this reach of art has been attained once—I do not suppose in any other instance—and it is too high to be aimed at again. I may say, however, from my recollection of this picture, that contrary to the sublime effect produced by indistinct images of power—if the attempt is made at all to represent the highest power—it must be quite a definite delineation. One expression may be sufficient to do the feat ; but it must be an expression caught at once, and without hesitation. This only painting can do. The sacred writers themselves, who use words for their instruments, scarcely aim at more than to describe the adjuncts and concomitants of Deity. Take, for an example, the chapter of Ezekiel in which this vision is recorded, the 18th Psalm, and other sublime passages to the like effect.

From the admiration bestowed on the Judith of Etty, and the crowds which went to see the grand picture of Rubens, already mentioned, it may be argued that the encouragement for Scriptural subjects will increase among us, so as to lead our artists into that highest walk of the art ; and I hope, in another year, the rooms of our two highly respectable exhibitions will present more specimens of that kind.

#### TRADITIONAL NOTICES OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH AND ITS TENANTS.—CONCLUDED.

*By the Author of the “ Histories of the Scottish  
Rebellions.”*

THE case of Katherine Nairne, in 1766, excited, in no small degree, the attention of the Scottish public. This lady was allied, both by blood and marriage, to some highly respectable families. Her crime was the double one of poisoning her husband, and having an intrigue with his brother, who was her associate in the murder. She was brought from the north country into Leith harbour in an open boat, and, as fame had preceded her, thousands of people flocked to the shore to see her. She has been described to us as standing erect in the boat, dressed in a riding-habit, and having a switch in her hand, with which she amused herself. Her whole bearing betrayed so much levity, or was so different from

what had been expected, that the mob raised a general bowl of indignation, and were on the point of stoning her to death, when she was with some difficulty rescued from their hands by the public authorities. In this case the Old Tolbooth found itself, as usual, incapable of retaining a culprit of condition. Sentence had been delayed by the judges, on account of her pregnancy. The midwife employed at her accouchement (who, by the by, continued to practise in Edinburgh so lately as the year 1805) had the address to achieve a jail-delivery also. For three or four days previous to that concerted for the escape, she pretended to be afflicted with a prodigious toothach ; went out and in with her head enveloped in shawls and flannels ; and groaned as if she had been about to give up the ghost. At length, when all the janitory officials were become so habituated to her appearance, as not to heed her “ exits and her entrances ” very much, Katherine Nairne one evening came down in her stead, with her head wrapped all round with the shawls, uttering the usual groans, and holding down her face upon her hands, as with agony, in the precise way customary with the midwife. The inner door-keeper, not quite unconscious, it is supposed, of the trick, gave her a hearty thump upon the back as she passed out, calling her at the same time a howling old Jezabel, and wishing she would never come back to annoy his ears, and those of the other inmates, in such an intolerable way. There are two reports of the proceedings of Katherine Nairne after leaving the prison. One bears that she immediately left the town in a coach, to which she was handed by a friend stationed on purpose. The coachman, it is said, had orders from her relations, in the event of a pursuit, to drive into the sea and drown her—a fate which, however dreadful, was considered preferable to the ignominy of a public execution. The other story runs, that she went up the Lawnmarket to the Castlehill, where lived Mr ———, a respectable advocate, from whom, as he was her cousin, she expected to receive protection. Being ignorant of the town, she mistook the proper house, and, what was certainly remarkable, applied at that of the crown agent,\* who was assuredly the last man in the world that could have done her any service. As good luck would have it, she was not recognized by the servant, who civilly directed her to her cousin's house, where it is said she remained concealed many weeks. In addition to these reports, we may mention that we have seen an attle pointed out in St Mary's Wynd, as the place where Katherine Nairne found concealment between the period of her leaving the jail and that of her going abroad. Her future life, it has been reported, was virtuous and fortunate. She was married to a French gentleman, was the mother of a large and respectable family, and died at a good old age. Meanwhile, Patrick Ogilvie, her associate in the dark crime which threw a shade over her younger years, suffered in the Grassmarket. This gentleman, who had been a Lieutenant in the ——— regiment, was so much beloved by his fellow-soldiers, who happened to be stationed at that time in Edinburgh Castle, that the public authorities judged it necessary to shut them up in that fortress till the execution was over, lest they might have attempted, what they had been heard to threaten, a rescue.

The Old Tolbooth was the scene of the suicide of Mungo Campbell, while under sentence of death for shooting the Earl of Eglington. In the country where this memorable event took place, it is somewhat remarkable that the fate of the murderer was more generally lamented than that of the murdered person. Campbell, as we have heard, though what was called “ a graceless man,” and therefore not much esteemed by the Auld Light people who there abounded, was rather popular in his profession of exciseman, on account of his rough, honourable spirit, and his leaning to the matter of smuggling.

\* The large white house in the Castle, on the north side of the street.

Lord Eglintoun; on the contrary, was not liked, on account of the inconvenience which he occasioned to many of his tenants by newfangled improvements, and his introduction into the country of a generally abhorred article, denominated rye-grass, which, for some reason we are not farmer enough to explain, was fully as unpopular a measure as the bringing in of Prelacy had been a century before. Lord Eglintoun was in the habit of taking strange crotchets about his farms—crotchets quite at variance with the old-established prejudices of his tenantry. He sometimes tried to rouse the old stupid farmers of Kyle from their negligence and supineness, by removing them to other farms, or causing two to exchange their possessions, in order, as he jocularly alleged, to prevent their furniture from getting mouldy, by long standing in particular damp corners. Though his lordship's projects were all undertaken in the spirit of improvement, and though these emigrations were doubtless salutary in a place where the people were then involved in much sloth and nastiness, still they were premature, and carried on with rather a harsh spirit. They therefore excited feelings in the country people not at all favourable to his character. These, joined to the natural eagerness of the common people to exult over the fall of tyranny, and the puritanical spirit of the district, which disposed them to regard his lordship's peccadilloes as downright libertinism, altogether conspired against him, and tended to throw the glory and the pity of the occasion upon his lordship's alayer. Even Mungo's poaching was excused, as a more amiable failing than the excessive love of preserving game, which had always been the unpopular mania of the Eglintoun family. Mungo Campbell was a man respectably connected, the son of a provost of Ayr, had been a dragoon in his youth, was eccentric in his manners, a bachelor, and was considered, at Newmills, where he resided, as an austere and unsocial, but honourable, and not immoral man. There can be no doubt that he rose on his elbows and fired at his lordship, who had additionally provoked him by bursting into a laugh at his awkward fall. The Old Tolbooth was supposed by many, at the time, to have had her usual failing in Mungo's case. The Argyll interest was said to have been employed in his favour, and the body, which was found suspended over the door, instead of being his, was thought to be that of a dead soldier from the castle substituted in his place. His relations, however, who are very respectable people in Ayrshire, all acknowledge that he died by his own hand; and this was the general idea of the mob of Edinburgh, who, getting the body into their hands, trailed it down the street to the King's Park, and, inspired by different sentiments from those of the Ayrshire people, were not satisfied till they got it up to the top of Salisbury Crags, from which they precipitated it down the *Cat Nick*. Aged people in Ayrshire still remember the unwonted brilliancy of the aurora borealis on the midnight of Lord Eglintoun's death. Strange and awful whispers then went through the country, in correspondence, as it were, with the streamers in the sky, which were considered by the superstitious as expressions on the face of heaven of satisfied wrath in the event.

One of the most remarkable criminals ever confined in the Old Tolbooth was the celebrated William Brodie. As may be generally known, this was a man of respectable connexions, and who had moved in good society all his life, unsuspected of any criminal pursuits. It is said that a habit of frequenting cock-pits was the first symptom he exhibited of a defalcation from virtue. His ingenuity as a joiner gave him a fatal facility in the burglarious pursuits to which he afterwards addicted himself. It was then customary for the shopkeepers of Edinburgh to hang their keys upon a nail at the back of their doors, or at least to take no pains in concealing them during the day. Brodie used to take advantage of this in putty or clay, a piece of which he would carry in the palm of

his hand. He kept a blacksmith in his pay, of the name of Smith, who forged exact copies of the keys he wanted, and with these it was his custom to open the shops of his fellow-tradesmen during the night. He thus found opportunities of securely stealing whatsoever he wished to possess. He carried on his malpractices for many years. Upon one shop in particular he made many severe exactions. This was the shop of a company of jewellers, in the North Bridge Street, namely, that at the south-east corner, where it joins the High Street. The unfortunate tradesmen from time to time missed many articles, and paid off one or two faithful shopmen, under the impression of their being guilty of the theft. They were at length ruined. Brodie remained unsuspected, till having committed a daring robbery upon the Excise-office in Chessel's Court, Canongate, some circumstances transpired, which induced him to disappear from Edinburgh. Suspicion then becoming strong, he was pursued to Holland, and taken at Amsterdam, standing upright in a press or cupboard. At his trial, Henry Erskine, his counsel, spoke very eloquently in his behalf, representing in particular, to the jury, how strange and improbable a circumstance it was, that a man whom they had themselves known from infancy as a person of good repute, should have been guilty of such practices as those with which he was charged. He was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to death, along with his accomplice Smith. At the trial he had appeared in a fine full-dress suit of black clothes, the greater part of which was of silk, and his deportment throughout the whole affair was completely that of a gentleman. He continued during the period which intervened between his sentence and execution, to dress himself well and to keep up his spirits. A gentleman of our acquaintance, calling upon him in the condemned room, was astonished to find him singing the song from the Beggar's Opera, " 'Tis woman seduces all mankind." Having contrived to cut out the figure of a draught-board on the stone floor of his dungeon, he amused himself by playing with any one who would join him, and, in default of such, with his right hand against his left. This diagram remained in the room where it was so strangely out of place, till the destruction of the jail. His dress and deportment at the gallows were equally gay with those which he assumed at his trial. As the Earl of Morton was the first man executed by the Maiden, so was Brodie the first who proved the excellence of an improvement he had formerly made on the apparatus of the gibbet. This was the substitution of what is called the *drop*, for the ancient practice of the double ladder. He inspected the thing with a professional air, and seemed to view the result of his ingenuity with a smile of satisfaction. When placed on that terrible and insecure pedestal, and while the rope was adjusted round his neck by the executioner, his courage did not forsake him. On the contrary, even there, he exhibited a sort of joyful levity, which, though not exactly composure, seemed to the spectators as more indicative of indifference; he shuffled about, looked gaily around, and finally went out of the world with his hand stuck carelessly into the open front of his vest.

The Tolbooth, in its old days, as its infirmities increased, showed itself now and then incapable of retaining prisoners of very ordinary rank. Within the recollection of many people yet alive, a youth named Reid, the son of an innkeeper in the Grassmarket, while under sentence of death for some felonious act, had the address to make his escape. Every means was resorted to for recovering him, by search throughout the town, vigilance at all the ports, and the offer of a reward for his apprehension. Yet he contrived fairly to cheat the gallows. The whole story of his escape is exceedingly curious. He took refuge in the great cylindrical mausoleum of Sir George Mackenzie, in the Greyfriars' churchyard of Edinburgh. This place, besides its discomfort, was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the persecutor—a circumstance

of which Reid, an Edinburgh boy, must have been well aware. But he braved all these horrors for the sake of his life. He had been brought up in the Hospital of George Heriot, in the immediate neighbourhood of the churchyard, and had many boyish acquaintances still residing in that munificent establishment. Some of these he contrived to inform of his situation, enjoining them to be secret, and beseeching them to assist him in his distress. The Herioters of those days had a very clannish spirit—insomuch, that to have neglected the interests or safety of any individual of the community, however unworthy he might be of their friendship, would have been looked upon by them as a sin of the deepest dye. Reid's confidants, therefore, considered themselves bound to assist him by all means in their power against that general foe—the public. They kept his secret most faithfully, spared from their own meals as much food as supported him, and ran the risk of severe punishment, as well as of seeing ghosts, by visiting him every night in his horrible abode. They were his only confidants—his very parents, who lived not far off, being ignorant of the place of his concealment. About six weeks after his escape from jail, when the hue and cry had in a great measure subsided, he ventured to leave the tomb, and it was afterwards known that he escaped abroad.

The subsequent history of the Old Tolbooth contains little that is very remarkable. It has passed away, with many other venerable relics of the olden time, and we now look in vain for the many antique associations which crowded round the spot it once occupied.

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

## No. III.

## NOTES OF A TOUR.

LIKE every body else, I never set out on an excursion, but I resolved to write down the observations which occurred to me, when what was either new or striking in character or scenery presented itself. Like every body else, I never fully fulfilled these laudable intentions. I have beside me as many half-filled and wholly soiled memorandum-books, as I have taken journeys in my lifetime. The first page is always very completely crammed, and carefully written. It comprises the date and hour of my departure, and a resolution to employ all its successors to equal advantage. The second is more sparse, and only one-half of the third is obscured with pencilling. Neither the fourth nor fifth usually have a word upon them, but about the tenth I scribble some verses, resolving to fill up the preceding blanks with sober prose detail at the very first leisure moment—a period of time which, rapidly as time proceeds, has never yet arrived. I have just been looking over the *dijecta membra* of my latest journal, and they are at your service.

July —, 1829.—A good horse beneath me, a cloak buckled before, and a valise behind,—a pleasant companion at my side, and ominous appearances of rain above me—off I set. In an hour I am very comfortably wet through. My route lies through Dumbarton. From the inn at Bowling to that at Dumbarton is the longest space, called two miles, on this side of the Equator. Literature is at Death's door in Dumbarton. The public library is cheek-by-jowl with the churchyard. The bridge is a fine example of building in the style of the first letter of the alphabet. The nephew of the King of France, who crossed it the other day, thought of the famous exploit of his ancestor, who was known to

“March up a hill—and then march down again.”

Found a tollman whose faith was great; for, failing his copper currency, he had not brass to ask credit for the balance—but gave it! Smollett is a name delighted in everywhere but at Renton. The pillar that was reared to his memory, is no longer a monument to him—but of his descendants. Their taste for ruins surpasses Lord

Elgin's. But they are not friends to *Letters*. Champollion, or Dr Browne, must visit and decipher the inscription. The air of Bonhill is injurious to marble everywhere, but in the *hearts* of landholders. However, a monument, which, like the present county member, stands up, but says nothing, is, like him, likely soon to be shelved. It will make capital gate-posts. Rain again. At Bellevue no prospect. At Belleretire no shelter. Luss in the dark, but lightened by a kind welcome. Memorandum—Marry and get children, and send them hither to climb the braces, and get the first branches of education and mountain ash. Luss water is perilously strong. Headach. Inveruglas—a pattern glen. The roads here become less ambitious, and more convenient. Surveyors have discovered that hills, like fat landladies, are “as broad as they are long.” The name of the pint of Firkin might suggest ideas of herring-barrels to a Scotch Cockney. The road goes round it like a hoop;—we went with a halloo! Stockgown—a spot for a poet! May its possessor live as long as he likes, and leave it to me afterwards! Many a sheep's eye I've thrown at it—coincident taste with the Dean of Faculty, who longs for it too. Pleasing, but provoking. Fifty to one on him against me! Meanwhile, let me express myself thus:

## SONNET.

'Tis ever thus!—Let me but dream a hope,  
And sleep flies frighten'd ere the glimpse of day;  
Whate'er I dare to wish for fades away  
Like snow-flakes on the mountain's lofty slope,  
But tinged, while melting, with a roseate ray,  
As is the cloudlet sunn'd into decay;  
Or but survives the rapture of its birth,  
To live an alien—gladdening not its home!  
There is a sunny spot upon the earth,  
Where I had hoped in manhood's prime to come,  
And lay my brow upon the lap of Peace—  
'Twill be another's, ere that noontide hour!  
But let all sorrow for his fortune cease—  
'Tis pride to love like him—lord of his soul's high power!

Tarbet—English grooms unrivalled in rubbing down and swearing up. Work as fast as they talk though, and astonish honest Donald, by taking as much care of a horse as a baby, and washing it more than ever was done to “wee Duncany.” Off Arrochar—its inn now a residence for an English party, who have made it their home. Glencree—“Rest and be thankful” removed from its site. There we can neither rest nor be thankful now. A shoe and two hours lost. Highland road-menders exhibit the march of mind in the waggon they now pig snugly in, in place of sleeping on the heather. Sixteen go into very small space. Cairnadow—Drunk-en blacksmith, cholerick little landlord, with glimpses of pretty nieces through a window, and of a dinner two hours off. Job. Farther draughts on patience dishonoured. “No effects” in the stomach. Short landlord and long complaints. Good dinner after all.—Enter Inverary like Sterne's Slawkenbergius, with arms akimbo, and noses lengthened out by our cigars. The natives deem the fiery points, as seen through the gloom, ominous of an additional consumpt of herrings next morning. Second sight right for once. Walker's inn worthy of all commendation; the plenty of the Highlands, with the comforts of a city. Dalmally.—A strife between the rain and our horses which should pelt fastest. Every body at church—even the ostler.—The houses left behind, though; and, as Philpotts once said at Durham, “Not a stall to be had.”—“Every man his own groom.” A torrent of eloquence and rain. Highlanders' hearts more easily penetrated than their plaids. Service over, but spiritual consolation still in great request. The dinner such only as Dalmally could furnish. Salmon firm as a rock, and flaky as a [redacted] and mutton melting in the mouth, like—Heaven knows what! Tackman of the

fishery—intelligent and polite. New act beneficial. If a jubilee of two years were given to the fish, they would be as plenty as ever in Scotland. Ride to Bunaw—finest in the world—site of the "Highland Widow's" cottage. Blessings of the new act for churches. Good taste of their designs. Manes excellent. Sleep in one. Silent thanks to the absent and excellent owner. Connel Ferry—Scylla and Charybdis, and Corrievreckan.—Berigonium. Get poetical.

SONNET WRITTEN ON BERIGONIUM.

This, then, is Berigonium where I stand,  
A mass of rock, with turf half cover'd o'er,  
And brow that is with many tempests hoar—  
While kindred hills look down from either strand.  
That it is beautiful, I need no more  
Than but to turn and gaze on every hand,  
Or look upon the blue sea stretch'd before,  
Girdling with love and lustre round the land !  
Of what it was, Tradition's lofty dreams,  
Shaping the clouds of far past Time to form,  
Would picture here a citadel of storm,  
And halls of high debate on lofty themes.  
My faith's, perchance, as baseless, but more rare—  
I see thee as thou art—for ever bright and fair !

Lochnell—lately made a ten hours' ride from Edinburgh—bet gained and leather lost. Spa at Durar—the whisky preferable. Highland baronet resorting to it for a sea-bathing place—five miles inland. French wanderers in these wilds—a tune on the hurdy-gurdy. Malbrook in Appin !—Portnacrolah—terrible breakfast—Appin House—the bird that drew me thither flown !—Ballachullish.—Good fortune, kind friends—distinguished guests—venerable prelate—scientific field officer—and myself in a short coat ! Thank Heaven, however, here a man's fitness for society was not measured any longer by the length of his tail ! Loch Leven—Steam-boats penetrating now to the remotest wilds, wherever water can carry them, or lowland comforts have penetrated. Why is there not one on Lochawe ? Gigantic or Cyclopean slate quarries, where the earth turns itself outside in. "Glencoe Inn !"—Time hath wrought strange alterations. But even yet, to enquire after the site of the massacre, makes the lonely dweller in the glen walk more erect in the consciousness of having inherited a wrong, and that is about the same as being heir to an honour. The road up the valley—disappointed till near the summit of the ascent. There, it is all that imagination could picture, or Martin copy. King's House—not a blush on the sky, but enough on the landlord's face—Bardolph outdone—the day grew sunny in the light of his countenance. Inveruran—a forest without trees—or trees like Witherington "in doleful dumps"—fighting with time "upon their stumps." Tyndrum—before which, fifty waterfalls, that would any one of them make the Vauxhall men's fortune—a good inn, and surpassing mutton chops—lack of employment was supplied by what was thus

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW-SHUTTER AT THE INN OF TYNDRUM.

While idle scribblers give to crystal fame  
The scratchy letters of their mistress' name,  
I only venture thus a verse to scrawl,  
Which the next hand may wipe from off the wall :  
'Twill be of one whose cherish'd name shall ne'er  
Bless with its melody the vulgar ear ;  
Nor, 'twixt the light and gazers at the rain,  
Shine out, the wonder of a six-inch pane ;  
But on my heart of hearts 'tis 'graven deep,  
Till death all record from that tablet sweep—  
Yea, when that trembler throbs no more with care,  
That name shall still be found engraven there :  
As shatter'd marbles in the Libyan waste,  
Show still the letters where there had placed ;  
But trust me, love, though ~~there~~ due to you,  
Shall not, like these on glass, be so seen through.

Route by Glenfalloch to Tarbet.—Ride down the Gare Loch, an epitome of Highland scenery. Helensburgh—Check shirts ominous of a regatta—likely to be some sailing matches of more kinds than one ; and probably a row or two—Gigs and giggling—picked up some knowledge of signals—and the following staves :

THE YACHTMAN'S CHANT.

The echo of the signal gun is booming o'er the brine,  
Our barks are riding fast, yet free, all ready in their line ;  
Up with the anchors, boys, and spread the canvases to the spray,  
'Twill have a wetting yet, I guess, ere we are half our way.

The red cross of our native land is flying at the main,  
And its music sends across the wave a fond and farewell strain :  
Ha ! now she scuds before the breeze ! with every bound she gives  
Each gallant heart more quickly heaves, each man more keenly lives.

Away ! away ! no reefing here ; we'll take all winds that blow,  
Unless they split to ribbons up our wings, as on we go ;  
And if they do, why then we'll scud, as we have done before,  
With stout hearts in our chequer'd guise, and stout hands at the oar.

There's gallant seamen in our wake, but fortune leads us on—  
Hurrah ! the signal flag is pass'd, and hark ! the victor's gun ;  
To land ! though there more perils wait from yonder lovely throng,  
Than e'er was known upon the deep, in story or in song.

The inn at Helensburgh is excellent—the eatables and drinkables worthy of Meg Dods, whose mantle Mrs Bell has certainly caught, and made the Baths equal to the Cleikum. Dumoon.—The old castle guarding the new, like a veteran warding the sleep of beauty—the seat of rude kings and domineering prelates now the retreat of a personification of the power that has supplanted the sway of both these elements of might—commercial wealth and intelligence.—Apropos of prelates :

INSCRIPTION FOR THE CAIRN ON THE BISHOP'S SEAT, DUMMOON.

Read, while you rest, ye who have hither climb'd,  
Obeying thus the impulse all have felt—  
The universal passion of the hills—  
To stand with but the arch of heaven above,  
And, as if midway to't, look down on earth !—  
This lofty place of rest is strangely named  
The Bishop's Seat ; Oh ! how unlike the stall  
Where full-fed prelacy may slumber soft !  
Yet hath it been so call'd because 'tis beautiful,  
And fretted o'er with Nature's cunning carving !  
Round it the turf is softer than the seat  
Souls have been lost to place the body on ;  
And then, 'tis lofty as ambition's wish,  
And looks upon a little world below,  
Sleeping in sunshine, while the lonely wind  
Frets round its cold domain in sullen pride ;  
And higher yet before it mountains climb,  
Whose summits look more beautiful than this,  
As doth the Arch-Episcopalian crown  
To him whose mitre hath a meaner peak !—  
Yet once again 'tis strangely term'd, for here  
No bulky priest hath ever sat him down.  
Yet, were mine office to exhort mankind,  
Oh ! what inspired homilies might I  
Speak with the trumpet-tongue of highest stance,  
Gathering, in gladness, from the hills around,  
The loftiest earthly aids to loftier thoughts !

As 'tis, I leave, as thus upon the cairn  
I place the tribute stone, that serves to mark it  
Amid the wilderness of many a peak,  
My humble record, and descend again—  
As, reader, so must thou—to yonder vale,  
And from the soaring thoughts and sounds of song,  
To the flat way that leads us on through life.  
Soon after coming down from this hill, went up to  
Glasgow.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE NIGHTMARE.

By William Denby.

I COME in the gleams, from the land of dreams,  
Wrapp'd round in the midnight's pall;  
Ye may hear my moan, in the night-wind's groan,  
When the tapestry flaps on the wall;—  
I come from my rest in the death-owl's nest,  
Where she screams in fear and pain;  
And my wings gleam bright in the wild moonlight,  
As it whirls round the madman's brain;  
And down sweeps my car, like a falling star,  
When the winds have hush'd their breath;  
When ye feel in the air, from the cold sepulchre,  
The faint damp smell of death.

My vigil I keep, by the murderer's sleep,  
When dreams round his senses spin;  
And I ride on his breast, and trouble his rest,  
In the shape of his deadliest sin;  
And hollow and low is his moan of woe  
In the depth of his strangling pain,  
And his cold black eye rolls in agony,  
And faintly rattles his chain.  
The sweat-drops fall on the dark prison wall,—  
He wakes with a deep-drawn sigh;—  
He hears my tread, as I pass from his bed,  
And he calls on the saints on high.

I fly to the bed where the weary head  
Of the poet its rest must seek,  
And with false dreams of fame I kindle the flame  
Of joy on his pallid cheek.  
No thought does he take of the world awake,  
And its cold and heartless pleasure,  
The holy fire of his own loved lyre  
Is his best and dearest treasure.  
But neglect's foul sting that cheek shall bring  
To a darker and deadlier hue;  
The last dear token, his lyre, is broken,  
And his heart is broken too.

When the maiden asleep for her lover may weep,  
Afar on the boundless sea,  
And she dreams he is press'd to her welcome breast,  
Return'd, from his dangers free,—  
I come in the form of a wave of the storm,  
And sweep him away from her heart,  
And then in a dream she starts with a servant  
To think that in death they part;  
And still in the light of her dream-bound sight  
The images whirl and dance,  
Till my swift elision dispels the vision,  
And she wakes as from a trance.

With dreams I affright the startled sight  
Of the miser, wither'd and old,  
And he strives to arise, with horrible cries,  
As he thinks of his stolen gold;  
But faint is each limb, and ghostly and grim  
Gurgles his stifled gasp,  
And his shewes I strain on his bed of pain  
Till he faints in my clivish grasp;

Art awful one, with a hand of bone,  
Seems to beckon him off to the tomb;  
And I laugh as I whirl through the night's black furl,  
And the film of the shadowy gloom.

When the sweet babe lies, with its half-closed eyes  
As blue as the sky of even,  
And ye know the while, by its innocent smile,  
That its dreams are of joy and heaven,—  
I steal to the bed where that gentle head  
In meek composure lies,  
And with phantoms of fright I break the light  
Of its visions of Paradise;—  
Oh! the horror and fear of that night so drear  
Is long ere it pass away,  
And the fearful glare of my fiendish stare  
Is remember'd for many a day.

When the clouds first-born of the breezy morn  
In the eastern chambers roam,  
I glide away in the twilight grey  
To rest in my shadowy home;  
And darkness and sleep to their kingdom sweep,  
And dreams rustle by like a storm;  
But where I dwell no man can tell  
Who hath seen my hideous form;  
Whether it be in the caves of the sea,  
Where the rolling breakers go,  
Or the crystal sphere of the upper air,  
Or the depths of hell below.  
Gainsborough, Yorkshire.

## SONNET.

## WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

LADY! a wanderer from the hum of men—  
Thrown for a moment, by life's billowy sea,  
Into the sight of Nature and of thee,  
Invokes a blessing on this lonely glen:—  
Hereafter he may stand forth from the crowd,  
And be, perchance, the lion of a day;—  
Thou wilt pursue the tenor of thy way  
In calm seclusion. But if e'er a cloud  
Obscure the sunshine that surrounds thee now,  
Believe that he would part with all his fame  
To give thee back to joy, and see the same  
Fair coronal of smiles upon thy brow;—  
Nor great the marvel, since to thee he owes  
A memory of the past, to gild life's future woes.

H. G. B.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—We have just received this Institution's notice of its course of lectures for the session 1852-53. The department of languages and general literature is empty and satisfactorily supplied; and lectures for Zoology, Natural Philosophy, and Mathematics, have been appointed. Only two classes have as yet been opened for the students of law; but the arrangements for the instruction of medical students are extensive. Professors of Logic, and the Philosophy of the Human Mind, Moral and Political Philosophy, History, Roman Law, Mineralogy, and Geology, have not yet been appointed, although all these branches are included in the plan of the University. The library contains already upwards of eight thousand volumes, and is daily increasing. The plan of the lectures and examinations, as announced in the prospectus, is well conceived. We incline, however, to object to the very juvenile age at which students are admitted. In old times, when Universities were the only institutions where instruction was to be obtained, it was right to admit all ages; but now that preparatory schools are every where established, Universities ought to be set apart for those whose object it is to fathom the deeper recesses of knowledge. No person ought to be admitted under eighteen or twenty years of age; certificates of proficiency in certain preliminary studies ought to be insisted on; and the business of the institution ought to be conducted in a manly and liberal spirit. A register, we observe, has been opened at the shop of the University bookeller, where the names of such persons as are willing to become boarders are to be inscribed. As yet

the London University has gone on steadily and sensibly: it has every motive to exert itself, for only by the most undeniable distinction can it earn a legal recognition of its existence.

**GEORGE WATSON'S HOSPITAL.**—The examination of the boys in Watson's Hospital took place on Thursday last, and was exceedingly satisfactory. The progress which has been made by them during the last year was very marked, and reflects much credit on the diligent perseverance of their teachers. By Mr Brown they have been instructed in English Reading, Religious Knowledge, Geography, and History; by Mr M'Millan, in Latin; by Mr Cunningham, in Greek, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Algebra; by Mr Robertson, in Writing; by Mr Hill, in Drawing; and by Mr Knott, in Vocal Music. It is a truly agreeable consideration, that at this most useful institution the cultivation of the youthful mind should be so efficiently attended to.

A Collection of Spanish and Portuguese airs, by the most esteemed composers of these countries, is announced. It is to be called *Penninsular Melodies*; the poetry is to be principally by Mrs Hemans; and the work is to be edited by George Lloyd Hodges, Esq.

Early next season will appear the *History of the Arab Domination in Spain*, by William Fraser, Esq. The work will extend to about two octavo volumes.

Messrs Whitaker & Co. are, we understand, making arrangements for the regular publication of four series of Popular Histories, under the respective titles of Literary, Philosophical, Scientific, and Political History. The co-operation of very distinguished writers has been either promised or procured; and the collection bids fair to be a valuable addition to our national literature.

M. Michel Carrier, an eminent Naturalist of Savoy, has issued proposals for forming, by subscription, a Geological Collection of the whole range of the Alps. The Collection will contain all the minerals, metals, and fossils, which have already been found, or which M. Carrier may discover, in the Alpine Chain; a space occupying 2600 square leagues, in which are situated the highest mountains of Europe, and which contains formations the most rich in objects of inorganic nature, as well as in the spoils of primeval ages, and composed of strata the most varied, and abounding in interesting geological facts of every kind. Eight years will be necessary to finish this great work; and eighty subscribers at £120 each are required.

Dr Maginn has announced *Tales of the Talmud*.

Blackstone's Commentaries, brought down to 1829, is in the press.

A work has been announced in Paris likely to excite some interest; it is a Translation of the Odes of Horace by Louis XVIII.

Mr J. A. Jones is preparing for publication a work to be entitled *Tales of an Indian Camp*. The long residence of the author among the Indian tribes of North America, has enabled him to collect most of the traditions current among all the nations of the Red Men dispersed over three millions of square miles in that vast continent, exhibiting their notions respecting the Supreme Being; the creation; the origin of their tribes; and comprising an account of their manners, habits, modes of life, marriage ceremonies, and other interesting subjects.

The Earl of Marchmont's papers, which we have already announced as preparing for publication, comprise a variety of original documents, diaries, and letters. Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Bathurst, Bolingbroke, Murray, Pulteney, Warburton, Walpole, Addison, Steele,—in short, all the eminent persons, whether poets or statesmen, who lived at the same time, were his associates and friends. Marchmont, Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield), Lord Bathurst, and George Arbuthnot, were the executors to Pope's will; and Marchmont being the survivor, to his care and judgment the poet committed all his manuscripts and unprinted papers.

**THE MARCH OF TAILORS.**—A work on the art of making clothes, is about to be published in Paris, under the following highly interesting title:—*L'Art du Tailleur, ou application de la géométrie à la coupe de l'habillement*; par M. Compaing. 2de édition, augmentée d'une leçon de coupe d'habillement, faite pour donner l'explication d'une nouvelle fausse équerre, lithographée sur bois, et disposée pour tracer habits, gilets, et pantalons, etc. Elle est proportionnée pour plusieurs tailles, et divisée d'après le système métrique.

**FLYING.**—It is stated, in a letter from Vienna, that a Frenchman is now in that city, who has really brought to perfection the long-desired art of flying in the air. He is said to have reached, in his last essay, a height of more than nine hundred feet, and to have then proceeded with perfect ease a great distance horizontally. We wish this were true.

**NEW MUSIC.**—“*Adieu, fair Isle*,” a Song, from Mr Silvery's “*Vallery*,” has just been published by Purdie, of Edinburgh. It is the composition of Mr Jolly, organist of St Philip's Chapel, and is of a sacred cast, the music being, in this respect, well adapted to the words. The melody, which is in E flat, is exceedingly pleasing; and we think our fair readers will find it an agreeable addition to their stock of pianoforte music.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—Very little indeed is doing at present in the theatrical world of London. Only two short pieces have been

adapted from the French at the Haymarket, and a new opera from the German is said to be in rehearsal at the English Opera House. Drury Lane is beautifying for the winter campaign; and Covent Garden is yet without a tenant, and it seems uncertain whether it will be opened next season at all.—Liverpool still continues at the head of provincial places of attraction. Soriat has been giving concerts there, and Miss Foote has succeeded Kean and Miss Smithson. Of this last young lady, who was so much be-puffed on the continent, a judicious Liverpool critic expresses himself in the following terms:—“When this young lady appeared formerly on our boards, she took a certain range of comic parts, in which, though her ability was very unequal to play them excellently, yet the beauty of her person, and the absence of all pretension on her part, enabled an audience to witness her performance without impatience, and even with some pleasure; but now that she comes before us in the first characters of tragedy, and with pretensions not indeed assumed by herself in any arrogant manner, but which necessarily attach to one who has been highly applauded, we must say, we have no other words that may adequately express the quality of her performance, than to say, it is a melancholy failure. There is a singular want of ease in her acting, not to speak of any greater fault, which is alone enough to hinder her from producing any agreeable impression. But, indeed, her judgment is more defective than her execution. Never, surely, since the stage began, was there such an atrocious maltreatment of a scene as hers of the trial scene in the *Merchant of Venice*. The beautiful didactic passage, beginning—

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd,”

was pronounced by her with all the vehemence, or, one might say, the agony, of passion. Had there been any other words than these beautiful words of Shakespeare, we could have laughed outright. As it was, one was rather inclined to weep to witness such a horrible murder perpetrated upon the noble sense of the poet. We do not, in short, know a single point of merit in Miss Smithson's acting, considering her as one assuming to play in the first parts of tragedy. When she would represent simplicity, as in Juliet, she exhibits mere childishness, without grace or delicacy. Pathos, in her delineation, is an ineffective whine, with some fantastic gesticulation. Her tenderness is feeble, and at the same time affected; her passion a rant, accompanied with a certain rolling of the eyes, most disagreeable to behold. One can have no other feeling, in witnessing her efforts on the stage, than distress to see a very fine woman, whom, as a woman, all must admire, make herself be regarded with feelings so nearly approaching to aversion.”—We observe that Mr Jones, of our theatre, is at present giving lessons in elocution in London, and is to remain there during the College vacation.—We hear it said, that it is not likely that Mr Thorne will make one of our *corps dramatique* next winter. It is impossible yet to guess what sort of company the Manager will present us with.—“Margaret of Anjou, or the Noble Merchants,” a Drama in three acts, by Mr John Mackay Wilson, has been very successfully received at the Caledonian Theatre.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communication from Gottingen in our next.—We are afraid we shall not be able to find room for the article which describes the eccentricities of John Graham.—We certainly owe an apology to “H. F.” of Kirkaldy, but the multiplicity of our Editorial duties must plead our excuse; we are unwilling to comply with the request he makes in his last letter unless it be insisted on.

Mr Brydson's communications will be attended to.—We have received this week two poetical effusions to the Ettrick Shepherd—one from “Paisley,” and the other from the “Braes of Angus.” Both have merit, and may appear on a future opportunity.—We shall endeavour to find room for the Lines by “R.” of Aberdeen.—We are under the necessity of postponing our notice of Hugh Ainalie, with extracts from his Manuscript Poems, for a fortnight.—The Verses by “A Student of Glasgow,” and by “J. G. M.” will not suit us.—We must request “T. B. J.” of Glasgow, to allow us ten days to form an opinion on the Manuscript he has sent us.

In one of the many poems we receive weekly, the following striking verses occur:—

“Oh! the hands of my love are white and soft,  
And I have with rapture compress'd them oft;  
But when to her lips I dared to aspire,  
Their pressure envelop'd my heart with fire.

“But my wayward mood delights for to roam,  
While my love's thoughts are all fix'd at home;  
And I fear that I could never abide

To settle at home, though she was my bride.”

We think this poet must be a very naughty man.

We have received the volume from Forbes, and shall notice it as soon as possible.

Several interesting articles are in types, but unavoidably postponed.

[No. 40. August 15, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

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OR

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"We thank our brother Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* for the passing notice which he has been pleased to take of our labours; and we can assure him that there are but few of our contemporaries for whose good opinion and talents we have so high a respect as for his."—*Oxford Literary Gazette*.

"The highest compliment that we can offer to the conductors of this periodical, (and these embrace the greatest names known to our literature,) must go forth to them in the simple statement, that we value it for its research, its animation, and its variety, more than any other weekly brochure that comes to our office. We have nothing to do but open the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, when we wish to select some piquant morsel for the entertainment of our own readers. In its reviews of historical books it is profound and philosophic. It treats scientific subjects with all the master's acumen, and seems familiar with every thing that is encompassed within the sweeter and brighter walks of the light departments of literature—those, particularly, that lead to the cultivation of poetry, the fine arts, and, indeed, the *Belles Lettres* generally. We have already made several extracts from this admirable Literary Journal, and at the earliest opportunity shall continue to turn it to account."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

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mencement of our undertaking, scarcely a week has passed in which we have not gratified a very great number of our readers, by transferring to our columns some part of its valuable contents. When we consider how many able individuals are engaged in supporting the *Journal*, by their literary exertions, we cannot wonder at the unexampled success which it has experienced. The number before us contains a greater variety of able literary articles than we have ever before met with in any similar publication."—*Aberdeen Observer*.

"We borrow the following article, with our best acknowledgments, from our able and eloquent contemporary, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. His access to the best sources of theatrical information is undoubted."—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*.

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The very superior periodical of its class, from which we give the following extracts, is one whose intrinsic merits sufficiently account for its present popularity, while they promise ample recompense to the additional encouragement which it ought to receive. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal* was commenced in November last, supplying the desideratum of a periodical in Scotland, chiefly devoted to literary information, and avoiding the more abstract character of larger Reviews, while it aimed at high respectability in the various contributions, not immediately connected with literary criticism, which it admitted. We would have much pleasure in recommending it, if any economy of ours could extend the circulation of a paper so moderate in price, and conveying so much useful as well as amusing information."—*Greenock Advertiser*.

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

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WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 41.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Memoirs of Vidocq, principal agent of the French Police until 1827, and now proprietor of the paper manufacture at St Maudé. Written by himself. Translated from the French. In four volumes. Hunt and Clarke; Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. London. 1828-9.*

There are readers who mistake slang for wit, and the flippant tale of a blackguard for cleverness. The memoirs of Vidocq are full both of slang and flippancy; and had this been the whole, we should have left them to sink or swim as the fickle taste of the amateurs of the Newgate Calendar might decree. They contain, however, amid a sickening mass of abominations, much food for deep and serious reflection, and the consciousness of this alone has upheld us in the task of wading through them.

Eugene François Vidocq is extremely anxious to pass for an honest man. He lets slip no opportunity of vindicating his title to this character. Nay, he quarrelled with a literary gentleman whom he engaged to correct his manuscripts, and accuses him of having entered into a conspiracy to blast the fair fame of an innocent and calumniated man, upon no better grounds, than we can see, than the retrenchment of those wordy pieces of special-pleading, which, without wiping out one stain, encumber and retard the narrative in the last volumes of the work. Vidocq was plunged, by early and precocious passions, into the practice of libertinism. He commenced his career of public villainy by robbing his own parents. He continued, for a long period of years, to herd, in the prisons and at large, with the most depraved of his kind. He left this society only to be its destroyer,—to acquire which character he had to become a living lie. This is the brief abstract of his career, and not one of these facts does he in substance deny. He only attempts, by using the language of a convenient morality, to white-wash this sepulchral receptacle of bones and rottenness. He allows that he was criminal—but at first only by the impulse of passion, afterwards only by the necessity of circumstances. He allows that he wound himself into the hearts of his victims, by false shows of friendship; but then they were monsters of villainy, and he was fired by zeal for public justice!

Thus much we will concede in his favour: that he was brave; that he was by nature far from cruel; that his sense of pleasure was keen and overpowering; that he would not have done a dishonest action, if he could otherwise attain his ends with ease to himself; and that he had a sense of shame, and a desire to live on good terms with society. More we cannot say for him, and more we will not say against him. If he has sinned, he has likewise suffered. We cannot conceive a more dreadful state of existence, than that which he paints in the latter portion of his Memoirs. He is obliged to wear the mask continually, to be ever awake, lest he forget his assumed character. He is exposed to the infuriated assaults of the wretches whose apprehension is the employment of his life. If he appear in his real character among honest

men, the crowd separate, and avoid him. He is alone in the world.

We think the first volume the best, in point of execution. We also think that it, and the part of the second which contains Vidocq's adventures up to the period when he entered into the service of the police, are the most interesting. The remainder of the Memoirs derive what interest they possess chiefly from the adroitness and courage displayed by Vidocq. The earlier part of the narrative is of importance, as it throws much light on the constitution of the dishonest portion of society.

Under the present frame of things, there necessarily exists, in every old country where the executive branch of government has obtained the due ascendancy, a large body of men who live by crime,—a state within the state, governed by its own laws and customs. We allude not simply to men originally of good principles, and placed in a respectable rank of society, who are impelled by their own passions, or external seduction, to the perpetration of crime; but more particularly to that unfortunate class which, born of parents who had supported themselves by dishonest means, have been regularly educated to commit crimes. To repress and keep this class within the narrowest possible limits, is the object of all police establishments. It is a sort of savage class, living within the pale of civilized society, unaffected by its advances in knowledge and moral training. Circumstances had impressed a very peculiar character upon this part of the French nation, at the period which immediately preceded the Revolution. The increase of luxury had broken the slender fortunes of many young men accustomed to self-indulgence, and not strongly disciplined in morals. The gaming-table, intrigue, and forgery, offered resources to them. The theatre, the opera, and different branches of art, were daily raising talented and unscrupulous individuals into wealth and notoriety. These two classes coalesced to flatter and prey upon their wealthy protectors. The lax morality of the times admitted them to a certain status in society. This body of genteel rogues were frequently obliged to seek the agents of their schemes among more vulgar and commonplace persons; and thus a sort of alliance, offensive and defensive, was maintained between these respectable fraternities. The government of the time, directed by favouritism, and much more anxious to exert its powers to secure its own permanency, than perform its duty to society, dealt towards them with a leniency that is scarcely credible. Our author thus speaks of it:

"I know not what species of individuals they were whom M.M. de Sartines and Lenoir employed to constitute the police, but I know very well that under their administration thieves were privileged, and there were a great number of them in Paris. Monsieur the lieutenant-general took little care about checking their enterprises;—that was not his business: he was not sorry to know them, and, from time to time, when he found them to be clever, he amused himself with them.

"In those times of happy memory, M. the lieutenant-general of police assumed no less vanity from the skill of his thieves, than did the late Abbé Sicard from the intelligence of his dumb pupils; great lords, ambassadors, princes,

the king himself, were present at their exercises. Now-a-days we bet upon the fleetness of a horse, then people betted on the adroitness of a cut-purse; and if persons wished to amuse themselves in society, they borrowed a thief from the police, in the same way they now do a gendarme. M. de Sartines had always at his elbow some score of the most skilful, whom he kept for the private pleasures of the court; they were generally marquises, counts, knights, or at least people who had all the fine airs of the courtiers, with whom it was so much more easy to confound them, as at play a similar inclination to cheat established a certain parity between them.

"More than once, at the solicitation of a duchess, a renowned robber was released from the cells of the Bicêtre; and if, when put to the proof, his talents equalled the utmost expectation which the lady had formed of them, it was seldom that M. the lieutenant-general (whether to keep up his credit or aid his gallantry) refused freedom to so valuable a member of society. At a period in which there were pardons and lettres de cachet in every person's pocket, the gravity of a magistrate, however severe, was not opposed to the knavery of a scoundrel, if he were at all criminal and adroit. Our ancestors were indulgent, and much more easily amused than ourselves; they were also much more simple and much more candid; this is, no doubt, the reason why they thought so much of whatever was neither simple nor candid. In their eyes, a man who, for his exploits, was condemned to the wheel, was the *ne plus ultra* of all that was admirable; they felicitated, they exalted, they loved him, and related or listened with pleasure to the relation of his deeds of prowess. Poor Cartouche! when he was led to the Grève, (place of execution), all the ladies of the court shed tears—it was a perfect desolation!"

One might think that Vidocq gave his satirical pen too great a license—that these were the reckless words of one at war with his kind; but he is borne out by the memoirs of the period, by the autobiography of Casanova, and the documents regarding Cagliostro. The troubles during the early stages of the Revolution, and the weakness of the government established after the overthrow of the monarch, threw these reprobates almost entirely loose from the bands of society. For a while they carried on the war against the honest portion of the community, and against the executive government, in some measure on a footing of equality. At times, the exceeding boldness of a gang, or individual robber, might render it necessary for the local police of a province to exert itself, or the internal government, ashamed of its own inefficacy, might make an unavailing effort; but, in general, amid the march and din of armies, hastening to all the frontiers of France, and over the ruins of the old institutions which used to control them, cheats and robbers of all descriptions walked in triumph. A large body of military men, of every rank, from the general to the private soldier, with commissions and certificates of their own fabrication, travelled from town to town, changing from army to army, according as they liked the commandants with whom they encountered, subsisting by the gaming-table, and, when need was, other modes of industry. This was the famous "Armée de la Lune." This body, by incorporating itself with the regular army, whence desertion speedily freed any one who became suspected, continued in existence for a short time after Napoleon had assumed the Imperial title, and was, even under his energetic government, exterminated with difficulty. Another portion of the brigands united themselves into bands, who, under the pretext of being in arms to forward a political reaction, exercised a most extensive brigandage. These were the "Chevaliers du Soleil," the "Compagnie du Jesus," &c. The mere accession of the Emperor, by blasting, for the time at least, the hopes of the royalists, robbed these of their mask. Let us, however, do justice to some of these bands, who, whatever the habit of living in opposition to the regular government might eventually transform them into, were originally what they gave themselves out for,—men who, rather than yield to what they esteemed a parricidal usurpation, betook themselves to the woods and mountains, with nothing but Heaven and their arms to trust to for sustenance and defence. Of

this kind was the company of the gallant Roman, haunting between Aix and Toulon, of which our readers may find an account at the end of the first volume of the *Mémoires*. The last important branch of this empire of misrule, consisted of those banditti who exercised their trade without any false pretext, and trusted for concealment to their practice of disbanding during the day, and affecting to pursue the ordinary avocations of life. All ranks might be found at times in this motley group, whom ungovernable passions and consequent ruin had reduced to despair. The most atrocious were the *Chaufeurs*. We have several times rubbed our eyes, and given ourselves a shake, while reading the accounts of their atrocities, impressed with the belief, that, having fallen asleep with Vidocq in our hands, our fancy was labouring under a nightmare visitation, inspired by his reminiscences. The more efficient police, however, introduced by Napoleon, soon succeeded in disbanding these *incroyables*: thus justifying his almost dying declaration, that his elevation to the throne of France was the first step towards an anti-revolution—to a return from disorganization to the re-establishment of that energetic power, which, whatever limits it may be thought necessary to prescribe to it, is indispensable in society. But though the union was broken up, the individual miscreants who composed it yet remained in fearful number. And let us here do justice to Vidocq; their subsequent diminution was mainly owing to his exertions. Let his motives have been what they may—and we have already confessed that we are suspicious of them—he has been useful in his day and generation.

Vidocq has taught us two important lessons. The first is not exactly new, but has frequently been placed by him in a new and more striking light. It is, that there exists in the bosom of civilized society, beneath all the external appearance of quiet and security, superinduced by the strict exercise of the law, a large and affianced body, the end and aim of whose existence is crime. He has given us much valuable information respecting the various constituents of this body, the nature of their union, and their modes of action. The second lesson taught us regards the best way of dealing with these people. The necessity of holding a high hand over them, and awing them at least into comparative inaction, is admitted on all sides. But an attempt has been made of late to unite instruction to punishment. We are more than doubtful of the feasibility of this scheme. The criminal receives instruction but for a limited period; he receives it with ill-will, as connected with and forming a part of his punishment; he brings no capabilities for receiving it; his better feelings, upon which it should work, have been paralysed. Even allowing that his heart should be touched, the moment he is again let loose on society, the impossibility of earning an honest livelihood, the suspicion with which the respectable part of the community hold aloof from him, and his return to his old companions, speedily efface all compunctious visitings. Nay, even in the prison he may receive the moral infection. The best classification must be regulated by what is known of the prisoners' previous conduct, and by their outward deportment; but these are most fallible indications. The smoothest knave is frequently the deepest. We repeat, therefore, that we believe it is impossible to unite advantageously instruction and punishment. It is true that these are the two grand instruments by which crime is to be diminished; but they must be applied independently of each other, and from different quarters. Punishment paralyses the activity of the evil disposed—it keeps them in comparative inaction. Education, extended to all classes of society, goes indirectly to work, and, by stretching its influence within the pale of this savage colony, insensibly diminishes their numbers. Any attempt to accelerate the operations of nature, by an arbitrary union of these two discordant elements, can, at the best, only leave matters as they were.

To these remarks we subjoin, as a specimen of Vidocq's style, his account of the gipsies—the most picturesque band of miscreants whom he introduces to our notice. In his days of vagabondage, he had engaged to travel with a person who gave himself out for an itinerant doctor. Vidocq, having observed something ambiguous in this worthy's conduct, pressed him to explain, which, with considerable reluctance, he did as follows :

“ My country? ” said he, answering my latter question ; “ I have none. My mother, who was hanged last year at Zemeswar, belonged to a gang of gipsies (*Bohemiens*), who were traversing the frontiers of Hungary and Bannat, where I was born in a village on the Carpathian mountains. I say Bohemiens, that you may understand, for that is not our proper name; we call ourselves Romamichels, in a language which we are forbidden to teach to any person; we are also forbidden to travel alone, and that is the reason why we are generally in troops of fifteen or twenty. We have had a long run through France, curing charms and spells of cattle, but this business is pretty well destroyed at present. The countryman has grown too cunning, and we have been driven into Flanders, where they are not so cunning, and the difference of money gives us a finer opportunity for the exercise of our industry. As for me, I have been at Brussels on private business, which I have just settled, and in three days I rejoin the troop at the fair of Malines. It is at your pleasure to accompany me: you may be useful to us. But we must have no more nonsense now!”

“ Half embarrassed as to where I should shelter my head, and half curious to see the termination of this adventure, I agreed to go with Christian, without at all understanding how I could be useful to him. The third day we reached Malines, whence he told me we should return to Brussels. Having traversed the city, we stopped in the Faubourg de Louvain, before a wretched-looking house, with blackened walls, furrowed with wide crevices, and many bundles of straw as substitutes for window-glasses. It was midnight, and I had time to make my observations by the moonlight, for more than half an hour elapsed before the door was opened by one of the most hideous old hags I ever saw in my life. We were then introduced to a long room, where thirty persons, of both sexes, were indiscriminately smoking and drinking, mingling in strange and licentious positions. Underneath their blue loose frocks, ornamented with red embroidery, the men wore blue velvet waistcoats, with silver buttons, like the Andalusian muletoers; the clothing of the women was all of one bright colour: there were some ferocious countenances amongst them, but yet they were all feasting. The monotonous sound of a drum, mingled with the howling of two dogs under the table, accompanied the strange songs which I mistook for a funeral psalm. The smoke of tobacco and wood, which filled this den, scarcely allowed me to perceive in the midst of the room a woman, who, adorned with a scarlet turban, was performing a wild dance with the most wanton postures.

“ On our entrance there was a pause in the festivity; the men came to shake hands with Christian, and the women to embrace him, and then all eyes were turned on me, who felt much embarrassed at my present situation. I had been told a thousand strange stories of the Bohemiens, which did not increase my comfortable feelings: they might take offence at any scruples I should make, and might get rid of me before it was even known where I had gone to, since no one could trace me to such a haunt. My disquietude became sufficiently apparent to attract the attention of Christian, who thought to assure me by saying that we were at the house of the Duchesse, (a title which is equivalent to that of mother amongst such comrades,) and that we were in perfect safety. My appetite decided me on taking my part at the banquet. The gin bottle was often emptied and filled, when I felt an inclination to go to bed. At the first word that I said, Christian conducted me to a neighbouring closet, where were already, on clean straw, several Bohemiens. It did not suit me to be particular; but I could not prevent myself from asking my patron why he, who had always before selected such good quarters, had made choice of so bad a sleeping place? He told me that in all towns where there was a house of Romamichels, they were constrained to lodge there, under pain of being considered as a false brother, and as such punished by a council of the tribes. Women and children all slept in this military bed; and the sleep that soon overtook them proved that it was a familiar couch.

“ At break of day every body was on foot, and the gene-

ral toilet was made. But for their prominent features, without their raven-black tresses, and that oily and tanned skin, I should scarcely have recognised my companions of the preceding evening. The men, clad in rich jockey Holland vests, with leathern sashes like those worn by the men of Poissy, and the women covered with ornaments of gold and silver, assumed the costume of Zealand peasants: even the children, whom I had seen covered with rags, were neatly clothed, and had an entirely different appearance. All soon left the house, and took different directions, that they might not reach the market-place together, where the country-people were assembling in crowds. Christian, seeing that I was preparing to follow him, told me that he should not have need of me the whole day, and that I might go wherever I pleased until evening, when we were to meet at the house of the Duchesse.”

In the fair, Vidocq met an old acquaintance, who gave him further information respecting his new friends.

“ It was in the prison (Rasphuy) of Ghent, where I passed six months. Some years since, at the end of a game at which some doctors (loaded dice) were discovered, that I made acquaintance with two men of the troop now at Malines. • • • These people come from the country about Moldavia. • • • Their name changes with their change of country; they are *zigenners* in Germany; *gipsies* in England; *zingavi* in Italy; *gitanas* in Spain; and *Bohemiens* in France and Belgium. They thus traverse all Europe, exercising the lowest and most degrading trades. They clip dogs, tell fortunes, mend crockery, repair sauce-pans, play wretched music at the public-house doors, speculate in rabbit-skins, and change foreign money which they find out of the usual circulation.

“ They sell specifics against the illness of cattle, and to promote the business, they dispatch trusty envoys, who, under pretences of making purchases, get into the stables, and throw drugs into the mangers, which make the cattle sick. They then present themselves, and are received with open arms, and knowing the nature of the malady, they easily remove it, and the farmer hardly knows how to be adequately grateful. This is not all; for before they quit the farm, they learn whether the husbandman has any crowns of such and such a year, or such and such a stamp, promising to give a premium for them. The interested countryman, like all persons who but seldom find an opportunity of getting money, spreads his coin before them, of which they invariably contrive to pilfer a portion. What is almost incredible is, that they are seen to repeat with impunity the same trick frequently at the same house. Indeed, what is most villainous of all in their transactions, is, that they profit by these circumstances, and their knowledge of the localities of the country, to point out to burglars the detached farms in which there is money, and the means of getting at it; and it is needless to add, that they come in for their share of the spoil.”

Vidocq resolved to steer clear of the connexion, and we hear no more of the gipsies till at an advanced period of his police career. Information is given of a burglary. Vidocq learns, on making enquiries, that some unknown people had not long before cured the mistress of the house, and given a premium for some old coins. These circumstances set him on the look-out for his Brussels friends, whom he succeeded in apprehending and delivering into the hands of justice.

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*The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution.* By the Rev. Robert Wedrow, Minister of the Gospel at Eastwood; with an original *Memoir of the Author, Extracts from his Correspondence, a Preliminary Dissertation, and Notes.* By the Rev. Robert Burns, D.D., F.A.S.E., Minister of St George's, Paisley, Author of *Historical Dissertations on the Poor of Scotland, &c.* In 4 vols. 8vo. Glasgow. Blackie, Fullarton, & Co. 1829. Vols. I. and II.

We are glad to see so much accomplished of this valuable and interesting work, and if it is not already known to most of our readers, we would the more earnestly recommend it, as one highly worthy of general encouragement. The superior execution of the present edition, and the moderate price at which it is offered to

the public, form an experiment, whose success, we trust, in this, will authorize the trial in other instances. It is well known that there is still a large unpublished part of the Wodrow MSS., which may throw no small additional light on a most important period of national history, and would be a very desirable Supplement to the work before us.

Of the History itself, as the most minute, and, we scruple not to say, on the whole, the most impartial account of the times which it so vividly illustrates, it is probably unnecessary to be particular in our commendation. Its character has been long established, not only among those who might be deemed favourable to any peculiar sentiments ascribed to the author, but with many who differ from them on such points, as, at least, a precious depository of historical information. That a book of so much importance should have been suffered to go entirely out of print, can be accounted for only by the fashionable prevalence of lighter literature, giving little hope of success in the republication of it; a discouragement in such cases, which we would wish to believe is rapidly giving way to a more enlightened judgment on the art of the "reading public."

One great recommendation of such historical works as that of Wodrow, is the fair field which they allow to the formation of opinion. More general sketches may be useful in the preliminary study of any particular period, but in these the bias of the writer's mind is almost always too prominent a feature,—and the events recorded do not commonly escape the modifying influence of his own partialities, but are so accommodated as to instil them imperceptibly into the minds of his readers. It is otherwise, however, where the principal characteristic of the narrative is its minute reference to, and citation of, its authorities. The whole evidence is laid before us; it is the facts themselves with which we are employed,—not the opinions already formed by others respecting them; and whatever, therefore, be the views of the author himself, we are in less danger of being misled by him. "Our public records," says Wodrow, in his preface to the first volume,—*"the registers of the privy council, and justiciary, are the great fund of which this history is formed; a great part of it consists of extracts from these, and I have omitted nothing which might give light to the state of the Church of Scotland at that period; though in perusing or making extracts out of ten or twelve large volumes, several things may have escaped me."*—"It is a singular feature," says Dr Burns, *Prel. Diss.* p. 8, "in Mr Wodrow as a historian, that he has not only given us his own narrative of events, but likewise the original documents whence that narrative has been drawn. With the opinions of a historian, we have, properly speaking, nothing to do, and every reader is at perfect liberty to accord with the sentiments which Wodrow has expressed, or to differ from them entirely, as he pleases." We are not overlooking the accusation brought by some against Wodrow, of "disingenuousness." Even if he were disingenuous,—and if it be disingenuous to have an opinion of one's own, upon a most important subject, he is certainly liable to the imputation,—even if he were disingenuous, we repeat, that the nature of his work diminishes the personal influence, as it were, of the writer over the reader. On this subject, however, let us quote the following paragraph, from Dr Burns's vigorous, and, we think, successful, defence of Wodrow from the imputation:

"The statements of our historian were not questioned at the time of their first publication. We do not deny that a deep sensation was excited by the work, and that a spirit of violent hostility was roused, and that there was every wish felt and expressed to have its testimony set aside. Nor do we deny that the author was rudely assailed with pasquinades and threats of personal violence, while the friendly reception which his Majesty (George the First) and the members of the royal family gave to the book, galled exceedingly the still sanguine adherents of the old dynasty. But

we beg to know, was any formal attempt made to rebut or controvert its statements? When the advocates for Presbyterianism had recourse to *argument*, in support of their polity, there was no lack of replies on the part of their opponents. In covenanting times, we find a Maxwell and a Baillie in close combat together; and, immediately after the Revolution settlement, we find the learning and acuteness of Forrester, and Rule, and Jameson, and Anderson, met in battle array by the respectable talents and literature of Bishop Sage and Dr Mourro; and never was the Episcopal and Presbyterian controversy managed on both sides with greater ability. Whence, then, is it, that when the unpretending historian comes forth with his two overwhelming folios of facts and documents illustrative of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland under the Episcopal ascendancy, no pen was drawn to vindicate the *good old cause*, and no effort was made to prove an alibi for the panel at the bar? Reasoning for Presbyterianism might be met by counter reasonings for Episcopacy, and the records of a distant antiquity might admit of varied interpretations; but 'facts,' as Wodrow says, 'are stubborn things, and will not easily be set out of the way.'—*Prel. Diss.* pp. vi., vii.

Were there nothing to recommend Wodrow's History, however, except the mass of important information which is to be found in it, we could not hesitate in admitting it to be of standard value. It is a most particular delineation of events, to which a merely local interest has been too often attached,—closely connected as they were with, at that time, the general interests of the two kingdoms, and the succeeding destiny of Great Britain; and, to every Scotchman in particular, it is a proud testimonial of the firm and vigorous resistance of his forefathers—no matter how they may have erred in minor points, under many disadvantages, and some temptations to a compromising submission—against the encroachments of arbitrary power on the rights of conscience and the political privileges of the subject. That some of these men were fierce and rash, both in their opinions and measures, is well known and universally allowed; though, in branding them as turbulent and seditious, it were but candour to remember the merciless persecution which helped to make them so. Indeed, to identify their characters with their cause, or their sentiments with those of the great majority engaged in it, is not more an unjust than it is a ridiculous mistake; and that cause was at first the defence of much that was dear,—while afterwards it became the preservation of all that was valuable in public safety and domestic peace. That it is no small debt of gratitude which, under Providence, we owe to the men whom superficial judges of human character regard as the "fanatics" of those days, is a trite observation; but "let even its triteness recommend its truth!" We speak in no unauthorized language, when we talk of the lofty-minded heroism,—the meek and Christian spirit,—the highly creditable learning,—and even the calm good sense, of many amongst them; and whatever were the merits of the contest in other respects, they were engaged in a struggle for the continuance of a form of ecclesiastical polity from which the happiest effects had previously been derived on the moral character and habits of the people, and which had gained their attachment, as much by the close and constant application of gospel truth which it maintained, as by any association of its peculiarities with the history or the rights of their country.

The plan of Wodrow's History is certainly very open to merely critical objections, but well adapted to gratify the interest commonly felt in a graphic and minute account of facts, more than in a regular and comparatively abstract narrative. It is almost unique, in the familiar air which is imparted to events, usually less interesting in dry detail, or too much idealized in their adaptation to professedly fictitious writings. The effect of the work before us reminds us much of that of old Froissart, though many may smile at the comparison. There is in both, however, we think, a similar unaffected life in description, and a felicitous touching of character, which gleams more pleasingly through simple and straightforward expres-

sions. Wodrow blends, throughout, the general occurrences of the period with the most particular domestic circumstances, as it were, of the people. Names, dates, places, &c., even in comparatively trifling matters, are given with scrupulous exactness. The manners and habits of the country are developed, not in colder disquisition, but in living pictures of individuals; and, while even inferior characters are thus made almost personally known to us, the more important actors in that eventful day pass before us in an equally vivid and dramatic individuality. We seem to have seen and known the crafty Sharpe, the tyrannical Lauderdale, the fierce Dalzell, and the stern Claverhouse; and there is, in such respects, more unpretending power in many of these pages than the general reader might at first anticipate. The quiet gravity—we might say, the elderly respectability—of a style peculiarly clear, is not unfrequently varied by a solemn pathos, or a generous indignation, which seldom fails in its appeal, and adds no small interest to the details of the “humble pastor of Eastwood;” and if the reader turn to any of the more marked events narrated—the rising at Pentland,—the account of Guthrie’s trial and death,—the “cry, ‘Havoc,’ and let slip,” &c. of the Highland host, for instance—he will find abundant evidence of a combination of candour in judgment, with a warm and often eloquent spirit of sympathy and honourable feeling, which cannot but enhance the work with all who can estimate such qualities.

The arrangement by which the documents, acts of parliament, &c. have been taken from the separate appendix of the old edition, and thrown into the form of notes in this, is in every way a decided improvement; and we cannot, at the same time, but bear testimony to the extensive information and acuteness which Dr Burns has displayed in the notes added by him throughout these volumes. He has contributed also a memoir of the author, and some specimens of his correspondence, in which the character of the man, and the singularly strong sense he possessed, are very apparent; and the preliminary dissertation, to which we have already referred, is well worthy an attentive perusal, both as an eloquent and as an instructive composition.

We shall take more particular notice of this History when its publication is completed. At present, we cordially recommend to the encouragement of the public a work which we are persuaded has an equal claim to be considered *national* with many of far less general interest and loftier pretensions.

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*The Art of Tying the Cravat, demonstrated in Lessons, with explanatory Plates. Forming a Pocket Manual.*  
By H. Le Blanc, Esq. Third Edition. London.  
Effingham Wilson. 1829.

We have reviewed a good number of books in our day, but we never reviewed one in whose contents we felt so intensely interested as that which now lies before us. All subjects, hiding their diminished heads, sink into insignificance the moment that the Art of Tying the Cravat engrosses the mind. It is an art without the knowledge of which all others are useless. It is the very keystone to polite society; it is the *open sesame* to the highest honours both in church and state. Look at any individual making his *entrée* into a drawing-room where there is a circle in the slightest degree distinguished for taste and elegance. Is it his coat, his waistcoat, his shirt, his inexpressibles, his silk stocking, or his shoe, to which the glass of the critic, or the soft eye of beauty, is principally directed? No! it is to none of these. It is the Cravat that instantaneously stamps the character of its wearer. If it be put on with a *recherché* air,—if its folds be correct, and its set *comme il faut*,—then he may defy fate. Even though his coat should not be of the very last cut, and his waistcoat buttoned a whole button too high, still he will carry every thing before him. The man of fashion

will own him for an equal,—beauty will smile upon him as a friend,—and humbler aspirants will gaze with fond and respectful admiration on the individual who has so successfully studied the Art of Tying the Cravat. But behold the reverse of the picture! Suppose that the unhappy wretch is but an ignorant pretender to a knowledge of the proper mode of covering that part of the person which separates the shoulders from the chin,—a being who disgraces his laundress by the most barbarous use of her well-ironed and folded neckcloths, starched with that degree of nicety, that a single grain more or less would have made the elasticity too great or the suppleness too little;—suppose this Yahoo, with a white cravat tied round his neck like a rope, somewhat after the fashion most in vogue among the poorer class of divinity students, were to enter a drawing-room! What man on earth would not turn away from him in disgust? The very poodle would snap at his heels; and the large tortoiseshell cat upon the hearth-rug would elevate her back into the form of an arch, bristle up her tail like a brush, and spit at him with sentiments of manifest indignation. Ladies would shrink from the contamination of his approach, and the dearest friend he had in the world would cut him dead upon the spot. He might, perhaps, be a man of genius; but what is the value of genius to a person ignorant of the Art of Tying the Cravat?

Let us enquire for a moment into the history of the Cravat, and the influence it has always held over society in general. “L’art de mettre sa cravate,” says a French philosopher (Montesquieu, we think), “est à l’homme du monde ce que l’art de donner à dîner est à l’homme d’état.” It is believed that the Germans have the merit of inventing the Cravat, which was first used in the year 1636, by a regiment of Croats then in their service. Croat, being pronounced Cro-at, was easily corrupted into cravat. The Greeks and Romans usually wore their neck free and uncovered, although in winter they sometimes wrapped a comforter round their throats, which they called a *foculum*, from *fauces*. Augustus Cæsar, who was particularly liable to catch cold, continually used a *foculum* or *sudarium*. Even now, it is only some of the European nations who use Cravats. Throughout all the East the throat is invariably kept uncovered, and a white and well-turned neck is looked upon as a great beauty, being metaphorically compared to a tower of ivory. In France, for a long period, the ruff, stiffened and curled in single or double rows, was the favourite ornament of the neck; but when Louis XIII. introduced the fashion of wearing the hair in long ringlets upon the shoulders, the ruff was necessarily abandoned. In 1660, when a regiment of Croats arrived in France, their singular *tour de cou* attracted particular attention. It was made of muslin or silk, and the ends, arranged *en rosette*, hung gracefully on the breast. The cro-at (now cravat) became the passion; and the throat, which had hitherto been comparatively free, lost its liberty for ever. Many varieties were introduced; but a fine starched linen cloth acquired the ascendancy over all other, and retains it to this day. Abuses crept in, however, for the fancy of the *élégans* ran wanton on the subject of pieces of muslin, stiffeners, collars, and stocks. At one time it was fashionable to wear such a quantity of bandaging round the neck, that shot has been known to lodge in it with perfect impunity to the wearer, and few sabre cuts could find their way through. Stocks are a variety of the Cravat species which are now very general. Collars were the *avant-couriers* of stocks, and were sometimes worn by the Egyptians and Greeks, made of the richest metals, and ornamented with precious stones. The modern stock is a less costly article. It carries with it a stiff and artificial air; but this is rather in its favour as a part of the military costume. It has other advantages, too; it forms no wrinkle, and is very simple, making but one turn round the neck, and being fastened behind by a buckle or clasp. Stocks have very generally superseded the Cravat

in the army; and, considering that they have been lately much improved, being now usually made of whalebone, thinned at the edges, with a border of white leather which entirely prevents any unpleasant scratching of the chin, we confess we are rather partial to them. But the Cravat still possesses paramount claims upon our attention. Of late years, a black silk Cravat has come into great favour, and, with a white or light-coloured waistcoat especially, it has a manly and agreeable effect. Bonaparte commonly wore a black silk Cravat, and in it he fought at Lodi, Marengo, and Austerlitz. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that at Waterloo he wore a white neckcloth, although the day previous he appeared in his black Cravat. Some persons have attempted to introduce coloured silk Cravats, but, much to the honour of this country, the attempt has failed. A Cravat of red silk in particular, can be worn only by a Manchester tailor.

Such is a very brief abstract of the rise and progress of Cravats; if they are ever destined to lose the place they at present hold in society, we fervently trust that some Gibbon may appear, to furnish us with a narrative of their decline and fall. But though all this knowledge is valuable, it is only preliminary to the great Art of Tying the Cravat. *Hic labor, hoc opus.* The first tie—the parent of all the others, the most important, and by far the most deeply interesting—is the *Nœud Gordien*, or Gordian knot. Alexander the Great would have given half his empire to have understood it;—Brummell was a prouder, a happier, and a greater man, when he first accomplished it. The mode of forming this *Nœud Gordien* is the most important problem that can be offered to the student of the Cravat. He who is perfectly conversant with the theory and practice of this tie, may truly boast that he possesses the key to all the others, and that he has been elevated from the rank of a mere man to that of a *gentleman*, “ay, every inch a *gentleman*,” for nothing vulgar can lurk in the character of him whose refinement of taste, delicacy of mind, and neatness of hand, enable him gracefully to tie the ends of his Cravat into the *Nœud Gordien*. It is no easy task; and we seriously advise those who are not initiated into the mysteries of this delightful science, to make their first essays on a moderate-sized block. We can confidently assure them, that with tolerable perseverance they will be enabled to pursue their studies with pleasure and advantage, and in a more profitable manner—on themselves. For all the details of the practice that is necessary, which need not occupy more time than a couple of hours a-day, we have much pleasure in referring our readers to the excellent and most distinct instructions of our respected friend Henry Le Blanc, Esq.

After the *Nœud Gordien* come a host of others, all of which ought to be known for the sake of variety, and that the tie may be made to suit the occasion on which it is worn. There is the *Cravate à la Orientale*, when the neckcloth is worn in the shape of a turban, and the ends form a crescent;—the *Cravate à l’Americaine*, which is simple, but not much to our taste, and the prevailing colours are detestable, being sea-green, striped blue, or red and white;—the *Cravate Collier de Cheval*, in which, after making the *Nœud Gordien*, the ends are carried round and fastened behind; a style much admired by ladies’ maids and milliners, but in our opinion essentially vulgar, unless when used out of doors;—the *Cravate Sentimentale*, in which a *rosette* is fastened at the top immediately under the chin, and which ought to be worn only by dapper apprentices, who write “sweet things” on the Sundays, or by Robert Montgomery, the author of “The Omnipresence of the Deity,”—a young man much puffed by Mr William Jerdan;—the *Cravate à la Byron*, very free and *déagaté*, but submitted to by the noble poet, only when accommodating himself to the *bien-séances* of society;—the *Cravate en Cascade*, where the linen is brought down over the breast something like a *jet d’eau*, and is a style in great vogue among valets and

butlers;—the *Cravate à la Bergami*, and the *Cravate de Bal*, where there is no knot at all, the ends being brought forward, crossed on the breast, and then fastened to the braces;—the *Cravate Mathématique*, grave and severe, where the ends descend obliquely, and form two acute angles in crossing;—the *Cravate à l’Irlandaise*, upon the same principle as the preceding, but somewhat more airy;—the *Cravate à la Gastronomique*, which is a narrow neckcloth without starch, fastened very slightly, so that in cases of incipient suffocation it may be removed at a moment’s notice;—the *Cravate de Chasse*, or *à la Diane*, which is worn only on the hunting field, and ought to be deep green;—the *Cravate en Coquille*, the tie of which resembles a shell, and is very pleasing, though a little finical;—the *Cravate Romantique*, *à la Fidélité*, *à la Talma*, *à l’Italienne*, *à la Russe*, together with the *Cravate Jésuitique et Diplomatique*, are interesting, and may all be studied in this delightful “Pocket Manual.”

In concluding these observations, which are meant to rouse, if possible, the attention of a slumbering public to a subject, the vast importance of which the common herd of mankind are too apt to overlook, we cannot help reflecting with feelings of the most painful kind on the very small number of persons who are able to tie their Cravats in any thing like a Brummellian or Petersham style. We have poets, statesmen, and orators,—we have men distinguished for their virtues and talents; but how few have we by whom the intricacies of the *Nœud Gordien* have been unravelled, or the scientific arrangements of the *Cravate Mathématique* are understood! In other words, how few *perfect gentlemen* does one meet with at an ordinary *soirée*! Our young men study fencing and cigar-smoking, billiards and the Sporting Magazine; but how rarely do they attend with a serious and wholesome earnestness to the Tying of their Cravats! In this respect we strongly suspect that the greater part of Scotland is little better than a moral desert; and it is only at one or two of the most fashionable parties in Edinburgh, that a Cravat is met with worn in a manner at all calculated to gladden the heart of that mighty master in the Tying Art, Henry Le Blanc, Esq., or even to impart a ray of pleasure to us, the far-off followers of his footsteps. We call upon our readers, if they value their necks, to show a greater regard for their Cravats. They may rest assured that a well-tied Cravat is better than the most flattering letter of introduction, or most prepossessing expression of countenance. An elegant *Nœud Gordien* has been known to secure for its possessor £5000 a-year, and a handsome woman into the bargain. Let it not be viewed as a light or trifling matter; a Cravat *comme il faut* is synonymous with happiness, and they who know the difference between neck and nothing, will at once perceive that the “march of intellect” means little more than a due appreciation of the value of the Cravat, and as near an approach as possible to perfection, or to Henry Le Blanc, in the art of Tying it.

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*Medicine no Mystery, being a brief outline of the Principles of Medical Science, designed as an Introduction to their General Study as a Branch of a Liberal Education.*  
By John Morrison, M.D. and A.B. Trin. Coll. Dublin. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829.

We suspect that every professed mystery must in this enlightened age be the harbinger either of most deplorable ignorance, or of most abominable imposition, and we care not, therefore, how soon the threshold of every temple of science be relieved from embarrassing difficulties and absurdities, and rendered accessible to the humble denizen, in search of knowledge. We denounce empirics of all denominations and orders, from the time when the druidical priests pretended to restore health to the sick by muttering mystic syllables at the shrine of Esculapius, down to that of the fire-loving, phosphorus-

eating, burning-oil devourer, Mons. Chabert, who, it is currently reported, at the present moment imposes most successfully on the credulity of innumerable wonder-loving Londonians, even at the west end of that unwieldy metropolis! We never believed in the authenticity of Ireland's "Vortigern and Rowena;" never put our trust in the productions of Mrs Shipton; never placed any reliance on the prophecies of the Belfast Almanack; never perilled our fortune in Carrol's or Pidding's celebrated lotteries; and, finally, never under any circumstances reposed faith in Buchanan's Domestic Medicine. In our swaddling clothes we may have swallowed some of Dalby's Carminative, but the recollection of the same hath escaped us; and since we have arrived at the age of manhood, and speared salmon in the Tweed, we hold even Hunt's "Family Pills" in abomination, and are sorely tempted to blaspheme against "Solomon's Balm of Gilead!"

Young well observed, in his gloomy "Night Thoughts," that "men think all men mortal but themselves;" and this, to a very considerable extent, is true: yet, since we have ascended the Aristarchian chair, we have thought it befitting to ponder more deeply with ourselves, and know the full catalogue of the afflictions to which our "mortal flesh is heir." We think it proper, therefore, for the good of the commonwealth, and especially for the bodily welfare of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, to introduce notices of medical books occasionally in our columns, that we may warn our readers what Scylla and Charybdis they may avoid, and how they may pass safely, securely, and happily, through the Hygeian road of a long and happy life. We are not like certain managers of theatres, who, in taking leave of their friends and patrons, wish them "health and happiness until the house re-opens next season." Our affections can endure no such periodical limits or intermissions. They may, like the waters of the Nile, occasionally overflow their continents; but we can never cease to entertain a sort of parental regard for the health, happiness, and prosperity, of the contributors, subscribers, and readers of the Edinburgh Literary Journal. We can assure our fair readers especially, that this to us is a subject of the deepest solicitude. We sympathize with every cold, tremble for every headach, and are on the verge of desperation when we fancy any of them may have a twinge of the toothach. But on this subject we begin to grow pathetic. How fortunate, therefore, that a work has come under review like that before us, and that we can at last console ourselves with the pleasing reflection, that Medicine has indeed become "no mystery." A great revolution has been, and is still, taking place in medical science. Physicians have not only laid aside their well-powdered wigs, their starched ruffles, and gold-headed canes, but with these have disposed of all that mystical mannerism which, in a less enlightened age, may have imposed on the superficial observation of the patient. Society is now in so enlightened a state, that few attempts to conceal ignorance, by "outward pomp and circumstance," will be long successful; and medical men, we apprehend, frequently find it necessary to explain, to the anxious relatives round a sick bed, the cause of certain symptoms, the nature of the danger that may be impending, and the views with which certain remedies are administered. Such communications, to well-educated and intelligent people, are calculated to increase, rather than diminish, confidence in the practitioner; and as the art of medicine is not to be acquired by a few aphorisms, not to be gathered from books, but must depend exclusively on experience, the physician never need apprehend danger to his temporal interests, by communicating freely to an enquiring mind the principles on which he proceeds. There may, it is true, be some cases of slow, lingering, and fatal disease, the prognosis of which need not be rudely announced; for, where the Promethean vulture of sickness is to prey for months upon its victim, there is no humanity in at once shutting out all hopes from the surviving relatives, whose ignorance in many

cases is a blessing, which can alone reconcile them to the most heart-rending affliction.

Dr Morrison's work, entitled "Medicine no Mystery," will be read with interest by scientific, or well-educated, non-professional persons. His views are too general to be of advantage to the mere medical student or to practitioners, as they will find, in general elementary works, the information which is here presented in a popular form. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of the animal system in a state of health; the second of the animal system in a state of disease. A single quotation will be sufficient to give an idea of the style in which it is written, and the author's method of treating the several subjects he discusses. We choose one extract from the chapter on

#### THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

"The brain and spinal marrow form the origin and main trunk of the nervous system. The nerves of four of the senses (sight, hearing, smell, and taste) originate immediately from the brain, the position of those senses being, in all animals by whom they are possessed, in the head. The seat of the fifth sense is the general surface of the body; and the nerves constituting it are filaments derived from the nerves of sensation distributed throughout the frame. The nerves which supply the internal organs which perform the vital functions, form, as I have said, a separate system; it is called the sympathetic, or Ganglionic system. The nerves which serve for motion, and those which constitute the general sensation of the body, proceed from the spinal marrow in thirty pairs, and are distributed, the former to all the muscles of the body, which are the immediate organs of motion, and the latter to all the sentient parts of the frame. The Ganglionic nerves have their origin all along the front part of the spine on each side, and arise from small bodies like glands, called ganglions, which are connected by filaments with the nerves of motion and sensation proceeding from the spinal marrow. This very general description must serve here for that of the Nervous System, as to its structure. So intimately connected is the due supply of nervous influence with the healthy actions of every organ and part, that whenever the former is by any means suspended or diminished, the actions of the organ, whose supply of nervous power is affected, either cease altogether, or are vitiated and deteriorated, in proportion to the extent of the nervous affection. For example: When the nerves that supply the diaphragm (the principal organ in respiration) are divided, respiration ceases, and death ensues. When the nerves supplying the stomach are divided, digestion ceases, and the food previously eaten is found some hours after in an undigested state. The heart performs its peculiar action by means of its nervous supply. When a sudden shock is given to the whole nervous system by fright, that system is thrown into a state of collapse, or diminished action, preparatory to the recovery of its natural powers again. The most striking effect of this state is the apparent cessation of the action of the heart and pulse during the swoon; the other phenomena attending this state cannot be understood until we shall have considered the peculiar functions of the heart itself, and the organs connected with it, which form the sanguineous or circulating system."—Pp. 2-5.

As a general knowledge of the most important functions of the human body is essential to every well-educated man, we have no hesitation in recommending, for the attainment of that object, the work of Dr Morrison.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

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##### THE IMPORTANCE OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, AND REASONS FOR ITS MORE GENERAL CULTIVATION IN THIS COUNTRY.

(A Communication from Gottingen.)

THE German is a language to which neither the Scotch nor English pay that attention which it undoubtedly deserves. Since my arrival in Germany I have been more struck with our neglect of this useful language than I had ever been in Scotland; for here, English is as common a study as French is with us. Hamburg, where all merchants of any respectability speak our language, may

be called a half English town. Of course, it is no good school for one who would learn to speak German. Even here, in Göttingen, our countrymen will find opportunities enough of speaking English, if they do not wish to be at the trouble of acquiring the language of the country. Though Russell had taught me that English was much studied in Germany, I certainly did not expect to find it so generally known as it seems to be here. Of the Professors of the Göttingen University, there are few, if any, who do not understand English; I mean in so far as to consult with facility the productions of our press, which relate to their respective sciences; and not a few speak it with great fluency and accuracy. The study of our language is no less favourite and common among the students. In the circle of my acquaintance here (already pretty considerable) most have studied English a little, many can read it with ease, and not a few speak it with a readiness and accuracy, which, to those who have never been in England, must have cost much pains and study. To suppose a Göttingen student who had not soared to the heights of tragic feeling with Shakspeare, and heartily sympathized with all Sir Walter Scott's well-depicted scenes of English and Scottish life, would be to brand him as utterly a stranger to literature in general. They whom want of opportunity or inclination have debarred from consulting these authors in the original, never fail to make acquaintance with them by means of translations, which are to be found everywhere, both good and cheap. Cheap I may truly say. Sir Walter's works are published at Stuttgart, at four-pence per volume. For this price I bought *Ivanhoe*, at Hamburg, complete in five volumes.

If, then, the Germans are such admirers of our literature, why are we so backward to return the compliment? If some unlucky German should stumble on our coasts, how improbable that he would meet with an Englishman who could communicate a thought to him in his native tongue! When a German student pays a visit to our universities, is it very likely that Goethe or Schiller will meet his eyes, arrayed on the shelves of the Scottish *Burche*? I question much if he would find the German classics very abundant even in the extensive libraries of our greatest literati. While translations of our classics are *here* to be found in abundance, even in the common circulating libraries, where with us is the good and complete translation to be found of those brilliant writers who have adorned the German literature? The fact cannot be disputed; and I again ask, why is it so? It cannot be that the German literature is held unworthy of the trouble necessary to be employed in acquiring the language; for we study French and Italian commonly enough, though these languages are keys to nothing half so valuable as the German can unlock.

A more book-making people than the Germans cannot easily be named, and these books are not generally (as some suppose) the flimsy effusions of a wild imagination, but the solid and elaborate productions of a more laborious and painstaking set of authors than any other country in Europe can boast of. Diligence and perseverance, united with the greatest zeal in the pursuit, and an undivided attention to their respective provinces, have procured to the German literati a character, before which their French and even English brethren must yield. In Botany, for instance, Mineralogy, and other branches of Natural History, they have made great advances; and if in these departments we can oppose to a Willdenow a Smith, or to a Werner a Hutton, in the field of Philology and Biblical Criticism, the different universities of Germany can boast of such a constellation of bright names, that before them all our literati must hide their diminished heads. Every Scotch grammarian and divine will confess, that the greater number of those books which assist him in unfolding the meaning of ancient authors emanate from Germany. So incontrovertible is this fact, that many among the English, unable to assert

their own superiority in this respect, have had recourse to the miserable shift of turning that which is properly a subject of praise, into an object of ridicule, by misrepresenting the Germans as mere laborious drudges in literature, well calculated to compile lexicons of words, plants, or stones, but utterly destitute of that fire of genius which produces the poet and the fine writer. For such a charge there has long ceased to be any foundation. The works of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Lessing, and a hundred others, will not fear comparison with the best productions of English, French, or Italian literature. I may safely take it for granted, therefore, that the German language contains literary treasures worthy the attention of those with whom such treasures are in estimation; and I shall now endeavour to recommend it to the notice of my countrymen on considerations drawn from the nature of the language itself, independently of the literature of which it is the medium.

The German language, then, deserves our attention principally on account of its near connexion and relationship with our own. The present languages of Europe, numerous as they at first sight appear to be, are all reducible to three original tongues—the Latin, the Slavonic, and the Teutonic. The Slavonic is the language of Russia, and of some parts of Germany. Latin prevails in the greater number of European languages—it forms the principal part of the Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese; and, along with the German, it forms the present English language. This prevalence of the Latin arose, very naturally, from the extension of the Roman empire. Thus it has happened that in France, Spain, and Portugal, the polished and cultivated language of the conquerors has almost entirely extirpated the languages of the original inhabitants. Germany was at once too remote from the seat of Roman power, and possessed too warlike inhabitants, to be exposed to the same danger from the Roman power, as those nations whom we have just mentioned. Accordingly this country, with its northern neighbours, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and Norway, has retained its original tongue, without any further intermixture with the Latin, than what the universal use of this language, in matters of religion and law during the middle ages, rendered unavoidable. England has, in respect of language, been exposed to more changes than any other nation in Europe. The original language of the Britons, our ancestors before the invasion of the Romans, has no connexion either with the Latin or the Teutonic, but is rather allied to the Eastern tongues. It kept its ground against the Roman power, but not so against the Saxon, before which it fled, and sought for itself an asylum in the mountainous recesses of Wales and Scotland. There, as well as in Ireland, it remains to the present day. But in the greater and more important part of the British isles, the language introduced by the Anglo-Saxons, a people from the north of Germany, prevailed universally. The dominion of the Saxons was destined to yield to that of the Normans, who, in the eleventh century, treated the Saxons as the Saxons had formerly treated the Britons. And now a great change took place in our language; Norman French became the language of the court, and of all who aimed at court favour, or wished to be thought in any degree refined and polished in manners. For this reason, we had well-nigh lost our old Saxon language. But it had taken too deep a root, to allow itself to be altogether extirpated by foreign influence. For many years, while the court and the polished of the land used the new language, the Old Saxon was retained, in its unmixed purity, by the peasants and other descendants of the original Saxons. From the influence of these causes, which the Author of *Waverley* has rendered so familiar to us, by the romance of *Ivanhoe*, many ages passed before one common language was spoken in England. At last, however, as the distinction between Normans and Saxons wore away, their languages also were incorporated, and from their union was the present

English language formed. In this process, there was no yielding of the one language to the other, but a direct and literal incorporation. Each party advanced half-way; and, by mutual concession, a language was at last formed, neither pure French, nor pure Saxon, but a mixture of both.

From this short sketch, it is easy to see the connexion which the German has with the English. It is the root—the original source of our language. Whilst in Saxony, and other parts of Germany; the Old Saxon or Teutonic has remained pure and unmixed, in England its progress was early cut short by the French, which has gradually made greater and greater encroachments, and thus given a Latinized cast to our tongue. On this point, the Germans have not been slow in recognizing their superiority, and holding it forth to the world:—"Whilst all the other languages of Europe," says Adelung, with exultation, "have been lost in the Latin, or at least corrupted by an admixture with it, only the German language, with her northern sisters, has known how to maintain herself in her own purity, and has rather chosen to enrich and cultivate herself by her own treasures, than meanly to stand indebted for her culture to another." Thus writes Adelung, the greatest of German grammarians; and he speaks the voice of most of his philological brethren—many of whom, indeed, have carried the doctrine of *purism* to an extent at once absurd and impossible. Still the boast of Adelung is not without the best foundation. Well may the German pride himself in the purity of his language. Unaided by any polished and already formed tongue, it possesses a rich and expressive vocabulary of primitives, which are, with the greatest ease, capable of the most multifarious composition—to such a degree, that it has been allowed, in this respect, to equal, if not to excel, the power of the Grecian tongue. Our language, on the contrary, has not preserved even that degree of purity which was left to it after its admixture with the Norman, but has gradually lost more and more of its Saxon roots; so that, for example, those words of Saxon origin which were used by Chaucer, had become obsolete by the time of Shakespeare, while many of his words are at present unknown in the English language, or unintelligible to the ordinary reader. As to composition, in which, as I have mentioned, the modern German rivals the Grecian, we have altogether lost such a power in our language. All our compound words, and most of our terminations, are Latin or French. We are not poor in Saxon primitives, but we have lost the power of using them for the enrichment and improvement of our language. To give an example, we, as well as the Germans, have the root, G. "frey," E. "free." From this the German language produces, with the greatest ease, "Freigebigkeit," literally "freegivingness," a word quite foreign to the genius of the English language, which is obliged to form "liberality" from the Latin root "liber." This may suffice to give a general idea of the difference between the two languages in this respect.

From the connexion above stated, it is quite evident how necessary it is that he who would understand his own language fully, should be acquainted with German. Here he will find, in classical and general use, those words which form the basis of the English language. Particularly useful will an acquaintance with the German language prove to him who would study our older authors. There many words occur which an Englishman would make nothing of, but which a German, who had studied English, would recognise as old friends. Not to mention Chaucer and our oldest writers, how much would we profit by an acquaintance with German in the interpretation of our great tragedian, Shakespeare? an author whom all Englishmen profess to read, but not all understand. It is not Greek or Latin that will assist us here. True it is, that these are exceedingly useful in giving an Englishman a command of his tongue; but the work is only half done if the German or Anglo-Saxon

remains untouched. To give an example or two of the truth of these remarks. The word "harness" is, in modern English, applied only to horses. In German, the word "harnisch" is in common use to signify "a man's armour," which is a signification in which it occurs in Shakespeare. In the same author we read of terror which makes

"the fell of hair  
Rise as if life were in it."

The expression, "fell of hair," is not used in modern English, and would not likely be intelligible to the ordinary reader. "Fell," in German, is "skin." The expression therefore signifies, as Johnson has already remarked, "my hairy part, my capillitium."

The same connexion and relationship of the two languages which makes it so useful to the student of English, contributes much to make the acquisition of German easy. Perhaps the reason why this language has been so little studied may lie partly in the general belief that it is extremely difficult. But though it must be confessed that, to an Englishman, and especially to one who has learned Latin, it is much more difficult than French and Italian—the two living languages most studied with us—yet it is by no means so difficult as is commonly imagined. Though the two languages, as already remarked, differ in respect of compound words, yet there exists the greatest similarity in the roots, and in some parts of the flexion of the language. A glance at a German dictionary will prove this to any one who is unacquainted with the language. Many of the words are almost identical; others have only suffered the common change by which consonants pronounced by the same organ of the voice are interchanged with each other. The change of a T into a D, or a B into a V, and such like, are quite familiar to every one who has at all attended to the formation of languages. Such is the similarity of the German and English languages, that, should an Englishman be thrown into Germany without any knowledge of the language, he might make his way not badly by using his own tongue. At all events, he would be in no danger of starving for want of the necessities of life; for he who should call for "flesh, bread, beer, wine, milk," would be easily understood by those who express these eatables and drinkables by "fleisch, brod, bier, wein, milch." If "wasser" does not appear so like our word "water," it must be remembered that in Low German this best of drinks is likewise expressed by "water," precisely as in English. In general, those English words which are considerably changed in High German, the language of literature and polite society, remain almost the same as English in Low German, the language of Northern Germany and of the common people. Sometimes, though the German word is evidently the same as the English, yet its signification, being somewhat modified, causes rather ridiculous associations. One can hardly refrain from laughing when, in the description of some German beauty, he hears her "haut" (E. hide) extolled as the most fair and beautiful. We use "hide" for the skin of a beast, the Germans for that of a human being.

Much as this similarity must aid an Englishman, it is of yet greater importance to a Scotchman, whose language possesses many remains of the Old Saxon, which one seeks in vain in the present English. Many of our common vulgar Scotch words are in classical use in Germany, and used in the most polished and refined society. This appears very strange to one who has been accustomed to associate vulgarity with such expressions. If, then, it be confessed that one who has studied Latin finds comparatively little difficulty in French or Italian, does it not follow, by the same mode of reasoning, that one acquainted with English and Scotch should find proportionably little difficulty in studying German?

But this is not the only advantage which Scotchmen possess over their Southern neighbours in learning this

language. Another and a most decided advantage which we enjoy, lies in the similarity of our pronunciation to that of the Germans. If there has arisen a complaint that the German pronunciation forms one of its greatest difficulties, this has, in all likelihood, come from the English, who are often very hard pressed to bring forth the rough and guttural sounds in which the German abounds—for that this is too much the character of the language must be confessed, however much some of the Germans may be inclined to deny it. It is certainly a pity that High German, which, since the time of the Reformation, has been the reigning dialect, should not be the softest that Germany can boast of. This may appear clearer by a few examples. When, for instance, our language is content with the letter “p,” the Germans regularly add an “f,” which two letters produce together a sound at once harsh to the ear and difficult for the organs to pronounce. Our words “pillar, pool, pipe, pepper,” are, in German, “pfaler, pfuhl, pfeife, pfeffer.” Our t also they change into ts, a sound by no means agreeable. “Toll,” for instance, is “zoll,” pronounced “tsoll.” Zimmer—pronounced timmer—is, in English, “timber,” in Scotch and Low German, “timmer.” The Germans have also that well-known mark of a rough language, the concurrence of many harsh consonants, with very few vowels. In the words “Pflingst,”—a contraction from Pentecost—and “furcht” (fruit), this is very manifest. In the latter example, occurs that sound which Englishmen learn with difficulty to pronounce, though it is quite familiar to Scotchmen. He who finds such an insurmountable obstacle in pronouncing “Loch Lochy,” or “Auchtermuchty,” will certainly not feel quite at home in reading the two following lines of Schiller’s Mary Stuart :

“Nimmer lud Lie

Das Joch sich auf dem ich mich unterwarf.

Kält ich doch auch ansprechen machen können ;”

where the unlucky guttural sound of ch occurs only nine times ! An Englishman will either slip over the German ch altogether, or make a k of it. A Frenchman finds himself equally at a nonplus here ; and will certainly convert this sound into sh.

One circumstance that greatly facilitates the acquisition of a true German pronunciation, is the regularity of the principles on which it depends. In English pronunciation, though a vowel or consonant have a certain pronunciation in one word, it is by no means certain that it will be pronounced so in another. This is a great grievance to foreigners, especially to Germans, who complain greatly of the difficulty of acquiring a good, or even a tolerable pronunciation of our language. No pronunciation, on the contrary, is more easy than the German. Each vowel, diphthong, and consonant, has a certain determinate sound, which it retains in almost all situations. No language possesses more than the German that great perfection in orthoepy, that the words are pronounced as they are spelled.

But while I thus assert what, I believe, every one will find to be true, that the German language is, on many accounts, by no means so difficult as it is often represented, I would not be understood as representing a knowledge of it attainable without considerable labour. The Germans themselves say that their language is amongst the most difficult of cultivated European tongues. Let not, then, the student suppose that he will master it in as short a time, and meet in it with as few difficulties as he may have found in the study of French or Italian. Both these languages are a mere trifle to a tolerable classical scholar. In studying German, the student does not find that assistance from a knowledge of Latin which he experiences in studying those languages which are formed on that of ancient Rome. Nor would I conceal that this language, besides the difficulty which arises from its being unconnected with Latin, and the two modern European tongues which are generally studied with

us, contains also drawbacks, which give no small trouble to the student. One of the greatest of these is the entire want of all rule and analogy in forming the genders of nouns. To this neither the signification, nor the origin, nor the termination of words, forms any tolerable clew. Not only are things without life made masculine and feminine, according to no discernible analogy which they possess with the sexes of the animate creation, but many living creatures, even of the most dignified kind, are, by the application of the neuter gender, degraded into the rank of things. Though one might perhaps tolerate that “weib,” a contemptuous appellation for a woman, should receive this gender, yet it is certainly very absurd that we should be compelled to address a dignified lady (*das Frauenzimmer*) and a beautiful virgin (*das Fräulein*) in the same debasing manner. One would think that the early Germans must have had a true Miltonic contempt for the female sex, and, to make this their contempt visible to all the world, had interwoven it with the very nature of their language, by making some of the most common appellations of the sex belong to the neuter gender. Besides this, the Germans and their Northern neighbours have had the presumption to alter the order of nature, which the Greek and Roman poets had established, by making the sun a lady, and the moon a gentleman ; which conduct, besides the open insult it implies against the dignity of Apollo and Diana, has unspun the theories of those grammarians who have unwarily asserted that the sun, from its majesty and superior dignity, has, by all nations, been made masculine, while the moon, which performs only an inferior part, and disperses only a borrowed and a weaker light, has been as universally considered as a female. So difficult is it to give general rules for the capricious operations of the human mind in affixing genders to inanimate things.

But while this irregularity in the genders of nouns must be a great difficulty to him who would speak and write the German language with classical accuracy, it is manifest that it does not in the least degree stand in the way of those who study the language (as many do) only with the view of being able to consult the works which it contains, belonging to their peculiar vocations. To such I can say from experience, that the German language, if studied with any tolerable degree of diligence and zeal, will be very easily acquired ; and when it is acquired, the way is open to an excellency and an extent of genius and learning, which will amply repay any pains taken in the acquisition. Of this, indeed, our literary men are becoming more and more convinced, and the study of this language, long neglected, is now beginning to be more general—the language itself is no longer considered as a barbaric tongue, unworthy the attention of civilized nations—and its literature, though long despised, is now looked upon with the admiration and the esteem which it deserves. That the state of public opinion in this matter may still continue to improve, is the sincere wish of

J. S. B.

Gottingen, 17th July, 1829.

#### ANTIQUARIAN SCRAPS.

START not, gentle reader, at the sombre, uninviting title of these brief notices. Antiquarian pursuits, it is true, are often but a species of laborious trifling, yet they sometimes present points of interest and humour, and should not be condemned *en masse*. There is an indescribable pleasure in striving to dissipate a portion, however small, of that mist which mantles between the land of oblivion and the region of authentic record ; and, though it is perilous in some companies to avow a lurking fondness for mouldy parchments and faded ink, I confess I must, as Mrs Malaprop says, “own the soft impeachment.” Life has few things better than a quiet chamber, a clear coal fire, a glass or two of racy port, and a midnight spell,

by the light of a pair of tapers, over a venerable tome or an ancient manuscript.

In assisting a legal friend in some enquiries relative to a disputed election case in an English burgh, I was amused with the variation in the style and wording of old charters and public documents. The most ancient charter extant, is that of the city of London. It was granted by William the Conqueror, and forms a striking contrast to the *copia verborum* in which our modern law-givers and juriconsults love to luxuriate. The following translation is from the pen of an able antiquary, Mr Bailey, one of the present keepers of the records in the Tower:—"William the King friendly salutes William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreeve, and all the Burgesses ('Burghwallers') within London, both French and English, and I declare I grant you to be all law-worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward, and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's death, and I will not suffer any one to do you wrong. God preserve you." The brevity of Domesday Book, with its enumeration of taini—villani—milites—and homines, is well known. King John improved upon the style of his royal predecessors. The following full and flowing enumeration, I copy from a charter of date 1206:—"The same borough and burgesses shall have and hold the same liberties and free customs as any other borough and free burgesses of England do have, well and in peace, freely and quietly, entirely, fully, and honourably, in wood and plain, in ways and paths, in meadows and pastures, in fens and lordships, in waters and mills, in vivaries and fisheries, in moors and marshes, within borough and without, and in all places and things." For this comprehensive grant, the monarch took care to exact "the ancient fee-farm rent, with L. 10 of yearly increase, payable to exchequers; to wit, one moiety at Easter, and the other moiety at St Michael." As these fee-farm rents added considerably to the revenue of the crown, each succeeding monarch was careful to have the burgh charters renewed immediately on his accession, generally raising the amount of each, as the clergy still strive to do the tithes on their induction.

The following curious notice occurs in a charter of Edward I.:—"In his well-known hatred to the enemies of the Christian faith, the King also grants the burgesses, from every Jew or Jewess passing over the bridge on horseback, one penny, or on foot, one halfpenny." In those days, the poor Jews were indeed a doomed race. Three years before the date of the charter alluded to (in 1277), fifty were drawn at horses' tails and hanged, and all the synagogues ordered to be destroyed, in consequence of some of their number having crucified a child at the town of Northampton. In 1287, they were all banished, and their property confiscated; at this time there were 15,600 Jews resident in England. They remained banished for upwards of three centuries, till Cromwell restored them; in return for which, the Rabbis wished to prove that Oliver was the new Messiah, or the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

In the charters of Edward III. frequent mention is made of the "mortal pestilence," and "dire adversities," in consequence of which the King had to lower his fee-farm rents. The awful calamity of the plague disappeared almost as soon as the city of London had been rebuilt, after the great fire of 1666; so the land-scurvy, and, before that, the leprosy, became gradually extinct, when the reformation of religion and improvements of agriculture had removed the necessity of eating salt fish and salted meat during the greatest portion of the year.

But to return for a moment to the burgh charters.—Richard III. was laudably minute in his enumeration of the exemptions and privileges granted to the burgesses on the payment of their fee-farm rent; they were duly assuaged from "all prisages, chiminages, and taking of carriages, horses, carts, waggons; and also of wheat, barley, rye, oats, beans, peas, corn, cows, sheep, hogs,

pigs, goats, kids, lambs, calves, ewes, hens, pullets, pigeons, and other birds; conies, wild beasts, eggs, salt, hay, straw, timber, wood, underwood, billets, coals, and other utensils and victuals." Edward VI., "in consideration of rents owing by the dissolution of the abbeyes," released about 40s. of the annual-rent. Elizabeth seems barely to have rectified and confirmed the former charters. Charles I., in language worthy of his father, "of his special grace, and certain knowledge, and mere motion," granted fresh charters to most of the burghs, defining more clearly and definitely their respective immunities; and, in several instances, incorporating the ruling powers under the title of "Mayor and Aldermen," instead of the old title of "Baillifs and Burgesses." We may here close the list, for but little alteration was made by subsequent monarchs, and the practice of renewing burgh charters has, as our lawyers say, fallen into desuetude.

Fresh light might still be thrown upon our Constitutional history, if the ancient returns of members of Parliament, made by the Sheriffs, were printed and published. Among the records in the Tower, there are returns for some of the burghs, in regular consecutive order, from the twenty-third of Edward I.—the earliest epoch of acknowledged representation. It is well known that, for several centuries, the office of member of Parliament was eagerly avoided, on account of its being considered an intolerable burden; and, to release themselves of the tax of two shillings per day, which the burghs were bound to pay their members, many of the corporations wholly neglected the precept, and made no return, or prevailed upon the Sheriff to get them exempted, on the plea of poverty and incapacity. Some of the old returns have the names of sureties indorsed on the writ, in order to secure the attendance of the members. I have seen a written agreement, between the major part of the burgesses of a borough and their representatives, so late as 1645, in which the member stipulated that he would serve in Parliament, "without requiring or demanding any manner of wages or pay from the electors." The patriotic Andrew Maxwell, member for Hull, in the reign of Charles II., is commonly said to have been the last who received this honourable salary.

I shall close these Scraps, with an extract from an ancient will, registered, with many others, in the office of the Archdeacon of Huntingdon:—"William Ferrers, late Prest and Parson of the parische church of Seynt John the Baptiste in Huntynghon, (the church, by the way, in which Oliver Cromwell was baptized,) bequethes to the parische church of Seynt John thirteene shillings and fourpence, to be bestowede abowte most necessarie things ther needfull to be don; and to bye and provide a canopye of silk for the holie sacramente ther, and that they may provide for the Bybulis, a desk, and a chayne, after the honeste manere; to the four parische Clerks fourpence everie one of them; to every poure household in my parische, at the day of my buriall, fourpence; to thirteene bedemen, holding thirteene tapirs abowte my herseye, to the honour and glorie of Almyghtie God, at dyrges and masses, fourpence to everie one of them." The will is dated in 1542—two years after the date of the royal proclamation, enjoining every curate and parish to provide themselves with the Bible of the largest size. "It was wonderful," says Strype, "to see with what joy the book of God was received, and what resort there was to the places appointed for reading it." So eager, indeed, were the people to see and hear the blessed Book, that it became necessary to fasten the "Bybulis" with a chain to the desk, after the "honest manner" alluded to by the priest of Huntingdon.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF MY OWN LIFE.

An Article by a New Contributor.

THE precise day and place of my nativity is of little consequence. I was approaching the years of confirmed

manhood when the principles of the French Revolution first began to be disseminated in this country. Of an ardent disposition, and totally unacquainted with the world, I was intoxicated with the proud hopes for society which they held out. Nature had endowed me with a facility of expressing myself, and, borne up by my enthusiasm, I soon became a leading orator in the numerous clubs formed by those who held like principles with myself. It is not unlikely that my reckless disposition might have involved me in some deeper plots, but my career was luckily put a stop to before I had engaged in any treasonable enterprise. An attempt was to be made to rescue some of the most marked English democrats, who had been arrested for the purpose of having them tried for high treason. Our Scottish leaders recommended me to their southern correspondents, as one whose fearless character might render him of use. My services were called for, and I agreed to lend them with an ardour and singleness of purpose, of which, although long satisfied of the folly, not to say the criminality, of the scheme, I have not, even at my advanced age, learned to be altogether ashamed. Our attempt was frustrated. Some of my comrades were tried for it; but as my family, besides being wealthy and influential, had been uniformly distinguished for their loyalty, a friendly hint was given that I was in danger if I remained in the country. I was willing enough to quit it. My father was of opinion that sending me to the continent of Europe, with the sentiments I then entertained, would only be exposing me to greater dangers. I was therefore sent to America, to keep me quiet and out of harm's way.

A branch of our family had emigrated some forty years before that time, and their descendants were living prosperously in Virginia. To Virginia I was dispatched, with a liberal allowance, and letters of introduction to some of the best families in the state. I took up my abode, at the old man's earnest request, with a cousin of my father's, a man who had travelled much. He was one of those who, to the most sedate and correct notions of life, unite the power of entering into, and making allowance for, the enthusiasm of youth. Under his guidance, and with the example of his truly great and good friend Washington before my eyes, I was taught, though with all the reluctance natural to wrong-headed youth, to see the folly and impracticability of the principles I had imbibed.

There is no country worse adapted for a man who has no business to attend to, than America. Every one is so engrossed with his own pursuits, that an idler can find no way of killing time. I traversed, during the six years that I remained there, almost every state that then belonged to the Union, and even made some excursions into the forests which were still the exclusive habitation of the natives. Tired at last of being the only idle man in the nation, I embarked for Hamburg, in company with a friend of my relative, a German, who had joined the standard of Washington along with Lavalette.

The French Revolution, as it is commonly called, might with more propriety be designated the European Revolution. The principles which gave birth to it had been disseminated over the whole Continent; they had been adopted and patronized by many crowned heads, who did not foresee the consequences of their dissemination. The state of society, too, which awakened them into such fearful activity in France, was not without its parallel in other countries. The declaration of hostilities by the sovereigns of Europe, under the direction of the Duke of Brunswick, was not an uncalled-for interference with the internal arrangements of another state, but a natural attempt to extinguish a spirit, which they saw waiting but a successful example to break out in a similar manner in their own territories. The injudicious operations of the aggressors taught France her own strength; and the consciousness of the sympathy of a large portion of every nation in Europe, suggested the

plan of defending themselves by carrying the war into the enemy's country. They were resisted at first by the military alone. The civil population received them as apostles of a new and better order of things. But they soon experienced, that whatever the projectors of the Revolution might be, and however fair the protestations of their invaders, the mass of the French nation had learned nothing of the universal philanthropy of the new philosophy but its language. They oppressed the inhabitants, and ravaged the countries, as unphilosophically as any army that ever marched through them.

The consequence was, that at the time my friend Von Wolfram and I reached his native place, a pretty strong reaction was beginning to be felt. It was the time of vintage when we arrived at his estate in Upper Saxony. The festivities of the season, heightened by the joy diffused at his return, engrossed us for a while. The necessity of arranging his affairs, which had got into considerable confusion during his absence,—a matter in which, as much from a sense of friendship as from a desire to get a more intimate acquaintance with the common business of human life, I lent him my assistance,—sufficiently occupied us during the winter months. But, on the approach of spring, the renewal of hostilities, and their nearer approach, drew our attention to the state of the country. The re-awakening national spirit carried Wolfram along with it; and an unwillingness to part from him, joined to man's natural love of fighting, led me on to unite my fortunes with his. We joined the army of the Archduke Charles. I hope it will not be ascribed entirely to the vanity of an old soldier, when I say that I served not altogether without distinction. We fought it manfully, until the reverses of Wagram and Austerlitz compelled Austria to sue for peace. My friend retired to his paternal estate, and I, in hopes that my long exile had sufficiently atoned for my youthful indiscretions, returned to England.

I found that I had nothing to fear; but, on my reaching Scotland, I found not what I had left. My parents were dead; my youthful friends had either left the country, or had forgotten me. I had acquired the habits of a foreign land, and there was little sympathy between me and my new acquaintances. Never—not when yearning for my native vales at midnight, on the banks of some lone American river—not when, on the eve of battle, I had none near me who spoke the language of my fathers—did the cup, which my own folly had brewed, taste more bitterly. I had wilfully torn myself from the soil on which I grew, and could not strike root again. I had cast myself before the unpausing car of destiny; its wheels had passed over me, and crushed the affections of my heart, the household loves in which man breathes and lives.

The moment I had brought my possessions into order, I applied for a commission, instigated to this step by the vacancy I felt at home, and the predilection which habit had given me for a military life. It was readily granted to me on the strength of the testimonials I had from my several commanders. Never have I experienced an emotion, like that which thrilled through my frame when I heard, for the first time, the banner of my native land rustling over my head. I was again a Briton! The stirring times gave me employment enough. I have followed Wellington in every campaign he made till the first abdication of Napoleon, when, warned by the increasing infirmities of age, I retired. I have no reason to complain of my success. In our service, a man of competent fortune, who has a decent share of talent, and does his duty faithfully, never fails.

After I laid down my commission, I made a short excursion through France and Italy; and since that time my residence has been, the greater part of the year, in a small villa about half a mile out of Edinburgh. I come into town every good day, chiefly for the purpose of having half-an-hour's talk with my amiable and conversative friend M——. I may be generally seen about

three o'clock walking along Princes' Street, towards the Calton-hill, where it is my delight to contemplate the magnificent views which it commands on every side. When the Exhibitions are open, I am generally to be found in one of them, sitting before some favourite picture. I am also a great frequenter of dioramas, panoramas, and popular lectures. When the rheumatism permits, I am frequently to be seen in the theatre. These indulgences of a desire to feel myself in a crowd, without being of it, are the only remains of my Continental habits; in every thing else I am a very Englishman. When the theatre is closed, or when the state of my health is not such as to admit of my visiting it, three or four friends of my own age to dine, and spend the evening in conversation, or at a quiet game of whist, are indispensable. My forenoon is spent in reading, except once a week that I devote it to regulating my household affairs and other business. My books consist of a pretty extensive collection of English literature, from the time of Shakspeare down to the writers of Queen Anne's age, the classics, the best French authors, and books of voyages and travels. These were the favourites of my younger days,—my noon of life was too earnestly employed to leave me much time for study, and I am now too old to enter into the spirit of the literature of the day, so different in its tone from my accustomed habits and tastes.

I can tolerate all opinions, but hold fast to my own. I think this world, with all its faults, a vastly good one; but hope to be able to quit it when the time comes, and it cannot now be far distant, with resignation. I do not trouble my head with politics, but I believe I am, if any thing, a whig of the old school, and a loyal man. I am a sincere, though faulty, son of the Episcopalian church; although I reckon among my most esteemed and tried friends, some of our Presbyterian clergymen. Finally, I am, if you, respected Editor, whose Journal is the only one that crosses my threshold, think an old man's prattling about what he has seen, felt, and thought, likely to be at all interesting and instructive, your very humble servant and contributor,

A. H. M.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TO SCOTLAND.

*By Robert Chambers.*

SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,  
The land of all that love me;  
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,  
Whose sod shall lie above me!  
Hail, country of the brave and good,  
Hail, land of song and story;  
Land of the uncorrupted heart,  
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,  
Thy sky is glowing o'er me;  
Like mother's ever-smiling face,  
Thy land lies bright before me.  
Land of my home, my father's land,  
Land where my soul was nourish'd;  
Land of anticipated joy,  
And all by memory cherish'd!

Oh, Scotland, through thy wide domain,  
What hill, or vale, or river,  
But in this fond enthusiast heart  
Has found a place for ever?  
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,  
To shelter farm or shieling,  
That is not garner'd fondly up  
Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,  
With noisy, ceaseless motion;  
Their waters join the rivers broad,  
Those rivers join the ocean:  
And many a sunny, flowery brae,  
Where childhood plays and ponders,  
Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,  
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,  
And on the lonely mountain,  
How many wild spontaneous flowers  
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!  
The glowing furze—the "bonny broom,"  
The thistle, and the heather;  
The blue bell, and the gowan fair,  
Which childhood loves to gather.

Oh, for that pipe of silver sound,  
On which the shepherd lover,  
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,  
Beneath the mountain's cover!  
Oh, for that Great Lost Power of Song,  
So soft and melancholy,  
To make thy every hill and dale  
Poetically hazy!

And not alone each hill and dale,  
Fair as they are by nature,  
But every town and tower of thine,  
And every lesser feature;  
For where is there the spot of earth,  
Within my contemplation,  
But from some noble deed or thing  
Has taken consecration

First, I could sing how brave thy sons,  
How pious and true-hearted,  
Who saved a bloody heritage  
For us in times departed;  
Who, through a thousand years of wrong,  
Oppress'd and disrespected,  
Ever the generous, righteous cause  
Religiously protected.

I'd sing of that old early time,  
When came the victor Roman,  
And, for the first time, found in them  
Uncompromising foemen;  
Then that proud bird, which never stoop'd  
To foe, however fiery,  
Met eagles of a sterner brood  
In this our northern eyry.

Next, of that better glorious time,  
When thy own patriot Wallace  
Repell'd and smote the myriad foe  
Which storm'd thy mountain palace;  
When on the sward of Bannockburn  
De Bruce his standard planted,  
And drove the proud Plantagenet  
Before him, pale and daunted.

Next, how, through ages of despair,  
Thou brav'dst the English banner,  
Fighting like one who hopes to save  
No valued thing but honour.  
How thy own young and knightly kings,  
And their fair hapless daughter,  
Left but a tale of broken hearts  
To vary that of slaughter.

How, in a later, darker time,  
When wicked men were reigning,  
Thy sons went to the wilderness,  
All but their God disdaining;

There, hopeful only of the grave,  
To stand through morn and even,  
Where all on earth was black despair,  
And nothing bright but heaven.

And, later still, when times were changed,  
And tend'rer thoughts came o'er thee,  
When abject, suppliant, and poor,  
Thy injurer came before thee,  
How thou didst freely all forgive,  
Thy heart and sword presented,  
Although thou knew'st the deed must be  
In tears of blood repented.

Scotland! the land of all I love,  
The land of all that love me;  
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,  
Whose sod shall lie above me;  
Hail! country of the brave and good,  
Hail! land of song and story,  
Land of the uncorrupted heart,  
Of ancient faith and glory!

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A NEW weekly publication, to be entitled "The Foreign Literary Gazette," is announced. The first number will appear on January 6, 1830.

Captain Brown is preparing Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses; to be illustrated with engravings by Lisars.

Mr Swan announces for publication, a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the subject of the Prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons. The first part will be ready in January next.

The first number of the London University Magazine, a new monthly publication, will appear on the 1st of October.

M. Barthelemy, author of "Le Fil de l'Homme," has appealed against the decision which condemned him to a fine and imprisonment, on account of that poem.

Poems, by the King of Bavaria, and his son Prince Maximilian, are advertised by a Parisian bookseller.

**FRENCH ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS.**—At the last annual public meeting of this body, the body did not feel itself entitled to adjudge any of the ordinary prizes. The following subjects for prize essays, were announced on the occasion. 1. An enquiry into the political condition of the Grecian cities in Europe, the Grecian islands, and Asia Minor, from the beginning of the second century A. C., to the transference of the seat of empire to Constantinople. This question is now proposed for the third time; no competitor having yet succeeded in discussing it to the satisfaction of the Academy. 2. A view of the changes which took place in the geography of Gaul after the fall of the Roman empire, explanatory of the names of cities, provinces, counties, and dukedoms, and all divisions, territorial, civil and military, of the French monarchy on this side the Rhine, under the first two races of our kings. This subject is announced for the second time, and the prize is to be adjudged in 1830. 3. An enquiry into the changes superinduced during the middle ages on the ancient geography of those countries which constituted, in the tenth century, the European part of the empire of Constantinople: explanatory of their civil, military, and ecclesiastical divisions, from the accession of Justinian, to the times of Constantine Porphyrogenitus; and of the various independent states which arose during that interval on the ruins of the empire, and flourished for a longer or shorter period. The comparative merits of the essays on this subject are to be determined in 1831. 4. An original critical discussion of all the passages relating either to the person or doctrines of Pythagoras, which have been handed down to us by the ancients, with a view to establish as satisfactorily as possible the real amount of historical information we possess respecting the fortunes and opinions of this philosopher. The prize to be adjudged in 1831.

**AN AMERICAN JUMPER.**—We meet with the following curious letter in the New York papers, which have just arrived:—"Messrs Editors—Please to notice in your valuable paper, that I propose celebrating the anniversary of our glorious Independence, by leaping over the Little Falls, Essex County, New Jersey; which, not being sufficiently deep, I have erected a stage, so that the clear leap will be about 80 feet. I perceive, by a notice in Alderman Rims' paper, that some base person proposes that I should leap with a frog for a

hundred sovereigns. I will leap with the worthy Alderman over as many coffin handbills as he shall be able to collect, and will leap with him into Tartarus, if he bets me two to one, and goes first. I regret to perceive that exploits of a most daring character make but an indifferent impression upon a gallant people. Look at Leander, who swam across the — I forget the name of the sea, to get a peep at his sweetheart—history has not forgotten him. Look at Hannibal, who crossed the Catskill Mountains in winter, before Mr Webb had built the Mountain House. Look at our late worthy President, Mr Adams, who swam across the Tiber at Rome, and the same river at Washington City; and look at me, who have jumped over the Passaic Falls several times, without being killed—will history forget these exploits? Will not Noah Webster, in his next Dictionary, notice them? Every skilable-skamble thing in the country is patronised—an Italian singer—a pair of fat babies—a dancing corpse—an Egyptian mummy, or the dog Apollo, can make fortunes, and can visit Saratoga Springs in Summer,—while I, who have done what Jove never did, can scarcely make up a paltry fifty dollars.—Some day or other, I shall take such a leap, that you will hear no more of me, and thus leave the country to mourn over their loss. SAMUEL VATCH."

A very characteristic compliment has just been paid to Rossini in Paris, on the occasion of his leaving that capital. The performers, vocal and instrumental, of the Grand Opera, assembled at midnight before his residence, and performed several of the principal pieces in his new and popular opera of "William Tell." Rossini has received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from Charles X.

It seems that the book trade of France is in any thing but a flourishing condition. Many considerable towns have no bookseller at all, and the market diminishes daily. This state of things appears, to a *Commission d'Enquete* of the Paris booksellers, to be occasioned mainly by, first, The system of the *Douanes*; second, The *Brevets*, or licenses required for exercising the profession of a bookseller; third, The state of legislation respecting *literary property*.

The History of the Prussian Monarchy from the death of Frederick I., by Manao, was lately translated into French from the German, and published anonymously. A German bookseller, ignorant of the existence of Manao's work, and mistaking the French for an original, has actually had it re-translated into German!

A collection of Portraits of the most illustrious Living Characters of Italy,—that is, of such as have distinguished themselves in the Arts, Sciences, and Literature,—has been recently commenced at Florence.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—J. H. Bayly, author of several popular songs, has produced a new piece at the English Opera House, last week, with considerable success. It is said to be founded on "The Aylmer," one of the tales in "Holland Tide;" or, according to the Examiner, on Godwin's novel of Caleb Williams. It is rather curious that, with one exception, the daily papers have been unanimous in its condemnation; while, on the other hand, the weekly press are as nearly unanimous in its praise.—Kean is again said to have suffered little in his late illness, and to be again performing with the energy and success of former years. We pray that it may be so.—The Dublin Theatre did not sell at 19,000 guineas last week, as stated in the *Court Journal*—it was bought in for 17,000 guineas.—The Theatre Royal will re-open on the 20th September for a short after-season.—The Caledonian Theatre continues to enjoy its hitherto unwonted popularity. Its admirable Corps de Ballet increases in attraction nightly. We notice that Madame Vedy, principal female dancer, takes her benefit on Monday evening, with a most attractive variety of entertainments.

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#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Correspondents must excuse us till next week.

We are happy to announce, that next Saturday's JOURNAL will contain a Poem from the Pen of Mrs Hemans.

[No. 41. August 22, 1829.]

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No. 42.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1839.

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We have of late directed the attention of our readers to American poetry, and American literature in general. We now submit a few remarks on the materials afforded by the present state of American society for works of fiction. A retrospective review of Mr Cooper's productions seems to offer the best text for such a discourse, at the same time that it gives us an opportunity of attempting to annex an estimate of the talents of this popular novelist. It is a difficult task we have undertaken—to speak fairly and candidly of a nation whose social fabric is erected on a principle so different from our own; whose songs of triumph are over our losses; and whose affections cling round objects which to us are repulsive. But, possessing an honest desire to do justice to all parties, we certainly do not think ourselves incapable of accomplishing our object, because our notions of America have been formed on this side of the Atlantic. Captain Hall is an eminent and recent example how even an acute mind, when brought into immediate contact with strange customs, allows the annoyance arising from slight jarrings of feeling, and sharp corners of character, to fret itself into overlooking the deeper and more enduring spirit of a nation.

At the time when the revolutionary war broke out in America, the immense tracts which nominally belonged to the British crown, were but thinly and unequally peopled. Some few wealthy and populous towns were scattered over the long line of coasts; the banks of some of the rivers were well cultivated, and inhabited by a hardy peasantry; but by far the larger proportion of the inland was an unreclaimed forest. The towns exhibited much the same aspect that we find in the wealthy provincial cities of England;—a busy trading spirit, diffused comfort with occasional affluence, a degree of polish and refinement among the wealthier classes, but an absence of that finish communicated by the presence of a court and high aristocracy. The inhabitants of the seacoast were, of course, much addicted to maritime pursuits, with a tinge of rudeness (if not something meriting a stronger appellation) from their frequent intercourse with illicit traders, the successors of the buccaneers. The forest was tenanted by its native tribes, with the unfrequent admixture of an adventurous white settler who had pushed on beyond his fellows, or a hunter who had half reverted to the state of nature in which he found his copper-skinned brethren. The very imperfect knowledge we have of the Indians will sufficiently serve as an apology for our not entering into any detail with regard to them. We only remark, that the advanced although partial moral culture, which can be recognised in their

character and institutions, had suffered much in the district towards Lake Champlain, and along the shores of the great lakes, from the collision into which they had been brought with French and English soldiers, during the protracted contests of which these scenes were witnesses. It is ever thus when a highly-refined nation unites with one less advanced. The moral truths which the latter has been carefully accumulating in the lapse of years, become shaken and disjointed; it loses confidence and belief in its own principles, without being able to appropriate those of its new friend; its growth is prematurely checked; the free-bourgeoning sapling is transformed into a stake which, from its immaturity, rots in the course of a winter.

There was at this period also, a considerable diversity between the character of the civilized inhabitants of the northern and of the southern states. The former were chiefly peopled by persons who had been obliged to leave England on account of their political principles. The latter, including Virginia, contained an admixture of political emigrants; but they formed a small minority in society, which was for the most part composed of adherents of the aristocratical and royalist parties. The northern statesmen were distinguished by a sturdy independence, and a strong attachment to the outward forms of religion. The southern were a less precise race, with more of an aristocratical polish. The climate, perhaps, and certainly the older establishment and wider spread of slavery, in the southern states, contributed to increase the distinction between these two divisions of our American dominions. Other individual differences might be found existing in each colony, according as men were gathered into towns or scattered over a wide surface—placed on the verge of the ocean, or struggling among the privations and dangers of the back woods.

Still, amid all these varieties, there was one prevailing groundwork of character common to all, and that they drew from the land of their birth. They were Englishmen transported far from the place of their sires, and set to struggle in new, strange, and often perilous circumstances; but still they were Englishmen. Nay, more; as we uniformly see provinces and colonies imitating the deportment of the metropolis, they were Englishmen of the age in which they lived, the last relics of that race of men whose peculiarities flourished in such vigour from the time of the Revolution of 1688, till the Revolution in France gave a new impulse to the mind of man, and brought into play heaven-scaling fancies, fond dreams of human worth—daring and self-devotion—madness and folly—all that is good, terrible, and base in human nature.

The Anglo-American character was produced mainly by the operation of a recently-established practical freedom, which the nation was still wearing in its newest gloss, and which gave scope for all the humours of which Englishmen have been, since the days of Ben Jonson, the chief practisers and patrons. It was a character plain, homely, practical, without one spark of poetry in its composition; it was self-willed, opinionative, absurd; it was a heart gushing with kindness under a mask of

apathy; it was the highest spirit, and the most refined feeling, assuming the deportment of blunt rudeness. This character, with some of its features exaggerated by the effects of peculiar circumstances and situations, the war of independence found predominant in America. There was much learning among these men, for regular seminaries of education were but thinly scattered; but there was a wide diffusion of that kind of knowledge, which a man of a reflective turn, and possessed of books, picks up in the intervals of an active life,—knowledge, which, if somewhat deficient in completeness and arrangement, is more vital—more a part of the living and breathing man, than any other.

The sense of dependence, however, the habitual deference to the mother country, had imparted a degree of languor to all their ways. The disputes, which terminated in the assertion of independence by the colonies, first lent energy to the American character. It underwent no other immediate change: life had been breathed into the mass which was already there. The Americans were not dissatisfied with the laws which determined their relations to each other, but with the superiority asserted by Great Britain. The great framework of their social fabric remained unaltered. They became republicans from the necessity of their situation; there were gentlemen among them, but no nobility; there was no one possessed at once of the talents and inclination to assume the sovereign power; there were, in short, no materials out of which a court could be formed. America was situated as England might be, could we suppose its king and nobles annihilated by some supernatural visitation, and the commons living on under the control of their old laws, in their present parity. America became a republic; but not such a republic as the classical scholar, looking rather to the poets than the historians of old Greece, fancies to have existed there; nor such a one as the idle believers in the advent of a barely possible perfection of humanity, hailed, in the empty war-cries of the French revolutionists. Some such dreamers there were in America, but the solid sense and quiet determination of the leaders of the federalist party kept them under. It is true, there is reason to dread that the Jacobins are on the increase in that country; but let us hope that the good sense of the nation will effectually prevent them from ever gaining the ascendancy.

The sound policy of the successive governments, by keeping the United States as much as possible aloof from European quarrels, has allowed them to hold on the even tenor of their way, from the moment that their institutions were settled. Education and the arts, useful and ornamental, have made steady progress. Their influence, and the intercourse kept up with the Old World by wealthy travellers, are daily refining the American manners, without obliterating the strongly-marked features of their national character. The immense tracts of yet unoccupied land which lie beyond their settlements, offer an outlet, a sphere of exertion, for those turbulent and unquiet spirits, who, in a densely-peopled country, would prove dangerous to a government, of such an artless and simple structure as the American.

If we have succeeded in shadowing forth to the reader the vague notions which our situation and opportunities have enabled us to form of the structure of American society, he (we can scarcely hope for the company of our fair friends along such a rugged path) will readily acquiesce in the opinion, that the objects which there present themselves to an author's eye, the passions likely to be awakened in his breast, are *as yet* of a kind more likely to call forth and afford materials for minds like that of a Fielding, a Smollett, or an Aikenside, than for genius of a higher order. It is only in times of commotion that great men spring into existence. Æschylus fought in person against the Persians; Virgil was nursed amid the storms of the expiring republic; the Royal Minstrel of Israel poured forth his lays when hunted "like a partridge on the

mountains;" Shakspeare flourished when the arising of a new religion had braced men's minds to the utmost; Milton raised his deep organ-voice amidst and above the clash of civil arms; and, with perhaps one exception, all the master spirits of our age carry upon them lasting marks of the impulse given to society by the bursting of the French Revolution.

We do not mean to assert that Cooper is a kind of Fielding or Smollett. He is a denizen of his own age, as they were of theirs—he speaks its language, and thinks its thoughts. His style is (like that of almost every author of the day) more ambitious, but, at the same time, more free and flowing, than that of the last age. He also delights, like his contemporaries, to mingle feelings of ideal beauty among the commonplace forms of everyday life—to cast a reflex gleam of poetry over domestic feelings, like the last golden beam of the sun shedding an accidental beauty over the squalid hut of the labourer. Cooper has all that nationality, the want of which is so often alleged as a reproach to American literature. His reflections, it is true, are such as might be made by the native of any country of European descent; but how can nations, sprung from one common stock, formed by the influences of science and literature, possessed by them in common, and owning one common religion, fail to have a close family likeness? When we say that he is national, we mean that his characters are the growth of America; that the mountains and streams which he describes, the forests that rustle in his pages, all the phenomena of earth and air, are American; that his principles, feelings, and prejudices, all lead him to embrace, on every occasion, the cause of America. His language is copious and easy; but we may add, that the structure of his sentences is not unfrequently careless and incorrect. His delineations of character are always graphic, although he excels more in the strongly marked and peculiar than the beautiful. In his earliest works, the plot was generally clumsy and incomplete. This defect he has now mastered; in particular, we might point out the *Last of the Mohicans* as a tale which hurries the reader along with an eager and breathless anxiety, such as is excited by the works of no modern author we can remember except by one or two of the best stories of Banim.

The *Red Rover*, the latest of Cooper's novels, is also the most powerful. The story is that of a generous, but perverted mind, the commander of a piratical vessel. The time chosen is immediately antecedent to the Revolutionary war; the scene is, during the first volume, in the capital of the colony of Rhode Island; the rest almost exclusively on sea. We know no one who commands that dread element with such power as Cooper. It is a power only to be equalled by that with which he places before us the fierce desperadoes of the pirate ship and their energetic leader. The *Red Rover* is a second and more successful attempt at what the author probably intended in the *Pilot*. In this latter novel, the events are so crowded as to hurt each other's effect, and are managed as by the hand of a beginner. The first conception is good, but there is generally a want of fulness and finish. The principal characters, too, strike us as failures—in particular, the ladies. And we may as well take this opportunity of remarking, that we do not think Cooper at any time especially successful as a limner of the fair sex. We must, however, qualify our blame by admitting, that even in the *Pilot* there are indications of that talent which is displayed in its maturity in the *Red Rover*. The character of the hero—the redoubted Paul Jones—is powerfully, and, we think, truly given; Long Tom Coffin is a jewel inadequately represented even by T. P. Cooke; and the running fight between the American frigate and three English vessels has scarcely been surpassed by the author's happiest efforts.

The *Leaguer of Boston* is, as its title indicates, a tale of the Revolutionary war. In point of merit, it stands

much on a par with the Pilot. The time of the Spy is at a later period of the same struggle; and the book is more to our taste. It contains a beautiful picture of Washington.

The Last of the Mohicans, the Pioneers, and the Prairie, compose a series. As, in the works already mentioned, the author has given us glimpses of civilized American life, in these three he has carried us to the boundaries where the white man and the dusky native come in contact. In the Last of the Mohicans, we find the Indian, as he existed before the independence of America, retreating before the encroachments of the whites, but preserving all the characteristics of his tribe. In the Pioneers, we find him lingering among the settlements, old and degraded, but looking back with pride to the days of his strength, as we have seen a chained eagle, his feathers ruffled and drooping, weakness in every limb, but the eye glancing brightly still, even amid disease and decay. In the Prairie, we are carried beyond the Ohio, and introduced to the scanty remnants of the Indian tribes, who, driven from station to station, have lost the associations of their fathers, and with them, hope and self-respect,—a savage banditti, who have parted with the virtues of the savage, without acquiring one tinge of civilisation.

Our limits do not admit of dwelling at greater length on the merits and peculiarities of these works. We recommend them to the attention of such of our readers as have not already met with them. They contain spirited views of American society at different times, in distant localities, and wide diversity of circumstances. They will be found amusing by the idler; and even the more reflective reader may perceive that they suggest thoughts on the state and prospects of America, which the paltry and insufficient histories we possess of that country have failed to awaken.

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*The Family Library. No. V. The History of the Jews.* In three volumes. Vol. I. London. John Murray. 1829.

THE style of this first volume of Mr Milman's History of the Jews is the worst thing about it. The author seems so versant in the German theologians, and, so intimately acquainted with the German language, as to have forgotten, in some measure, his native idiom. For example, he says, (p. 303,) "Hezekiah replaced his father Ahaz on the throne." It is evident from the context that he means to say "succeeded." Now we are aware that in German *ersetzen* would be the proper word, but we are not aware of any authority for using *replace* in such a signification. Again, in the story of Uriah, he says of David, "he did not perpetrate this double crime without remonstrance." Had we not known Nathan was sent to David after the crime was perpetrated, we should have inferred, from the use of the word "*remonstrance*," that the prophet had expostulated with him previous to its commission. The general stiffness of the style is perhaps the consequence of an affectation of the brevity of Tacitus, which undoubtedly gives an occasional weight and point to the narrative, although the author at times, from his excessive love of condensation, leaves a part of his story untold. We advert to this fault of the work first, in order to get more speedily over the disagreeable portion of our business; for, these slight blemishes apart, it is a book of great merit. The present volume contains a condensed and comprehensive history of the Jewish nation, from Abraham to the Babylonish captivity. The story is in general distinctly told, and we meet frequently with passages of real eloquence.

The history of the chosen people would be deeply interesting, if for no other reason, because it is the only authentic history we have of the origin of society. The trustworthy annals of every other nation only reach back to a time when it had already attained some power and consistency. In perusing them, we seem to be

looking over an extensive plain, where the outlines of the receding objects grow gradually less definite, and the extremity is lost in mists. But the history of the Jews places them distinctly before us from their first origin till their extinction as a nation. There is no period in which we are obliged to guess at the truth, hid beneath a dazzling but fantastic unsubstantial mythology. There is none in which we find ourselves on the limits of the two worlds of dream and reality, uncertain what is substance, what but an airy mockery. Abraham himself stands before us as real a denizen of this earth, as the last king who sat on the throne of David.

The progressive development of the social system is most distinctly marked in the Jewish history. In the book of Genesis, we have a large and wealthy family wandering in a yet unappropriated land, and settling from time to time where inclination prompts. Their whole arrangements are strictly domestic; there are no laws, no magistrate, no relations of citizenship. Between the close of this book, and the commencement of Exodus, there is an interval, of which we have no account. When we meet with the Jews again, they have become a people. Their origin has already grown obscure;—"Now there arose up a new king in Egypt, which knew not Joseph." They are strangers in a strange land, viewed with suspicion by the natives, enslaved, and oppressed. A deliverer is raised up, who leads them out with a strong hand into the wilderness, where God, first in his own person, and afterwards by the mouth of his prophet, promulgates a code of religious belief and civil ordinances, which they swear to observe. They are kept in the wilderness for forty years, that the stains and debasement of slavery may be effaced from their minds before they take possession of their inheritance. When the time arrives that the hearts and sinews of the nation have been braced by the free life of the desert, their teacher is taken from them, and his warrior successor leads them on to take possession of their new abode. As soon as his task is accomplished, and all the former inhabitants expelled or subdued, he too is removed, but not until the Israelites have renewed in his hands their oath to observe the ordinances of Moses.

The Israelites are now not only a numerous people, but they are in possession of a code of laws, and have obtained a fixed local habitation. As yet, however, they have no definite civil organization. After the death of Joshua, no one is appointed to succeed him in his capacity of ostensible head and ruler of the nation. They dwell together in the land, united by the ties of neighbourhood, common descent, common customs, and belief, but without any other apparent bond of union. There is no appearance of chief or council. They seem to have decided their controversies by the judgments of the heads of families—princes, as they are called in the Mosaic books—in the different tribes or neighbourhoods. From time to time, on occasions of emergency, when dangers threatened, inspired leaders appeared among them, Sophetim (judges); but their authority seems to have been, in a great measure, military, and even that is acknowledged only in one, or, at the most, a few of the tribes. Making allowance for such occasional exceptions, the closing words of the Book of Judges may be taken as descriptive of the whole of this period—a space of nearly five hundred years.—"In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

Of this period, the author of the work says well and truly:—

"Thus ended the period of the Judges; a period, if carefully surveyed, of alternate slavery and bloody struggles for independence. Hence may rashly be inferred the total failure of the Mosaic polity, in securing the happiness of the people. It has already been shown, that the views of the legislature were not carried completely into effect, and that the miseries of the people were the natural consequences of their deviation from their original statutes. But in fact,

part of this period of about 460 years, not one-fourth was passed under foreign oppression; and many of the servitudes seem to have been local, extending only over certain tribes, not over the whole nation. Above 306 years of peaceful and uneventful happiness remain, to which history, only faithful in recording the crimes and sufferings of man, bears the favourable testimony of her silence. If the Hebrew nation did not enjoy a high degree of intellectual civilisation, yet, as simple husbandmen, possessing perfect freedom, equal laws, the regular administration of justice—cultivating a soil which yielded bountifully, yet required but light labour—with a religion strict as regards the morals which are essential to individual, domestic, and national peace, yet indulgent in every kind of social and festive enjoyment,—the descendants of Abraham had reached a higher state of virtue and happiness than any other nation of the period. An uniform simplicity of manners pervaded the whole people; they were all shepherds or husbandmen. Gideon was summoned to deliver his country from the threatening foe: Saul, even after he was elected King, was found driving his herd: David was educated in the sheep-fold. But the habits of the people are nowhere described with such apparent fidelity and lively interest as in the rural tale of Ruth and her kinsmen—a history which unites all the sweetness of the best pastoral poetry, with the truth and simplicity of rural life.”

At the close of this period, the people of Israel—it does not precisely appear for what reason, but a variety, more or less plausible, might easily be assigned—became clamorous for a more firm and energetic government, which should draw closer the bonds of national union under one ostensible head. Samuel, then the most influential of the prophets, remonstrated; he urged the distrust of God's providence, indicated by this reliance on earthly means, and also the danger of encroachment on their possessions and liberties by an arbitrary king: but in vain. The first monarch was unhappy; and, as the kingdom passed away from him, so it retained no lasting traces of his sway. David, and after him Solomon, completely organized its resources, and carried it to its height in wealth, power, and splendour. After the decease of the latter, jealousy of seeing the supreme power in the hands of Judah, induced the ten tribes, under pretext of certain exactions by Rehoboam, to fall off from their allegiance. Jeroboam, the first sovereign of Israel, as contradistinguished from Judah, in order to render the separation permanent, made innovations in the national worship; and, as the Levites adhered to the house of David and the temple, instituted a new class of priests. After this apostacy, the power and happiness of Israel dwindled away under a succession of usurpers, until it was removed from its place by the Assyrian. Judah, under an alternation of good and wicked princes, retaining, even when at the worst, more of the national character, survived for nearly a century, and was then carried captive to Babylon. Here the volume now before us closes; and here we, in like manner, close our historical retrospect, in the words of the author:—

“At this period of the approaching dissolution of the Jewish state, appeared the prophet Jeremiah, a poet, from his exquisitely pathetic powers, admirably calculated to perform the funeral obsequies over the last of her kings, over the captive people, the desolate city, the ruined temple. The prophet himself, in the eventful course of his melancholy and persecuted life, learnt that personal familiarity with affliction, which added new energy to his lamentations over his country and religion. . . . He survived to behold the sad accomplishment of all his darkest predictions. He witnessed all the horrors of the famine, and when that had done its work, the triumph of the enemy. He saw the strongholds of the city cast down, the palace of Solomon, the temple of God, with all its courts, its roofs of cedar and of gold, levelled to the earth, or committed to the flames; the sacred vessels, the ark of the covenant itself, with the cherubim, pillaged by profane hands. What were the feelings of a patriotic and religious Jew at this tremendous crisis, he has left on record in his unrivalled elegies. Never did city suffer a more miserable fate, never was ruined city lamented in language so exquisitely pathetic. Jerusalem is, as it were, personified, and bewailed with the passionate sorrow of private and domestic attachment; while the more

general pictures of the famine, the common misery of every rank, and age, and sex, all the desolation, the carnage, the violation, the dragging away into captivity, the remembrance of former glories, of the gorgeous ceremonies, and the glad festivals, the awful sense of the Divine wrath heightening the present calamities, are successively drawn with all the life and reality of an eye-witness. They combine the truth of history with the deepest pathos of fiction.”

In this necessarily bare and imperfect outline, we have turned our attention to the Jewish annals, exactly as we would to any other historical document. But there is another and a deeper interest attaching to them, to which we would call the reader's attention. That they contain the most complete history we possess of a nation's rise and fall—that they present us with the most varied energetic representations of character—that we find in them instances of devotion, in the weakest as well as in the strongest, to their country and its institutions, unrivalled elsewhere,—all these sink to insignificance when we remember that the Jewish history is peculiarly and exclusively the history of religion.

There is a devotional feeling inherent in the human breast. While enjoying any highly pleasurable excitement, the source of which we cannot recognise, there is a natural, and almost irresistible tendency to bow down and worship the Unknown Giver. But the mind of man; not easily contented with vague and formless feelings; strives to attain some knowledge of this mysterious being: The senses cannot apprehend him; and the intellect, all-powerful though it be over what is subjected to it, has power over nothing but what the senses reach to it. The restless and forgetful imagination strives, from every thing that it has seen, or heard, to body forth the being around whom the heart seeks to wreath the garlands of thankfulness. Of such materials, and by such a workman, have been framed all uninspired religions. Fair in form, rich in intellectual and moral wisdom, according to the character of the nation in which they had their birth, Hume would not have erred had he applied to them what he says of religion in general,—that it is the child of imagination, and that, although we listen with pleasure and acquiescence to the gorgeous visions of the poet, the reason revolts when any one attempts to establish them by argument.

This inability of unaided reason to form for itself a notion of the divinity, and the danger to which a vague devotional feeling is exposed, if borne up by no stronger prop than what the imagination, the foster-child of passion, can afford, lead us at once to enquire with anxiety for, and to fix upon, the only source whence religious knowledge can be attained. It is revelation. The God whose infinitude transcends our limited grasp, must declare himself to us before we can know aught of him.

The sacred books, which arrest our attention by the strong external evidence of their authenticity, and then command our assent by their internal consistency, give us the history of this revelation. It was communicated to the first fathers of our race, and transmitted by them to their children. In course of time, the vital belief in the truths which had been thus communicated faded and grew dull. It was necessary to raise up some one who should preach the old and everlasting truth on the same authority as its first disseminators. The Jewish nation was selected for this proud office. In the wanderings of this people, we find frequent proofs that the original revelation had never been quite extinguished; but that, as with the natural day in some northern latitudes, the twilight of yesterday fades into, and is blended with, that of the rising sun. The mountain where God first manifested himself to Moses, was looked upon with awe by the neighbouring nations, as the favourite resort of some unknown but holier divinity. Balaam, Rachab, and others acknowledged, in the Israelites, at their approach, the objects of the protection of a powerful God, who had commanded the belief and veneration of their ancestors.

This faith the Jewish nation guarded for long ages : at times with the intelligence of a man who knows and values his treasures, at times with the blind instinct of a dog, who jealously preserves the object of his watch, merely because it is such, although he is unable to appreciate it. This faith, gradually more developed, and at last perfected in our Saviour, has been transmitted to us ; and well it is our part to maintain it. Its high and holy nature, if rightly apprehended, exercises a purifying and humanizing influence on the whole character. It is the only immovable pillar on which we can lay hold when whirled about in the convulsions of the moral world—the only pole-star to which we can look up with hope when fainting beneath misfortune, or, worse still, beneath consciousness of aberrations from that high moral standard, at which the still small voice prompts us to aim. Moral principles, amiable feelings, honourable spirit, all these are but part of ourselves, and may be overcome by the insidious whisper of other emotions. Religion is held out to us from above, and affords an external and additional support. It is a mast on which we, shipwrecked mariners, may ride buoyantly over the waves. Innocence once lost, who can restore it ? Honour once stained, who shall wash out the spot ? He who trusts on them alone, must sink in despondency, when he finds them inadequate to his support. But religion secures us against such debasement, by holding out a mean to regain our lost station. " When I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her tuning ! "

*A Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed.* By George Johnston, M.D. &c. Vol. I. *Phanogamous Plants.* Edinburgh. Carrfrae and Son. 1829.

We are told, in the preface to this work, that it was the amusement of the leisure hours of its author,—began and carried on as a relaxation to his more serious professional duties. Those only who are engaged in an arduous profession, many of the details of which, to say the least, are somewhat disagreeable, can duly appreciate the delight which a study like Botany is calculated to produce in the minds of those who cultivate it for its own sake. And sure we are that we may with perfect safety say to Dr Johnston, in the words of an eminent botanist, whose example and instructions have made many turn to this interesting science, that in his pursuit of this study, " whose pleasures spring up under our feet," he must have been plentifully " rewarded with health and serene satisfaction." For whether engaged in roaming along the banks of the silver Tweed, which, from its rise to its fall, presents one bright continued line of classic lore,—or wandering among the high rugged cliffs which render the coast of Berwickshire the delight and the terror of seamen,—whether busy " exploring the damp recesses of the woods," or the banks of some sweetly-secluded loch, or ransacking the treasures of some sequestered glen, whose melancholy gloom, a cause of undefined dread and terror to ordinary mortals, becomes the source of unmixed pleasure and admiration to the Botanist—in each and in all of these situations, his enjoyment must have been great and unalloyed, while the beautiful flowers which strewed his every step, appeared like " old acquaintances rising to greet him with their smiles."

We hail with delight the appearance of such works as the present, and already some works of the kind have appeared. In our own country, the botany of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh has been fully examined and made known ; the Clyde has had its botanist ; and in the Philosophical Journal, the botany of a small district in Aberdeenshire has been attempted. Till the present work of Dr Johnston, however, no regular attempt has ever been made to describe the botanical treasures of our Borders, if we except a Catalogue of Plants found in the neighbourhood of Berwick, by Mr Thompson, and which a comparison with the *Flora* will prove to be very defective in its enu-

meration of species. The author, therefore, we consider entitled to the thanks of botanists in general, and more especially of the natives of the district comprehended within his range, for having placed their " fairy flowers " on the fair page of history.

The use and advantage of having local Floras is great and manifest ; and now that there is a considerable degree of attention begun to be bestowed on that most interesting investigation—the geographical distribution of plants—their utility is doubly increased. How curious, for instance, is it to know, that in one part of the country where one set of rocks occur, there also grow a set of plants very different from those in a neighbouring district where the geological distribution varies ; and it is interesting, when this much is known, to trace the enquiry through any particular district, and to find that some plants which grow plentifully on one kind of rock, cease to be found where that rock terminates, so that a small ravine or gully proves as effectual a barrier to the further distribution of certain species as if the wide ocean rolled between. Some good remarks connected with this subject are to be met with in the preface to this *Flora*, which consists chiefly of an Essay on the Geology of Berwickshire, written by a friend of the author's. This is the first attempt, we are told, that has been made to sketch the structure of the county ; and there are few, if any, sketches of the kind so clear and intelligible in its details, while the animation of its style carries us, unwearied, through all the technicalities of descriptive geology. Many will consider it the most valuable part of the work, and it speaks to the interests of those proprietors who have, or may hereafter commence the digging for coal on their estates.

The county of Berwick is divided naturally into two great districts—the High, comprehending the subalpine districts of Lammermuir and Lauderdale—and the Low, containing the rich country called the Merse. Agreeably to this natural division, the geology of the county seems also to assume, for the most part, only two grand features, consisting of two great rock formations, the transition and secondary—the former chiefly prevailing in the High, and the latter predominating in the Low, districts. The chief rocks of the transition class occurring throughout the high districts seem to be the *gray wacké* and the *gray wacké slate*, except at St Abb's Head and the shore from thence to Eyemouth ; while the secondary formation consists almost entirely of the *new red sandstone*—in some places the *old red sandstone* appearing and forming the connecting link between the transition and secondary rocks. The most interesting point, however, in the county, is St Abb's Head, whether from its natural scenery, or its geological structure. " Few parts of the kingdom," says the writer, " can exhibit a finer and more splendid piece of coast scenery than St Abb's, to him especially who surveys it from the sea beneath, whether it be in the summer season, when in calmness and security he sails over the peaceful and pellucid waters, amid gloomy caverns, rocky archways, and majestic cliffs, half shattered by the storm or lightning, and shooting up aloft their giant greatness to the skies ; or whether he visit it when the myriads of sea-fowl are clothing the lofty cliffs, or darkening with their multitudes the noon-day sun, or filling all the surrounding echoes with their dissonant voices ; or whether, when the elements of sea and sky are mingled together, and the waves are lashed up to foam, he sits securely on its mountain top, and eyes the maddening strife." The Promontory itself is described as a huge insulated mass of trap-rocks, of which the principal are, trap-tuffs, amygdaloid, and felspar porphyry, and is completely cut off from the wide extent of high ground towards the west by a deep valley.

It is in tracing the relation between this geological and geographical distribution of rocks and plants, that one of the greatest sources of interest is opened up in the study of botany. In turning to the *Flora* itself, we find numerous examples :—Thus the *Salvia verbenacea* seems only

to occur on the *new red sandstone formation*; the same may be observed of the *viola vierta*—while the *V. lutea* occurs only on the *transition series*. The *Carbina vulgaris*, and the *Inula dysenterica*, seem to occur only on the *new red sandstone*, while the *Potentilla verna* only occurs on the *trap-rocks* of Spindleston hills. It may be observed here also, that the *Cnidium Silaus* occurs most abundantly on every road-side and field almost throughout the *new red sandstone* district of Berwickshire; and that though so profuse in that quarter, it does not occur at all in the Edinburgh Flora, except sparingly near Oxenford Castle. Some very curious and unexpected localities we also find mentioned in this volume. The *Scilla verna*, which seems almost exclusively confined to the west coast, here occurs in abundance at the eastern extremity of the kingdom; and a no less interesting locality, and equally unexpected, is the station assigned for the *Rhodiola rosea*, a plant which previously was seldom or never met with, except on Alpine rocks.

Dr Johnston has also in this work added several plants to the Scottish Flora. The *Veronica filiformis* he has ascertained to be a native of Berwickshire; and though this plant had been previously found in England by Messrs Borrer and Forster, this is the first time it has found a place in any botanical work in this country. The *Eriophorum pubescens* also he has found in abundance at Lamberton toll, and in Lamberton muir—a plant which had not a place in any British botany, till the last edition of the late Sir J. E. Smith's English Flora. The *Luciola sudetica* occurs in the field below the Lamberton toll—never before, we believe, found in Scotland. The *Senecio tenuifolius* has been casually mentioned in Jameson's Philosophical Journal, but this is the only botanical work in which it has been described as a native of Scotland. The *Mentha piperita* occurs also wild in a rivulet below Lamberton Shields, which is mentioned as being the second wild station that has yet been found for this plant in Scotland. The *Sisymbrium Iris*, and the *Picris echinoides*, both grow about the pier-gate at Berwick; and though they are within the liberties of the town, yet as they are on the north side of the Tweed, they almost deserve a place in the Scottish Flora. It is curious they have never been found farther in the country than just across the Tweed, there reaching apparently their most northern boundaries. Our author has also attempted to establish a new species of *Melampyrum*, the *M. montanum*. We are afraid, however, that he has been too hasty in so doing; and we may state, that having gathered specimens from the Doctor's own habitat, Cheviot hill, we cannot doubt as to its being any thing else than a variety of one of the common species. Here, also, as we are upon the disagreeable subject of finding fault, we may point out what we believe to be a slight error into which he has fallen, with regard to the Irish whin. This, we conceive, he is perfectly correct in stating, upon the authority of Mr Neill, to be the *Ulex stricta*, a different species from ours. But what is curious, this whin seems to be disagreeable to cattle; and it is the common species, the *U. europaeus*, which grows in equal abundance with the other, that is used by many people in Ireland as a substitute for hay, in seasons of scarcity.

In his Flora, Dr J. has not contented himself with giving a mere catalogue of the plants found in the district to which he has confined himself, but has given descriptions of each plant, many of them in full. He follows Smith in his arrangement and specific characters; and in several of his genera, he even improves upon him, many of his general remarks being very excellent. We would point out the genus *Eriophorum*, as an example of correctness and distinctness; while we must also do justice to his great labour and discrimination in the genus *Rosa*, of which he has eight species—of the genus *Carex*, of which he describes accurately 27—and the genus *Salix*, of which 18 are described, and many of them minutely characterized. The economical and me-

dical uses of the most interesting plants are also pointed out; and the graver and heavier details, the mere descriptions of the plants, are lightened and softened by a liberal recourse to many of our best poets,—for, to use a quotation of his own, "he is continually coming upon some document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the Muse."

We conclude with again declaring our satisfaction at the appearance of this Flora; and, being conversant with most of the habitats mentioned in the book, we are perhaps better able to appreciate the utility and advantages to be derived from it. We look with impatience for the second volume, with which we expect to be equally pleased as with the present; and, in the meantime, we would say to each botanist who has perused this little volume, and whose path lies in another part of the country, "Go, and do thou likewise."

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*The Foreign Quarterly Review.* No. VIII. London. Treuttel and Wurtz. August, 1829.

This is by far the best Number of this periodical that has yet appeared. In general talent, and diversified interest, it need not fear comparison with either of our standard Reviews. It contains, *inter alia*, some interesting statistical details respecting southern Russia; an able statement of the moral features of the Roman Catholic church in Germany; a sketch of the system of letting land on the Continent, a subject intimately connected with the condition of the peasantry; a well-written account of the rise and fall of the Templars; a graphic, though occasionally desultory, narrative of Masaniello's revolution at Naples, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott; a biography of Mozart—the Shakespeare of music; an impartial and full account of what has yet been done towards the deciphering of hieroglyphics, by our talented townsman Dr Browne; and spirited specimens of the poetry and romance of France, Spain, and Italy. It will appear, therefore, even from this brief outline of the contents, that the Number embraces a wide field of interesting matter;—historical and statistical notices of countries, times, and institutions, respecting which comparatively little is known—graphic sketches of individual character, from the fierce lunatic who wielded for a moment the destinies of Naples, to him whose soul was all harmony like his compositions—views of the moral and physical condition of our Continental neighbours—and a report of the state of those discoveries, which promise to bring clearly before us Egypt, the land of gigantic dreams, the Delos, tossed on tradition's waves, of the young Apollo Europe. The lighter articles that are interspersed afford a pleasing relief to the excited attention; while the critical sketches and literary notices convey a satisfactory idea of what has been doing during the last quarter among the Continental literati.

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*Knight's Scroll Ornaments, designed for the use of Silver-smiths, Chasers, Modellers, Die-Sinkers, Carvers, Founders, &c. &c. To be completed in 12 Parts. Part I. London. T. Griffiths. Edinburgh. A. Stewart. 1829.*

We have already noticed, in the terms of approbation they deserved, Knight's "Heraldic Illustrations," his "Book of Crests," and his "Modern and Antique Gems." The Scroll Ornaments, of which he has now commenced a complete series, are no less beautifully executed; and it is difficult to say whether they reflect more credit on the designer or the engraver. The fancy of the one, and the burine of the other, have combined to produce an elegant, and, we should think, highly useful work, in this department of the fine arts.

*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. III. Part I. The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, illustrated by Examples.* London. Charles Knight. August, 1829.

THIS is the first half of an interesting and judiciously compiled volume, intended to enforce, upon all classes, the great and satisfactory truth, that, by perseverance and industry, united to a moderate share of natural abilities, the highest honours may be attained in almost every pursuit. The work cannot be too widely circulated, among the young in particular, whom it will inspire with the love of knowledge, and allure to its acquisition.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS, BY HUGH AINSLIE, AUTHOR OF "THE ROVER OF LOCH-RYAN."

WHEN we reviewed Chambers's collection of Songs and Ballads, we gave, among other extracts from his volumes, the "Rover of Loch-ryan;" and having been particularly struck with the spirit and originality of that song, we expressed a wish to know something more of its author. This wish has been subsequently gratified, and several papers have been placed in our hands, by which we have been enabled to form a more extended and accurate estimate of Ainslie's genius. We are induced now to notice his writings, because we are satisfied that he has produced many things which deserve to be much better known than they are; and because, in a work like the *LITERARY JOURNAL*, which we have always wished to impress with a decidedly national character, we are at all times glad to bring the merits of any of our countrymen before the public, whom accidental circumstances may have hitherto kept too much in the background.

Hugh Ainslie, who is a native of Ayrshire, held for some time the situation of amanuensis to the late venerable and celebrated Dugald Stewart, from whose family he was transferred to the Register Office, Edinburgh. He was employed as a clerk in that establishment for some years; but having married, and finding his income much too limited, he left this country, along with his wife and family, in 1822, for America, and is now finally settled, after many wanderings, on the banks of the Ohio, in the neighbourhood of that phoenix city of the central states, Cincinnati. Before emigrating from his native country, Ainslie published a book, entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," which, however, from the want of an influential publisher, fell almost still-born from the press. It has only recently been put into our hands; but, on perusal, we find in it, together with a good deal of vulgarity and nonsense, many indications of original, though unpruned genius, and a good bold mixture of the ludicrous and the tender. It is a sort of *mélange* of prose and poetry, but the poetry is decidedly the superior of the two; indeed, without it, the book would be comparatively worthless. In most of the poetic pieces, there is either a breadth of humour, or a gentleness of pathos, or a freedom of thought and expression, which mark a mind of higher susceptibilities than is often met with in common life. Among these effusions we would particularly mention the "Rover of Loch-ryan," which originally appeared in this volume, together with the "Ingle-side," the "Ballad to the Bat," the "Gowan o' the West," the "Recipe for making a Scotsman," the "Lads o' Lendalft," several songs, and the ballad of "Sir Arthur and Lady Ann." Of these we shall extract only the last, reserving the rest of our space for some manuscript poems, by the same author, with which we have been favoured:

SIR ARTHUR AND LADY ANN.

Sir Arthur's foot is on the sand—

His boat wears in the wind,

An' he's turn'd him to a fair foot-page  
Was standing him behind.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my bonny boy,  
An' glad your mother's ee,  
I hae left anew to weep an' rue;  
Sae, there's nane maun weep for thee.

"An' take this to my father's ha',  
An' tell him I maun speed;  
There's fifty men in chase o' me,  
An' a price upon my head.

"An' bear this to Dunellie's towers,  
Where my love Annie's gane;  
It is a lock o' my brown hair  
Girt with the diamond stane."

"Dunellie, he has daughters five,  
An' some o' them are fair;  
Sae, how will I ken thy true love  
Amang sae mony there?"

"Ye'll ken her by the stately step,  
As she gaes up the ha';  
Ye'll ken her by the look o' love,  
That peers out o'er them a'.

"Ye'll ken her by the braid o' gowd,  
That spreads o'er her ee-bree;  
Ye'll ken her by the red red cheek,  
When ye name the name o' me.

"That cheek sou'd lain on this breast-bane,  
Her hame sou'd been my ha';  
Our tree is bow'd, our flower is dow'd,  
Sir Arthur's an outlaw."

He sigh'd, and turn'd him right about,  
Where the sea lay braid and wide;  
It's no to see his bonny boat,  
But a watery cheek to hide.

The page has doff'd his feather'd cap,  
But an' his raven hair;  
An' out there came the yellow locks,  
Like swirls o' the gowden wair.

Syne he's updone his doublet clasp,  
Was o' the grass-green hue;  
An', like a lily frae the pod,  
A lady burst in view.

"Tell out thy errand now, Sir Knight,  
Wi' thy love-tokens a';  
If I e'er rin against my will,  
It shall be at a lover's ca'."

Sir Arthur turn'd him round about,  
E'en as the lady spake;  
An' thrice he dighted his dim ee,  
An' thrice he stepped back.

But ae blink o' her bonny ee,  
Out spake his Lady Ann,  
An' he's catch'd her by the waist sae sma',  
Wi' the gripe o' a drowning man.

"O! Lady Ann, thy bed's been hard,  
When I thought it the down;  
O! Lady Ann, thy love's been deep,  
When I thought it was flown.

"I've met my love in the greenwood—  
My foe on the brown hill;  
But I ne'er met wi' aught before  
I liked sae weel—and ill.

"O! I could make a queen o' thee,  
An' it would be my pride;

But, Lady Ann, it's no for thee  
To be an outlaw's bride."

"Hae I left kith and kin, Sir Knight,  
To turn about and rue?"

Hae I shared win' and wet wi' thee,  
That I maun leave thee now?"

"There's gowd and siller in this han',  
Will buy us mony a rigg;  
There's pearlins in this other han',  
A stately tower to bigg."

"Though thou'rt an outlaw frae this lan',  
The world's braid and wide;  
Make room, make room, my merry-men,  
For young Sir Arthur's bride!"

There is in the above a great deal of the genuine spirit of the old Scottish ballad; and our readers, we think, will be willing to confess with us, that the man who can write thus, ought not to write altogether unknown. Since Mr Ainslie went to reside in America, nothing of his has appeared in print on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of a paper or two in the *Newcastle Magazine*, which he entitled "Feelings of a Foreigner in America." He contributes, however, to American publications; and he has, from time to time, transmitted to his friends at home poetical effusions of great merit, some of which we have now pleasure in making public. We shall begin with a poem, which bears date "January 25th, 1823:"

Lines written on the anniversary of Burns's birth-day, when wandering belated in the mountain passes on the frontiers of Vermont.

When last my feeble voice I raised  
To thy immortal dwelling,  
The flame of friendship round me blazed,  
On breath of rapture swelling!

Now, far into a foreign land,  
The heavens above me scowling,  
The big bough waving like the wand,  
The forest caverns howling!

No kindred voice is in mine ear,  
No heart with mine is beating;  
No tender eye of blue is near,  
My glance of kindness meeting.

But woody mountains, towering rude,  
Dare heaven with their statues!  
'Tis nature in her roughest mood,  
Amidst her roughest features!

Yet thou, who sang'st of nature's charms,  
In barrenness and blossom,  
Thy strain of love and freedom warms  
The chill that's in my bosom.

And here, where tyranny is mute,  
And right hath the ascendance,  
O, where's the soil could better suit  
Thy hymn of Independence?

Thou giant 'mong the mighty dead!  
Full bowls to thee are flowing;  
High souls of Scotia's noble breed  
With pride this night are glowing!

In a very different style, but not the less spirited and good, is the following song:

I'M LIVING YET.

This flesh has been wasted, this spirit been vext,  
Till I've wish'd that my deeling day were the next;  
But trouble will flee, an' sorrow will fit,  
Sae tent me, my lads—I'm living yet!

Ay, when days war dark, an' the nights as grim,  
When the heart was dowie, an' the ee was dim,  
At the tail o' the purse, at the end o' my wit,  
It was time to quit—but I'm living yet!

Our pleasures are constantly gien to disease,  
An' Hope, poor thing, aft gets dowy, and dies;  
While dyster Care, wi' his darkest litt,  
Keeps dipping awa'—but I'm living yet!

A wee drap drink, an' a canty chiel,  
Can laugh at the warl', an' defy the deil;  
Wi' a blink o' sense, an' a slaught o' wit,  
Oh! that's the gear's kept me living yet!

In a similar spirit is

A DECEMBER DITTY.

The merry bird o' simmer's down,  
Wi' his brave companions a';  
Grim winter has the green leaf stown,  
An' gifted us the snaw.

The big bough sings a dowy sang,  
As it swings in the deep'ning drift;  
An' the glint o' day just creeps along  
The ledge o' the leaden lift.

But awa' wi' words in wintry weed,  
An' thoughts that bode o' ill!  
What! are we o' the forest breed  
To dow wi' the daffodill?

Let's roose up merry days we've seen,  
When carping care was dumb;  
Let's think on flowers an' summers green,—  
There's Jula yet to come!

Though my lair is in a foreign land,  
My friens' ayout the sea,  
There's fusion in affection's hand  
To draw them yet to me!

The pensive vein of thought which runs through the following poem, contrasts well with the above:

Lines written by the River Side.

Sweet, sober, solitary Nook,  
Where many an hour I stole,  
To read, as in a written book,  
The records of my soul!

Of when the morn came down the cleugh,  
To gild thy waters clear,  
And birds set up their merry sough,  
Thou'st found me pondering here.

And when the sun lay in the west,  
And dewdrops sought the flower,  
The gowan'd sward I've often press'd,  
Within thy hazel bowser.

Sending my weary spirit forth  
Through wilds that lay before,  
And wishing they might be more smooth  
Than those I've wandered o'er.

These days are done, and I draw near  
My last fond look to take,  
And think of one who often here  
Will wander for my sake.

And when cold winter's blasting look  
Bids summer's sweets depart,  
She'll see within this wither'd nook,  
An emblem of my heart!

The following also deserves a place:

## HARVEST-HOME IN AMERICA.

The barley 's in the mow, boys,  
The hay is in the stack ;  
An' grain o' a' kind now, boys,  
Is under rape and check.

Sae stow your tools about the yard,  
Let's meet wi' an accord ;  
We've bent enough out ower the sward,  
We'll band now ower the board.

O mow a' and has sown, boys,  
To see another reap ;  
To see what he has grown, boys,  
But swell a landlord's heap.

But rent, or tax, or tithes, boys,  
Our ginals durns spill ;  
These burdens were bought off, boys,  
Langsyne at Bunker's Hill.

What though the hand be like a hoof,  
The cheek be like the grun',  
The wearied shank be kicking proof,  
An' rather stiff for fun ?

Ne'er fear, we'll get the slight o't,  
An' tongues shall wag like flails ;  
An' faith we've hae a night o't,  
Or punch an' pantry fails !

When hearty health is given, boys,  
To season life's dull lease,  
An' plenty comes frae heaven, boys,  
To mate wi' gentle peace,—

The soul that winna glow, then,  
Is chill'd wi' gripping greed,  
And the heart that winna flow, then,  
Is a stony heart indeed !

We shall give our readers at present only one more specimen of Mr Ainelle's abilities. It is a Scotch song of great merit :

## DAFT DAYS.

" The midnight hour is blinking, lads,  
An' the douce an' the decent are winking, lads,  
Sae I tell ye again,  
Be't weel or ill taen,  
It's time ye were quitting your drinking, lads."

" Gae ben an' mind your gantry, Kate,  
Gie's mair o' your bear and less bantry, Kate ;  
For we vow where we sit,  
That afore we shall sit,  
We'll be better acquaint wi' your pantry, Kate."

" The daft days are but beginning, Kate,  
An' we've sworn (wad ye hae us be sinning, Kate?)  
By our faith an' our houp,  
We shall stick by the stoup,  
As lang as a barrel keeps running, Kate."

" Through spring an' through simmer we molla it, Kate,  
Through hay an' through harvest we toll it, Kate ;  
Sae ye ken, whan the wheel  
Is beginning to squeel,  
It's time for to grease or to oil it, Kate."

" Then score us another drappy, Kate,  
An' gie us a cake to our cappy, Kate,  
For, by spigot an' pin,  
It were mair than a sin  
To sit when we're sitting sae happy, Kate."

We are glad that we have thus had it in our power to do some justice to a clever man, now self-exiled from his

country ; and, as we believe it is not unlikely that the present number of the LITERARY JOURNAL will fall into his hands, we doubt not that it will give him some pleasure to perceive, that the genius which God has given him is not destined to pass entirely unappreciated in his native country.

## THE CRIMES OF RICHARD HAWKINS.

By Thomas Aird, Author of " Religious Characteristics," &c.

WHEN a young man, Richard Hawkins was guilty of the heinous crime of betraying the daughter of a respectable farmer in the west of Galloway, of the name of Emily Robeson. As he yet loved the injured maiden, he would have married her, but in this he was determinedly opposed by her relatives, and particularly by her only brother, betwixt whom and himself an inveterate hostility had, from various causes, been growing up since their earliest boyhood. From remorse partly, and shame and disappointment, and partly from other causes, Hawkins hereupon left his home and went abroad ; but after making a considerable sum of money he returned to Scotland, determined to use every remonstrance to win over Emily's friends to allow him yet by marriage to make reparation to the gentle maiden, the remembrance of whose beauty and faithful confiding spirit had unceasingly haunted him in a foreign land. He arrived first at Glasgow, and proceeded thence to Edinburgh, where he purposed to stay a week or a fortnight before going southward to his native county, in which also Emily Robeson resided.

During his stay in the metropolis, having been one evening invited to sup at the house of a gentleman, originally from the same county with himself, scarcely had he taken his seat in his host's parlour, when Emily's brother entered, and instantly recognizing him, advanced with a face of grim wrath, denounced him as a villain, declared he would not sit a moment in his company, and to make good his declaration, instantly turned on his heel and left the house. The violent spirit of Hawkins was in a moment stung to madness by this rash and unseasonable insolence, which was offered him, moreover, before a number of gentlemen ; he rose, craved their leave for a moment, that he might follow, and show Mr Robeson his mistake ; and sallying out of the house, without his hat, he overtook his aggressor on the street, tapped him on the shoulder, and thus bespoke him, with a grim smile :—" Why, sir, give me leave to propound to you that this same word and exit of yours are most preciously insolent. With your leave, now, I must have you back, gently to unmy me a word or two ; or, by heaven ! this night your blood shall wash out the imputation !"

" This hour—this hour !" replied Robeson, in a hoarse compressed whisper ; " my soul craves to grapple with you, and put our mutual affair to a mortal arbitrement. Hark ye, Hawkins, you are a stranger in this city, I presume, and cannot reasonably be expected easily to provide yourself with a second ; moreover, that no one would back such a villain ;—now, will you follow me this moment to my lodgings, except from my hand one of a pair of pistols, and let us, without further formality, retire to a convenient place, and do ourselves a pleasure and a justice. I am a-weary of living under the same sun with you, and if I can shed your foul blood beneath yon chaste stars of God, I would willingly die for it. Dare you follow me ?—and quickly, before those fellows think of looking after us ?"

To Hawkins' boiling heart of indignation 'twas no hard task so to follow, and the above proposal of Robeson was strictly and instantly followed up. We must notice here particularly, that, as the parties were about to leave the house, a letter was put into Robeson's hand, who, seeing that it was from his mother, and bore the outward notification of mourning, craved Hawkins' permission to read

it, which he did with a twinkling in his eye, and a working, as of deep grief, in the muscles of his face; but in a minute he violently crushed the letter, put it in his pocket, and, turning anew to his foe with glaring eyes of anger, told him that all was ready. And now we shall only state generally, that, within an hour from the first provocation of the evening, this mortal and irregular duel was settled, and left Robson shot through the body by his antagonist. No sooner did Hawkins see him fall, than horror and remorse for his deed rushed upon him; he ran to the prostrate youth, attempted to raise him up, but dared not offer pity or ask forgiveness, for which his soul yet panted. The wounded man rejected his assistance, waved him off, and thus faintly but fearfully spoke:—"Now, mine enemy! I will tell you, that you may sooner know the curse of God, which shall for ever cling and warp itself round all the red cards of your heart—That letter from my mother, which you saw me read, told me of the death of that sister Emily whom I so loved; whom you—oh, God!—who never recovered from your villainy. And my father, too!—Off, fiend, nor mock me!—you shall not so triumph,—you shall not see me die!" So saying, the wounded youth, who was lying on his back, with his pale writhen features upturned, and dimly seen in the twilight, with a convulsive effort now threw himself round, with his face upon the grass. In a fearful agony stood Hawkins, twisting his hands, not knowing whether again to attempt raising his victim, or to run to the city for a surgeon. The former he at length did, and found no resistance; for, alas! the unhappy youth was dead. The appearance of two or three individuals now making towards the bloody spot, which was near the suburbs of the town, and to which, in all probability, they had been drawn by the report of the pistols, roused Hawkins, for the first time, to a sense of his own danger. He quickly left the ground, dashed through the fields, and, without distinctly calculating his route, instinctively turned towards his native district.

As he proceeded onwards, he began to consider the bearings of his difficult situation, and at last resolved to hasten on through the country, to lay his case before his excellent friend Frank Dillon, who was the only son of a gentleman in the western parts of Galloway, and who, he knew, was at present residing with his father. Full of the most riotous glee, and nimble-witted as Mercutio, Frank, he was aware, could be no less gravely wise as an adviser in a difficult emergency, and he determined, in the present case, to be wholly ruled by his opinion. Invigorated, from thus having settled for himself a definite course, he walked swiftly forward through the night, which shone with the finest beauty of the moon. Yet what peace to the murderer—whose red title not the fairest duellist, who has slain a human being, can to his own conscience reduce? The cold glittering leaves on the trees, struck with a quick, momentary gust, made him start as he passed; and the shadowy foot and figure of the lover coming round from the back window of the lone cottage, was to his startled apprehension the avenger of blood at hand. As he looked afar along the glittering road, the black fir-trees upon the edge of the moor seemed men coming running down to meet him; and the long howl of some houseless cur, and the distant hoof of the traveller, which struck his listening ear with two or three beatings, seemed all in the track of pursuit and vengeance. Morning came, and to the weary fugitive was agreeably cloudy; but the sun arose upon him in the forenoon, shining from between the glassy, glistening clouds, with far greater heat than he does from a pure blue sky. Hawkins had now crossed many a broad acre of the weary moorlands, fatigued and thirsty, his heart beating in his ears, and not a drop of water that he could see to sprinkle the dry pulses of his bosom, when he came to a long morass, which barred his straightforward path. His first business was to quench his thirst from a dull stank, overgrown with paddowpipe, and black with myriads

of tadpoles; there, finding himself so faint from fatigue that he could not brook the idea of going round by the end of the moor, and being far less able to make his way through the middle of it, by leaping from *hagg* to *hagg*, he threw himself down on the sunny side of some long reeds, and fell fast asleep.

He was waked by the screaming of lapwings, and the noise of a neighbouring bittern, to a feeling of violent throbbing, headach, and nausea, which were probably owing to the sun's having beat upon him whilst he lay asleep, aggravated by the reflection from the reeds. He arose; but, finding himself quite unable to pursue his journey, again threw himself down on a small airy brow of land, to get what breeze might be stirring abroad. There were several companies of people at work digging peats in the moor, and one party now sat down very near him to their dinner. One of them, a young woman, had passed so near him, as to be able to guess, from his countenance, that he was unwell; and in a few minutes, with the fine charity of womanhood, she came to him with some food, of which, to satisfy her kindness, rather than his own hunger, he ate a little. The air changed in the afternoon, and streaming clouds of hail crossed over that wild country; yet he lay still. Party after party left the moor, and yet he was there. He made, indeed, a show of leaving the place at a quick rate, to disappoint the fears of the people who had seen him at noon, and who, as they again came near to gather up their supernumerary clothes, were evidently perplexed on his account, which they showed, by looking first towards him, and then at each other. It was all he could do to get quite out of their sight beyond a little eminence; and there, once more, he lay down in utter prostration of mind and body.

Twilight began to darken upon the pools of that desolate place. The wild birds were gone to their heathy nests; all, save the curlew, whose bravura was still sung over the fells, and borne far away into the dim and silent night. At length a tall, powerful-looking man came stepping through the moor, and as he passed near the poor youth, asked, in slow speech, who he was. In the reaction of nature, Hawkins was, in a moment, anxious about his situation, and replied to him that he had fallen sick on his way, and was unable to go in quest of a resting-place for the night. Approaching and turning himself round to the youth as he arose, the Genius of the place had him on his back in a moment, and went off with him carelessly and in silence over the heath. In about half an hour they came to a lonely cottage, which the kind animal entered; and, setting the young man down, without the least appearance of fatigue on his part, "Here, gudewife," said he, "is a bairn t'ye, that I hae foun' i' the moor: now, let us see ye be gude to him." Either this injunction was very effective, or it was not at all necessary; for, had the youth been her own son, come from a far country to see her, this hostess of the cottage could not have treated him more kindly. From his little conversation during the evening, her husband, like most very bulky men, appeared to be of dull intellect; but there was a third personage in the composition of his household, a younger brother, a very little man—the flower of the flock—who made ample amends for his senior brother's deficiencies as a talker. A smattering of church-history had filled his soul with a thousand stories of persecution and martyrdom; and, from some old history of America, he had gained a little knowledge of Upper Canada, for which, Hawkins was during the night repeatedly given to understand, he was once on the very point of setting out, an abiding embryo of bold travel, which, in his own eye, seemed to invest him with all the honours and privileges of *bona fide* voyagers. His guest had a thousand questions put to him on these interesting topics, less for his answers, it was evident, than for an opportunity to the little man of setting forth his own information. All this was tolerably fair; but it was truly

disgusting, when the little oracle took the Bible after supper, and, in place of his elder brother, who was otherwise also the head of the family, performed the religious services of the evening, presuming to add a comment to the chapter which he read; to enforce which, his elbow was drawn back to the sharpest angle of edification, from which, ever and anon unslinging itself like a shifting rhomboid, it forced forward the stiff information in many a pompous instalment. The pertinacious forefinger was at work too; and before it trembled the mystic Babylon, which, in a side argument, that digit was uplifted to denounce. Moreover, the whole lecture was given in a squeaking, pragmatic voice, which sounded like the sharpening of thatchers' knives.

Next morning the duellist renewed his journey, hoping against eveningtide to reach Dillon's house, which he guessed could not now be more than forty miles distant. About mid-afternoon, as he was going through a small hamlet of five or six cottages, he stepped into one of them, and requested a little water to drink. There was a hushed solemnity, he could see in a moment, throughout the little apartment into which, rather too unceremoniously, he had entered; and a kind-looking matron, in a dark robe, whispered in his ear, as she gave him a poring of sweet water, with a little oatmeal sprinkled upon it, that an only daughter of the house, a fine young woman, was lying "a corpse." Without noticing his presence, and indeed with her face hid, sat the mother doubtless of the maiden, heedless of the whispered consolations of two or three officious matrons, and racking in that full and intense sorrow with which strangers cannot intermeddle. The sloping beams of the declining sun shone beautifully in through a small lattice, illuminating a half-decayed nosegay of flowers which stood on the sunny whitewashed sill—emblem of a more sorrowful decay!—and after traversing the middle of the apartment, with a thin deep bar of light, peopled by a maze of dancing motes, struck into the white bed, where lay something covered up and awfully indistinct, like sanctified thing not to be gazed at, which the fugitive's fascinated eye yet tried to shape into the elegant body of the maiden as she lay below her virgin sheets purer than they, with the salt above her still and unweaved bosom. The restricted din of boys at play—for that buoyant age is yet truly reverential, and feels most deeply the solemn occasion of death—was heard faint and aloof from the house of mourning. This, and the lonely chirrup of a single sparrow from the thatch; the soft purring of the cat at the sunny pane; the muffled tread of the mourners over the threshold; and the audible grief of that poor mother, seemed, instead of interruption, rather parts of the solemn stillness. As Hawkins was going out, after lingering a minute in this sacred interior, he met, in the narrow passage which led to the door, a man with the coffin, on the lid of which he read, as it was pushed up to his very face, "Emily Robson, aged 22." The heart of the murderer—the seducer—was in a moment as if steeped in the benumbing waters of petrification: he was horrified: he would fain have passed, but could not for want of room; and as the coffin was not to be withdrawn in accommodation to him, he was pushed again into the interior of the cottage to encounter a look of piercing recognition from Emily's afflicted mother, who had started up on hearing the hollow grating of the coffin as it struck occasionally on the walls of the narrow entrance. "Take him away—take him away—take him away!" she screamed, when she saw Hawkins, and pressed her face down on the white bed of death. As for the youth, who was fearfully conscious of another bloody woe which had not yet reached her heart, and of which he was still the author, and who saw, moreover, that this poor mother was now come to poverty, probably from his own first injury against the peace of her family, he needed not to be told to depart. With conscience, that truest conducting-red, flashing its moral electricities of shame and fear,

and with knees knocking against each other, he stumbled out of the house, and making his way by chance to an idle quarry, overgrown with weeds, he there threw himself down, with his face on the ground. In this situation he lay the whole night and all next forenoon; and in the afternoon—for he had occasionally risen to look for the assembling of the funeral train—he joined the small group who carried his Emily to the churchyard, and saw her young body laid in the grave. Oh! who can cast away carelessly, like a useless thing, the finely-moulded clay, perfumed with the lingering beauty of warm motions, sweet graces, and young charities! But had not the young man, think ye, tenfold reason to weep for her whom he now saw laid down within the dark shadow of the grave?

In the evening, he found his way to Frank Dillon's; met his friend by chance at a little distance from his father's house, and told him at once his unhappy situation. "My father," replied Frank, "cannot be an adviser here, because he is a justice of the peace. But he has been at London for some time, and I do not expect him home till to-morrow. So you can go with me to our house for this night, where we shall deliberate what next must be done in this truly sad affair of yours. Come on."

It is unnecessary for us to explain at length the circumstances which frustrated the friendly intentions of Dillon, and which enabled the officers of justice to trace Hawkins to his place of concealment. They arrived that very evening; and, notwithstanding the efforts of Frank to save his friend, secured the unhappy duellist; who, within two days afterwards, found himself in Edinburgh, securely lodged in jail.

The issue of Hawkins's trial was, that he was condemned to death as a murderer. This severe sentence of the law was, however, commuted into that of banishment for seven years. But he never again returned to his native country. And it must be told of him also, that no happiness ever shone upon this after-life of his. Independent of his first crime, which brought a beautiful young woman prematurely to the grave, he had broken rashly "into the bloody house of life," and, in the language of Holy writ, "slain a young man to his hurt."

O! for that still and quiet conscience—those three heavens within a man, wherein he can soar within himself and be at peace, where the image of God shines down, never dislaimed nor long hid by those wild racks and deep continents of gloom which come over the soul of the blood-guilty man!

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## FINE ARTS.

### MR M'DONALD'S STATUES.

THE exhibition of these fine works of art opened on Thursday. It was a glad day for Scotland. She has distinguished herself in literature and science;—in painting and architecture she has of late years rapidly advanced; and now sculpture, the most lofty perhaps, because the most severe, of the arts, assumes her hitherto vacant station by the side of her sisters. Independently altogether of the high merits of the statues, it is delightful to observe the perseverance and devotion to his art exhibited by Mr M'Donald in undertaking, and in the course of a few months completing, such a colossal work as that we are about to notice—the more particularly as he commenced his enterprise almost entirely unsupported by the sympathizing expectations of friends, or any prospect of patronage. Nor should we omit to allude, in passing, to the prompt and liberal manner in which the Directors of the Royal Institution have met his exertions. And these things being premised, let us turn to the work itself, which is of a kind that can stand the most severe criticism.

The subject of this piece of statuary is the story of Ajax rescuing the body of Patroclus. It is expressed by a group of three colossal figures. The centre figure is Ajax, bearing on his left arm the body of Patroclus; the right is raised in act to strike, the body is inclined forward as if advancing, and slightly swayed to the right side, to enable him to deal the heavier blow. To the right of Ajax, and rather crossing his onward path, is a fallen Trojan warrior. He stems himself up on his right arm, interposing the left, from which the shield has been beaten, in a last despairing attempt to ward off the descending blow of his enemy. The long reclining posture of this figure, the forward bend of Ajax, the relaxed and pensive body of Patroclus, bring the whole group within a condensed and graceful outline, while their individual lines flow with the utmost harmony into each other. At the same time, the appearance of onward motion given by the direction of the different lines to the group, communicates a simplicity and impetuosity of expression, carrying at once to the heart the fierce poetry of the story. We have never seen any thing in sculpture, where the seemingly incompatible requisites of intense power of expression, and harmonious beauty of arrangement, were more happily blended, and that so easily and unconsciously as to appear the consequence of a happy inspiration.

On proceeding to examine the work in detail, we find everywhere individual traits which excite our admiration. We have noticed how happily the artist has solved the difficult problem of uniting the two extreme requisites of art. We have now to advert to his mastery of a scarcely minor difficulty, namely, the successful adherence to the truth of nature, in forms to which he has imparted an ideal strength and perfection of contour. A distinguished anatomist of this city remarked, that he could read a lecture on the muscles from the figure of the fallen warrior, so correct is its anatomy. In addition to this, it seems to us that Mr M'Donald has succeeded in imparting to the surface of his statues, that apparent sensibility which characterises the surface of the human body. He has also marked, with a delicacy and truth we have never seen surpassed, the universal relaxation in the pendent body of the dead man, and the quiet of death in his features. The repose of Patroclus' countenance is finely contrasted with the stern, calculating look of Ajax, concentrating his forces for the blow, seeking the best spot to plant it, and measuring his distance; as also with the look of unsubdued defiance turned up to him by his prostrate foe, while the arm upon which the Trojan bears himself up from the earth, appears to the eye strained by the incumbent weight.—We are unwilling, with a work of such decided genius, to descend to petty cavils: nor, indeed, does it afford much room for them. The only thing we desiderate is, that Mr M'Donald would give a greater appearance of massiveness to the sword of Ajax. Its present size scarcely corresponds with the colossal character of the piece.

These imperfect remarks are all that we have had time to throw together on this interesting subject; to which, however, we may perhaps return. In the meantime, we hesitate not to predict, that this production will form an era in the history of British statuary; and we feel proud that it has been achieved by another of the long list of Scottish peasants, (a noble breed of men,) the power of whose genius has been able to surmount all the disadvantages of their station.

NEWS OF OUR EDINBURGH ARTISTS.—Mr M'Donald has been induced to exhibit the work we have just described, at this empty season, by the offer of the Directors of the Institution to let him have their room *gratis*, until they require it for their own purposes. The statues will, by this arrangement, be seen by those strangers of distinction who visit Edinburgh during the autumn; and the exhibition will remain open a sufficient length of

time to admit of its being visited by the natives on their return. What may be its success, it is not easy to predict. M'Donald, although he has raised himself in life by his own talents alone, is, unfortunately, a regular artist, and the crowd are generally attracted only by what is done by any one out of his own profession. A lawyer preaching a sermon, a Quaker performing *Charles Surface*, or drawings executed by a man without hands, collect a mob at any time. Besides, sculpture is of all the arts the most abstracted and severe; that which the most requires, for its due appreciation, a long and intimate acquaintance with its productions. Still we hope that M'Donald's merits may meet with the encouragement they deserve.—Allan has gone to France and Italy for a couple of years. He travels for the benefit of his health, and the condition of an invalid is not favourable for study. But whoever knows Allan, knows that no moment in which he is capable of exertion will be lost. May he come back to us with established health, and as willing and able as ever to make glad our evenings by the genial flow of his wit!—We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the highly-interesting collection of casts belonging to this body, and of mentioning Allan's successor as master of the Trustees' Academy.—Lauder has lately executed two or three landscape sketches, which evince an exquisite feeling of the beautiful in this branch of the art. He is also connecting a large historical piece, and we are glad to perceive that he has a high aim in his professional exertions.—Watson Gordon has just finished some very noble portraits, among which are Lord Dalhousie and his lady, and Mrs Deans, in her splendid Lalla Rookh dress, in which she appeared at our last fancy ball. This latter picture, which is full-length, is among the very finest efforts of Watson Gordon's genius.—Duncan is busy on "Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen." In expression and felicitous colouring, it far surpasses any of his former exertions.—Angus Fletcher is engaged on a monumental design, which promises well. We have not yet seen any work of this young artist which we could exactly say evinces great power; but he has a correct taste, fine perception of the beautiful, and great happiness in catching likenesses.—Most of our other artists are scattered through the country—some north, some south—some, like bees, to return home with honied treasure—some painting old dowagers, and reaping the golden fruits of their labours.—Gibb, a promising young painter, has been in Westmoreland, taking many delightful views, under the direction of Professor Wilson, who means to have a selection of them engraved for his forthcoming work, illustrative of the "lights and shadows" of the Lake scenery.—We have already paid a compliment to the Directors of the Institution, and they will not take it amiss if we now venture to ask them, in a tone of remonstrance, what use they intend to make of the works of art which they are gradually amassing? It is well, that by affording the artists opportunities of coming before the public, and by occasionally purchasing a work of merit, they give a stimulus to art. But it would be better if they paid a little attention to the lodging and arrangement of their acquisitions. At present they lie or hang scattered around the octagon and the long room, in a manner that gives these apartments much the appearance of a lumber-garret. Yet there are among them some pictures of considerable pretensions. There is also a collection of casts from the Elgin marbles, presented to the Institution by the noble importer, which, from the excellency of their execution, are scarcely less valuable to the artist and student than the originals. These might easily be so arranged as to give to the seemingly dismantled rooms an elegant appearance; and, what is of far greater importance, were they thus arranged, and made patent at intervals to the public, they might have a most beneficial influence in improving the national taste.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE.\*

*By Mrs Hemans.*

They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes—  
 Their tender thoughtfulness is on my dreams;  
 The soul of music that within them lies,  
 Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams:  
 Life, spirit-life immortal and divine  
 Is there, and yet how dark a death was thine!

Could it—oh! could it be, meek child of song!  
 The might of gentleness on thy fair brow—  
 Was the celestial gift no shield from wrong?  
 Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?—  
 Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,  
 Might lull their strife, a flute-note hush the blast?

Are there not deep, sad oracles to read,  
 In the clear stillness of that radiant face?  
 Yes! ev'n like thee must gifted spirits bleed,  
 Thrown on a world for heavenly things no place:  
 Bright exiled birds, that visit alien skies,  
 Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies!

And seeking ever some true, gentle breast,  
 Whereon their trembling plumage might repose;  
 And their free song-notes, from that happy nest,  
 Gush as a fount that forth to sunlight flows!  
 Woe for the sweetness lavish'd still in vain,  
 As on the rock the soft spring-morning's rain!

Yet my heart shall not sink! Another doom—  
 Victim! hath set its promise in thine eye;  
 A light is there, too quenchless for the tomb,  
 Bright earnest of a nobler Destiny!  
 Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,  
 To the deep souls that find no Echo here.

STANZAS ON RECOVERING FROM SEVERE ILLNESS,  
IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.*By John Macdon.*

From days of loneliness and pain,  
 And chamber'd gloom, and spotted night,  
 Upon my gladden'd gaze again,  
 Array'd in glory and in light,  
 Above—below—around unfurl'd,  
 Breaks forth this bright and blessed world.

Long have its bowers, though breathing nigh—  
 Its waters gushing cool and clear—  
 Its mountains soaring to the sky,  
 Been lost alike to eye and ear—  
 And all that brightens—blossoms—sings,  
 To me been seal'd and silent things.

But now I wake as from the tomb—  
 Or Adam at his Maker's call—  
 Unto the balm—the breath and bloom  
 Of earth—from fever's burning thrall,  
 Amid the land of living men,  
 And in the place of hope again.

No cloudlet, like a wandering dream,  
 Comes sailing o'er yon azure dome,

To darken in the silvery stream,—  
 As with the shade of storms to come,  
 Or memory of their glooms gone by—  
 The smiling sleep of summer's sky.

I see the mighty rampart-range  
 Of snow-clad mountains soar sublime,  
 Eternal, in a world of change,  
 Unscathed by tempest and by time;  
 While we, upon the ebbing beams  
 Of days and years, depart like dreams.

Before me glides the blue Garonne,  
 And wafts me to the deep below,  
 Past laeta, fairy-like and lone,  
 In green array and summer glow—  
 That seem to woo me to their strands,  
 And chide the wish for other lands.

But other lands, o'er ocean's foam,  
 Upon my dreams in beauty burst;  
 And the wild longing after home  
 Comes o'er me, as the desert thirst  
 Upon the heart, that panting looks,  
 Amid the waste, for water-brooks.

And I, from this fair clime, shall soon  
 Be sever'd by a waste of waves;  
 But memory oft, beneath the moon,  
 Shall wander to their place of graves,  
 Who closed on glory's hallow'd bier,  
 The soldier's bright and brief career.

## UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MATURIN.

[We have much pleasure in having it in our power to present our readers with the following beautiful posthumous Poem by the unfortunate Maturin, author of "Bartism," "Melmoth," and other works of great genius. It has never before been in print; and, through the kindness of an eminent literary friend in London, the original, in the Poet's own writing, is now in our possession.—Ed.]

GENTLE, constant, mild, and brave,  
 With graceful form and vernal cheek,—  
 Bold as man in peril's hour,  
 Soft as woman, in sufferings meek;—

The wrathful clouds of stormy life  
 Have o'er thee oft their shadows thrown;  
 But thou wast a bright and peaceful star,  
 Sparkling through all, and sailing on.

Thou art a beautiful vision, seen  
 Half through mist, and half by the moon;  
 But the mist is gathering close and dark,  
 And the lovely light is fading soon.

Thou art a flower, on whose soft cup  
 The shower of grief beats rude and chill;  
 But, through the dimness of its dew,  
 The tints of heaven are glowing still.

There is a smile in thy dark blue eye,  
 Whose light seems borrow'd from a tear,  
 And in its orb both joy and grief  
 Are ever mingling, or ever near.

And joy so meek is akin to grief;  
 And grief so chasten'd half is bliss;  
 And the cloudless light of a sun-like eye  
 Ne'er boasted a blended charm like this.

There's music in thy very sighs,  
 That chides the grief it half beguiles;

\* That of Rimini, in Holyrood House.

And the twilight shade of thy pensive brow  
Is sweeter to me than a noen of smiles.

Thy fine-toned heart, like the harp of the winds,  
Answers in sweetness each breeze that sings;  
And the storm of grief, and the breath of joy,  
Draw nothing but music from its strings.

The bird that skim'd the shoreless deep,  
Saw but one ark where its rest might be;  
And the heart that has roved through a desert world,  
Has never met aught in that world like thee.

My spirit may soar to brighter worlds,  
And rest in the isles of some happy sea;  
But where, in the brightest of worlds, shall it meet  
Another spirit as pure as thee?

### SONNETS ILLUSTRATIVE OF AN EXCURSION TO WESTMORELAND.

#### I. THE DEPARTURE.

EDINA! desert of forsaken stone!  
(Yet fair in all thy summer emptiness,)  
Why should I wander through thy streets alone,—  
Among the tombs a ghost companionless?  
There's not a lawyer's clerk but has gone off,  
Like an ill-loaded gun, straight to some moor;  
There's not a tailor, to escape the scoff  
Of brother tailors, but now takes a tour.  
One cow would dine the people who remain  
For a whole week;—one baker bake too much:  
I hold him, therefore, perfectly insane,  
Or lazier than the laziest of the Dutch,  
Who longer can the season's law withstand,—  
A coach! a coach! I'm off for Westmoreland!

#### II. SCOTCH TOWNS.

Accept a catalogue of the Scottish towns  
In which I gain'd the gaze of gaping clowns;  
*Dalkeith*, deck'd out to do her Duke due duty,  
But lately wed to youth, and worth, and beauty;  
Poor *Pennycook*, with its French-prisoner face,  
A puny, piddling, paltry, paper place;  
*Selkirk*, with souters sewing soft-soled shoes,  
Most mongrel monsters mock'd by many a muse;  
Hush'd, happy *Hawick*, hale and hearty home  
Of roguish rustics rarely given to roam;  
Low-lying *Langholm*, lively, though not large,—  
The soldier-landlord still knows how to charge:  
And these were all (I give them in their order)  
Until, with bounding heart, I cross'd the Border.

#### III. ON CROSSING THE BORDER.

Bright, merry England! mountainless and green,  
Stretching in champagne beauty far away!  
Welcome to one too long condemn'd to stray  
In yon bleak clime of whisky, mist, and spleen!  
Welcome, with all thy hedgerows mapping out  
Into rich meadows thy delightful land;  
Welcome, with thy hot muffins and brown stout,  
Thy bold glad voices, and thy breezes bland;  
Welcome, with thy brick houses and fat pork,  
Thy tidy damsels, and thy bluff John Bulls;  
Welcome thy cities, from Carlisle to York,  
Thy hamlet spires, and busy village schools;  
And welcome, O! more welcome than all these,  
Thy ale delicious and thy Stilton cheese!

#### IV. PENRITH.

Were I to choose a country town to live in,  
I think I'd fix on Penrith; for to it  
A soft and tranquil beauty has been given  
That soothes me like the page of Holy Writ:  
It was a summer evening, about seven,  
When I first enter'd it, and the glad sun threw,  
Down from the clouds, with which he long had striven,  
A smile, that fell upon the land like dew.  
O! little was there of an earthly heaven  
In the deep thoughts that fill'd my bosom here!  
The coachman, too, by whom I had been driven,  
Stopp'd at the inn to take a glass of beer;  
And what a Hebe brought it him! By heaven!  
Her eye was worth five thousand pounds a-year.

#### V. COUNTRY TOWNS.

But, God forbid that ever I should dwell,  
A piddling blockhead in a country town!  
Within the hearing of its crack'd church-bell,  
A vegetating thing—a neuter noun!  
A scandal-talker, and a theme for scandal,  
An undervaluer of my neighbours' wares,  
A cynic, searching with a lighted candle  
In all men's necks, in hopes to find out hairs;  
The old maid's best companion,—a poor driveller,  
Haggling with butchers, quarrelling with bakers,  
Without a friend but some psalm-singing sniveller,  
Whose family is like a bunch of undertakers:—  
Rather than suffer such a life as this,  
I'd, squib-like, leave the world with one small crack and  
his.

#### VI. WESTMORELAND.

Away—away into the land of lakes!  
Away into the depths of mountain scenery!  
Where Nature's face a wilder aspect takes,  
And all she does is with enlarged machinery.  
The world is here shut out. The busy road  
Of hope and disappointment is forgot;  
Pale-faced Ambition lays aside his lead,  
And Grandeur learns to moralise his lot.  
One sunset smile on Grassmere's lillied breast,—  
One muttering storm that sails down Tilberthwaite,—  
One hour in Yewdale of hush'd Sabbath rest,  
Mocks with relentless satire life's vain state;  
Let pomp fall prostrate on the mountain sod,  
And feel the presence of the unseen God.

#### VII. WINDERMERE.

Afloat! afloat! on sunny Windermere,  
With Bowness gleaming on the wooded shore,  
And all the high hills rising bright and clear,  
As in my dreams I pictured them of yore!  
Fair lake! thou art among the sights that bring  
No sad conviction how the fancy cheats;  
I read of thee in life's romantic spring,  
And even now my sober'd spirit greets  
Thy deep-abiding loveliness, and drinks  
In rapt delight a gushing tide of joy;  
No more my heart in secret sorrow sinks,—  
It throbs! it bounds! I am again a boy!  
And like fresh youth, even when my leaf is sere,  
Will come the thought of thee—bright, glorious Windermere!

#### VIII. ELLERAY.\*

A poet's home! and worthy so to be!—  
Such as is seen by Arno's classic stream,

\* The seat of Professor Wilson.

Or gleaming on the blue Ionian sea

From some rich wooded height, of which we dream  
In northern climes amidst a city's smoke,

And wish that we had wings that we might flee,  
Or more than mortal strength to break the yoke

That binds us to life's painful drudgery:—

A poet's home upon the breezy hill!

With all that breathes of poetry around,

And hearts within which earth can never chill,—

Pure limpid streams with glad enduring sound

Sparkling unceasingly!—Flow on! flow on!

Where shall we find your like when ye are gone?

#### IX. MEN OF GENIUS.

Know ye the signs that mark a master mind?—

Of ye may read them struggling through the clay,

For oft the soul within that clay enshrined,

Seems half material in the lofty play

Of noble features. Look into the eye,

And quail before its glance of fire, or feel

The softer influence of the thoughts that lie

Far in its dreamy depths. Behold the seal

Of genius stamp'd upon the high-arch'd brow.

Note well the energy of action. Hear

The voice's various cadences, which now

Are deep and thrilling, now full-toned and clear;—

These were to Byron as a sacred sign,

And more than all thy compeers, *Wilson*! these are thine.

#### X. A REGATTA.

I wish, dear Bessy, thou hadst been with me

At Keswick on the day of the Regatta;

The royal lake shone like an inland sea

All lighted up with sails, and heaven knows what a

Countless collection of small boats and wherries,

Dancing in gladness o'er the little billows,

While each a gallant crew exultant carries,

Bending upon their rapid oars like willows.

And then the races with the Cambridge men,

Who boldly down the gage of challenge flung!

And then our dinner in the island glen!

And then the music of the English tongue!—

O Bessy! hadst thou that day been on Keswick—

Thou wouldst have seen a Cockney who was sea-sick!

#### XI. THE SEVEN SINGERS.\*

I heard them all upon that fairy lake—

The seven singers! and they sang together!

The music such, it would have power to make

The gayest sunshine of the winniest weather.

And ne'er were sounds in such sweet unison

With the bright loveliness of those who sang;

Gazing I heard, and hearing still gazed on,—

My eye was dazzled, and my charm'd ear rang!

Yet one there was, whose melody to me

Rose well distinguish'd from the sister notes,—

Clear, rich, and glorious though these strains might be,

As golden birds were warbling in their throats,—

That thrilling voice—that heart-awakening lay—

Whose could it be but thine, Margaret of Ellera!

#### XII. THE RETURN.

At home again!—the glad familiar faces!—

My dog, my cat, my slippers, and my study!—

My books and papers all in their old places,

And my own cheek more juvenile and ruddy!

It needs no poetry to feel the charm

Sweetening, as dew does flowers, the name of home,

And clasping with affection's twining arm

All that the heart recurs to when we roam.

Friends of my soul! not mine the studied phrase

That blazons forth what should be felt, not spoken;

Yet trust me, chance, and change, and length of days,

Shall ever find the golden link unbroken,

That long has bound my summer years to you,

Whence all my cares I hush'd—whence all my joys I  
drew.

H. G. B.

#### TO MY HEART.

Thou art no captive in chains to pine,

Mine own art thou still, and hast ever been mine;

And here in my breast shalt thou aye dwell free,

Till I find thee a home that is worthy of thee!

The bird that springs from his tufted nest,

Will return from his wanderings in peace to rest;

But ah! my heart, I feel when we sever

Thou wilt never return—I shall lose thee for ever!

And whenever I think of the proud control

Another may hold o'er a free-born soul,—

On the power of deep love, so fearful—so fair,

O'er thy fortunes, I ponder in fear and in prayer.

Thou art proud, young heart! but thou art not cold,

And I'll watch thee as miser would watch his gold;

All my wealth is in thee—all my world thou art—

And deep will the spell be that e'er bids us part!

Nor gold shall allure thee, nor flattery shall win,

Not splendour without—but true value within;

The treasure thou lov'st is the wealth of the mind—

Thy riches, the smiles of the good and the kind.

O! show me the breast, like the deep hidden mine,

Where the gems of pure truth and simplicity shine;

Where honour, high worth, and *sincerity* dwell,

Which the world can ne'er dim, nor its fashions dispel;

There—there would I shrine thee, thou faithful heart,

In chains, and a captive all proud as thou art;

But here in my breast shalt thou aye dwell free,

Till I find thee a home so worthy of thee!

GERTRUDE.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1830.—We are glad to understand that this our favourite Annual is likely, in all respects, to support the high character it has already attained when it re-appears next November. We are enabled to state the subjects of the embellishments, many of which will be exquisitely beautiful:—1st, A Fancy Head, by Leslie, R.A. 2d, Oberon squeezing the juice of the flower into Titania's eyes, by H. Howard, R.A. 3d, The Sale of the Pet Lamb, by W. Collins, R.A. 4th, Jacob's Dream—a magnificent picture—by W. Alston, A.R.A. 5th, La Fille bien Gardée, by A. Chalon, R.A. 6th, A group of Trojan Women looking on the burning of Troy, by G. Jones, R.A. 7th, The Passage of Arms at Ashby de la Zouch, by John Martin. 8th, Mrs Siddons, in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, by H. Harlowe. 9th, The Discovery, by Stephanoff. 10th, The Greek Sisters, by Phalippin—a French artist. 11th, Carthage, by W. Linton. 12th, The Lady and the Wasp, by A. E. Chalon. 13th, Child Harold and Ianthe, by R. Westall, R.A. 14th, The Bendish Bride, by T. Uwins.—The literary department of the *Souvenir* will also, we understand, be highly interesting.

THE KEEPSAKE FOR 1830.—The *Keepsake* is in a state of great forwardness. Among the contributors' names are the following:—Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Lord Holland, Lord Normanby, Lord Morpeth, Lord Porchester, Lord Nugent, Hon. George Agar Ellis, Hon. Charles Phipps, Hon. Henry Liddell, R. Bernal, M.P., Theodore Hook, S. T. Coleridge, Archdeacon Spencer, J. R. Gower, William Roscoe, W. Jordan, Lady Caroline Lamb, Miss Landon, Thomas Haynes Bayly, Charles Brinsley Sheridan, the Authors of "Anastasia," "Granby," "O'Hara Tales," "Frankenstein," "Hungarian Tales," and "Hajji Baba." Sir Walter Scott's contribution is a dramatic romance or tragedy, in five acts, written in imitation of the German, and founded on the *Free Knights*; and Lord Byron's are ten letters of an interesting nature, written between the period of his settlement at Pisa in 1811, and his death at Missolonghi in April 1824.

\* There are at present seven young ladies living on the banks of Widdensmere, each of whom sings delightfully.

**THE FORGET-ME-NOT FOR 1830.**—Lord Byron's first known attempt at poetry will form, we understand, one of the articles in the forthcoming volume of the *Forget-me-Not*. It is copied from the autograph of the noble poet, and certified by the lady to whom it was addressed—the "Mary" who was the object of his earliest attachment, and whom he has celebrated in several of his poems. It was written on his leaving Annesley, the residence of her family.

**THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE** are about to publish a series of Maps, of an intermediate size between the large and expensive maps fit only for libraries, and that smaller sort usually adopted in Schools. They are to be of unexampled cheapness, yet finished in the best manner. Two of them are to be delivered in a wrapper for one shilling; or with the outlines coloured, for one shilling and sixpence. The series will consist of about fifty plates, and a number will appear at intervals of at most two months.

**SCOTTISH ANTIQUITIES.**—Dr Lappenberg, of Hamburg, in some recent researches amongst the ancient records of that city, has discovered a letter of the date of 1287, addressed by Robert Wallace and Andrew Murray to Hamburg and Lubeck. Some English records were also amongst his discoveries. They are all to be embodied in his erudite work on the origin of the Hanseatic League.

**CONTINENTAL REVIEWS.**—Some of these works are now before us. Had they contained any thing of interest, we should have taken care to communicate it to our readers. One of their practices might be advantageously adopted in this country. When any good article appears in the English periodicals, it is immediately translated, and appears in a German or French miscellany, with a note, acknowledging the source from which it is taken.

The Americans are said to possess upwards of 1600 newspapers. Pennsylvania alone has 150.

**FRANCE NEWSPAPERS.**—Of the proprietors of seventeen political journals, published in Paris, at least one-third are noblemen, or persons of great distinction in the scientific or literary world. The proprietors of one paper, who are three in number, are said to be a Duke, a Count, and a Baron. To be a known writer in a respectable periodical, is said to be the best passport to good society in Paris.

**MR BUCKINGHAM.**—After a very successful tour through Scotland, Mr Buckingham is to return to Edinburgh, for the purpose of giving one more lecture on the question—"What is to be done with India?" It is to be delivered on the evening of the 7th September, in the Waterloo Hotel.

**MINIATURE STEAM-ENGINE.**—A high-pressure engine, forming a complete working model, has been constructed by an iron and brass-founder, at Bradford, the cylinder of which is only 1-16th part of an inch in diameter, and the whole weight of the engine is only one ounce! This very diminutive, but very ingenious, piece of mechanism, though the smallest steam-engine ever made, is perfect in all its parts, and works with as much precision as any engine of ten-horse power.

**THE DRAMA IN FRANCE.**—A report was in circulation in Paris, in the beginning of the present month, that a company had been formed with a view of uniting into one establishment the four theatres set apart for the performance of Vaudevilles. The proprietors of the "Salle du Vaudeville" have published a denial, in which they maintain, that any such enterprise would be an infringement on their vested rights. It is, however, still probable that some such plan is contemplated by lovers of the drama, in the hopes of rendering the dramatic talent of the capital more efficient by concentrating it under one management.—A new opera, "Guillaume Tell," has been produced at the "Académie Royale de Musique." The music is by Rossini. The public is already aware of the enthusiastic reception this celebrated composer met with at Paris, but it may perhaps be as little prepared as we were to hear him called by the French critics—"Le rival, le vainqueur de Mozart et Cimaroli." But the secret reason for sacrificing the memory of the mighty dead before their new idol, peeps out unconsciously in the *salut* parenthesis—"un compositeur qu'on peut désormais appeler français." The same learned critic, in speaking of Mlle. Zaffroni, gives us the following account of the principles according to which he criticises dancing:—"Nous ne savons si elle danse mieux que les autres; elle danse autrement; et en toutes choses, il nous faut l'ou nouveau, surtout dans les arts futiles et secondaires."—The "Theatre des Variétés" has brought a dog-light on the stage, in a kind of Tom and Jerry piece.—A tragedy, founded on the story of the false Cæsar Demetrius, has been successful. The author is a M. Leon Halery.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—A three-act drama, by Mr Peake, called "The Spring Lock," has been successful at the English Opera House.—Liston is delighting the Londoners at the Haymarket.—Miss Paton has been playing to brilliant houses at Norwich.—Kean has been performing his favourite characters at Manchester, with but little apparent diminution of his usual vigour. Elliston has offered him £700 for a month's performances at the Surrey.—Sontag and her sister gave some concerts at Manchester last week: on Saturday, the night of her benefit, there was a very thin audience.—Miss Smithson is

playing at Hull and other towns in the neighbourhood. The English company at Paris have felt her absence much, and having met with a very unfavourable reception, are on their way home.—Arrangements are said to have been made for the performance of Italian operas at the Argyll-rooms during the ensuing winter.—The approaching Musical Festival at Birmingham and Chester are expected to be unusually attractive. The German company is engaged for them, and Malibran, Sontag, and Paton, are to assist.—Pasta, who has just purchased a villa on the Lake of Como, has been performing *Tosca* at her native town of Como, for the benefit of the poor of the place. She is exceedingly popular in Italy.—We observe that Mr Bass, the manager of the Caledonian Theatre, has announced his benefit for the 3d of September, and we conclude that he intends to close the house shortly afterwards. This is wise. The author of "The Gowrie Conspiracy" and "Margaret of Anjou" is to have a night towards the end of next week, when both these pieces will be performed, and an address will be delivered, and several songs will be sung, written by himself, for the occasion. His activity and talent entitle him to the public patronage.—Stanley, who has been performing in the Stirling Theatre, of which he has taken a lease, with a considerable number of the Edinburgh company, has been well supported, and is not likely, we believe, to regret the speculation.—Mr Roberts, the Elocutionist, has been giving Readings in Berwick. We understand that it is his intention to give a series of Lectures and Readings in the Hopeston Rooms during the ensuing winter, on a more extended scale than he has yet attempted in Edinburgh.—"Several causes," says a French periodical, "combine to render the management of theatres more difficult at the present period than formerly. These are—1. The scarcity of good authors, arising from the circumstance that minds of a high order have turned their attention to moral and political science. 2. The equal scarcity of good actors. 3. The fastidiousness of the public, which is more difficult to please the more civilised it becomes. 4. The influence of the *Congrégation* upon society; which is so widely extended, that most of the public functionaries scarcely dare show themselves at the theatre, and many females are turned away from it by the religious terror excited in their minds."

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the additional space of which we have this week availed ourselves, to the exclusion of our advertisements, a number of interesting articles still stand over. Among these are communications, both in prose and verse, from the *Edinburg Shepherd*, from Professor Gillespie, from the Author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh," and others, all of which shall appear as soon as possible.

"The Editor in his Slippers, No. IV." in an early number.—We shall endeavour to comply with the wish of "J. H." of Glasgow next week.—The letter on the Hebrew Language is in type.

In the volume of manuscript Poetry sent us from Callender, there are several pieces of very considerable merit.—"The Speech of the Blasted Tree," and "The Student," by "S. S." of Glasgow shall have a place.—We do not know what pleasure "B. D." can have in sending, as an original, a Poem by Pekin, which appeared in print months ago.—There is a good deal of merit in the verses by "D." of Leith; but they hardly come up to our standard.—"Julius" will not suit us.

We must request that they who favour us with short Poems will always keep copies, as we can, in no case of this kind, undertake to return the manuscript.

**ERRATA IN OUR LAST.**—In the article entitled "The importance of the German Language," &c. for *Burcken* read *Burcken*, passing. The quotation from Schiller, in the same article, ought to be

Nimmer lud sie  
Das Joch sich auf dem ich mich unterwarf.  
Könnt ich doch auch Ansprüche machen können.

In the article entitled "Some account of my own Life," p. 168, col. l. l. 56, for *Lavalette* read *Lafayette*.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

**ITINERARIES, GUIDE AND ROAD BOOKS.**—*Reichard's Descriptive Road Book of France.* London. Samuel Leigh. 1829.—*The Englishman's Guide to Calais and Paris.* By James Albany, Esq. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.—*Ebel's Traveller's Guide through Switzerland.*—*Vasi's Picture of Rome.*—*Vasi's Picture of Naples.*—*Leigh's Road Book of England and Wales.*—*Paterson's Roads in England and Wales.*—*Leigh's Road Book of Scotland.*—*The Traveller's Guide through Scotland.* Ninth Edition. Edinburgh. John Thomson. 1830.—*The Scottish Tourist and Itinerary.* Edinburgh. Stirling and Kenney.—*Pleasure Towns in Scotland.* Edinburgh. John Thomson.—*Stark's Picture of Edinburgh.* Edinburgh. John Anderson. 1829.

WE are able to state, upon the most indubitable authority, that the only literary works which sell at this season of the year are the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, and the books for tourists, whose titles we have copied above. It is right that it should be so; for, in the merry months of June, and the three which follow, external nature is an unbought book, opened at its brightest and most illuminated page, which they who run may read, and which none can read without imbibing deep draughts of health and happiness. The summer of the visible world communicates, by some invisible process, its sunshine to the soul of man; and, passing as it were into a new state of existence, who does not earnestly long for a "beaker full of the warm south."

"Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth?"

In more homely phrase, the town becomes too hot to hold us, and away we dash into the breezy fields in old family chariots, in stage-coaches, on the tops of malls, in gigs, in curricles, in stanhopcs, in dennets, in waggons, and in carts. All congregations of houses are left silent and deserted,—nuts without their kernels,—cages without their birds,—shells without their fish. From the time the sun enters *Cancer*, until he leaves *Scorpio*, it is in vain to look for human beings in cities. You may find them on the tops of hills,—you may find them in the depths of woods,—you may find them up to the middle in running streams,—you may find them buried among clover,—you may catch them floating upon lakes,—you may start them amidst the Righi solitudes, or see them passing in shoals through the Trossachs; but hope not to encounter them in their accustomed walk "on the Rialto." There is a principle in human nature which loathes the dust and the heat, the fever and the fret, of a metropolis, whilst the merry birds are abroad in the blue or dappled sky,—whilst the mountain bee is wending his devious way with an unceasing hum of joy over the heath and heather,—whilst "the mower whets his scythe, and the milk-maid singeth blythe," and visions for ever haunt our sleep of

— "some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless."

Seeing, therefore, that it is beyond all matter of dispute that one must be off to the country, and business left to shift for itself, and the affairs of the world to proceed as best they may, (for who cares about the civil or political state of Europe in summer?) the only remaining question is—where is one to go? If you are a married man, with a large small family, and limited income, *c'en est fait*—there need be no hesitation. You must take a cottage of three rooms and a kitchen in some sea-bathing village, into which, upon some high-pressure principle, you must squeeze your whole community, together with several cart-loads of furniture; and for six weeks or so you must duly plunge the small fry into that part of the ocean which breaks into muddy foam upon the shore, and contains a proper mixture of sand and sea-weed,—whilst you yourself may find some favourite pool among the rocks, covered with limpets, tangle, and young crabs, and dabble in it for half an hour every morning and evening, to the great refreshment of your corporeal frame. But if the fates have allowed you twelve, instead of three hundred a-year, and if they have either kept you out of the treacherous Corrievreckan of matrimony altogether, or blessed you with a fair and gentle being, who has happily not yet begun to show any symptoms of having over-prolific tendencies,—then you are a freer and a much more to be envied man; and a far wider range is within your choice.

Perhaps you may wish to visit France? Then take Reichard's Descriptive Road Book, and Albany's Guide to Calais, in your pocket, and you cannot go wrong. Sunny France! we know thee thoroughly; and now that Bonaparte is dead, and his flat-bottomed boats are no longer in the harbour of Boulogne, and that England is thy sister—not thy foe—we care not though we tell thee that we love thee passing well. It was in the early part of the year 1816 that we first sailed from Ramsgate to Ostend, to visit thee. We took a short peep into the Netherlands and Holland, and then came back to thee by the way of Rouen. On a delightful morning in May we crossed the floating bridge at that city, and gained the heights on the left banks of the Seine. We shall be dead to every feeling of the beautiful in nature, when we forget the view which then burst upon us, a catalogue of whose leading features would convey no idea of the picture as a whole, nor enable the reader to understand how finely the majestic river, flowing through an expansive valley, whose woods and fields smiled in the luxuriance of early summer, contrasted with the sombre and half-melancholy city,—its venerable cathedral, its long narrow streets, and its high antique houses. Then on to Paris. And from Paris, in our *voiture*, to Orleans, Nevers, and Moulins, till we joined the "arrowy Rhone" at Lyons, where it is no more "arrowy" than the Tweed is at Peebles, or the Clyde at Glasgow. Down the Rhone we went to Avignon, then away south by Montpellier to Toulouse, and then into the Hautes Pyrenees, where we saw, from the summit of the Pic du Midi, the far-off ocean, the shining and winding Garonne, and that noble amphitheatrical chain of mountains which stretch away towards the frontiers of Spain. Our road homewards

lay through Bourdeaux, Poitiers, Tours, Alençon, Caen, and Havre-de-Grace. This was our first Continental summer, and we shall never spend such a summer again in this unsatisfactory world. It was all one gleam of sunshine, for it was at a period when our heart was easily touched, and our feelings quickly awakened. No wonder we love the ancestral woods and chateaux of the Saône and Loire, of Vaucluse and Dordogne! No wonder that the lovely scenes of Guienne, and Anjou, and pastoral Normandy, still come back to us through the vista of years! We could at this moment take the longest quill in our writing-desk, make it into a pen, and write straight on with it till it became a stump, pouring forth from it all the time the most glowing descriptions of five hundred individual scenes, all bright in our memory. But we must check our enthusiasm, and change the theme.

"Perhaps, you may wish to visit Switzerland? Your soul may long with a deep longing for the Alps, the Simplon, and the Glaciers,—for one intense gaze on the Rhine, Geneva, and Lucerne,—one glorious ramble through Clarens and Lausanne. Then take with you Wall's new edition of Ebel's Guide through Switzerland, and you may safely plunge away into the abysses of the Julian, Noric, Carnic, Rhetian, and Helvetic Alps. If you are lost in the Canton of Zug, or frozen to death, on the 22d of July, on St Gothard, or get yourself jammed in, as we once did for three hours, in the entrance to the Grotto of Balme, or slip through a cleft of the Glaciers, or tumble over the Devil's Bridge,—it must be your own fault. Besides, your death will be a picturesque one, and ten to one whether you will ever be missed. The number of tourists who are swallowed up by avalanches, or who fall over icy precipices every year in Switzerland, is immense; and, on the whole, it is an easy and desirable mode of death. Look at that pic-nic party, for example,—consisting of one or two chatty elderly ladies, with their well-fed, goodnatured-looking husbands—old baronets, perhaps, and shareholders in a respectable banking establishment in London, fat and comfortable,—their daughters, and their daughters' friends, their sons, and their sons' friends,—the young ladies all very gay in white satin bonnets, pelerins, and parasols,—and the young gentlemen exceedingly smart, each in a fashionable summer costume;—well, this pic-nic party, having selected a delightful spot to spread their table-cloth in the valley of Grindelwald, and having produced their cold fowls and their Johannisberg, are quite enraptured with the surrounding scene, and prodigiously hungry, and all very witty; and Master Augustus Fitzbubble is in the very act of pulling a merry-thought with Miss Celestina Amelia Tims, when a queer sort of noise is heard above on the Shreckhorn. Every body looks up; but, just as they look up, down comes an avalanche or a bit of a glacier! and in one moment the chatty elderly ladies are no more, and the worthy baronets, rather inclining to be round-bellied, are as flat as pancakes, and not a whit liker baronets than they are like beer-barrels,—and the young ladies in the white satin bonnets, and the young gentlemen, each in a fashionable summer costume, are all as completely dead, and as thoroughly ground to powder, as if they had lain in the earth a hundred years,—and Master Augustus Fitzbubble and Miss Celestina Amelia Tims are, in every human probability, still grasping the chicken's merrythought twenty fathoms down under the mountainous mass of ice; and of all the pic-nic party nothing now is visible but a single blue plate containing a small slice of cold tongue, which, by some unaccountable mystery, has escaped untouched. Yet there is the Shreckhorn, and the Wetterhorn, and the Mettenberg, still lifting calmly their sunny peaks far into the blue sky, and looking perfectly innocent and unconscious of the catastrophe which has taken place. And why should they not? Is it not as well that our pic-nic party has died in the valley of the Grindelwald, as of a set of painful and lingering diseases in their respective beds? On the

whole, we envy the fate of Master Augustus Fitzbubble. It was at all events preferable to that of a young and ambitious poet who had already distinguished himself in many a lady's Album, and who, as he walked along the Jungfrau, was in the very act of composing something delightful, when he stepped over a precipice, and had just time to wonder what he had done with himself, before he was dashed into fragments, like the wave of a descending cataract. The consequence was, that he never wrote another line in a lady's Album.

Perhaps you may wish to visit Italy? By all means! Off with you instantly! Take Vasi's Pictures of the principal cities with you; but, for heaven's sake, do not go to Italy simply to see sights,—to go through all the hackneyed routine of wonder and admiration, and, like the sybarite who was smothered in roses, to kill yourself with the fatigue of pleasurable emotions;—afterwards to be dragged an inanimate corpse at the tail of a parrot-tongued cicerone. Enter Italy with your own well-stored mind, your own free thoughts, your guide-book, and your map. The most glorious land in all the world lies before you, bending, like a fruit-tree in autumn, under a load of golden associations, which you may shake at will into your own lap, and of which you can never diminish the number, for, "uno avulso, non deficit alter." Neither tie yourself down to any slavish system, nor make it a rule to be delighted because others are delighted. The great mob of persons who visit Italy have about as much soul as their portmanteaus. Their impudence in going thither, where they have no more right to be than in the garden of the Hesperides, is rank and glaring. There are scenes which lose some of their halloving influence, when we know that stock-brokers and common-councilmen have cast their evil eyes upon them. To travel worthily through Italy is no slight task, and implies a mind of no mean intellectual powers and attainments. All animals who affix an aspirate to words beginning with a vowel, should be whipped out of it, and hung in chains on the frontiers, in *terrorem*. All animals who affect to admire what they do not understand, who know nothing of the ancient Roman tongue, who take no interest in the fine arts, to whom poetry is a dead letter, and music an annoyance, who think all rivers very much alike, and the Applan way greatly inferior to Fleet Street, should be treated after a similar fashion, with this difference, that their bodies should be given for dissection, to prevent the anatomical lecturers from complaining any longer of a dearth of subjects.

Perhaps, being a Scotchman, you may wish to visit England? It is a highly proper wish, and cannot be too speedily gratified. The indefatigable Samuel Leigh will supply you with an admirable pocket road-book; or, what do you think of the eighteenth edition of Paterson's Roads, one of the very best itineraries in any language? With regard to your route, if you ask our private and confidential opinion as a friend, we seriously advise you to limit yourself this season to Westmoreland. There you will find yourself in the midst of enchantment and variety enough to last you for months. If you start from Edinburgh, one day takes you to either Penrith or Kendal, and from either of these places, the Lakes and all their beautiful scenery are at your command. Suppose you set out from Penrith;—you cross the country (and a rich and fertile country it is) to Ulla Water; you sail up Ulla Water, (about nine miles,) and, when you come in sight of Patterdale, and the mountains at the head, with the long glens running up between them, in several instances wild and profound, and in others soft and green, and full of trees and cottages, if you are not smitten with deep delight, not unsanctified with a touch of awe, you may as well come back to Edinburgh with all expedition, drink thirteen bottles of port at a sitting, and be found dead in your bed next morning. Hark! there is thunder among the mountains;—how splendidly the echoes prolong the peal! Is it not noble thus to stand on the summit of

Dunmallet, among the ruins of what was once a Roman station, and see the storm sailing by? From Patterdale you proceed by Brotherswater, and, passing through the fine mountainous Pass of Kirkstone, you descend on Windermere, the glory of the English lakes! Fix your head-quarters at one of its three villages—Ambleside, Lowood, or Bowness—for our own part, we should prefer Bowness—and thence make excursions to Rydal and Grasmere, where Wordsworth lives,—up Troutbeck,—away south to Furness Abbey, one of the most interesting old abbeys in England, and rendered now more interesting than ever by Professor Wilson's fine poem concerning it in *Blackwood's Magazine* for this month,—away north by Esthwaite and Hawkeshead (the village with the white church tower) to Coniston Water, thence through Xewdale into Tilberthwaite and Little Langdale, where we beseech you not to forget to look at Colwith Waterfall,—and thence to High Skelwith, where you may look from a hill over Elter Water into Great Langdale, and bless your stars that ever you were born,—and so back to Windermere. Then, after a sojourn of many days, and after all the islands, and headlands, and bays, of that delightful lake are familiar to you, you may proceed to Keswick, and feast your not yet satiated eyes with Derwent Water, Skiddaw, the Borrowdale rocks, Lowdore, and so on to Basenthwaite Water and Buttermere. From such scenery as this you will carry away with you thoughts and recollections that will enrich your future life, but never dream of describing it. It has cast its shadow into the mirror of your soul; but hope not with the breath of words to produce an effect similar to that which the great handiwork of nature can alone accomplish.

Perhaps you may wish to visit, not having visited before, or, having often visited before, to visit again, the beauties and the wonders of your native Scotland? There cannot be a more virtuous desire; and, turn thee where thou wilt, Scotland is ready for thee! She is ready for thee from her Tweed to her Spey;—she is ready for thee with all her lochs, her mountains, and her glens;—her cities, her islands, and her waterfalls;—her rocks, her friths, and her forests;—she is ready for thee with her warm hearts, her bright eyes, and her noble deeds;—she is ready for thee with her flood of ancient song, her stately castles, and her grey time-honoured tombs! Do you ask us for a guide-book?—the best is your own heart; and the next best is the Scottish Tourist and Itinerary, published by Messrs Stirling & Kenney of Edinburgh, with its highly judicious letter-press, excellent maps, and very prettily executed views. Nor do we say this to the slightest disparagement of the Traveller's Guide through Scotland, nor of the Pleasure Tours in Scotland—both excellent works, which have been given to the public under the auspices of Mr John Thomson of Edinburgh,—nor of our old friend Samuel Leigh's Pocket Road Book of Scotland, for the accuracy and utility of which we can vouch.

But the longest summer will come to an end at last, and, as the French song says—"Nous revenons toujours aux nos premiers amours,"—which means, that ere many weeks elapse, thousands of stragglers will return once more to "Auld Reekie." Nor will they return unwillingly, for "Auld Reekie" is the queen of cities; and when the face of the skies is changed, and the November winds begin to blow, and the woods and fields are bare, and the mountains belted with mists; and when the Parliament House meets for the long session, and Alma Mater collects together her students like a hen collecting her chickens, and the Theatre opens, and concerts commence, and evening parties look brilliant, then do we know the value of our romantic town, and all its jewel-coal and gas-light comforts. Then also may be perused, with delight, the fifth edition of Stark's Picture of Edinburgh, which, with its new set of beautiful and spirited engravings on steel by those very clever artists, the Meuses

Johnstone, and its excellent letter-press, very carefully and skilfully compiled, is altogether one of the most elegant and meritorious works of the kind with which we are acquainted.

*The Natural History of Selborne.* By the late Reverend Gilbert White, A.M., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With Additions, by Sir William Jardine, Bart. Being Constable's Miscellany, Vol. XLV. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1829.

"THE attention that, of late years," says Sir William Jardine, the Editor of the present volume, "has been devoted to the study of Natural History, and its importance to our commerce, manufactures, and domestic economy, must render every attempt to increase or simplify our knowledge of it at once praiseworthy and desirable; and it is hoped, will be a sufficient apology for the reprint of a work which has already gone through several editions." We heartily agree with Sir William in thinking, that the conductors of Constable's Miscellany have done well in presenting the public with a cheap and carefully revised edition of this ingenious and useful work, which, as most of our readers are aware, consists of a series of letters addressed to several distinguished naturalists, written in a clear and elegant style, and containing varied information upon most subjects connected with the Natural History of his age; for the researches made by Mr White in Selborne and the surrounding district embrace a wide range of science. He resided in his native village, following out his favourite pursuits, from the year 1752—by which time he had been admitted one of the senior Proctors of the University of Oxford—to the year 1793, when he closed his peaceful and industrious life. Since that time, modern discoveries have considerably advanced the state of knowledge in the scientific world, and Mr White's work consequently required a commentator. Few persons could have been found more fit to undertake this task than Sir William Jardine, whose acquirements, as a naturalist, are well known and universally appreciated. He certainly has every right to be included among the "*observatores pauci*," spoken of by Scopoli in the motto affixed to the Introduction, "*qui scientie mysteriis initiati, rite colligunt, collecta examinant, discrimina quarant, nature arcana rimantur*." Nor has Sir William made a sinecure of his present office of Editor. The volume is thickly strewn with notes and memoranda, which correct the mistakes and supply the deficiencies of White. As a specimen, we shall present our readers with the following excellent remarks on the interesting subject of the migration of birds, which, in our opinion, condenses into small space a far more satisfactory account of this curious subject than could be collected from all the scattered notices given by the naturalist of Selborne:

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.—"The subject of migration appears to have been a very favourite one with our author, occupying the greater part of many of his subsequent letters, and evidently often the subject of his private thoughts. He sometimes seems puzzled with regard to the possibility of many of the migrating species being able to undergo the fatigue of long or continued journeys; and often wishes almost to believe, though contrary to his better judgment, that some of them enter into a regular torpidity. We find torpidity occurring among animals, fishes, the amphibians, and reptiles, and among insects; but we have never found any authenticated instance of this provision taking place among birds. Their frames are adapted to a more extensive locomotive power; and the change to climates more congenial to their constitutions, preventing the necessity of any actual change in the system, is supplied to those animals deprived of the power for extensive migration, by a temporary suspension of most of the faculties which, in other circumstances, would be entirely destroyed. Birds, it is true, are occasionally found in holes, particularly our summer birds of passage, in what has been called a torpid state, and have revived upon being placed in a warmer temperature; but this, I consider, has always been a suspended animation, where all the functions were entirely bound up as in

death, and which, by the continuance of a short period, would have caused death itself—not torpidity, where various functions and secretions, capable for a time of sustaining the frame, are still going on.

“The possibility of performing long journeys, as we must believe some species are obliged to do before arriving at their destination, at first appears nearly incredible; but when brought to a matter of plain calculation, the difficulty is much diminished. The flight of birds may be estimated at from 50 to 150 miles an hour; and if we take a medium of this, as a rate for the migrating species, we shall have little difficulty in reconciling the possibility of their flight. This, however, can only be applied to such species as, in their migrations, have to cross some vast extent of ocean without a resting-place. Many that visit this country, particularly those from Africa, merely skirt the coast, crossing at the narrowest parts, and again progressively advancing, until they reach their final quarters, and during this time having their supply of suitable food daily augmented.

“The causes influencing the migration of birds, appear more difficult to solve than the possibility of the execution of it. They seem to be influenced by an innate law, which we do not, and cannot, comprehend, though in some measure dependent on the want of food or climate congenial to the systems of each, and which acts almost without the will of the individual. Neither this, however, nor the duties incumbent on incubation, can be the only exciting causes, as we may judge by the partial migrations of some to different parts of the same country, where food and the conveniences for breeding are alike; by the partial migration only, of a species from one country to another. Differing decidedly in temperature, and where the visiting species thrives equally with the resident one; and by the males of some species migrating while the females remain”—Pp. 77-9.

We shall not, however, close this notice without doing justice to Mr White as well as to Sir William Jardine. The easy and popular style in which the former writes must make this book no less acceptable to the general reader, and especially to those more enlightened country gentlemen and landed proprietors who take a delight in watching the habits of animals and in studying the peculiarities of plants, than to the man of scientific pursuits and attainments. Among other interesting observations on the cuckoo, Mr White furnishes us with the following:

THE CUCKOO.—“Your observation that ‘the cuckoo does not deposit its egg indiscriminately in the nest of the first bird that comes in its way, but probably looks out a nurse in some degree congenerous, with whom to intrust its young,’ is perfectly new to me, and struck me so forcibly, that I naturally fell into a train of thought that led me to consider whether the fact was so, and what reason there was for it. When I came to recollect and enquire, I could not find that any cuckoo had ever been seen in these parts except in the nest of the wagtail, the hedge-sparrow, the tit-lark, the white throat, and the red breast, all soft-billed insectivorous birds. The excellent Mr Willughby mentions the nest of the *palumbus* (ring-dove), and of the *pin-gilla* (chaffinch), birds that subsist on acorns and grains, and such hard food; but then he does not mention them as of his own knowledge; but says afterwards, that he saw himself a wagtail feeding a cuckoo. It appears hardly possible that a soft-billed bird should subsist on the same food with the hard-billed; for the former have thin membranaceous stomachs suited to their soft food; while the latter, the granivorous tribe, have strong muscular gizzards, which, like mills, grind by the help of small gravels and pebbles what is swallowed. This proceeding of the cuckoo is such a monstrous outrage on maternal affection, one of the first great dictates of nature, and such a violence on instinct, that, had it only been related of a bird in the Brazils or Peru, it would never have merited our belief. But yet, should it further appear that this simple bird, when divested of that natural *εὐεργεσία* that seems to raise the kind in general above themselves, and inspire them with extraordinary degrees of cunning and address, may be still endowed with a more enlarged faculty of discerning what species are suitable and congenerous nurse-mothers for its disregarded eggs and young, and may deposit them only under their care, this would be adding wonder to wonder, and instancing, in a fresh manner, that the methods of Providence are not subjected to any mode or rule, but astonish us in new lights and in various and changeable appearances.”—Pp. 147-8.

The following passage is also a fair specimen of our author's general style:

THE GREGARIOUS SPIRIT OF ANIMALS.—“There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance. Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his forefeet. He has been known to leap out at a stable window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together. But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little farm with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues, while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

“Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees, an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion—thus, by mutual good offices each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:

‘Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape.’”

—Pp. 221-2.

We have room for only one other quotation; it is one which agriculturists will peruse with interest:

THE UTILITY OF EARTH-WORMS.—“Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of Nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect from their minuteness, which render them less an object of attention; and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For, to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds, which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be great promoters of vegetation—which would proceed but lamely without them—by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and fibres of plants, by drawing stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away; and they affect slopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers express their detestation of worms: the former, because they render their walks unsightly and make them much work; and the latter, because, as they think, worms eat their green corn. But these men would find that the earth, without worms, would soon become cold, hard-bored, and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile; and besides, in favour of worms, it should be hinted, that green corn, plants, and flowers, are not so much injured by them as by many species of *coleoptera* (scarabe), and *tipulae* (long-legs), in their larva or grub state; and by unnoticed myriads of small shell-less snails, called *slug*, which silently and imperceptibly make amazing havoc in the field and garden.”—Pp. 243-4.

This volume of the Miscellany may not, perhaps, secure so wide a circulation as some of those which have preceded it; but we doubt not that, speaking as it does to the interests, the studies, and the amusements, of so large a class, its success will be such as to convince the publishers they are right in studying variety. We should have been glad had an Index been added to the volume, by which the different subjects of which Mr White treats, scattered as they are throughout his work, could be at once seen and referred to.

*History of the House and Clan of Mackay.* By Robert Mackay, writer, Thurso. Edinburgh. Printed for the Author, by Andrew Jack & Co. 1829.

LEST any of our Saxon readers, whether north or south of the Tweed, should be misled by the title of this book, it may be as well to premise, that the modern historians (as they are called, for want of a better English word) of the Highland clans, are the representatives and descendants of the ancient Sennachies. Their business is not, as the title would imply to the uninitiated, to give a correct and unbiased narrative of their sept, but to compose an epic, more or less poetical, in its praise. This simple fact may serve to explain, in some degree, the seeming anomaly, that not only are the Highlanders, as a body, superior, in all moral and physical respects, to every tongue and kindred under the sun, but that every individual clan is, and ever has been, immeasurably superior to all the rest.

Keeping this fundamental truth in view,—and it is only by so doing that we can justly appreciate the merits of Mr Robert Mackay, writer in Thurso, and ex-dominie of Edderachillis,—we have no hesitation in declaring this work to be one of the most splendid specimens of its kind that has yet been submitted to the public. The clan Mackay has inhabited, from the earliest period of its records, one of the most remote, uncultivated, and uninteresting districts of Scotland;—it has never been a leading sept even in that unheard-of corner;—it has produced few, if any, men rising above a respectable mediocrity, either in wealth, adventurousness, or talents;—and yet of such unpromising materials has our author, by the united efforts of a fertile imagination, and a logic of which we have seen few prototypes south of the Forth, built up a goodly quarto of six hundred mortal pages, which, we have no doubt, will keep their place, for time immemorial, on the shelves of the learned, seeing that they contain nothing to induce any man to remove them from that distinguished situation.

But the manner in which these six hundred pages have been filled, is at once curious and instructive, and deserves a remark or two. Apropos of the first Lord Reay having raised a regiment for the service of the Elector of Bohemia, out of whose ranks all the Mackays were speedily weeded by the chance of war, and their places supplied by other Scotsmen, we have a detailed history of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and the exploits of a Colonel Munro, which occupies nearly a third part of the book. It is true, that, during the greater part of the time, the noble Lord Reay was living in England, and that, when he was on the Continent, he was guiltless of taking any prominent part in active service, and that the whole of the episode has therefore as much connexion with the clan Mackay, as with the fate of Troy;—but what of that?—it serves to make a large book, and a large book must be made by any daring author who presumes to write a history of the clan Mackay. Again, another very considerable portion of the work is devoted to the history of the civil troubles of Scotland, from the Rebellion of 1640 to the Restoration; and during that period no Mackay makes more than a nominal appearance;—but still, what of that?—if we cannot learn any thing of that distinguished race, it is, at all events, interesting to know what the condition of the world was at any given time

in which they were probably living in it. Beneath all this load of pompous matter, the poor clan Mackay peeps out like a mouse under a firiot, a fly in amber, or a writer in Thurso under a pyramid of big-wigged lawyers. We suspect that Mr Mackay's talents must either be of a kindred order to those of Pope, who felt a pleasure in adorning nothings, or of Wordsworth, who is well known to treat his subject at all times as a mere accessory to his own imagination. We speak, however, with hesitation, because it cannot but be difficult to discover, under the disguise of an English translation, the peculiar tone of Mr Mackay's mind. When we have heard him in Gaelic, we shall be better able to ascertain the peculiarities of his idiosyncrasy.

The clan Mackay is so called, as consisting of the sons or descendants of a certain Iye. It is true, that they had assumed the name of Mackay some centuries previous to the birth of this worthy; but this was the consequence of the second-sight having revealed to one of their seers the name of the progenitor who was afterwards to be born to them. This circumstance being known, we need scarcely add, that our author clearly proves the clan to have been of Irish origin. There has been much controversy about the derivation of the name Iye; but we agree with Mr Robert Mackay, (p. 44,) that "the most probable supposition is, that it is an Irish name, derived from O'Donnel," to which the reader will perceive it bears a strong resemblance. The clan Mackay seem originally to have been a most amiable people. "They were behind none in the Highlands of Scotland in comfort, health, and harmony," (a delicate allusion to the bagpipes,) "having plenty to take and give, and hearts still larger than their cellars;" which is the beautiful turn of expression employed by the Gaelic language to imply that they had no cellars at all. Buchanan and other scandalous persons have called the Highlanders thieves. This calumnious aspersion, our author imagines that he triumphantly refutes, at least in so far as his own clan are concerned, by the following characteristic statement:—"Mackay had four or five foresters, the principal of whom resided at Auldarnie, beside Lochmore, and latterly at Strathmore, at the side of Ben-Hope. These foresters would (could?) distinguish Mackay's deer from all other, and chase them back when they happened to stray to the Sutherland forest. They had the art of driving them in any direction they chose." Now, this was a very dangerous art which these foresters possessed, and puts us in mind of the honest servant,—who, we are credibly informed, was a Mackay,—between whom and his master the following dialogue is said to have occurred on the morning of their departure from a friend's house: *Master.* "Are you sure, John, that you have packed up all my clothes?"—*John.* "At the least, your honour."

The head of the clan Mackay were of illustrious descent. Donald, the first, married the daughter of Iye of Gigha. Now, as Mr Mackay very pertinently observes, "Gigha is an island in the district of Kintyre, which Pennant describes to be about six miles long, and one broad; and as, in ancient times, there were thanes of Gigha, this Iye might have been one of them." No wonder that with such a lineage, and such a following, the merits of the House of Mackay were recognised so early as the latter part of the reign of James VI. of Scotland, and rewarded with a peerage. Donald, the first Lord Reay, is the same illustrious individual of whom we have already had occasion to remark, that he led a regiment abroad, in whose exploits he took little share. He was in general more usefully employed recruiting at home for foreign service. He is supposed to have been the great original genius who first conceived the bold idea of dealing in soldiers. As is the case with by far the greater proportion of those enterprising merchants who attempt to open a new line of trade, his speculations were unsuccessful, and he died in considerable embarrassments. An ulogium worthy of him is dedicated to his memory by

the historian of his clan. For some generations after the first Lord's death, the genius of Mackay seems to have remained dormant. At last it awoke again in General Hugh Mackay. But it awoke only to struggle with reverses; for the gallant general was drubbed most unceremoniously by Dundee at Killcrankie. It is true, that Mr Robert Mackay (forgetting, in his love for his clansman, his Highland partialities) demonstrates most satisfactorily that his ancestor was the better general of the two, and swears stoutly that Dundee's army was superior in numbers; but this is poor and late consolation to the disconsolate spirit of the tough old Celt, whom we can figure to ourselves grimly sitting on his cold cloud, rubbing his bruised and battered bones with true Osianic dignity, and "grinning horribly a ghastly smile" over Mr Mackay's quarto. After another long and comfortable nap, the genius of the clan once more upreared its sleepy head; but it was only to sing, in the person of Rob Dow, in true guttural harmony to the mellifluous notes of the bagpipe, his own swanlike end. The historian wisely declines the risk of compromising his clansman's reputation, by translating his poems. We can therefore only tell our readers, in the bard's own words, that

"The cuckoo gay envied his lay."

We believe it was Rob who composed the affecting address "To a Scotch Fiddle, found at Dover." The description of his feelings on meeting, in a foreign land, with this primitive instrument of national melody, is beautiful and powerful. He says it made him "fidgety fain;" and this expression Burns is supposed to have borrowed from him in his *Tam O'Shanter*.

We could have wished to devote a few more columns to the individual character of our author—to have shown, by examples, his terse and irresistible logic—his liberal and kindly spirit towards all religious sects—his free and gentlemanly morality, as exhibited at page 32; but we must confine ourselves to one passage, which is to us peculiarly pleasing; as it shows how little he has suffered from the contagious scepticism of the age. He tells (at page 521) a story of a brewer near Thurso, who was much harassed by cats coming and drinking his ale. One night, being on the watch, he fetched a stroke at the hindmost cat, and cut off her leg, which, on examination, he found to be the leg of a woman. The witch was thus discovered, and our author proceeds to remark:—"Pennant, vol. I. p. 189, after giving a very imperfect account of this matter, adds, 'The horrors of this story were considerably abated in the place I heard it, by an unlucky enquiry made by one in company, viz. In what part would the old woman have suffered, had the man cut off the cat's tail?' But both enquiry itself, and the question, whether or not it was witty, might have been suspended, until it was first ascertained that such cats had tails."

We know not by what oversight Mr Robert Mackay has failed to make mention of the two living ornaments of his clan—Charles Mackay, the immortal representative of ballihood, and Benjamin Mackay, formerly of the Register Street Academy, and now an enlightened wielder of the ferula in the New High School. Will not these twin stars of honour be one day sublimated to the sky, and installed presiding geni— the one of our smiles, the other of our tears? Why then should our Thurso historian have overlooked them?

#### *Popular Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation.*

By William Carpenter, author of "A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," &c. Thomas Tegg, London; Richard Griffin and Co., Glasgow. 1829.

THESE Lectures are well worthy of an attentive perusal. They are on a subject that must be allowed to be supremely important; they are written in a more agreeable style than is usual in treatises of a similar kind; whilst the author, at the same time, pretends to no profound acquaint-

ance with the interminable study of criticism, and modestly apologises for the deficiencies his book may contain. He tells us—"These Lectures were not intended for the biblical student or the advanced scholar—for such persons the author has never had the presumption to write; but for the unlearned Christian, whose wish it is to study the Bible to advantage, and to derive immediately from the fount of inspiration those rich and copious streams of the Divine beneficence which gladden the creation of God." So modest and benevolent a design is calculated to disarm criticism; but we may safely say, that both learned and unlearned will reap instruction from this volume; and we would hope that the design of its publication will be extensively promoted. The author's fitness for his present task, is proved by the valuable works he has already given to the public, and the very favourable reception they have met with. His "*Scientia Biblica*" supplied a desideratum that had long been felt; his "*Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*" is a work of very considerable ability; and his other publications of the same class, though by no means faultless, or entitled to unqualified praise, are a testimony of his industry and application in that field of literature in which he has engaged.

This volume consists of eighteen lectures. The first is introductory, and contains an account of the progress of Biblical learning from the era of the Reformation to our own times—its present state—its importance and its difficulties. Upon this head alone a volume might have been written, and we have to regret that the author's observations upon it are so brief, as to exclude any view of the progress of this study on the Continent. The five succeeding lectures are devoted to Biblical Criticism, and contain much valuable matter, which, though perhaps familiar to the scholar, will be found of great importance by the general reader, and will save the laborious examination of many profound, scarce, and expensive works. The author treats, among other things, of the languages in which the Scriptures were first published; and concludes that the Gospel of Matthew, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, were originally written in Greek, in opposition to the opinion which many eminent scholars have advanced, that they were written in Hebrew. We think the evidence he has produced scarcely sufficient to overturn the arguments of such critics as Grotius, Mill, Campbell, Michaelis, &c. in addition to the testimony of the fathers on this subject. Were we inclined to venture our opinion, it would be, that we have the Epistle to the Hebrews in the original language, and that there were two editions of his Gospel published by the Evangelist Matthew, the one in Hebrew or Syro-Chaldaic, for the benefit of the Jews in Judea; and the other in Greek, for the benefit of the Hellenistic Jews and the Gentile converts throughout the Roman Empire. Our author next treats of the various schools of Hebrew philology—the labours of the Jewish literalists to preserve the text—the comparative excellence of the Samaritan and Hebrew texts, (giving, with great justice, we think, the preference to the latter,)—the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, and its origin and value. We agree in thinking the story of Aristæus regarding their translation untrue. The version appears, as the learned Hugh Broughton observes, to have been the work of different translators, and probably done at different times. Some of the translators have executed their task with great ability, while others possess far inferior merit. As a source of interpretation for the New Testament, however, the Septuagint is invaluable; and did this assertion require corroboration, we have the testimony of Dr Adam Clarke, who says—"The study of this version served more to illuminate and expand my mind, than all the theological works I ever consulted." Mr Carpenter next examines the Greek Scriptures, and notices the invaluable labours of Mill, Wetstein, Griesbach, and others, concluding this division of his subject with some judicious remarks on the various readings, their sources, numbers, and value.

The second division of the work is devoted to Biblical

Interpretation, and consists of twelve lectures, which possess various degrees of excellence. The observations on the use of commentaries, and the evils arising from an injudicious use of them, are, on the whole, just. But we believe they will not meet with universal concurrence. Many have derived much comfort and instruction from the use of commentaries, who would have reckoned the critical examination of the original, labour lost. Still the names of Chalmers, Cook, and Campbell, are certainly no mean testimony to the correctness of the opinion our author maintains. His rules for the interpreting the Scriptures, and his observations on the moral qualifications of an interpreter, are valuable and instructive. Under this head he discusses the style, the sense, the grammatical arrangement, historical circumstances, the figurative and literal meaning of the text, the parallelism of Scripture, symbolical language, origin of writing, doctrine of types, allegories, and adds the method and order of, and suggestions for, the practical reading of the sacred volume. The work concludes with an excellent vocabulary of Scripture symbols, calculated to facilitate the study, and promote the general understanding of the sacred page. We subjoin the following passage as a specimen of the author's manner, and as containing some curious information not generally known:—

**JEWISH TRANSCRIBERS OF THE SCRIPTURES.**—"In transcribing the Sacred Writings, it has been a constant rule with the Jews, that whatever is considered as corrupt shall never be used, but shall be burnt, or otherwise destroyed. A book of the law, wanting but one letter, with one letter too much, or with an error in one single letter, written with any thing but ink, or written on parchment made of the hide of an unclean animal, or on parchment not purposely prepared for that use, or prepared by any but Israelites, or on skins of parchment tied together by unclean strings, shall be holden to be corrupt; that no word shall be written without a line first drawn on the parchment, no word written by heart, or without having been pronounced orally by the writer; that before he writes the name of God, he shall wash his pen; that no letter shall be joined to another; and that if the blank parchment cannot be seen all around each letter, the roll shall be corrupt. There are certain rules for the length and breadth of each sheet, and for the space to be left between each letter, each word, and each section. These Maimonides mentions as some of the principal rules to be observed in copying the sacred rolls. Even to this day it is an obligation on the persons who copy the sacred writings for the use of the synagogue, to observe them. Those who have not seen the rolls used in the synagogues, can have no conception of the exquisite beauty, correctness, and equality of the writing."—P. 51.

We take leave of Mr Carpenter, with best wishes for the success of his work.

*Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains.* By C. Redding. London. John Ebers. 1829.

*The Brunswick, a Poem, in three Cantos.* London. William Marsh. 1829.

*Godesberg Castle, a Poem.* By Miles T. Stapleton, Author of *La Pia*, or the Fair Penitent. London. James Ridgway. 1829.

*Retirement, a Poem.* By Thomas Stewart, Esq. London. Ridgway. 1829.

*An Epistle from Abeldar to Eloise.* By Thomas Stewart, Esq. Second Edition. London. Ridgway. 1829.

*Walter and Emma; or, a Tale of Bothwell Bridge; with other Poems.* By John Strachan. Forres. 1829.

*Poems on various subjects, never before published.* By M. A. Cookson. Leith. 1829.

UNDER cover of the text or texts copied above, we would gladly set down a few interesting and philosophical observations upon poetry in general, interspersed with some most instructive reflections on its present state, and some wise saws, clearly illustrative of our own highly cultivated judgment, and strongly calculated to impress our readers with the conviction, that the principal reason why no poetry of the very highest order has been pub-

lished for some time back, is, that we have peremptorily withstood the pressing solicitations of the booksellers to send our invaluable manuscripts to press. But though nothing would be more easy than to pen an introduction of this sort, we shall, for the present, waive the pleasant task, and prefer presenting our readers with a sober, and, we hope, correct account and appreciation of the different metrical essays before us.

Mr C. Redding, the author of "*Gabrielle*," is a gentleman well-known in the literary circles of the metropolis, and is generally understood to take, along with Mr Thomas Campbell, an active share in the management of the *New Monthly Magazine*. His "*Tale of the Swiss Mountains*," the incidents of which are of a simple and domestic kind, is more indicative of a well-cultivated judgment than of a very ardent poetical temperament. The versification is smooth and flowing; and if his muse never soars a very lofty flight, neither does she ever forget herself so far as to tumble over the crystal battlements of heaven, down into the abyss profound of earth. The story is that of a Swiss peasant girl,—lovely, and beloved, happy in her mountain freedom, and full of all deep and gentle affections,—who is suddenly driven distracted by witnessing the fall of an avalanche, which overwhelms in ruin a whole village, and robs her of her parents and her friends "at one fell swoop." The main interest of the poem depends upon the descriptions which follow of the mild but hopeless insanity in which she is condemned to linger, and which assimilates her character, in some degree, to that of Shakspeare's Ophelia. We shall give one or two short specimens of Mr Redding's style. The following lines describe the catastrophe, the witnessing of which robbed Gabrielle of her senses:

"It is the Avalanche, passing in his might  
With his attendant thunders, swift as light  
In his destruction, sweeping mightiest pines  
As stubble with his garment; oaks in lines,  
Rooted a thousand years in strength of pride,  
Strewing in desolation far and wide,  
Or whirling, as in sport, high up heaven's dome,  
Mere sea-crack borne upon the breaker's foam.  
What now is strength but vainness to the strong—  
What now is man, borne with the wreck along,  
Swift as the sun-flash from the summer wave,  
Destroy'd and buried in one common grave!  
On to the smiling cottage, Gabrielle's home,  
She sees astounded the wild havoc come;  
She sees all vanish! In a moment's space  
Herself the last, lone remnant of her race;  
She closed her eyes, and then, more quick than thought,  
Unclosed their moveless orbs, that, terror-fraught,  
Were strain'd to bursting, now in horror gazed—  
Where was her home—O where? her brain was crazed!  
Speechless she stood, and wept without a sound,  
And shed no tear, her woe was so profound!"—P. 10.

A page or two farther on, Gabrielle is presented to us as confirmed but gentle maniac:

"Now the morn sees her ope her cottage door;  
'Tis Gabrielle comes forth, to range once more  
Along the churchyard path: now slow she walks;  
Now, bending o'er the graves, in whispers talks;  
The breeze the while blowing the simple pride  
Of her pale brow, her auburn locks, aside.  
Uncover'd is her head; she loves to feel  
The breath of morning round her temples steal,  
Cooling the hot veins winding on her brows,  
As dark streams wind along a waste of snows;  
Then she kneels down on what was mortal clay,  
Forgotten ashes—men of yesterday—  
And offers up her simple orison,  
Strange, unconnected, the green sod upon,—  
A prayer of madness, artlessly address'd  
To Him who can alone afford her rest:  
Give me, O God! a long unfever'd sleep,  
When I may cease to wander and to weep;  
For grief has been my lot so many years,  
I all things have forgotten but my tears."—P. 13.

We are still more pleased with the following passage,

in which there is both correctness of thought, and an harmonious flow of words:

"O! fantasies of madness! who can tell  
But ye may have great pleasures, that as well  
Minister their own comforts—even bless  
Your victims with short gleams of happiness,  
As near to all we wish, as those whose day  
Is lit by vaunted reason's prouder ray?  
Your votary rustling on his straw-spread floor,  
Reckless of cold and storm, naked and poor,  
May feel oblivious of the past, and dwell  
In some proud palace or tall citadel,  
Or spicy grove, or garden rose-bestrew'd,  
Where zephyr scarcely dares by stealth intrude;  
He may so love his flinty cell, and dream  
All else of life, just what it is—a dream;  
That it may be his temple, lustrous, fair,  
As ever rose on columns in mid air,  
Gold-spangled, with its starry-fretted roof,  
And sculptured frieze, his Parthenon time-proof;  
Where he may worship, Caesar of mankind,  
Himself, the deity of his own mind—  
Rattling his fetter'd limbs in lofty mood,  
In courtly bearing and throned attitude,  
Asking no sympathy from men, no heed  
Taking of good or evil, law or creed,  
For his humanity, no one vain want  
Desire may in his fellow's bosom plant—  
He is above them all—he is a king—  
And with that thought, feels he has every thing!"

Pp. 23-5.

Mr Redding has extended the size and value of his volume by the addition of several miscellaneous pieces, some of which we recognise as having met with before in the New Monthly Magazine and elsewhere. Of these the best are, the "Untombed Mariners," the "Voiceless City," and the translation of Korner's "Sword Song."

"The Brunswick" is a poem in the Don Juan stanza, commemorative of the fall of the Brunswick Theatre, and meant to contain a suitable mixture of the grave and the gay. It has been a good deal praised in some of the London periodicals; but it is, upon the whole, a dull affair. We do not object to it upon the score of its being an imitation of the style of Don Juan; because, in so far at least as the mere artificial division of lines and rhymes is concerned, every body has just as good a right to make use of the Don Juan, as of the Fairy Queen stanza. If a man really possess genius, nobody but a fool will accuse him of imitation, because he prefers the *ottava rima* to the octosyllabic, the heroic, or any other species of verse that was ever invented. We dislike a poem in the measure of Don Juan, or in the measure of Marmion, or in the measure of Lalla Rookh, only when we find that the dull rogue who has adopted it is unable to infuse into it any of that inspiration which gives to these measures their grace and life. The author of "The Brunswick" is not a goose altogether; but he is that kind of half clever, half stupid sort of fellow, (a set of men amazingly prevalent at present,) who are always bordering on something good, but never reaching it, and yet never falling far enough back to make you give them up altogether. His pathos is very commonplace, and easily got over,—his humour is of a very glimmering and milk-and-water description,—his philosophical reflections are not quite so profound as those of Hobbes or Priestley,—his satire wants the sharp and delicate edge, that gives it power to shave close to the chin of the patient,—and his poetry is good enough for a wet day in the country, when we are not quite sure whether we are asleep or awake. The following four stanzas strike us as more than an average specimen of the whole production. They are creditable to the cleverness of a young man, and we take it for granted the writer is young:

"There happen'd some most wonderful escapes  
Upon the morning when the Brunswick fell;  
Some call'd it mere good luck, in various shape—  
But it's more orthodox, and quite as well,

To call it providential. I, perhaps,  
May name a few; but should I try to tell  
Each case of providential interference,  
Before I finish'd it would be a year hence.

"One henpeck'd gentleman had set his mind  
On going there quite early, but his wife  
Most providentially was disinclined  
To hurry; so detain'd her dearest life,  
Who, as is usual in such case, repined,  
Grumbled, and then gave way, after short strife,  
And reach'd the Brunswick sorely vex'd and bother'd,  
Just too late by ten minutes to be smother'd.

"Another would have shared the general crunch,  
But providentially drank over-night  
A monstrous quantity of whisky-punch,  
And waking in the morn bewilder'd quite,  
Incapable of breakfast or even lunch,  
He stay'd at home to set his stomach right,  
Where bile and acid waged a horrid strife,  
And nursing thus his liver, saved his life!

"Another had engaged to meet a lady,  
(Engagements which men punctually attend,)  
And at the time was sitting in a shady  
Apartment with his fair and smiling friend,  
Where, had he not this assignation made, he  
Must then have met a brick and mortar end:  
Thus evil may be done that good may come,—  
A sentence which I used to think a hum."

Pp. 42-4.

Mr Miles T. Stapleton, the author of "Godesberg Castle," has evidently read Byron's "Siege of Corinth," and probably thinks his *Der Stein* equal to *Alp*, and his *Giesela* fully superior to *Francesca*. We think differently, and so will all the world; but, nevertheless, we dare say Mr Miles T. Stapleton is a very gentlemanly, pleasant person. Virgil said long ago—"non omnia possumus omnes;" and we only fear Mr Miles T. Stapleton mistook his profession, when he commenced imitator of Byron.

We do not exactly know the hidden impulses which influence the mind of Mr Thomas Stewart; but why, in his "Epistle from Abélard to Eloise," he should interfere with a subject which Pope has consecrated, or why, in his poem entitled "Retirement," he should bring himself into immediate comparison with Goldsmith, we are rather at a loss to comprehend. Mr Thomas Stewart is neither a Pope nor a Goldsmith; and, though he has a certain facility in the art of versification, we advise him, in his own words,

"No more again to tempt the wintry gales"

of literary criticism.

"Walter and Emma, or a Tale of Bothwell Bridge, with other Poems," by John Strachan, claims some leniency at our hands, in consideration of the author's humble rank of life, and the few opportunities he can have enjoyed of cultivating his taste. Mr Strachan is a weaver in Forres, and has certainly abilities above his station; and of these abilities, through the friendly patronage of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the world has now an opportunity of judging for itself. There is a good deal of smooth and sweet versification in this unpretending little volume; but what we chiefly desiderate, is a little more originality. We are afraid that Mr Strachan's excellence consists more in a certain facility in expressing his thoughts in poetical language, than in calling thoughts into existence, which are themselves poetry. This is the great distinction between the true and the pseudo-poet. Every man, with a ready command of words, and a tolerably lively fancy, may rhyme on for ages; but it is only the genuine poet who can extract from all common sights and sounds the odour and the music imperceptible to senses of a less delicate organization. However, there are many gradations of merit beneath that of

a Burns; and in weaving verses, as well as table-cloths, Mr Strachan reflects no inconsiderable lustre upon the adventurers of the shuttle now resident in the ancient and good town of Forres. Passing over his longer poem, which is in the Spenserian verse, and is in many parts spirited and natural, we prefer taking our extracts from one of the minor pieces, entitled "The Reverie." It is a passage descriptive of the effects of fine natural scenery upon a poet's mind:

"How sweet through Nature's wildest scenes to stray,  
And give to sportive toil the cheerful day!  
By torrent's roar, and shaggy pass, to trace  
The wizard feature, and the rugged grace,  
With magic softness that subdue the heart,  
And still new raptures to the soul impart.  
The wild woods hanging o'er the narrow dale,  
The mountains shrouded in their azure veil,  
The hoary cliffs, in solemn grandeur piled,  
That shade the green-clad vale, serenely mild,  
And distant lake, exulting in the rays  
That sportive on its dazzling bosom blaze;  
Then o'er these scenes the poet's eye will roll,  
While bounds from earth to heaven his ravish'd soul,  
And, fraught with fancy and celestial fire,  
He wakes to wildest notes his mountain lyre.  
Peace to your honour'd shades! ye heaven-taught throng!  
Who breathed, 'mid Scotia's wilds, the voice of song;  
Sweet be your rest as the loved strains ye sung,  
And soft, as sounds that o'er your harp once hung!  
Well could the minstrel in the days of yore,  
Skill'd in his country's legendary lore,  
Make from his harp the soothing measures flow,  
Warming with them the chilly breast of woe;  
His meekling airs the still cold heart could move,  
And tune the jarring passions all to love.  
The harp, assuming still a nobler strain,  
With martial sounds would animate the swain;  
Fan in his glowing breast the glorious flame,  
To earn in honour's field the prize of fame.  
His country's foes arranged in dread array  
With dauntless heart he sought the wild affray:  
Strong was his arm; for Freedom's right he stood,  
Till waved her banner o'er her foes subdued.  
If met by death amid the glorious toil,  
He bless'd the cause, and hail'd him with a smile."

Pp. 190-2.

We do not advise Mr Strachan to quit his workshop for Parnassus, and to exchange his loom for a lyre; but we shall be glad to hear that, at his leisure, he continues to cultivate the muse.

Who is she who comes the last upon our list, rising upon the poetical horizon like a new moon among the stars?—It is Mrs Cookson of Leith! Fade away, Felicia Hemans! evaporate, Joanna Baillie! die and be forgotten, Letitia Elizabeth Landon! for a greater than even Mrs Richardson of Dumfries has burst upon the astonished world, and the great lost power of song is once more embodied in the strains of Mary Ann Cookson! Whether she pens an "Address to Miss Janet Clifford, who was deprived of both her parents by death,"—whether she writes an "Epistle to a Gentleman who sent his Lady a new gown and some wine while she was languishing in consumption,"—whether she soliloquizes, in a tender strain, "On a Lady who died of a decline shortly after her delivery," or "On seeing a Fly drowning in a bowl of milk,"—or whether she pours forth the "Answer of a Lady to her Husband who exclaimed, smiling, 'Lucy, you are a little Diamond,'"—or, boldly attuning her lyre to a nobler theme, produces an "Elegy on the Death of the celebrated Lord Byron,"—in each and all of her efforts she towers, like "the virtuous Marcia," to an immeasurable height above her sex. Let us adduce an example or two in proof of our assertion. We shall pass over that fine picture of a young lady in a delicate state of health contained in the line—

"A languid form, of flesh quite bare;"

and we shall not insist upon the noble opening of a war-ode—

"What mean these rumbling carriage wheels?"

but we cannot resist quoting the following lines, which, we are told, were "spoken extempore," and which were no doubt poured forth in a moment of lofty inspiration:

"VERSES ON A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S PARTING FROM  
HER FATHER TO ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND TO SCOT-  
LAND.

"Adieu, kind Father! we must sever,  
I to join my husband fly;  
Trust it will not be for ever,  
Calm be that prophetic sigh.

"Now Frederando calls me forth,  
Let me then undaunted go  
To crowded cities of the north,  
Land of comfort—not of woe.

"Have you mark'd his fond affection,  
Both for you and me the same?  
Smile with joy on this connexion,  
Bless the day my Fred'rick came.

"When Vice lured and when she courted,  
Proof against her wiles I stood;  
When th' assembly vot'ries flirted,  
Then I stemm'd the rushing flood.

"Yes, my soul disdain'd its meanness,  
Spurn'd infatuating toys;  
She subjects her friends to leanness,  
Robs them of celestial joys!"

If possible, we think the opening of the following poem still finer than the above, although certainly there is nothing finer in any modern poet than what Mrs Cookson so beautifully says of Vice, that

"She subjects her friends to leanness,"—

a line which ought to be printed in letters of gold:

"SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LADY WHILST HER LOVER  
WAS DYING.

"'Tis vain to tell a sneering world  
Of tortures in my breast unfur'd,  
Of cancers that corroding lurk,  
Their secret apparatus work;  
Repeatedly this bosom mar  
With dirks and cutlasses of war;  
As Bolt and Watt's high-pressures go,  
Extends my nerves, my arteries flow;  
The swelling glands my lungs impede,  
My palpitating heart recedes;  
Life's vast cascades now languid roll,  
The typhus holds them in control;  
Shrivell'd as parchment my soft lip,  
Death's freezing hand my vitals grip."

The knowledge displayed, in this passage, of anatomy, grammar, and mechanics, is altogether wonderful. Much do we regret that we have room for only one other specimen of Mrs Cookson's unequalled powers. It is the last words of George the Fourth on leaving Scotland; and it will be found that they indicate an acquaintance, on the part of his gracious Majesty, with the rules of Linley Murray, peculiarly satisfactory and complete. The King *loquitur*:

"Farewell to flourishing Scoti,  
And Caledonia's sons!  
I will remember till I die,—  
Yes—laurels them becomes.  
Yes, I am indeed an English born,  
But Scotia's to me dear;  
And cowardice I view with scorn,—  
I would disdain to fear."

What a pity that in this degenerate age there are not more Mary Ann Cooksons! A few such splendid examples of what real genius can achieve, might frighten many of those amphibious animals who call themselves poets from dipping their feeble wings in the Castalian wave.

*Letters from Joseph Ritson, Esq. to Mr George Paton; to which is added, A Critique, by John Pinkerton, Esq. upon Ritson's Scottish Songs.* Edinburgh. John Stevenson. 1829.

THIS book, of which only one hundred copies have been printed, contains a few literary relics of the antiquarian Ritson, together with a prefatory notice of the late Mr George Paton, of Edinburgh, a person well known to the literati of the latter part of last century, and who, though he held no higher rank than that of a clerk in the Custom-house, was acknowledged to be as deeply versed in the antiquities of North Britain as almost any of his contemporaries. The six letters from Ritson to Paton, now published, touch upon a variety of subjects, but contain little that is very new or very interesting. The first is dated, "Gray's Inn, 15th Nov. 1792," and the last, "Gray's Inn, July 21st, 1795." In the course of the correspondence, Pinkerton, Chalmers, Ireland, and Laing, are mentioned, and a few things are noticed casually, which the antiquarian may perhaps find worthy of attention. In an Appendix is given Pinkerton's severe criticism on Ritson's "Scottish Songs," which appeared in the Critical Review, for January, 1795. The review is in many respects just; and it was certainly one of Ritson's failings, that he was over apt to quarrel with other antiquaries.

*A New Booke of Cookerie, wherein is set forth a most perfect direction to furnish an extraordinary, or ordinary feast, either in Summer or Winter. And likewise the most commendable fashion of Dressing or Sawcing either Flesh, Fish, or Fowle. All set forth according to the now new English and French Fashion.* By John Marrell. London. Printed by M. T. for John Marriot. 1631.

WE introduce this curious old black-letter book (on which we accidentally laid our hands the other day) to the notice of our readers, principally for the sake of two receipts which it contains. The first is entitled "The Queen of Scots Soup;" and we are seriously of opinion that, for the sake of the Royal House of Stuart, it should immediately become a standard dish with all the defenders of Mary and her unfortunate family. The soup is made thus:—"Six chickens are cut in small pieces, with the heart, gizzard, and liver well washed, and then put into a stew-pan, and just covered with water, and boiled till the chickens are enough. Season it with salt and cayenne pepper; and mince parsley with eight eggs, yolks and whites beat up together. Stir round altogether just as you are going to serve it up. Half a minute will boil the eggs." This must be a delicate and gentle soup, worthy of the amiable dispositions of Mary, and every way calculated to produce a beneficial effect on the female character.

Our other receipt is entitled—"An excellent and much-approved receipt for a long consumption." We suspect it is far from being generally known to the medical faculty, and we are doing therefore a great service to mankind, in now rescuing it from oblivion. It is couched in these words:—"Take eight, ten, or eleven white snails, and break away their shells from them, then put them into a bowl of water for twelve hours, to cleanse themselves from their slime, then take them from that water and put them into another bowl of running water for twelve hours more, then take them out, and put them into half a pint of white wine, and keep them in it twelve hours, then take a quart of red cow's milke, and put the snayles out of the wine into the milke, and boyle the quart of milke with the snayles put into it, untill it be boyled to a pinte, then put into it one ounce of candied sugar, and so give the sicke party the same to drinke everie morning, and at four of the clocke in the afternoone; but you

must not let the sicke party eate or drinke any thing else for the space of two houres after they have taken this receipt; and without all doubt, this being duely made and taken accordingly, will, with God's help, recover the party, being very weake and far spent in this long lingering sickness, and of my knowledge hath been often approved, and is found an excellent receipt to cure the same disease." We do not know how others may feel, but, were we consumptive, we should immediately drink immense quantities of boiled snails, for we put great confidence in these old black-letter books. The rest of the contents of this volume are just such as might be expected in a good Cookery Book for the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### MY GRANDMOTHER'S KEYS.

"In tenui labor, at tenui non gloria."

I AM fond of the olden times—times which I would not write *old* for any thing. That is a beautiful beech-tree, no doubt, but what is it to Campbell's

"Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree?"

You may smile, if you will; but till you explain the reason why "woods among" is more poetical than "among woods;" you will permit me to write the *olden*, instead of the *old*, times.

I am fond, I repeat, and I love to repeat it, of the olden times,—of the fine, hearty old carles in plaid and bonnet, who thought strongly, and spoke freely; but, after all, the ladies of the old school are my peculiar favourites—those respectable matrons, with plaited toys and black silk hoods, who rode behind their husbands to kirk and market, were excellent housekeepers, and wonderfully kind to children. To me, even at this distant hour, there is a warmth, and a comfort, and a somewhat akin to dignity, in their many and multiplied investitures. No grave-digger in Hamlet ever deposited a more numerous assortment of jackets, than did my grandmother of gowns and petticoats, ere she went to repose. Even Lady Charlotte Campbell, when, in the year 1804, she engaged to smother half the female nobility and gentry of Edinburgh, did not, from theatre stage-box, exhibit a more glorious rotundity and expansion of person, than did my worthy progenitor. Around her middle, too, there extended a zone, broad, strong, and immovable, from which, as from the immobility of the earth's axis, were suspended, on the one side, a large pocket, shaped like a tailor's lapboard, and furnished with a pocket-hole of corresponding shape and extension. Beneath this pocket, but at a respectful and becoming distance, were seen to flit backwards and forwards, as the movements required, a pair of clear steel scissors. On the other side, and, on the principle of an Australasia, to counter-balance the other continents, hung, John Gilpin-like, to keep her balance true, "The Keys,"—not separately, or individually, but in apt and becoming connexion, suspended from a large clasp ring, of an inch and a half in diameter. Amongst these keys there prevailed the most complete republican equality—from him, the lord of the cellar, even down to her, the tiny regulator of the time-piece. Thus you could see, at one glance, not only that the gudewife was useful, but that her pride lay in being thought so; and that she would rather have been complimented on her house management, than on her complexion or graceful movements.

Now, in contrasting with this the gudewives of the present day, I do not mean to be satirical; indeed, were I ever so much so disposed, it is out of my power, as public opinion would immediately run me down, like a small fishing-boat before a Newcastle collier. I mean, in fact, to admit an incalculable balance, after all deductions and adjustments, in favour of "gudewives as they are," on

the score of manners, dress, education, and I know not how many additional particulars. And to what extent these improvements may yet be carried, no one who has not seen in Edward Irving's Millennium, can possibly determine. My sole object is to draw your attention, and that of the gudewives of the present day, to my "GRAND-MOTHER'S KEYS."

I say nothing of the pocket—though the subject is highly deserving of a separate chapter—nor of the scissors—nor of the pincushion—whose pardon I beg a thousand times, as having been unintentionally overlooked—not assuredly from its diminutive size—in my former enumeration of pendicles; but I come at once, and for the sake of unity—the parent, they tell us, of interest—to speak of the "Keys." These keys hung with a grace and a freedom which could never be overlooked; no constraint nor seeming arrangement. It was a kind of Jack Goodfellow golden age, when great and small, important and unimportant, rusted and ward-worn, met together and fondly embraced, united in the same jingle, and bobbed at the same step. Like the human faculties, as described by our worthy faculty-mongers, these Keys rested upon a background of complete unity; yet, whenever circumstances called them into play, they were ever separately and individually at hand, ready to execute the appropriate task assigned to them. Every key, in fact, was a separate bump, to which was assigned the task of opening one lock, and one exclusively; and had my grandmother suspected that the office of one would have been destroyed by another, she would have considered the monopoly as dangerous, and not to be countenanced. Thus it is—and the analogy is worth tracing through a sentence—that, in the beautiful science of craniology, each separate faculty has its own assigned and circumscribed duty and ideality, and no more dares trespass upon the province of imagination, wit, or benevolence, than my grandmother's cellar-door Key thought of dealing with the wards of her time-piece. Were faculties permitted thus to trespass or transgress the limits assigned to them, then there were an end to the division of labour, and to that beautiful adjustment by which a pin is brought to so much perfection.

But how are the Keys managed now-a-days? for this, after all, is the matter of discourse and enquiry. Is the above beautiful and convenient arrangement adopted; or is another, and, if any other, a better or a worse, adopted in its stead? I hate the German Illuminati, and the French Revolution, and lament the decay of the age of chivalry and respect for royalty; and this I do, not only on the score that, by means of such unhallowed agencies, society has been torn from its moorings, and dashed into a thousand separate and independent fragments, but that along with, and I verily believe in sympathy with, these events, my Grandmother's Keys have broken from their ring and been dispersed. They have, in fact, become, since the period alluded to, a kind of refugees—unconnected, ununited, insubordinate, and useless—never at hand unless when not wanted, and always a-seeking when most required. You look upon that three-cornered and tessellated piece of net-work or velvet, commonly called a reticule, but you may save yourself the trouble of search, the keys are not there; and if not there, where can they be? not assuredly on the person of the mistress; for on her whole person, from head-dress to shoe-point, there is neither lap, pocket, nor fastening. The keys would escape from her like a drop of water over the burning face of a tailor's goose; she would absolutely faint at the imputation of any thing so Gothic as a key, a pocket, or a pincushion, on her person,—ornament has superseded and banished utility, and, in the scuffle, the associated keys have run riot, and become entirely unmanageable. You may call spirits, but will they come? You may sing out from morn to night, "Nanny! Mary!—what's your name?—Jane! Tibby! bring me my napery-press key; you will find it on the aideboard."—"Na, mem; it's no there."—"It must be

there!—Go search the table-drawer!"—"Mem, I canna find it."—"Stupid idiot! stand out of my road. I'm sure such servants!—It cannot be far off, for I had it not ten minutes ago;" and so

"The maids are running through the house—  
Ilk door is cast a-jee;  
And there's na a hole in a' the house,  
But's searching for 'the key'!"—

but all in vain. The smith's fingers are put in operation, and just as he has removed the lock, at the expense of the splintered timber, Peggy comes bounding in with an "Eh, mem, here's the key!"—Nor is this the worst—by no means: Sickness is in the house, and the doctor orders an immediate use of jams and jellies; but the key has taken this opportunity of paying a visit to the terra incognita of "somewhere." It was seen by somebody some time ago, but nobody got, and nobody had it; and in a word, nobody knows any thing about the matter!—Company to tea! down with the tea-cups, tray, urn, all in a smoke and a bustle. But, bless me! where's the sugar, ay, and the tea-cannister—these indispensables of the repast?—they are under lock and key—the lock, indeed, is safe, and at its post, like a carrier's dog, firm and unmoved—~~not~~ to be tampered with—but the key—oh! the key—is at the "back of beyond," where the mare, according to immemorial tradition, was safely delivered of the fiddler. It must, in fact, either have sunk through the earth and become a gnome, or ascended through the air and been sainted, otherwise the search made for it would have been successful. Perspective becomes the order of the hour, till force has done the work of art, and a fine evening has been spent in useless and unavailing regrets for the "loss of the key."

Let the gudewife keep the keys, then; and keep to the keys only—keep to them, as my grandmother did, in the literal sense of the word—attach them (I do not care where or how) to her person, and be able, at a moment's warning, to make that use of them for which they were originally hammered out and constructed.

It is, after all, on such apparently trifling attentions or negligences that much of the comfort or usefulness of life depends. Let any one, addicted to the negligence to which I have referred, fairly calculate the time lost, the convenience marred, the temper fretted, and the happiness hazarded, by such occurrences, and the amount will not fail to astonish as well as mortify. Little things are indeed great to little men—*parva leves capiunt animos*; but against this effect, as well as evidence of our fallen and imperfect nature, it becomes us to guard. For great calamities or trying exigencies we stand, as it were, prepared; and the storm, whilst it arrests and stupifies, still nerves and solemnizes our faculties;—

"Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky,  
Yet still serene th' unconquer'd mind looks down  
Upon the wreck."

But for the eternal "losing or mislaying" of the keys, there is no remedy. Against the assaill of the lion and the tiger, there are means of defence—against those of the musquito and the midge, there are none. Misfortunes are formidable, without being teasing—mismanagements fret in proportion to their trifling nature and the frequency of their occurrence.

Now, madam, do not flounce out of the room, and alarm the door, so as to endanger the lights and the drum of my ears. What I have said—my own conscience is my witness—I have said for your good; and if the medicine do but operate beneficially, a few painful throes, during the operation, will be of less consequence. And, in order to show you that I bear no manner of grudge against you, I mean, God willing, to drink tea with you on Tuesday next, when, I have no manner of doubt, that I will find you in a "PRORER KEY."

## THE HEBREW LANGUAGE—ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE CLERICAL PROFESSION.

MR. EDITOR,—I beg leave to solicit your attention to a subject in which, as I humbly conceive the clergy to be deeply concerned, they should therefore feel themselves much interested. I allude to a thorough acquaintance with the sacred and *primitive* language, which, I am happy to observe, is more cultivated than it was in my early days; and would be still more so, were it not for the jealousy and narrow-mindedness of the Jews themselves—I mean those with whom I have been in the habit of conversing—who wish to exclude us *e vestibulo templi*, and do every thing in their power to prevent us Christians from entering the *penetralia*. The Hebrew nation—if I am correctly informed—keep even their brethren from a knowledge of their *Cebala* till they have attained the age of *forty*, though they allow them to read the Talmud and the Targums. To those who are intended for the *clerical* profession, I am fully persuaded that a competent knowledge of the *lingua sacra* should be considered as a *תורה מן השמים*, and a very safe one too, ere they shall be ordained as ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, or of the Established Church of England and Ireland. It is evident that this was the firm and decided opinion of the learned Dr Robleson, who was Oriental Professor in the University of Edinburgh, as is manifest from his erudite preface to his edition of the *Clavis Pentateuchi*, which had been long out of print and become very scarce.

No clergyman can be said to be well informed or thoroughly qualified to exercise his sacred function, should he continue to be *wilfully* ignorant of the *primitive language*, which, as such, lends to all languages, while it borrows from none; and therefore, from its very simplicity, can easily be learnt by any one possessed of moderate abilities and common application. The Vulgate is likewise absolutely necessary for the theological student, who will find Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon—if he begins reading without the Masoretic points—and Buxtorf's, the best. A very valuable Lexicon has lately made its appearance from the Cambridge University Press;—it was written originally in the German, by Gesenius, and has been very ably and well translated by a Rabbi, a teacher of the Hebrew at Cambridge. There are two excellent Hebrew Grammars—one by your late and learned Professor Robleson, and another by H. V. Bolaffy, which will be highly useful to students who have not had an opportunity for forming an acquaintance with the classics. The latter may very justly be called *Une grammaire raisonnée*. To those conversant with the *Lingua Toscana*, Diodati's Italian Bible was strongly recommended by the late Bishops Bagot and Horsley, particularly for its copious and learned annotations. Unfortunately this work is now very scarce, and fetches a high price. A new edition of it has lately been published by Priestley in London, but the valuable annotations of Diodati are totally excluded.

The theological student, however, should not be satisfied with the Septuagint or the Vulgate. He must go to the fountain head, and read carefully the Hebrew text itself. Though, upon the whole, our English translation of the Old Testament is well done and faithfully executed; yet it is very erroneously so in several of the Books—Isaiah, in particular. But it is said that that eminent and acute critic, Dr Kennicot, told his late majesty, George the Third, that not any one of the fundamental articles of our faith was impugned by the mistranslation. Dr K. indeed was very urgent for a revision of the translation of our Bible, and for a new one to be made, and published under authority. But with me and many of my friends, the judiciousness of this recommendation is very problematical and doubtful, not to say extremely dangerous, though it proceeded from the pen of the ablest theological critic of his time. This the late eminent scholar, the Reverend William Crowe, LL.B., Fellow of New Col-

lege, and Public Orator in the University of Oxford, in his three discourses preached by him before that University, evidently proved by many cogent and forcible arguments. For the clergy, indeed, a Version of the Scriptures is much wanted, to assist them in their theological studies; but I should be very apprehensive of its disturbing and unsettling the minds of the common people, who, from time out of mind, have been accustomed to our present translation. They would feel the strongest aversion and repugnance to receive and adopt the new one proposed to them, and with which they were totally unacquainted. I well remember that, several years ago, a clergyman in Hampshire, wishing to improve the psalmody in his parish, wished to introduce among his parishioners Tattersall's new version of the Psalms; but the honest and well-meaning rustics were filled with wrath and indignation when the proposal was made to them by their pious and worthy pastor; for one and all, with much vehemence, declared that they were not King David's Psalms,—that they had long been accustomed to sing Sternhold and Hopkins' version,—and, therefore, would receive no other. The late Bishop Horsley, in his learned and elaborate work on the Psalms, has clearly demonstrated, with his usual acumen and sagacity, that, though Sternhold and Hopkins' version is a very quaint one, yet it is more conformable to the idiom of the *lingua sacra* than that of Tate and Brady, or any other. Now, if we fall in the *minor*, it follows, as a natural consequence, that we shall equally so in the *major*.

These remarks are all with which I shall trespass on your time at present; but you will perhaps permit me to return to the subject at some future opportunity.

R. N.

## STORY OF THE LAIRD OF FAWDONSIDE.

*By the Author of the Histories of the Scottish Rebellions.*

THE following story was related to me by an old gentleman, resident for fifty years in Northumberland, but who had been born and educated near the scene described, where it was, in his youth, a common fireside legend.

The Laird of Fawdonside, an estate immediately above Abbotsford, on the course of the Tweed, was one night riding home in a state of intoxication from market, when, just as he reached a place about half a mile from his own house, he encountered that celebrated and very generally reprobated character, the Devil. Fully aware of the danger of his situation, the Laird thought he would give his holiness the cut celestial, and pass on. But Satan was not an acquaintance to be shaken off so easily: he fairly intercepted the Laird as he was about to give him the go-by; and, although Fawdonside attempted then to take a more desperate course and rush past, he found himself, notwithstanding all his exertions, obliged at last to come to a quiet *tête-à-tête* with his enemy. The conversation which ensued, ended in a proposal on the part of the Devil, that Fawdonside should purchase a right of passage, by agreeing to deliver up to him whatever living thing he should first meet as he approached his home. The Laird, calling to mind that a favourite greyhound was in the habit of coming out of the house to meet him on similar occasions, consented to the proposal, though not without some compunctious qualms in regard to the faithful and beloved creature which he was thus consigning to destruction. Chance determined that his feelings of regret should be exercised on a much worthier object. As in the somewhat similar case of Jephthah, his daughter, a child of ten years, was the first person whom he met. No words could express the horror of the poor Laird, as the fiend, who had dogged him, appeared at his back to claim his victim. He could only plead a respite. After much entreaty, "the Enemy" consented to allow him a few days to take leave of the child. It being then settled that the rendition should be made next Thursday at Galashiels kirk, Satan disappeared.

Before the appointed day, Fawdonside had consulted the clergyman of the parish as to what he should do under such circumstances. The minister, who happened to have some knowledge of diablerie, proposed a scheme, by which, with the assistance of his brethren, he hoped to counteract the designs of the Evil One. On the day appointed, the child was brought to Galashiels kirk, where, being placed at the sacramental table, it was "hedged" round, if not with "divinity," at least with a dozen able expounders of it; and such a praying and preaching commenced, as had never before shaken the walls of that place of worship. When Satan at last appeared, the minister of the parish entered into a warm expostulation with him on the subject of his unreasonable bargain with Fawdonside; and although the Tartarean monarch expressed no little vexation and rage at being balked in his demand, he was soon brought to reason. In the end, he agreed to accept a little dog in lieu of the child; which creature being immediately thrown to him, he vanished through the roof, taking a considerable part of it with him, and leaving behind him, to use the words of old Aubrey, "a marvellous perfume of sulphur."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A NEW POETIC MIRROR.

By the *Ettrick Shepherd*.

No. I.—Mr W. W.\*

*Ode to a Highland Bee.*

ASTOUNDING creature, what art thou,  
 Descending from the mountain's brow  
 With such a boom, and passing by  
 Like spirit of the nether sky?  
 While all around this mountain reign  
 I look for thee, but look in vain;  
 Thee I shall never behold again!  
 And it is painful thus to sever  
 From trumpeter of heaven for ever.

Thou art a wonder, I confess,  
 Thou journeyer of the wilderness;  
 Yet a holy thing art thou to me,  
 As emblem of pure industry—  
 And as an emblem higher still,  
 Which made my heart and spirit thrill;  
 For I bethought me thou mightst be  
 The angel of eternity,  
 Sent down, with trumpet's awful boom,  
 To summon nature to her doom,  
 And make the churchyards heave and groan,  
 With flesh to flesh, and bone to bone:  
 I choose not say the wild emotion  
 Of my moved soul, and its devotion,  
 At thy astounding locomotion.

Blest be thy heart, sweet Highland bee,  
 That thou pass'd by, and changed not me;  
 For though I know what I am now,  
 (The world knows not, I must allow,)  
 Yet the wild wonder strikes me dumb,  
 What I shall be in time to come!  
 Whether a zephyr of the cloud,  
 A moving and mysterious shroud,  
 A living thing without a frame,  
 A glory without sound or aim,  
 Or a creature like thee of a thousand years,  
 Booming through everlasting spheres!  
 Such bolt of bold sublimity,  
 Man never has seen, and never shall see,  
 As the great W. a bumbee!

Therefore, blest creature of thy kind,  
 I laud thy speed upon the wind,  
 And, dream or spirit as thou art,  
 I bless thee with a human heart—

\* Query—Mr William Wordsworth?—Ed.

God speed thee to thy latest years;  
 I neither know thee nor thy peers,  
 And yet mine eyes are fill'd with tears.

For, as a bee, if thou hadst been  
 As perilous as some I've seen,  
 When my rash boyhood's hands were given  
 (Hands made to strike the harp of heaven)  
 To feel the poignancy and smart  
 Of thy empoleon'd ruthless dart,  
 How with that dart of ebony  
 Mightst thou have wrong'd my friend and me;  
 And dreadful damage mightst have done  
 To our beloved Miss Hutchison!  
 Therefore, it doth behove me well  
 To bless thee and thy little cell.  
 And now, again, sweet bee, I say,  
 With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away.

Again I hear thy voice devout,  
 About—about—and all about,  
 As stretch'd recumbent on the grass—  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 Sounding to me like trump of death,  
 Far o'er the brown astonish'd heath;  
 I look to cloud, to sky, and tree,  
 A thousand ways, yet cannot see  
 Thy faery path of mystery.

'Tis thus the high poetic mind  
 Can trace, with energy refined,  
 The slightest atom on the wind  
 To its high source; and to the goal,  
 Where perishes its tiny soul,  
 Then step by step ascend on high,  
 From dunghill to the yielding sky:  
 And thus shall I ambitious be,  
 When inquest is perform'd on me,  
 So rise above my grovelling race,  
 Bounding, like thee, and one day trace  
 My path on high, like heavenly dove,  
 Which none dare challenge or reprove,  
 A path all human walks above!

## SONG TO LEILA.

"SAY, wilt thou, Leila, when alone,  
 Remember days of bliss gone by?  
 Wilt thou, beside thy native Rhone,  
 E'er for our distant streamlets sigh?  
 Beneath thy own glad sun and sky,  
 Ah! Leila, wilt thou think of me?"  
 She blush'd, and murmur'd in reply,  
 "My life is one long thought of thee."

"Sweet girl! I would not have it so;  
 My destiny must not be thine,  
 For, wildly as the wild wave's flow,  
 Will pass this fleeting life of mine."  
 "And let thy fate be woe or woe,  
 My thoughts," she smiling said, "are free;  
 And well the watchful angels know  
 My life is one long thought of thee."

"Then, Leila, may thy thoughts and prayers  
 Be with me in my hour of need;  
 When round me throng the cold world's cares,  
 And all my heart's fresh sorrows bleed!"  
 "Why, dearest! nurse so dark a creed?  
 For full of fame thy life shall be;  
 And mine shall share thy glory's mood,  
 In one long blissful thought of thee."

H. G. B.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE ANNUALS.—We gave some account last Saturday of the attractions of several of the *Annals* for 1850, and we are now able to add a little further information on this subject.—*The Offering*, a new

Annual, is, like the "Amulet," especially designed to establish and illustrate the connexion between polite literature and religion. The embellishments are to be selected principally from Scriptural subjects, and the work is to be edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A.—Another new Annual is announced, to be called by a name which we think highly objectionable—*Emmanuel*. We are told in the prospectus, that the distinguishing feature of this publication will be its endeavour to diffuse and maintain, in its various compositions of prose and verse, sound principles of religion and virtue, its governing rule being that which pervades the doctrines of the established church. The Rev. W. Shepherd, Author of "Clouds and Sunshine," is to be the Editor. We are sorry he has christened his bantling by a name which we think far too sacred to be so used.—*Friendship's Offering* is to be published on the 31st of October, and it is confidently expected will be still superior to any of the former volumes of the series. Its embellishments will consist principally of choice specimens of the British School, both of painting and engraving.—*The Winter's Wreath* is to appear on the 1st of November, and will contain thirteen highly-finished line engravings on steel, together with contributions from Mrs Hemans, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury, Derwent Conway, Hartley Coleridge, and many other persons of eminence.—Mr Ackermann announces his intention to add another to the class of Annuals for youth, under the title of *Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not*. It is to contain eight beautiful engravings, and contributions from a number of popular writers, among whom are the Ettrick Shepherd, Montgomery, John Clare, and Miss Landon.

The Second Volume of Guy Mannering, being the fourth in the series of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, has just appeared. It contains a few notes of an interesting kind, and a frontispiece of great merit by William Kidd, very cleverly engraved by James Mitchell. The subject is the game at High Jinks. Each figure is full of character and humour, and the whole are grouped in a manner that would not disgrace Wilkie. We cannot say so much for the vignette by Cooper, R.A. It represents Hatteraick berking Glouin; the figures are heavy, and the countenances very unmeaning. The first volume of the Antiquary will be the next of the series, to which, we understand, a curious introduction is prefixed.

We understand that the forthcoming Volume of Constable's Miscellany will contain an "Autumn in Italy, being a Personal Narrative of a Tour through the Austrian, Tuscan, Roman, and Sardinian States, by J. D. Sinclair, Esq."

A new monthly periodical is about to appear under the title of The London University Magazine. It is to be supported chiefly by the students of that University, and will be strictly a literary and scientific miscellany. It will contain, according to the Prospectus,—"Reviews of New Publications, Matters of Science, Critical and other Essays, Sketches of Character, Satires on Men and Manners, Literary and Scientific Intelligence, occasional Reports of the Professors' Lectures, a Monthly Summary of the Proceedings at the University, and Miscellaneous Intelligence connected with it, allowing, besides, a voluminous *et cetera* for subjects which may not be included under any of these heads."

Mortality, a Poem, in three Parts, by T. Cambria Jones, will shortly make its appearance.

A Topographical and Historical Account of Methodism, in Yorkshire, is preparing for publication.

Dr Shirley Palmer will shortly publish Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet, illustrating the principal existing causes of disease and death.

BOTANY.—A Flora of British North America, illustrated with figures of nondescript, or rare species, by W. Jackson Hooker, L.L.D. is in the press. Also, a Flora Devonensis, or a Descriptive Catalogue of Plants growing wild in the county of Devon, arranged both according to the Linnæan and natural systems, with an account of their geographical distribution, &c., by the Rev. J. P. Jones and Mr J. F. Kingston.

A society has been formed at Brussels, similar to our Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society, for the express purpose of publishing good works at a cheap rate. It proposes to publish twelve volumes per annum; and every subscriber of six florins yearly is entitled to a copy of each. The Application of Morals to Politics, and Schlegel's History of Ancient and Modern Literature, are already published.

A new German Journal, entitled, Periodical Review of the Jurisprudence and Legislation of Foreign Countries, is announced at Heidelberg. The editors are in communication with the principal lawyers in France, England, Italy, Denmark, Russia, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, with a view to make their countrymen acquainted with all the works on legislation published in these countries.

The Geographical Society at Paris has awarded its annual medal for the most important geographical discoveries and labours to Captain Sir John Franklin; and deserved honourable mention to be made of Dr John Richardson, who accompanied him in his northern expedition.

BRITISH BEAUTIES.—During the latter period of the nominal reign of the late King, his present Majesty, anxious to perpetuate the remembrance of a galaxy of female loveliness which the peculiar position of the British Court had placed comparatively in the shade, was pleased to commission a distinguished female miniature-painter with the task of forming a gallery of beauties for his private cabinet; and thus the charms of many of our fairest contemporaries, which were not gifted with Hebe-like properties sufficiently tenacious to remain unimpaired for the advantage of his future Court, have been, at least, rendered permanent by the favour of his Majesty's selection, in order to advance the claims of the regency against those maintained by Grammont, or rendered immortal by Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, or Reynolds. But the gallery formed by Mrs Shee, however various and exquisite in its exhibition of female loveliness, is but a shadow of that which the highest *coterie* of the present season might have consigned to the canvas.

*Theatrical Gossip*.—A new piece, after the manner of the Freischutz, entitled "Der Vampyr," has been brought out with great success at the English Opera House. It is an adaptation from the German by Planche, and the music is by a young composer of much promise called Henrich Marschner. The piece is likely to have a decided run, and in some of the scenes is said not to be unworthy of Weber.—The *on dits* relative to Covent-Garden are as various as they are uncertain and unsatisfactory. Among them are the following:—That the company will keep together, and engage the Haymarket Theatre; that they will disperse, and some of them take up with engagements at the Minors; that Elliston has it in contemplation to engage several of them, and make a vigorous start at the Surrey. In the meantime, the properties of the Theatre are actually advertised to be sold by public auction, under the distress for the taxes and rates; and if the proceeds are not sufficient for that purpose, the remainder must be got out of the materials of the building! It is said that the number of persons dependent for their support on this Theatre amounts to no less than seven hundred.—Mr Price of Drury-Lane has accepted a new tragedy from Miss Mitford, in which Young and Miss Phillips will sustain the principal parts. Price has also re-engaged Braham, who will not, however, appear till after Christmas. We do not hear that he has determined on setting his face against the plan of engaging the principal performers by the night, as was reported at the close of the season. On the contrary, it is said that Vestris and Liston are both to receive enormous sums under this ruinous system. It may be stated, in illustration of this system, and as one of the dramatic miracles of the day, that Laporte has not lost much, if any thing, by the Italian Opera during the last season. When it is considered that the house overflowed almost every night, this fact becomes particularly worthy of attention.—The Duke of Sussex, who appears fond of theatricals, has engaged a box during the season at the Surrey Theatre.—A Mr Simpson, a clergyman in Derby, has been foolish enough to write a letter to Miss Foote, advising her to leave the stage, which Miss Foote has answered, through her mother, in rather a sharp style.—A young lady, named Huddart, has made a great sensation in Dublin in the character of *Mrs Oakley*, in the "Jealous Wife."—The Theatre Francaise, in Paris, has at present in rehearsal an almost literal translation of Shakespeare's "Othello," by M. Alfred de Vigny. The French must be much changed, if they can tolerate the *berking* of *Desdemona*.—The drama is in a very quiescent state here.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE interesting and highly original sketch by the Ettrick Shepherd, entitled "Wat the Prophet," shall appear in our next. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a very amusing parody by the Shepherd, which shall likewise have a place next Saturday.

The paper on "Motto" will be inserted.—"A True Sectman" need have no doubt of the patriotism of the person alluded to, although he may occasionally choose *desperer in loco*.—We have read "A. B. C.'s" tour with pleasure—it lies for him at the publishers'.—The verses by "Musculus" of Greenock are not without merit.—We may probably make some use of the lines by "C." of Dalkeith.—In the "Adieu to Ancient Smoky," by "Philo-countribus-innumerosus," the following are the best lines:—

The hum of men hath ceased within thy walls,  
The dancer's foot hath left thy stately halls;  
The starlight eyes thy gardens have deserted;  
Thy carpets are roll'd up; thy rugs inverted;  
Thy windows closed; thy doors all lock'd and chain'd;  
Thy stairs unwash'd; thy brassen doorplates stain'd;  
While ugly housemaids, in possession plac'd,  
With greasy watchmen junket, drink, and waste;  
Or wrights and painters,—nuisances abhor'd!—  
With brush and hammer, o'er thy dwellings lord.

A review of Low's History of Scotland is in type.

[No. 43. September 5, 1829.]

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August 24th, 1839.

MR BUCKINGHAM, having to return to Greenock after his visit to Dumfries, to fulfil an engagement interrupted by illness at the time previously fixed, will be nearer to Edinburgh than he is likely to be again for many months, and the FINAL LECTURE which he delivered in Glasgow, on the Question, "*What is to be done with India?*" having been deemed of even greater importance than any of the preceding ones, he has been prevailed on, by those who entertain this opinion, and who, on that account, are anxious that it should be delivered in the metropolis of Scotland, to make a hasty visit from Glasgow to Edinburgh for that purpose. He will accordingly have the pleasure to deliver this LECTURE in the Great Room, in the Waterloo Hotel, on Monday Evening the 7th of September.

The subjects will be entirely new, and embrace more especially the following—Settlement of the Sovereignty of India—Organization of the Army—Constitution of the Civil Service—Enactment of a Uniform Code of Laws—Establishment of New Tribunals—Extension of the Christian Church—Erection and Endowment of Schools—Future mode of raising the Revenue—What English Institutions may be introduced with safety—Outlet for the present Surplus Population of Britain, in the respectable and well-educated classes, and advantageous prospects in that country for Gentlemen in every branch of the Public Service—the Army, the Navy, the Law, and the Church—with both public and private employment for the Medical Class—Architects—Engineers—Agriculturists; and plan for securing the highest talent for India—preparations of study for each class; and, though last, not least, the sure and certain means of securing an outlet to another branch of our Surplus Population for whom it is most important to provide, as the only means by which the full measure of British glory can be shed over her Eastern possessions, so as to do equal honour to the mother country and her colonial offspring.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—*The Cherokee Phoenix*. New Echota. From March to August 1828.—*The New York Evening Post*. For July 1829. New York. Michael Burnham & Co.

THE two newspapers, to files of which we refer at the head of this article, scarcely resemble each other in any thing except the circumstance of their both being newspapers. The one is the first literary and intellectual effort which has yet been made by a young state just starting into an independent existence, and anxious to throw off the barbarism of ages; while the other is the regularly systematised production of a large city, long accustomed to such conveniences, and to be viewed more as an ordinary mercantile speculation, than as a symptom of any fresh accession of mental or physical vigour. We shall keep this distinction in view in the remarks we are about to make on these separate publications, speaking of the one with that grave interest which naturally attaches to it, and treating the other with less ceremony, as being principally useful to us for the glimpses it affords of the manners and habits of the worthy citizens for whose especial accommodation it is published.

Among the public measures creditable to the humanity of the United States, the means they have employed for the civilization and protection of the Indian tribes, the original inhabitants of that vast continent, should not be overlooked. It is true, that they have wrested from these Indians a country which was once their own, and left them only remote districts, for which, as yet, the conquerors do not find any immediate use; but, having thus attained their own ends, and secured their own settlement, they have, in most cases, been desirous of wounding as little as possible the feelings of the native tribes. Thinned as their numbers are, and broken as is their spirit, by the annihilating warfare so long carried on against them by the Spaniards, little cause has the American government now to fear even their combined efforts, were it possible that any combination for political purposes could be entered into among them. It is only on the extreme borders of the American territory—principally on the northeast and south—that Indians are now to be found; for wherever the destruction of game consequent on agricultural industry has taken place, the natives, finding the means of subsistence become insufficient, have sold their lands, tract after tract, and retired to remoter parts. The tribes, of which there is a considerable variety, are all independent of each other, and, though probably descended from one common origin, speak different languages, and but rarely enter into confederations or alliances. We have at present to do only with that tribe which appears to have been making, of late years, more rapid progress towards civilization than any other—the tribe of the Cherokee Indians.\*

The Cherokees inhabit the northern parts of Georgia and the Alabama territory, and the southern borders of Tennessee. Their number is between fifteen and twenty thousand; and their existence, as a free and independent nation, has been acknowledged in several treaties with the Americans. The government of the United States, however, has for several years evinced a considerable anxiety to remove them further back; but the Cherokees seem determined to make a stand, and, as it is the policy of the Republic to avoid coming to extremities with their immediate neighbours, it is not unlikely that they will ultimately be allowed to remain where they are. From whatever cause, the Cherokees have exhibited a greater willingness to tread in the footsteps of improvement than any of their Indian brethren, and they have not been without their reward. Having, in the first place, prevailed upon themselves to give up the wandering habits which, for the most part, characterise the other Indians, and having built in their own district one or two small towns, of which New Echota is the principal, they soon made considerable progress in husbandry and domestic manufactures, the fruitful nature of their country affording every convenience for the former, and their own quick ingenuity speedily initiating them in the latter. So far back as the year 1810, we learn, by Warden's "Statistical Account of the United States," that, besides a great stock of cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep, they had 500 ploughs, 1800 spinning wheels, 467 looms, 3 saltpetre works, 50 silvermiths, and numerous mills of different kinds. This was only a beginning; and, during the last nineteen years, their progress has been great. They have established a representative constitution,—they have framed a code of laws,—they have set a-going schools for the education of their children,—and, above all, they have directed their attention to the art of printing; and, in February 1828, the first number of a weekly newspaper, called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, was issued from the press of New Echota, printed partly in the ancient Cherokee character, and partly in English for the benefit of the whites, with whom they are a good deal intermingled. This newspaper, a file of which now lies before us, has been carried on ever since, and we cannot help regarding it as a highly curious and interesting publication. It is supported almost exclusively by native Indians, by persons whose copper-coloured complexion has been supposed to indicate an inferior mental capability, yet who are no sooner placed in circumstances of a more favourable nature than those to which they have been hitherto accustomed, than they proceed to the display of as much talent as could be expected from any other body of men whatever. It is certainly something new in the annals of literature, to find literary essays in print, the real and only names of whose authors would at one time have smacked so much of the moccasin and tomahawk. These names are such as Little Turtle, Head Thrower, Sleeping Rabbit, Raccoon, Slim Fellow, and Young Chicken. Yet these, and such as these, are the contributors to the *Cherokee Phoenix*, which newspaper, we hesitate not to say, is conducted with a manly spirit, a philosophical temperance, and a literary ability, that would do no discredit to any of our European Journals.

\* The tribe which ranks next to the Cherokees in civilization, is that of the Mohawk Indians, on the Grand River in Upper Canada. Besides having schools and places of worship, many of them can read and speak English with fluency.

We shall give a short account of the manner in which its contents are divided and arranged.

The paper, which is a folio sheet of the ordinary size, contains four pages, with five columns on each page. At the top of the first column of the first page, the Editor's and Publisher's names are given in these words:—"Edited by Elias Boudinott; Printed weekly by Isaac Harris, for the Cherokee Nation." The first page is, for the most part, chiefly occupied with additions, alterations, and amendments, to the Cherokee laws, as resolved on by the "National Committee and Council," and printed both in English and Cherokee. The second page is devoted to communications, which are sometimes in English, sometimes in Cherokee, and sometimes in both; they are often exceedingly sensible, though of course mostly of local interest. On the third page we have the Editor's leading article, followed by such a selection of public news from American and British papers as may be supposed to be most interesting to his readers. As a specimen of the Editor's style, and of the firm and manly spirit in which he writes, being in some sort the representative of his nation, we shall extract one of his articles upon the subject of the encroachments which the neighbouring state of Georgia appears anxious to make upon the Cherokee territory; and we are sure it will be read with pleasure:

"*'Cherokee lands,' 'Georgia and the Cherokees,' 'Georgia rights,'* &c. are now becoming popular topics of editorial talk in some of the Georgia papers, and they are certainly well suited to that boisterous kind of genius which has been frequently exhibited in Milledgeville. If the editors of the *'Statesman,'* and the *'Southron,'* are to be taken as a fair specimen of the advocates of the right of Georgia to lands now occupied by the Cherokees, we should rather apprehend that this controversy will not be improved. And to suppose that the lands in question will be attained by means of such language as has been exhibited in the report which we have published, and such language as we continually notice in the papers, would be to deceive oneself, and show an utter ignorance of the spirit of the times. It will be doing an injustice to the United States to have the most distant idea that she will be influenced to redouble her exertions to purchase the Cherokee lands, merely by boisterous and frequently unbecoming language; and unless we are very much deceived, the Cherokees will not be influenced to move a step towards the setting sun by such means. If the state of Georgia ever attains her wishes, it will be by fair and friendly means, when the United States shall purchase, and the Cherokees voluntarily relinquish, the country, and receive an equivalent. But it is expected they will act independently for themselves as freemen, and as the rightful owners of the land. We are aware that force is talked of, but it is nothing more as yet; and it is our opinion that it will not be carried into effect, either by the United States or the state of Georgia. This great nation, this land of the oppressed, this land of civil and religious liberty, will not disgrace itself, by driving away with the point of the bayonet a few handfuls of Indians; and for what? For a small tract of country, and because these Indians, by their smallness, are unable to defend it. It will be more honourable, and highly more becoming, if those who wish to make the Cherokee question a matter of private conversation and public harangues, will pay attention to decorum and propriety of language. This would be the best course; for if their cause is just, it will not require intemperate language to disclose the truth, and if their cause is unjust, which we rather think is the case, they will be saved from much mortification.

"It would appear from what had heretofore come to our knowledge, that the people of Georgia, we mean those who are urging for the acquisition of the Cherokee lands, were perfectly united, and that the foundation of their claim was well known, and harmoniously supported. The case, however, seems to be different. While some are establishing their right to the lands in question from a grant of an English sovereign, others merely laugh at this idea, and resort to another equally as absurd, '*permanent occupancy.*' What they mean by '*permanent occupancy,*' we are not able to divine. It cannot be the common acceptance of the word, for the Cherokees have most undoubtedly a stronger claim to this country, on the ground of occupancy, *original* and *permanent occupancy,* than any other people. They were in peaceful possession of their lands, given them, not

by a Roman Pontiff, but by the Creator, when the first inhabitants of Georgia came into this country, and it is well known that this possession ever since has been permanent. We have not yet seen a Georgian permanently occupying any part of the Cherokee nation; and, in fact, none have ever attempted to settle in it without being driven out by order of the United States government. It would seem rather curious, and not a little mortifying, if the declaration of these men, for it is nothing more, was admissible, that the rightful owners should be driven from their possessions with the point of the bayonet.

"The determination of the Cherokees not to remove, is considered insolent, and the reason of this insolence is ascribed to the protection of the United States. It is true, the general government has greatly befriended the Cherokees; and it is well for them, for, had it been otherwise, they would most assuredly have been devoured fifty years ago. But it is not true that they have become insolent from this fact. They have been respectful to their Great Father, and they wish to preserve the same respect, though they have refused to sell their country to him. But is it a crime to refuse to sell one's property? Is an inferior person accounted guilty when he conscientiously withholds his possessions from his superior? In this land of liberty he certainly ought not to be. We claim the privilege of free men, and wish to have the right of disposing of our lands to the United States, when, and in what way, we please. Query: If the lands, now in the peaceable possession of the Cherokees, are absolutely the property of the state of Georgia, why is it that money is appropriated, commissioners appointed, and proffers made, to purchase these lands? There is somewhere a manifest inconsistency."

The tone in which these remarks are written would do honour to any people; and the recollections they are calculated to cherish in the breast of the Indians, of their ancient privileges, cannot but have the effect of inspiring them with that virtuous pride, which is the best incentive to exertion. The Indian knows, and *ought* to know, that whatever the Americans may have done for the country, it once belonged exclusively to his ancestors, who received it as a gift from the "Great Spirit." One of their popular traditions runs thus:—"The white people came in a great canoe. They asked us only to let them tie it to a tree, lest the waters should carry it away;—we consented. They then said some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them, and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice then came, and they could not go away. They then begged a piece of land to build wig-wams for the winter;—we granted it to them. They then asked for some corn to keep them from starving;—we furnished it to them, they promising to go away when the ice was gone. When this happened, we told them they must go away with their big canoe; but they pointed to their big guns round their wig-wams, and said they would stay there, and that we could not make them go away. Afterwards more came. They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors with them, of which the Indians grew very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally, they drove us back, from time to time, into the wilderness, far from the water, and the fish, and the oysters. They have destroyed the game; our people have wasted away, and now we live miserably, while they are enjoying our fine and beautiful country." Simple as this narrative is, we suspect it is not very far from the truth; and, seeing the injustice that has been done them in time past, it surely becomes the white man's duty to treat the Indians now with all the kindness in his power, especially when they show themselves so willing and able to profit by that kindness.

The fourth page of the *Cherokee Phoenix* is devoted principally to literature; consisting, for the most part, of extracts from American and British periodicals. It also contains invariably a poem by Mrs Hemans, copied of course from some English publication. This lady seems to be no less a favourite among the Indians, than she is in her own country; and it certainly speaks well for Indian dispositions, that her fine appeals to the natural feelings of the human bosom should be felt by them in their full force. The only other English poetry which we ob-

serve quoted, is an extract from Pollok's "Course of Time." The Cherokees, however, seem to have poets among themselves, for there are several original pieces in that language, besides one or two poetical translations into it from Watts's Hymns. We sincerely trust that this highly meritorious paper will go on steadily, and rapidly increase in prosperity. A thousand difficulties must have attended the commencement of such an undertaking; and of these some little notion may be formed, by the following intimation in the twentieth Number:—"We think it necessary to inform our readers, that one of our hands has left us to see a parent who is dangerously ill, and perhaps we shall not be able to issue our next Number until the week after next. Our patrons will be pleased to remember, that the location of our paper renders such failures unavoidable, as it is not in our power, in cases like the above, to procure substitutes." The same Number contains a modest and well-written appeal to the friends of the paper, in which it is stated that its existence must, in a great measure, depend on the support received from those who are not Indians; and that, though as many subscribers had come forward among the Indians as could be reasonably expected, yet that, to secure the continuance of the conductors' labours without embarrassment, the list would have to be considerably augmented. We believe this appeal produced good effects; the paper continues to be regularly published, and the Cherokee nation is quickly advancing in civilization, and in all the arts which embellish life.

We must postpone the consideration of the *New York Evening Post* till our next.

*Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827.* By R. R. Madden, Esq. M.R.C.S. Two vols. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

At the present moment, when the attention of all Europe is directed towards the East, in consequence of the great struggle which is there taking place between two of the most unwieldy powers of modern times, the work of an intelligent traveller, who has had opportunities of investigating the whole *arcana* of the Turkish character and Ottoman policy, must be considered interesting and valuable. Mr Madden's book answers, in many respects, this description, and supplies us with that species of information we wish to receive. At the same time, without entering into argument on the subject, we think it right to take this opportunity of expressing a doubt, (though we know it is in opposition to the received belief,) that the circumstance of a traveller in the East belonging to the medical profession is in his favour. In one respect it no doubt is an advantage, as it secures for him occasional admission into private families, which he might not otherwise obtain; but has it not a tendency to make him much better acquainted with one peculiar phase of society than with any other, and that, too, the least pleasing one? He sees disease in all its various shapes, and his mind naturally dwells upon the causes which have produced that disease. Stories of private scandal, and family dissensions and quarrels, ending in brutal attempts at revenge, thus become familiar to him, and the great stream of health, sound morality, and happiness, flows past him unregarded. It is for this reason that medical travellers represent in general, we think, the very worst side of things; and it is for this reason, we suspect, that Mr Madden has, in the present instance, done barely justice to the Turks. Mr Madden is, nevertheless, an acute observer and a clever writer. Many of his remarks on the Ottoman dynasty are evidently founded on a comprehensive examination of the system on which it is built; and politicians ought to have some respect for the clear-sightedness of that individual, who, so far back as the year 1826, expressed himself thus in a letter to the Earl of Blessington:—"Russia, or whatever

other power ultimately removes the carcass of Turkey from Thrace, may perhaps for a period bend under the burden, meet at the commencement with impediments *en masse*, encounter famine and sickness in its progress; but the event of a single pitched battle will be the *coup de grace* to Turkey, and the very fears of the invaded will accomplish the prediction of their expulsion from Europe." "I never questioned a Turk," he adds, "on the stability of the empire, who did not state his conviction of the fulfilment of the prophecy, that the Giaours were to prevail over the true believers."

Mr Madden resided for a long while in Constantinople, and the greater part of the first volume is occupied with a description of the present condition and manners of the Turks. He afterwards visited Egypt, the Red Sea, Nubia, and Palestine; and the second volume contains many interesting details of his adventures in these countries. We can at present make only one or two miscellaneous extracts, which shall relate principally to the Turks. We have already said that Mr Madden is no admirer of this people, neither is he inclined to attach much weight to the visions of the Philhellenists, as the following passage regarding the warlike habits of the two nations sufficiently proves:

MILITARY TACTICS OF THE TURKS AND GREEKS.—"If any one can believe such qualities as the Turks possess can make virtuous citizens or good soldiers, I would only ask to transport that person, for half an hour, to the spectacle of an engagement between the Mahometans and the Greeks. After the dreadful note of preparation had long been heard, he would find the two armies in the field, and at a convenient distance from each other; he would find the Greeks, who are the most religious people in the world, posted probably behind a church; he would observe the Ottomans, who are the best soldiers in the world for a siege, affording their lives the shelter of a wood, or perhaps by a wall; and he would expect to hear the thunders of the artillery commence; but would he hear them without a parley?—Oh, no! the ground is classic, and, like the worthies of Homer, the hostile heroes must abuse one another first; he would hear the noble Moslems magnanimously roaring, 'Come on, ye undrumsied Giaours! we have your mothers for our slaves. May the birds of heaven defile your fathers' heads; come on, ye Caffres!' Then would he hear the descendants of Themistocles, nowise intimidated, vociferating, 'Approach, ye turbaned dogs! Come and see us making wading of your Koran; look at us trampling on your faith, and giving pork to your daughters!' Greatly edified with such a prelude to the horrors of the war, he would at last hear two or three hundred random shots, but he would look for the armies and he would not see them; he would observe stones flying, when the ammunition failed; and at night, when the carnage ceased, he would hardly know whether to be astonished most at the cool intrepidity of the warlike Turks, or at the great discretion of the patriotic Greeks. And he would seek the returns of the killed and wounded; and what with the bursting of guns, and some unlucky shots, he would find half-a-dozen killed on either side, and he would see the classic Greeks wrangling over the bodies of their own people for the dead men's shirts; and he would observe the amiable Turks cutting off the ears of their fallen countrymen, to send to Constantinople as trophies from the heads of their enemies. And if he went to *Napoli di Romania*, he would hear a Greek *Te Deum* chanted in thanksgiving for the victory over God's enemies; or he would return by Constantinople, and hear the Prophet glorified from the Mosque, for the overthrow of the Infidels; at all events, he would be sure, on his arrival in England, to read in the *Times* of the great victory achieved by the struggling Greeks, and in the *Courier*, of the signal defeat the Grecian rebels had just sustained. And after the gentleman had wept or laughed at the follies of mankind, he would have leisure to contemplate the arrogance of the Turks, the effrontery of the Greeks, and the cowardice of both."—Vol. I. pp. 74-7.

At the present moment, when a hostile army is at its very gates, our readers will peruse with interest Mr Madden's

DESCRIPTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.—"Whoever would paint the *picturesque* in all its loveliness, has but to gaze on Stamboul from the sea. Whoever would portray the *barbarous* in all its horrors, has but to land and wade through the abominations of Constantinople. It is not my inten-

tion to repeat, for the hundredth time, the charms of the Bosphorus, to surfeit you with the praises of its fairy scenery, of its smiling shores, studded with enchanting *Kiosks*, and graced with lofty Minarets and splendid Mosques. All this you will conceive without my description. And likewise, take it for granted, that the traveller who sets his foot in the Turkish metropolis, is doomed to traverse the filthiest and most ill-constructed city in Europe.

"The population has been decreasing for many years; it now, probably, does not exceed eight hundred thousand souls, including the suburbs of Scutari, Pera, Galatas, &c.; and to keep up this number, drained as the town is constantly by the plague, the provinces are totally exhausted. You may imagine what a tax it is upon the latter, when it is considered that the plague of 1812 cut off three hundred and twenty thousand people in the capital and the circumjacent villages along the Bosphorus, and that to supply the deficiency, the surrounding country was depopulated. The city is of a triangular form, and lies upon a neck of land, rising, with a steep acclivity, into several mounts. These are intersected by narrow lanes, for there is no thoroughfare deserving the name of a street; and the whole town is encompassed by crumbling walls and ancient turrets. The compass of the city is from fifteen to eighteen miles. The two most imposing structures are the Seraglio of the Sultan, which forms an angle of the town, and is said to occupy a large portion of the site of the ancient Byzantium, an immense pile of incongruous buildings, huddled together without taste or order; and, like the empire, is a colossal mass, 'composed of a strange mixture of heterogeneous and irreconcilable parts;' and the Mosque of San Sophia, whose splendid dome dominates the city, and whose respect has survived its degradation.

"Close to this ancient structure is the *Hippodrome*, the horse-course of the Greeks, now converted into the *Atmeidan*, or cavalry ground of the Turks; in the centre are the remains of an Egyptian Obelisk; and near this still exists the famed brazen pillar, consisting of three serpents, ascending in a spiral course, but deprived of their heads, which formerly looked on the three sides of the city. There are no other vestiges of the glorious city of Constantinople worth mentioning. The Imperial Library, which was thought to contain many of the treasures of ancient learning, has been examined by Dr Clarke and others, and no work of value has been discovered. The place where stood the palace of Constantine is now a receptacle for cattle! Heaven knows into what some of our palaces may be converted in a dozen centuries, if, peradventure, a remnant of the lath and plaster be then in existence! In every corner of the city, a pack of hungry dogs are suffered to prowl, for the diversion they afford in worrying all Frank passengers; and nothing can exceed the amusement of the Turks, when they behold a Christian mangled by these ferocious animals. I can safely say, I have never yet passed through the bazars, without having the dogs set on me by the men; without having stones pelted at me by boys; or being spit upon by the women, and being cursed as an infidel and a Caffre by all! I was very near having a sword put through me, for chastising a little rascal who flung a stone at my head; and, on another occasion, for only looking indignant at a fat lady who spat upon me, I was rather roughly handled by her and her companions. The streets, soon after dusk, are as silent as death; not a word is heard, but the pass-word of the sentinel, or the occasional announcement of a conflagration, with the warning cry of '*Vangueur*!' and few nights occur without the ravages of fire in some parts of the city. I have already witnessed three. In one of these conflagrations the whole of a street was burned down. The houses are of wood, and once in a blaze, no effort, short of pulling down the neighbouring houses, arrests the progress of the fire. There are seldom any lives lost; so that a stranger may witness the splendour of the spectacle, without much prejudice to his humanity."—Vol. I. pp. 98-6.

To this we shall add the following graphic passage:

**TURKISH SPORTS.**—"The only remnant of Saracen chivalry existing in Turkey is the *Jerced* tournament. I witnessed one in honour of the birth of a child in the imperial harem, and certainly never beheld so imposing a spectacle as this immense assemblage of people exhibited: upwards of 60,000 persons of either sex, in all the varieties of Eastern costume, and in which all the colours of the rainbow were blended, were seated on the sloping sides of a natural amphitheatre: the Sultan sat above, magnificently apparelled, surrounded by his black and white slaves in glittering attire. He appeared about forty-four years of age; his figure man-

ly, and his aspect noble: his long black beard added to the solemnity of features, which he never relaxed for a moment; and while all around were convulsed with laughter at the buffooneries of a Merry Andrew, who amused the multitude, he kept his dark eye on the juggler, but he never smiled. Hundreds of horsemen were galloping to and fro on the plain below, hurling the *jerced* at random; now assailing the nearest to them, now in pursuit of the disarmed. Their dexterity in avoiding the weapon was luckily very great, otherwise many lives must have been lost; as it was, I saw one cavalier led off with his eye punched out, and another crushed under a horse. These accidents never interfered for a moment with the sports; one sort succeeded another. After the *jerced* came the wrestlers, naked to the waist, and smeared with oil. They prostrated themselves several times before the Sultan, performed a number of very clumsy feats, and then set to. Their address lay in seizing upon one another by the hips; and he who had the most strength lifted his adversary off his legs, and then, flinging him to the earth, fell with all his force upon him. Music relieved the tedium between the rounds, and several occurred before any mischief was sustained. At last one poor devil was maimed for life, to make a Turkish holiday; he had his thigh-bone smashed, and was carried off the field with great applause! Bear fighting was next attempted; but Bruin was not to be coaxed or frightened into pugnacity; the dogs growled at him in vain. During all these pastimes, the slaves were running backwards and forwards from the multitude to the Sultan, carrying him innumerable petitions from the former, which he cannot refuse to receive, and seldom can find leisure to read. The departure of the pacific bear terminated these brutal sports; and every one, except the friends of the dead man and the two wounded, appeared to go away delighted beyond measure. All the amusements of this people are of the same cruel character."—Vol. I. pp. 98-9.

Our extracts ought to stop here, but we cannot help making one more upon a different subject. When in Alexandria, Mr Madden had an opportunity of witnessing a visitation of the plague, and of paying particular attention to all its phenomena. He has collected a mass of information upon the subject, which he will probably give to the world in a separate shape. In the meantime, as illustrative of the horrors of this dreadful disease, we quote the following affecting narrative:

**THE PLAGUE.**—"Already I have lost one servant. I took him with me, two days before his attack, to a Turkish house, where a man was said to have apoplexy. I found, on examination, it was the plague. On my return I changed my dress; I gave the clothes to my Maltese boy to hang up on the terrace, and from them I have every reason to believe he took the disease. The second day after this I observed him staggering as he walked, his eyes had the expression of a drunken man's, his features were tumid, and yet he complained not. I asked him in the evening if he felt unwell? He said he had a cold; but I perceived he could hardly keep his feet: his pulse was very frequent, but easily compressed, and not full; his tongue was of a whitish brown in the centre, with the borders very red.

"I saw the poor fellow had the plague. It was impossible to keep him in the house where I was, as my own stay was an extension of courtesy on the part of Mr C. that I could have hardly expected, subjected, as I daily was, to the danger of contagion. I took him to the hospital, but, before he entered, he begged me to let him call on his brother. I accompanied him to the brother; he shook hands with him notwithstanding my caution, and left some message to be given to his mother. When he arrived at the hospital I saw him shudder, (and well he might): he said to me, 'Don't you recollect, sir, I said in the *bazar* that health is above every thing?' I never was more uncomfortable; I felt as if I was in some sort accessory to his disease. Headach and nausea distressed him from the time he was put to bed; he shivered frequently, but he said 'his heart was burning.' At night, two livid spots were discovered on the forehead, with purple streaks, extending to the axilla, and terminating in a bubo. His skin was parched and burning, his eye glaring on one object; and, when his attention was called off, he talked incoherently, and complained of his tongue becoming swelled. His pulse at sunset was an hundred and eighteen, small and obstructed. His features swollen, and of a sallow crimson hue; but next morning his colour was of a darker purple, such as denoted congestion somewhere strangling the circulation. His regard

was constantly fixed on the ceiling, and the low thick muttering of his lips had been incessant during the night. At four o'clock, he bounced out of bed, escaped unnoticed, passed the outer door of the hospital, and ran, naked as he was, several yards in the direction of his home; but here he was overtaken by the people of the pesthouse; he had just sunk down quite exhausted. The strength of death, which had carried him thus far, was now gone; and with the help of two Arabs, he was borne back to his dungeon. (for it deserved no better name,) trailing his feet, and his head sunk on his bosom. I saw him two hours after this: the bubo was the size of a small orange, the two livid spots had become large carbuncles, his eyes were glazed, yet unnaturally brilliant, and his fingers were playing with the bed-clothes. At dusk the rattling in the throat was accompanied with spasms of the muscles of the neck; these went off, and after a couple of hours, without any apparent suffering, he died."—Vol. I. p. 233-6.

We recommend Mr Madden's work to our readers as one full of interesting information; and, on the whole, considering that the author is a young man, as wonderfully free of faults.

*Simplicity of Health.* Exemplified by Hortator. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. London. Eppingham Willson. 1829.

AN immense quantity of drivel has found its way into books professing to give an account of the best mode of preserving health; but of all the drivel it has ever been our lot to peruse, that contained in this work, entitled the "Simplicity of Health," is the most pre-eminent. The author, who, by his own confession, does not belong to the medical profession, is evidently a weak, hypochondriacal, middle-aged, unmarried man, living in some obscure way in the heart of London, a clerk probably in some public office, and an old wife in every thing but external formation. This poor, white, dying-looking object, chooses to christen himself "Hortator," and has the insolence to suppose that he can give instructions to "much better men" on the proper mode of regulating their stomach and bowels. The subject is a nasty one at the best, and none but a "lily-livered knave" would voluntarily undertake it. However, if Hortator had gone a single step beyond the old advice, that we should not eat or drink too much, and that we should take neither too much nor too little exercise, we could have forgiven him; but the pompous blockhead has only broken down this old maxim into fifty thousand little bits, and his way of administering each little bit is to us worse than a dose of ipecacuanha. We shall give our readers a specimen or two, and we shall endeavour to select the most ridiculous, rather than the most disgusting, for this is the only alternative.

After a conceited and egotistical Introduction, in which the body has inserted Mr Abernethy's "character of his work by permission," and which character is just as slightly laudatory as it could well be, we come to the chapter which contains Hortator's first rules for the preservation of health. It is a chapter on Washing. Hortator, at the outset, like a bilious Cockney as he is, lays it down as "a safe position," that "every ailment, *however trifling*, even a toothach or a corn on the toe," (and of course the prick of a pin,) "contributes its share in abridging life." This "safe position" being first established, it necessarily follows, that the most momentary disagreeable sensation should be scrupulously avoided. Hence one of the ninny's first rules is,—*"No one should rise immediately on awakening; if one be determined or obliged then to get up, he should remain two or three minutes until he be perfectly collected. He should next throw off the quilt, or some of the outside covering, so that he may cool gradually, and remain a minute or two longer."* Was there ever such a hen? Instead of springing up light and rosy into the air of morning, the shivering spoony lies "gradually cooling," and gathering together all his courage for the mighty effort he is about to make. But suppose him up at last. He is then to pull

on his breeches, and proceed in all other respects stark naked to the basin. Arrived at the basin, Hortator thus speaketh,—*"Dip the face two or three times in a basin of cold water. The eyes may be either open on immersion, or, as it may be easier on beginning, while under the water. After this, water should be squirted briskly into the eyes by a syringe. On the first trials they may be closed, and opened immediately after the dash; but they will soon be able to bear the shock when open. Water should then be squirted against each ear. You must next, with the hands, and using soap, wash well the armpits," &c. &c. Is it not plain from this, that the poor squirting wretch must have bleared and bloodshot eyes, filled with rheum, hairs, straws, spiders' webs, and all manner of unclean things? Imagine a beautiful girl at her morning toilet, presenting one of this dirty old booby's squirts at her clear blue laughing eyes!—Washing under the armpits, too! Faugh! But the washing business is not yet over:—"In some time after, say about half an hour, the eyes should be bathed with warm water. The simplest way to do this is with a soft linen rag, kept for the purpose. The eyes should then be well dried with a clean towel." All this, we are persuaded, would not keep Hortator's eyes clean for one quarter of an hour; there is a natural foulness about them, which the "multitudinous seas" could not wash away.*

Passing over, with great regret, the exquisite chapter on Shaving, we come to something touching the proper treatment of the feet, which we cannot omit. Upon the question relating to boots or shoes, quoth Hortator, "were my opinion asked, I should be in favour of boots, and would recommend them to all who can bear the expense. They may save one from hurts in the ankles and shins, from scalds, and from that most direful of all accidents, the horrible effects of the bite of a mad dog!" They may indeed, and this is the reason why Hortator wears them. Yet even in boots, "walking should not be carried to excess, or it may be injurious."—"Persons have sometimes suffered seriously by going out on long pedestrian excursions with others of superior powers. Some can walk very fast, *even round miles an hour* (!) and continue it for the day; while there are many who could not, without much labour, go at a greater rate than two for several hours" (!)—"A man who cannot, without distressing exertion, walk more than fifteen or twenty miles, should not go out with those who think little of thirty or forty. If, contrary to a previous understanding," (far Heaven's sake, attend to the wisdom of this advice,) "he find them determined to go farther than may suit his strength, he should turn back in time." We wonder how many miles Hortator could walk; and we should like to see the creature, whose notion is that *four miles an hour* is "very fast;"—he must be descended from a long line of tailors, who have bred in and in, till the imbecile race has ended in the scarecrow who has spawned the "Simplicity of Health." After a walk of a mile and a half, Hortator has doubtless blisters on his feet, and he is therefore able to talk with peculiar unction on that important subject. He openeth his mouth and saith—"For blisters on the feet, from walking, there are numerous remedies recorded," (by our best historians, we presume,) "By improper treatment, they are often long in healing. *Old soldiers* (!) ought to be able to give good information on the subject; yet we are still without any certain preventive or cure. I can only recommend my own practice, which is, *to let the water out with a needle on stepping into bed, and rub the part with tallow-candle grease.*" This is a splendid discovery, and how vivid the picture it presents to the mind! We have the whole scene before us. We see Hortator "stepping into bed" with a needle in one hand, the seat of honour of a tallow candle in the other, and an immense yellow-looking blister on his heel;—we see the needle pierce the cuticle, the gush of water, the instant application of the tallow candle, and the clean and comfortable air with which Hortator then wraps himself

up in the blankets, resigning himself to his nightly snore. Perhaps, however, instead of the foot being blistered, it is only a toe that has become tender. In that case, listen to our oracle:—"Whenever a toe becomes tender, roll without delay a strip of clean old" (why old?) "linen round it, and there let it lie," (how long?) "for a corn is often the consequence, but this will prevent it." So much for the feet; and now for a few miscellaneous specimens of Hortator's wisdom.

Upon the subject of exercise we have the following inimitable passages:—"There is another exercise particularly well suited for those confined to the house, or *who may be in prison*—going up and down stairs (!!) I can indeed hardly point out any thing better."—"To gentlemen who wish for a regular in-door exercise before breakfast, I recommend that they polish their boots and shoes, after being hard-brushed by the servant (!) There is nothing like a kind of task, and they would find this serviceable to the chest and arms, to expectoration, and to general warmth."—"Ladies of rank or independence may be said to take no exercise at all save dancing. Now I promise them that their health would be improved by smart walking, going up and down stairs, and by *standing occasionally*." When was there ever an idiot who entertained such ideas concerning exercise as these? The man ought to have his head shaved. If more evidence is necessary to show that he is stark-mad, read the following detached sentences:—"Angling in fresh water is, of all sports, the most injurious to the health." [The smoked-dried Cockney!] "Curtains to beds are injurious, as excluding the free circulation of air;—in the married state, they are, however, become, I may say, indispensable, *from the decorum necessary to be preserved in the better walks of civilized life*; but they might surely not be closed until morning, when the domestics or any of the family may have occasion to enter, which would answer every purpose of delicacy or appearance." [What does the last of the tailors mean by this? Is it a curtain-lecture that the creature is afraid of, or what?] "Cold feet are a serious inconvenience, and may be reckoned amongst our ills, as their annoyance, being chiefly felt in bed, prevents our natural rest; and though I have known stout old men subject to them, I do not think that they ought to be treated lightly, *for they must have their share in abridging life*." [We daresay Hortator altogether is a cold, thin anatomy, with a blue nose, and fingers like a bunch of chicken bones.] "As for Lord Byron, I have no hesitation in saying, that *strong coffee caused his death*." (!) [Impudent old wife that he is, to pretend to breathe the name of Lord Byron in his whole book!] "Toasted cheese may be eaten repeatedly with safety, yet still there is always danger. I knew an instance of a man who generally supped on it for many years. I think it probable that he might have taken it two thousand times—yet, after such long habitude, it curdled in his stomach one evening, and the most powerful medicines being unable to reduce the coagulation, death ensued." [The moral of this is, that after eating cheese two thousand times, we ought to be very cautious about eating it the two thousandth and first time.] "The neatness of rooms, and the progress of polished manners, prohibit us from spitting, but it is injurious to swallow a spit when it is clearly a natural effort, accompanied or thrown up by a gentle cough." [The nasty beast!]

We shall insult the good sense of our readers with no more of this dotting nonsense. The "Simplicity of Health" is now in the second edition; how the first happened to sell we do not know, but we are persuaded it was bought by none but old women above seventy, and all that they could learn from it was, that cold feet, or a twinge of rheumatism, would infallibly shorten their days. We have no patience with a piece of humbug like this; and the only satisfaction it affords us is, the satisfaction of applying to its posteriors the nippest part of our critical tawse.

*The History of Scotland, from the Earliest Period to the Middle of the Ninth Century.* By the Reverend Alexander Low, A.M., Clatt, Aberdeenshire, Corresponding Member of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. Edinburgh. Bell & Bradfute. 1826.

THE author of this work is evidently a man of good sense in what regards the business of life; he is possessed of a large stock of candour, and we have no doubt is a respectable and useful preacher. Noticing his work, as we do, because it has hitherto been almost unnoticed, and because our attention has been particularly requested to it, we wish to be as lenient with it as is consistent with the impartial discharge of our critical duty.

We must remark, however, that the subject Mr Low has chosen is not fit for a history. It is better adapted for an essay—the form which his work first assumed. All history should be founded on the narratives of eye-witnesses of the events which took place during the period described. But it remains to be proved, that one such narrative exists for the use of him who seeks to compose a history of Scotland previous to the eleventh century. His only materials are, *first*, accidental notices of contemporary foreigners; and, *second*, traditionary tales committed to writing in long subsequent ages. We shall endeavour to appreciate, in as few words as possible, the value of both as historical evidence.

With regard to the first—the notices of the Scottish nation by contemporary foreigners—the authors, in whose writings these are found, were either Romans or Greeks, or—at a later period—priests who had come in contact with the Scottish clergy. Now, the two former, let it be observed, looked with a sovereign contempt on all other nations, and rarely deemed their manners and customs worthy of more than the most cursory examination. Moreover, it does not appear that they were acquainted with the language of the Scots; or that they ever kept up any lengthened amicable intercourse with them. Finally, the greater number of them give us merely such information as they themselves obtained at second-hand; and, if we consider how even the best modern traveller, despite of all his intelligence and that community of thought and feeling now possessed by all civilised nations, misapprehends both what he sees and hears, we shall obtain a pretty accurate notion of the value of statements made by persons labouring under the disadvantages to which these ancient writers were subjected. With regard to Nennius and venerable Bede, in whose writings notices of Scottish affairs now and then occur, the former was a Romanised Briton, and to him may almost be applied what we have said of his masters, the latter knew little of Scotland but its priesthood. Then, in the second place, as to the traditionary tales which have been arrested at an earlier or later period of their progress, and have received the unalterable impress of written expression, it is evident that but slight authority can be attached to them. When a man tells us what he has himself witnessed, the correctness of the statement is materially affected, even in this simple and direct transmission of knowledge, by the accuracy of his perceptive powers, the vividness of his imagination, the strength of his memory, and the precision of his language. But still farther, when a man tells us what he has heard from another, the degree of correctness with which his previous knowledge of similar facts enables him to image to himself the story of the other, influences materially even the absolute truth of the statement he makes to us. Every additional intermediate person modifies more or less the circumstances of the story; and hence it comes, that traditions, however much they may have their origin in truth, never can be looked upon in any other light but as pleasing and occasionally profitable food for the imagination. An apt illustration of their value occurs to us at this moment. The Castle of Threave, in Galloway, was the property of the Douglasses, and was taken by the royal

forces about the time of the overthrow of the last Earl of that house. Contemporary history sufficiently establishes the abuses of the feudal prerogative perpetrated in Gallo-way by the house of Douglas; but if we listen to the tradition of the peasantry, the tale runs thus:—"The castle was formerly inhabited by robbers; it was long impregnable, but at last Mons Meg was sent from Edinburgh to take it. She was placed on that hill which you see to the right. At the first shot, the ball passed through the room where the robbers were sitting at breakfast, and knocked the cup and saucer out of the captain's hand; whereupon they all ran up to the top of the castle and surrendered." Few traditions, we believe, have been so ludicrously distorted by the changed customs of a country as this; but the vital truth of all that have survived so long has equally, though less perceptibly, suffered.

Such, then, is the evidence upon which all that we know of the affairs of Scotland, previous to the introduction of the Saxon dynasty, rests. A history, constructed out of such materials, must necessarily stand in the same relation to an authentic history, that the mock-sun, begot by reflection on a cloud, bears to the orb of day. But even these materials—and the industry of our antiquaries has already amassed a large quantity of them—have never yet been used as they might be. He who is able properly to arrange, classify, and appreciate them, will construct out of them a preliminary chapter to the history of Scotland—a prelude to that wild symphony:—more they cannot yield.

On Mr Low, we are willing to bestow the praise due to much industrious research, and a considerable display of learning and ingenuity; and we are somewhat surprised that his work should not be better known.

*Sharpe's London Magazine.* No. III. For September. 1829.

This is the fairest to the eye of all our Magazines; neither is it, like some things which are fair to the eye, bitter to the taste. Its literary merits are always respectable; for, in addition to its editors, several writers of acknowledged eminence contribute regularly to its pages. In the present number, the article which pleases us most is a humorous sketch, called "Sighmon Dumps," which we suppose to be from the pen either of Theodore Hooke, or one of the Smiths, that is, Horace or James. There is also a tolerable article by Mudford, though somewhat coarse, as is usual with him, entitled "Confessions of a Suicide." The tale with which the number opens, called "The Betrothed," and the review of Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir," are also good. Then for poetry, we have, among other things, some very sweet stanzas by Mrs Hemans, and a clever *jeu-d'esprit* by Thomas Haynes Bayley, which we shall extract. It is a *travestie* of his own popular song, "I'd be a butterfly:—"

"I'D BE A PARODY.

"I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,  
On some little song with a popular tune,  
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,  
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.  
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,  
(Who cares for sense at St James's in June?)  
I'd be a parody made by a ninny,  
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

"Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,  
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,  
Turning his rhymes into extravaganzas,  
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!  
When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza  
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!  
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,  
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

"What though you tell me each metrical puppy  
Might make of such parodies two pair a-day;

Mocking birds think they obtain, by each copy,

Paradise plumes for the parodied lay:—

Ladder of fame! if man can't reach the top, he

Is right to sing just as high up as he may;

I'd be a parody, made by a puppy,

Who makes of such parodies two pair a-day."

An engraving accompanies each number of this Magazine, and two of these we have already noticed in the most favourable terms. The embellishment of No. III. is "The Streamlet," from a painting by Thomas Stothard. It is ably executed, but not quite so interesting as its predecessors. We understand that Allan Cunningham has now little or no connexion with this Magazine, his time being almost exclusively engrossed by other avocations.

*The Anthology; Midsummer, 1829. An Annual Reward Book for Youth; consisting of Amusing and Instructive Selections from the best Authors.* By the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St Peter's College, Cambridge. 12mo. Pp. 275. London. Whittaker and Co.

This is a very suitable present to put into the hands of young people when they come home from school for the summer vacation. It does not certainly present the attractions of our winter Annuals;—it has not the gorgeous mezzotinto—the dazzling line-engraving—the crimson silk cover—or the fanciful case; but the Anthology is well printed, neat, though not gaudy; and, on opening it, we spy a very pretty wreath of roses, hyacinths, tulips, carnations, and other flowers, in the centre of which may be inscribed the name of the beloved daughter or son, niece or nephew, to whom the book is to be presented. It is a book of selections, made with taste and discrimination. Its contents are—Curiosities in Zoology, Botany, and Natural History—Tales, "grave and gay"—Apologues and Anecdotes—Extracts from interesting Voyages and Travels—Moral, Eloquent, and Miscellaneous Pieces—and a judicious proportion of Poetry. The Preface informs us, that if the present attempt succeed, the series will be continued. We hope it may succeed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### WAT THE PROPHET.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

ABOUT sixty years ago there departed this life an old man, who for sixty years previous to that was known only by the name of Wat the Prophet. I am even uncertain what his real surname was, though he was familiarly known to the most of my relatives of that day, and I was intimately acquainted with his nephew and heir, whose name was Paterson,—yet I hardly think that was the prophet's surname, but that the man I knew was a maternal nephew. So far I am shortcoming at the very outset of my tale, for in truth I never heard him distinguished by any other name than Wat the Prophet.

He must have been a very singular person in every respect. In his youth he was so much more clever and acute than his fellows, that he was viewed as a sort of phenomenon, or rather "a kind of being that had mair airt than his ain." It was no matter what Wat tried, for either at mental or manual exertion, he excelled; and his gifts were so miscellaneous, that it was no wonder his most intimate acquaintances rather stood in awe of him. At the sports of the field, at the exposition of any part of Scripture, at prayer, and at mathematics, he was altogether unequalled. By this, I mean in the sphere of his acquaintance in the circle in which he moved, for he was the son of a respectable farmer who had a small property. In the last-mentioned art his comprehension is said to have been truly wonderful. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the science of figures from beginning to end, and needed but a glance at the rules to outgo his masters.

But this was not all. In all the labours of the field his progress was equally unaccountable. He could with perfect ease have mown as much hay as two of the best men, sown as much, reaped as much, shorn as many sheep, and smeared as many, and with as little extra exertion could have equalled the efforts of three ordinary men at any time. As for ploughing, or any work with horses, he would never put a hand to it, for he then said he had not the power of the labour himself. However unaccountable all this may be, it is no fabrication; I have myself heard several men tell, who were wont to shear and smear sheep with him, when he was a much older man than they, that even though he would have been engaged in some fervent demonstration, in spite of all they could do "he was aye popping off twa sheep, or maybe three, for their aye."

I could multiply anecdotes of this kind without number, but these were mere atoms of the prophet's character—a sort of excrescences, which were nevertheless in keeping with the rest, being matchless of their kind. He was intended by his parents for the church—that is, the church of the covenant, to which they belonged. I know not if Wat had consented thereto, but his education tended that way. However, as he said himself, he was born for a higher destiny, which was, to reveal the future will of God to mankind for ever and ever. I have been told that he committed many of his prophecies to writing; and I believe it, for he was a scholar, and a man of rather supernatural abilities; but I have never been able to find any of them, though I still have hopes of recovering a part. I have often heard fragments of them, but they were recited by ignorant country people, who, never having understood them themselves, could not make them comprehensible to others. But the history of his call to the prophecy I have so often heard, that I think I can state the particulars, although a little confused in my recollection of them.

This event occurred about this time one hundred years, on an evening in spring, as Wat was going down a wild glen, which I know full well. "I was in a contemplative mood," (he said, for he told it to any that asked him,) "and was meditating on the mysteries of redemption, and doubting, grievously doubting, the merits of an atonement by blood; when, to my astonishment, in such a place, there was one spoke to me close behind, saying, in the Greek language, 'Is it indeed so? Is thy faith no better rooted?'"

"I looked behind me, but, perceiving no one, my hairs stood all on end, for I thought it was a voice from heaven; and, after gazing into the firmament, and all around me, I said fearfully, in the same language, 'Who art thou that speakest?' And the voice answered me again, 'I am one who laid down my life, witnessing for the glorious salvation which thou art about to deny; turn, and behold me!'"

"And I turned about, for the voice seemed still behind me, turn as I would, and at length I perceived dimly the figure of an old man, of singular aspect and dimensions, close by me. His form was exceedingly large and broad, and his face shone with benignity; his beard hung down to his girdle, and he had sandals on his feet, which covered his ankles. His right arm and his breast were bare, but he had a crimson mantle over his right shoulder, part of which covered his head, and came round his waist. Having never seen such a figure, or dress, or countenance before, I took him for an angel, sent from above to rebuke me; so I fell at his feet to worship him, or rather to entreat forgiveness for a sin which I had not power to withstand. But he answered me in these words: 'Rise up, and bow not to me, for I am thy fellow-servant, and a messenger from Him whom thou hast in thy heart denied. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Come, I am commissioned to take thee into the presence of thy Maker and Redeemer.'

"And I said, 'Sir, how speakest thou in this wise

God is in heaven, and we are upon the earth, and it is not given to mortal man to scale the heavenly regions, or come into the presence of the Almighty.' And he said, 'Has thy learning and thy knowledge carried thee no higher than this? Knewest thou not that God is present in this wild glen, the same as in the palaces of light and glory,—that his presence surrounds us at this moment,—and that he sees all our actions, hears our words, and knows the inmost thoughts of our hearts?'"

"And I said, 'Yes, I know it.'

"Then, are you ready and willing at this moment," said he, "to step into his presence, and avow the sentiments which you have of late been cherishing?"

"And I said, 'I would rather have time to think the matter over again.'

"Alack! poor man!" said he; "so you have never been considering that you have all this while been in his immediate presence, and have even been uttering thy blasphemous sentiments aloud to his face, when there was none to hear but He and thyself."

"And I said, 'Sir, a man cannot force his belief.'

"And he said, 'Thou sayest truly; but I will endeavour to convince thee.' Here a long colloquy ensued about the external and internal evidences of the Christian religion, which took Wat nearly half a day to relate; but he still maintained his point. He asked his visitant twice who he was, but he declined telling him, saying, he wanted his reason convinced, and not to take his word for any thing.

Their conversation ended, by this mysterious sage leading Wat away by a path which he did not know, which was all covered with a cloud of exceeding brightness. At length they came to a house like a common pavilion, which they entered, but all was solemn silence, and they heard nobody moving in it, and Wat asked his guide where they were now. "This is the place where heavenly gifts are distributed to humanity," said the reverend apostle; "but they are now no more required, being of no repute. No one asks for them, nor will they accept of them when offered, for worldly wisdom is all and all with the men of this age. Their preaching is a mere farce; an ostentatious parade to show off great and shining earthly qualifications, one-third of the professors not believing one word of what they assert. The gift of prophecy is denied and laughed at; and all revelation made to man by dreams or visions utterly disclaimed, as if the Almighty's power of communicating with his creatures were not only shortened, but cut off for ever. This fountain of inspiration, once so crowded, is now, you see, a dreary solitude."

"It was, in truth, a dismal-looking place, for in every chamber, as we passed along, there were benches and seats of judgment, but none to occupy them; the green grass was peeping through the seams of the flooring and chinks of the wall, and never was there a more appalling picture of desolation."

"At length, in the very innermost chamber, we came to three men sitting in a row, the middle one elevated above the others; but they were all sleeping at their posts, and looked as if they had slept there for a thousand years, for their garments were mouldy, and their faces ghastly and withered. I did not know what to do or say, for I looked at my guide, and he seemed overcome with sorrow; but thinking it was ill manners for an intruder not to speak, I said, 'Sir, I think you are drowsily inclined?' but none of them moved. At length my guide said, in a loud voice, 'Awake, ye servants of the Most High! Or is your sleep to be everlasting?'"

"On that they all opened their eyes at once, and stared at me, but their eyes were like the eyes of dead men, and no one of them moved a muscle, save the middlemost, who pointed with a pale haggard hand to three small books, or scrolls, that lay on the bench before them."

"Then my guide said, 'Put forth thine hand, and choose one from these. They are all divine gifts, and in

these latter days rarely granted to any of the human race.' One was red as blood, the other pale, and the third green; the latter was farthest from me, and my guide said, 'Ponder well before you make your choice. It is a sacred mystery, and from the choice you make, your destiny is fixed through time and eternity.' I then stretched out my hand, and took the one farthest from me, and he said, 'It is the will of the Lord; so let it be! That which you have chosen is the gift of the spirit of prophecy. From henceforth you must live a life of suffering and tribulation, but your life shall be given you for a proof, in order that you may reveal to mankind all that is to befall them in the latter days.' And I opened the book, and it was all written in mystic characters, which I could not decipher nor comprehend; and he said, 'Put up the book in thy bosom, and preserve it as thou wouldest do the heart within thy breast; for as long as thou keepest that book, shall thy natural life remain, and the spirit of God remain with thee, and whatsoever thou sayest in the spirit, shall come to pass. But beware that thou deceive not thyself; for, if thou endeavour to pass off studied speeches, and words of the flesh for those of the spirit, woe be unto thee! It had been better for thee that thou never hadst been born. Put up the book; thou canst not understand it now, but it shall be given thee to understand it, for it is an oracle of the most high God, and its words and signs fail not. Go thy ways, and return to the homes of thy fathers and thy kindred.'

"And I said, 'Sir, I know not where to go, for I cannot tell by what path you brought me hither.' And he took me by the hand, and led me out by a back-door of the pavilion; and we entered a great valley, which was all in utter darkness, and I could perceive through the gloom that many people were passing the same way with ourselves; and I said, 'Sir, this is dreadful! What place is this?' And he said, 'This is the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Many of those you see will grope on here for ever, and never get over, for they know not whither they go, or what is before them. But see! thou nothing beside!'

"And I said, 'I see a bright and shining light beyond, whose rays reach even to this place.'—'That,' said he, 'is the light of the everlasting Gospel; and to those to whom it is given to perceive that beacon of divine love, the passage over this valley is easy. I have shown it to you; but if you keep that intrusted to your care, you shall never enter this valley again, but live and reveal the will of God to man till mortality shall no more remain. You shall renew your age like the eagles, and be refreshed with the dews of renovation from the presence of the Lord. Sleep on now, and take your rest, for I must leave you again in this world of sin and sorrow. Be you strong, and overcome it, for men will hold you up to reproach and ridicule, and speak all manner of evil of you; but see that you join them not in their voluptuousness and iniquity, and the Lord be with you!'

There is no doubt that this is a confused account of the prophet's sublime vision, it being from second hands that I had it; and, for one thing, I know that one-half of his relation is not contained in it. For the consequences I can avouch. From that time forth he announced his mission, and began a prophesying to such families as he was sent to. But I forgot to mention a very extraordinary fact, that this vision of his actually lasted nine days and nine nights, and at the end of that time he found himself on the very individual spot in the glen where the voice first spoke to him, and so much were his looks changed, that, when he went in, none of the family knew him.

He mixed no more with the men of the world, but wandered about in wilds and solitudes, and when in the spirit, he prophesied with a sublimity and grandeur never equalled. He had plenty of money, and some property to boot, which his father left him; but these he never regarded, but held on his course of severe abstinence,

often subsisting on bread and water, and sometimes for days together on water alone, from some motive known only to himself. He had a small black pony on which he rode many years, and which he kept always plump and fat. This little animal waited upon him in all his fastings and prayings, with unwearied patience and affection. There is a well, situated on the south side of a burn, called the Earny Cleuch, on the very boundary between the shires of Dumfries and Selkirk. It is situated in a most sequestered and lonely place, and is called to this day the Prophet's Well, from the many pilgrimages that he made to it; for it had been revealed to him in one of his visions that this water had some divine virtue, partaking of the nature of the water of life. At one time he lay beside this well for nine days and nights, the pony feeding beside him all that time, and though there is little doubt that he had some food with him, no body knew of any that he had; and it was believed that he fasted all that time, or at least subsisted on the water of that divine well.

Some men with whom he was familiar—for indeed he was respected and liked by every body, the whole tenor of his life having been so inoffensive;—some of his friends, I say, tried to reason him into a belief of his mortality, and that he would taste of death like other men; but that he treated as altogether chimerical, and not worth answering; when he did answer, it was by assuring them, that as long as he kept his mystic scroll, and could drink of his well, his body was proof against all the thousand shafts of death. His unearthly monitor appeared to him very frequently, and revealed many secrets to him, and at length disclosed to him that he was STEPHEN, the first martyr for the Gospel of Christ. Our prophet, in the course of time, grew so familiar with him, that he called him by the friendly name of Auld Steenie, and told his friends *when* he had seen him, and *part* of what he had told him, but never the whole.

When not in his visionary and prophetic moods, he sometimes indulged in a little relaxation, such as draught-playing and fishing; but in these, like other things, he quite excelled all competitors. He was particularly noted for killing salmon, by throwing the spear at a great distance. He gave all his fish away to poor people, or such as he favoured that were nearest to him at the time; so that either for his prophetic gifts, or natural bounty, the prophet was always a welcome guest, whether to poor or rich.

He prophesied for the space of forty years, foretelling many things that came to pass in his lifetime, and many which have come to pass since his death. I have heard of a parable of his, to which I can do no justice, of a certain woman who had four sons, three of whom were legitimate, and the other not. The latter being rather uncultivated in his manners, and not so well educated as his brethren, his mother took for him ample possessions at a great distance from the rest of the family. The young blade succeeded in his farming speculations amazingly, and was grateful to his parent, and friendly with his brethren in all their interchanges of visits. But when the mother perceived his success, she sent and demanded a tenth from him of all he possessed. This rather astounded the young man, and he hesitated about compliance in parting with so much, at any rate. But the parent insisted on her right to demand that, or any sum which she chose, and the mind she would have. The lad, not wishing to break with his parent and benefactor, bade her say no more about it, and he would give her the full value of that she demanded as of his own accord; but she would have it in no other way than as her own proper right. On this the headstrong and powerful knave took the law on his mother; won, and ruined her; so that she and her three remaining sons were reduced to beggary. Wat then continued: "And now it is to yourselves I speak this, ye children of my people, for this evil is nigh you, even at your doors. There are some here who will not

see it, but there are seven here who will see the end of it, and then they shall know that there has been a prophet among them."

It having been in a private family where this prophecy was delivered, they looked always forward with fear for some contention breaking out among them. But after the American war and its consequences, the whole of Wat's parable was attributed thereto, and the good people relieved from the horrors of their impending and ruinous lawsuit.

One day he was prophesying about the judgment, when a young gentleman said to him, "O, sir, I wish you could tell us when the judgment will be?"—"Alas! my man," returned he, "that is what I cannot do; for of that day and of that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, but the Almighty Father alone. But there will be many judgments before the great and general one. In seven years there will be a judgment on Scotland. In seven times seven there will be a great and heavy judgment on all the nations of Europe; and in other seven times seven there will be a greater one on all the nations of the world; but whether or not that is to be the last judgment, God only knoweth."

These are dangerous and difficult sayings of our prophet. I wonder what the Rev. Edward Irving would say about them, or if they approach in any degree to his calculations. Not knowing the year when this prophecy was delivered, it is impossible to reason on its fulfilment, but it is evident that both the first eras must be overpast. He always predicted ruin on the cause of Prince Charles Stuart, even when the whole country was ringing with applauses of his bravery and conquests. Our prophet detested the politics of that house, and announced ruin and desolation not only on the whole house, but on all who supported it. The only prophecy which I have yet seen in writing relates to that brave but unfortunate adventurer, and is contained in a letter to a Mrs Johnston, Moffat, dated October 1st, 1745, which must have been very shortly after the battle of Prestonpans. After some religious consolation, he says, "As for that man Charles Stewart, let no spirit be cast down because of him, for he is only a meteor predicting a sudden storm, which is destined to quench the baleful light for ever. He is a broken pot; a vessel wherein God hath no pleasure. His boasting shall be turned into dread, and his pride of heart into astonishment. Terror shall make him afraid on every side; he shall look on his right hand, and there shall be none to know him; and on his left hand, and lo! destruction shall be ready at his side—even the first-born of death shall open his jaws to devour him. His confidence shall pass away for ever, even until the king of terrors arrive and scatter brimstone upon his habitation. His roots shall be dried up beneath, and the foliage of his boughs stripped off above, until his remembrance shall perish from the face of the earth. He shall be thrown into the deep waters, and the billows of God's wrath shall pass over him. He shall fly to the mountains, but they shall not hide him; and to the islands, but they shall cast him out. Then shall he be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the land.

"Knowest thou not this of old time, that the triumph of the wicked is of short duration, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up unto the heavens, and his pride reach the stars, yet shall he perish for ever, like a shadow that passeth away and is no more. They who have seen him in the pride of his might shall say, Where is he? Where now is the man that made the nations to tremble? Is he indeed passed away as a dream, and chased away as a vision of the night? Yea, the Lord, who sent him as a scourge on the wicked of the land, shall ordain the hand of the wicked to scourge him till his flesh and his soul shall depart, and his name be blotted out of the world. Therefore, my friend in the Lord, let none depend because of this man, but lay these

things up in thy heart, and ponder on them, and when they are fulfilled, then shalt thou believe that the Lord sent me."

From the tenor of this prophecy, it would appear that he has borrowed largely from some of the most sublime passages of Scripture, which could not fall of giving a tincture of sublimity to many of his sayings, so much admired by the country people. It strikes me there are some of these expressions literally from the Book of Job; but, notwithstanding, it must be acknowledged that some parts of it are peculiarly applicable to the after fate of Charles Edward.

When old age began to steal on him, and his beloved friends to drop out of the world, one after another, he became extremely heavy-hearted at being obliged to continue for ever in the flesh. He never had any trouble; but he felt a great change take place in his constitution, which he did not expect, and it was then he became greatly concerned at being obliged to bear a body of fading flesh about until the end of time, often saying, that the flesh of man was never made to be immortal. In this dejected state he continued about two years, often entreating the Lord to resume that which he had given him, and leave him to the mercy of his Redeemer, like other men. Accordingly, his heavenly monitor appeared to him once more, and demanded the scroll of the spirit of prophecy, which was delivered up to him at the well in the wilderness; and then with a holy admonition he left him for ever on earth. Wat lived three years after this, cheerful and happy, and died in peace, old, and full of days, leaving a good worldly substance behind him.\*

#### LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

##### No. V.

WE have had two field-days in Glasgow since my last; in other words, two occasions of great public festivity and importance. The one was the laying of the spring stone of the first arch—not the foundation stone, though so called—of a new bridge; the other was the opening of that magnificent structure, which unquestionably, in point of architectural grandeur, does no discredit to its name—The Royal Exchange. I shall give you some slight pen-and-ink sketches of the proceedings at both solemnities, or rejoicings, as they are alternately designated, in the various programmes and descriptions of them which have been or are to be published.

I have seldom seen any thing finer or more picturesque than the aspect of the Old Cathedral of St Mungo, after all the public bodies of Glasgow, together with the Masonic brethren—many of them from a great distance—had assembled within it. There we did not see that the tawdry finery of some of the Lodges was of the Bartholomew Fair order, and their banners wonderfully resembling old rags or gaudy calico. Every thing was mellowed down and harmonized in the dim religious light of the fretted aisles; and the sonorous and noble voice of Principal M'Farlane, who, with admirable dignity and tact, conducted the devotional services of the day, led us to forget, if not to forgive, the outrages which the Stenorian voice of the precentor perpetrated on Luther's Old Hundredth Psalm. It must have been a difficult thing to preach a discourse appropriate to the building of a bridge; but, fortunately, the funds of an hospital for the education of boys were to be greatly benefited by the said bridge; and this circumstance the venerable Principal seized upon, to the effect of bringing into his excellent discourse remarks on the progress of education, and the appropriation of charities, that did equal honour to the philosopher, the divine, and the man. Previous to service, a chapter was once more held in the chapter-

\* Since receiving the above, we have been informed that this old prophet's surname was Laidlaw, being of a race that has produced more singular characters than any of our country.

house of the Cathedral; but it was not of stoled prebends, but of apron'd masons—the representatives of the Grand Lodge—though without “tiled” door, or other precautions usual in such cases. I did not see the procession—for I was in it—but I am assured it was very fine. At all events, the *tout ensemble*, taken in connexion with the architecture of the fine streets we passed through, must have been as superb as glorious weather and a well-dressed array of a rather considerable fraction of a million of *bodies* could make it. Thanks to our Captain of Police, Mr Graham—who was born to command, but always as a gentleman, and who is amazingly popular here, even with the mob, whose excesses he has to keep under, because he does it good-humouredly—we at last got to the water-side, through all the perils of Lancers' horses caracoling, and ladies' eyes sparkling. Certainly, I never saw any thing like the display of beauty in Glasgow which I witnessed that day. It won't do to sneer at the Glasgow ladies any longer; nor will I be cruel enough to hint that all the best of the sisterhood of beauty came—like the provincial lodges—from the country! The greatest quantity of love and smiles was lavished on the Grand Lodge, in which there were certainly some handsome, as they were all *tall* men. Buckingham was among the best-looking; but he is unfortunately married. The tomfoolery of such affairs—the wine, oil, corn, (or rather oats, as if the Scot-ticism of reckoning nothing but oats corn had Solomon's sanction,) were poured forth. But there was also given one of the most beautiful and impressive prayers I have ever heard, by Dr McLeod of Campsie. It was full of unction. Mr Dalgleish, the governor of the hospital, whose funds chiefly build the bridge, then proceeded to prove how well a fine, benevolent old man may touch your feelings, without one of the usual graces of practised oratory. Our Provost replied in a most feeling, as it was an elegant, speech. Then there were cheers to the welkin—and really the cheers of many thousands is a noble kind of music. Then every man made off for his dinner. All the public bodies had regular feasts that day; and it was quite a harvest to the hotel-keepers in general.

I fear Mr Mylne, who furnished the dinner at the opening of the New Exchange, was not so lucky, and would reap little but praise for his profits. Five hundred gentlemen sat down, on this occasion, to eat, in a hall worthy of an emperor, a dinner which might have satisfied an Apicius. It is needless to describe the noble building in which we met, as I could not do it technically; and, to speak in terms of general admiration, would convey few ideas to such as have not seen an edifice and an apartment as yet unrivalled in Scotland. I am acquainted with no one room like it, Westminster Hall and the Parliament House apart—for these admit not of comparison with the classical style of this building. All the partisans of the two local parties into which Glasgow is at present split—and between which I stand mid-way—allow this; and so, I think, will even your emigrants from the East, when they see it. It was planned by Hamilton, the architect of Hamilton Palace, another splendid edifice nearly completed. Next to a good dinner, a good chairman was most to be desired; and there is but one man in Glasgow who has at once the eloquence and the tact to conduct a meeting of the kind in proper style, and with unabating spirit. Other very able, and even excellent speakers, we have; but Mr Ewing is by far the most skillful. He was, of course, our President, and navigated the vessel of hilarity in a first-rate manner. But we had other good speakers; the Principal, in particular, was eloquent, dignified, and impressive; Mr May, at once elegant and witty; and Mr Wright exceedingly neat, though rather elaborate. The evening altogether was a delightful one.

“Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses,”

was last week the scene of unusual gaiety; but as it does

not lie in your way to record the issue of those important events which annually draw together in that fair town a great assemblage of the nobility, gentry, and yeomen of the land, I shall not trouble you with “a full and particular account” of the sport—the curious may find it in the racing calendar. Indeed, I feel so little pleasure in seeing one animal spurred past another, that I should not have made one of the multitude which crowded the place, if horse-racing had been the only amusement which Ayr afforded; but it possesses at all times many attractions to visitors, and, on this occasion, to these was added a very powerful auxiliary, in the person of the most celebrated actor of the day, on the boards of its neat little theatre. The recent illness of Mr Kean has led to much speculation on the comparative merits of his acting before and since. Some will have him sadly fallen off, while others maintain that he never acted better in his life. That he has not yet regained his full complement of bodily vigour is pretty obvious, and that his voice is a full tone lower in the more arduous passages of the parts he enacts than it was wont to be, I think will only be disputed by those who would tell him he “had white hairs in his beard ere the black ones were there;” but he is far from being deficient in energy, or inarticulate. His eye is quick and clear as ever, and the elastic muscles of his handsome face are still under his complete command. He played several nights in Ayr to crowded and fashionable audiences. I never liked him better in *Shylock*, *Richard*, and *Sir Giles*, nor so well in *Lear*, at any period of his histrionic career. The corps dramatique is Mr Seymour's regular party, with Miss I. Paton as a minor star.

Every body who goes to Ayr, goes to Burns's monument; and, during the race-week, the road thither was constantly crowded with pilgrims. I went also, and while there, admiring the surrounding scenery, I was agreeably surprised by the approach of a band of music playing the beautiful air, “Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.” After giving some favourite tunes in the monument, the performers proceeded to the “keystone” of the bridge of Doon, followed by a crowd of people, and played, “Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,” with much simplicity and good taste. I was greatly pleased with the unexpected treat, and turning to the keeper of the monument, I remarked that it was well judged in the directors to have music there at a time when there were so many visitors. “Oh, sir,” said my cicerone, “the musickers are not employed by the directors; they are the Kilmaurs baun, just come to the monument out o' their ain heads.” The honours that are now daily heaped on the memory of Burns, and the enthusiasm thus displayed by these rustic sons of Apollo, and other visitors whom I met at the place of his nativity, are in striking contrast with the unmerited neglect which the poet experienced while living.

The studio of Mr Thom is also a place of great resort in the West. Since your last notice of his works he has nearly finished another Landlady, in which he has carefully avoided the faults, at which you hinted, of his first attempt. The present is a jolly, bouncing, good-natured looking woman, with ample drapery, executed with Mr Thom's characteristic softness and truth. The bust of a gentleman by Mr Thom, which you formerly pronounced a good likeness, and creditable to the artist, has been placed by the gentleman in the exhibition of paintings, &c. presently open in Glasgow, and some would-be critic has attempted, in one of the newspapers of that city, to rob it of all merit. He admits that the bust is sufficiently like to indicate its subject at first sight, but the head, it is alleged, “is indifferently drawn, the hair ill massed, and stiff in its lines, and the neck somewhat out of proportion, and the whole indicative of incorrect notions of anatomy.” Now, if we are to suppose the gentleman whom it represents a perfect Adonis, these remarks may possibly be true; if not, they are unjust. If the gentleman's head unfortunately happens to be an imperfect model—if

he habitually wears his hair ill-massed and stiff in its lines—if his neck be thicker in proportion to the size of his head, than that of the Apollo, there would have been no truth in the bust if it had not been so also. The principal object, in portrait sculpture, is surely to make a faithful and striking likeness; and those who are sufficiently acquainted with Mr Thom's subject to judge of the bust, will admit that he has not been unsuccessful. We "men of the west" are proud of our sculptor, and partial to his works; but we are willing to refer the merits of this bust to the respectable arbitrement of the Editor of the *Literary Journal*; and if, in the course of your rambles, you happen to visit the falls of Clyde, which are now in all their glory, it may be worth your while to follow the stream as far as Glasgow, and settle the point. About five miles below Lanark, you will find the modest Mr Forrest in a quarry by the road side, hammering away at a gigantic equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington; and a mile farther on, in a beautiful loop of the Clyde, you will be readily introduced to that singular genius, John Greenshields, who is now engaged heart and soul in sculpturing a spirited group from the graphic cantata of the Jolly Beggars. Mr Greenshields had just finished a statue of his gracious Majesty, when he began this motley crew of "randle gangrel bodies"—but, vast as the stride undoubtedly is, he has not forgotten the old song,

There's a difference to be seen  
'Twixt a beggar and a king—

for the "patches" and "wallets" with which he has covered his tatterdemalions, are executed with as much precision and accuracy as the trappings of royalty that adorn his figure of our Sovereign.

Should you be induced to take the short excursion I have pointed out, the palace will be an agreeable lounge while your horse bays at Hamilton, and then a short ride will bring you to the exhibition of paintings in Glasgow, which I hope will be found to deserve the notice of the far-famed periodical over which you preside, upon the Editor's next appearance in his magic slippers.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### BABYLON.

*Translated from the Spanish of Don Juan Lorenzo di Astorga.*

[Of this "learned clerk" of Astorga as little is known as of his poetical contemporary Gonzalo di Berceo, whom we formerly introduced to our readers. (*Lit. Jour.* vol. I. p. 237.) The poem of "Alexander the Great" is all that remains to rescue his name from entire oblivion; and even that is regarded by some critics as only a translation of a Latin poem, of which there also exists a French version. We feel inclined, however, to support Don Lorenzo's claim to originality upon the grounds of internal evidence. His resemblance, in thought and manner, to Di Berceo, is much closer than it could have been had the poem in question been only the translation of a work composed in a different country and in a different age. The following specimen, from the "Alexander," has the same poetical imagery and incident as the "Benedictine's Pilgrimage" we gave in a former number, and completely identifies itself with the same age and state of society in which that was composed—the early part of the 13th century.]

THE dwellaris in that halesome londe na mortelle doulouris  
dree,  
Thair be al maner spycerye, bothe the clove an' citrone  
tree;  
Thair alsua the frankincense swete, the carnatioun fayre  
to see,  
Ginger, nuttemeg, and spikenarde, most preshyous of the  
three.

The fragrancye the trees give out, is of vertew so sovrane,  
That thaim besyde, nocht potencie hath aney kynde of  
payne;

This odour comes to soche as thence ane daye's journeye  
remayne,  
An' the faces of the people all are comelye and amene.

Thorowe the citye there outsprange fulle manie fountaynes  
pure,  
Cule at noontyde an' als lukewarme at the morninge's  
chillye houre;  
Nevir mot frogge or creepand thinge to breede thereia  
have poure,  
Bot clere an' swete they gushet oute in ane evirastyng  
shoure.

In ane champayne, richt smooth an' wide, it wals fulle  
dichtlye plast,  
Quhar deer wer plentyfulle, an' eke all kynde of huntynge  
beast;  
The mountaynes also round about with flockis wer well  
ydrast,  
Quham nowther springe nor summer mot in aney waye  
moleste.

The palaces they reit weren by ane maister richt grette,  
All conyngelye bye squarre an' rule they weren situate;  
Feste in the livynge rocks, I wot, wer thair foundacions  
sette,  
That fyre nor water nevir mot thaim laye all desolate.

The portalles off the samyn were off natyve ivorye,  
Pure whyte, an' als fyne chrystele they glancit gloriouslye;  
Most conyng the devyce—quhylye highe an' roiallye  
Soarit the kinges aun chamberis, quhilk, in suthe, most  
kinglye be.

Four hundred ar the pillares this buildynge that upholde,  
Bothe capytale an' base therooffe of verray fynest golde;  
Not the live coale it halde not bene mor dazlande to be-  
holde,  
So burniseth an' bricht wer they as mot na all be tolde.

There alsua musicke chauntit wals, with arte bet seemil  
knowne,  
The deepe bass chordes awakenande the sorrowes of dayes  
gone,  
The gladsume trille o' the dansand layes, the waylinge  
semitone,  
Wele mot they erne the meid fra soche als no earthlye  
dwelling owne.

No not in al this worlde is ane manne als wyse, I ween,  
Quha mot the dainty plesaunce shaw that in this place  
hath bene;  
Mong soch delyte abyndande the manne wals nevir seem,  
That payne or sorrowe evir tholit, or thirst or hunger  
keen.  
R. F.

### THE AULD MAN'S WIFE'S DEAD.

A PARODY.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

THE auld man's wife's dead,  
The poor body's wife's dead,  
The auld man's wife's dead,  
An' feint a mair has he.  
There was hay to won, an' lint to weed,  
An' deuks an' hens an' a' to feed,  
An' peats an' turs an' a' to lead—  
What meant the wife to dee?  
The auld man's wife's dead,  
The poor body's wife's dead,  
The auld man's wife's dead,  
A mile aboon Dundee.  
Now when her beck is at the wa',  
She had a faut, an' maybe twa,  
But now she's dead, that's waur of a',  
An' what a gouk was she!

The auld man's wife's dead,  
 The poor body's wife's dead,  
 The auld man's wife's dead,  
 An' feint a mair has he.  
 She had the cauld but an' the creuk,  
 The mirle goes an' maltman yeuk,  
 The skrink, the shaw, the scarlet breuk,  
 An' yet the jaud to dee!  
 The auld man's wife's dead,  
 The poor body's wife's dead,  
 The auld man's wife's dead,  
 A mille aboon Dundee.  
 She was wry-faced, an' blench-lippit,  
 Heme-hough'd, an' haggie-fittit,  
 Lang-neckit, chandler-chaffit—  
 Yet the jaud to dee!

## A MORNING WALK.

By Charles Doyne Sillery.

THE morning breathed her mist of light into the crystal  
 sky,  
 And the golden stars lay buried in the deep empurpled  
 dye;  
 Her orient pearls were shower'd among the green leaves  
 of the woods,  
 And she drew a veil of roselight o'er the gently heaving  
 floods:  
 Each little weeping floweret threw the dew-drop from its  
 eye,  
 And, gemm'd with every hue of heaven, look'd laughingly  
 on high;  
 The clover waved its crimson crest, the fresh green grass  
 its blades,  
 And the clouds threw down a checker'd world of floating  
 lights and shades.

At young Aurora's birth that day far o'er the spangled sod  
 I roved with all my spirit full of the presence of its God;  
 A melancholy melody of fancy thrill'd my heart,  
 And I felt the tears in silent showers from their feverish  
 fountains start;  
 For, where the babbling rivulet pour'd its amber to the sea,  
 A warbling bird above me sat embower'd in birchen tree;  
 So plaintively, so mournfully, it pour'd its lovely lay,  
 That my heart was well nigh breaking with the strains  
 that died away.

Alas, said I, bright bird of Heaven! what cause hast thou  
 to mourn?  
 Thou dost not grieve for pleasures gone—gone, never to  
 return!  
 Thy sweet existence flows away in melody and love—  
 This world's all green beneath thee, those Heavens all  
 bright above!  
 And thou canst sleep in peace, poor bird! regardless of  
 the morrow,  
 Without a thought to sting thy heart with soul-oppress-  
 ing sorrow:  
 Not so with me—I live to die, and die to live again,  
 In blessedness and innocence, or everlasting pain!

Ah me! a melancholy heart has mine been from its birth,  
 And through its chords my spirit sighs as th' Æolian breath  
 of earth!  
 Where'er I turn—where'er I rove—in this dark vale of  
 tears,  
 I droop, surrounded by a cloud of sorrows, cares, and  
 fears.  
 Oh God! my God! look down from Heaven, and teach  
 this soul to rise  
 In holiness and happiness, home—home into the skies;  
 To strike the intellectual lyre in rapturous praise to thee,  
 As now this solitary bird pours forth its love to me!

## WILT THOU THINK OF ME?

WILT thou think of me when I am dead?  
 Wilt thou one tear o'er my memory shed?  
 Wilt thou visit my grave in yon lone green spot,  
 Or leave me to slumber unwept—forgot?

There are faithless hearts in this world of ours,  
 That change into thorns youth's path of flowers;  
 That trifle with Love as the toy of a day,  
 And make bright eyes dim in their treacherous play.

Thou didst seek to gain this heart of mine,  
 Thou didst alight the gift when that heart was thine;  
 And it still is thine, but how changed art thou—  
 My wan cheek may tell, and my pale-worn brow.

O! woman's love, like the mountain river,  
 Expands as it flows, and will flow for ever;  
 Mid life's noisy pursuits, or her home's happy peace,  
 The pure fount of affection will never decrease!

I have but one prayer to ask of thee:  
 Wilt thou visit my grave beneath yonder tree,  
 And one little tear o'er her memory shed  
 Whom thy falseness laid low 'mong the dreamless dead?

GERTRAUDE.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE MUSEE FRANÇAIS.—The engravings from the paintings and statues collected in the splendid gallery of the Louvre, and executed at the command of Napoleon, are well-known to every artist and man of taste, under the designation of the *Musee Français*. The principal engravers of the Continent were employed in its production; and some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the undertaking, when it is stated that the collection consists of 343 engravings, and that the execution of the plates alone cost £75,000. The costly nature of the work, of course, limited its circulation to a few wealthy connoisseurs, and the expenses were principally defrayed from the Imperial treasury. A new edition of this magnificent work is now about to be issued by A. and W. Galignani, of Paris, and Joseph Ogle Robinson, of London, at one-third of its original price, which will render it the cheapest, as it is by far the most splendid work of art ever offered to the public. We have had an opportunity of examining specimens of the three first numbers, and we beg it to be understood that we are talking Editorially, and consequently with the strictest impartiality, when we say that we have seldom seen a publication which has charmed us more. Each Number contains from twelve to fourteen exquisite engravings on large folio, with letter-press illustrations, and is sold at the astonishingly moderate price of two guineas. A number is to be issued on the 1st and 15th of every month (beginning with the 1st of September) and twenty-five numbers will complete the work. Our pleasure in looking at these admirable plates was not much less than we should have received from the originals themselves, and it may easily be conceived that this was no slight pleasure, when it is recollected that the engravings are taken from the *chef-d'œuvre* of such men as Da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, Julio Romano, Caracci, Guido, Albano, Domenichino, Poussin, Morillo, Rubens, Teniers, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Gerard Dow, Van Ostade, Wouvermans, Backhuysen, Claude Lorrain, Le Sueur, Vernet, Chateillon, and many others. We should consider ourselves deficient in our duty to the public, did we not earnestly press upon the attention and patronage of every man of taste this noble work. Indeed, no library of any lover of the arts can be complete without it.

MORE NEWS OF THE ANNUALS.—Among the contributors to the forthcoming volume of the *Literary Souvenir*, are—Mrs Hemans, Miss Mitford, Miss Bowles, Miss Jewsbury, J. Galt, J. Montgomery, Professor Wilson, Barry Cornwall, W. M. Praed, T. H. Bayley, Dr Maginn, T. K. Hervey, Hartly Coleridge, Derwent Conway, Alarie A. Watts, D. M. Moir, and the Authors of "Highways and Byways"—"Constantinople in 1828"—"Tales of the Munster Festivals"—"Recollections of the Peninsula"—"Tales of the O'Hara Family"—"The Kuzlibash"—"Tales of the Moors," &c.—The *Annals* for 1830 is nearly complete; and Mr Hall, we understand, has been very successful in obtaining the co-operation of many of the most distinguished writers of the age. Among its illustrations, will be an engraving, from the King's picture, of an English cottage, by Mulready, another from Wilkie's painting of the "Dorcy Bairn," another from

a drawing by Martin, from the burine of Le Keux, for which, it is stated, the engraver received the unprecedented sum of 180 guineas. — *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* is announced for publication in November, under the superintendence of Mrs S. C. Hall. It is to contain twelve engravings of a very interesting character to the little folk, for whom it is intended—as a Christmas Present, or New Year's Gift; and we feel assured that the literary assistants will be those who know how best to blend instruction with amusement. — *The Musical Bijou* is another of our promised Annuals. It is to contain original literary contributions from Sir Walter Scott, J. H. Bayley, Lord Nugent, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others; and original music by Rosini, Bishop, Kalkbrenner, Herz, Rodwell, Kiallmark, Barnett, Parry, and others.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.**—The forthcoming Number of the *Edinburgh Review* is the last which Mr Jeffrey will edit. Some of his friends were anxious that, at the winding up of his connexion with this periodical, for which he has done so much, he should have taken a formal farewell of his numerous readers; but this Mr Jeffrey positively declined. We have reason to believe, that the Number to be published next week, as it is his last, will be one of the Editor's best efforts. It is of a more literary cast than several of its predecessors have been. The opening article is upon the Greatest Happiness Principle, in reply to the *Westminster Review*; there is also an article on the Drama; and reviews, *inter alia*, of Napier's History of the Peninsular War, and Allen Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.

We observe the publication of the first number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science* is postponed till the 1st October. Amongst the contents advertised, are many objects of interest to the Naturalist; and we are glad to perceive, by the communications and papers on Geographical Science and Discovery,—a principal object with this publication,—that an important hiatus in our periodical literature will now be filled up; and we shall thus participate in an advantage which our Continental neighbours have long enjoyed in the Ephemeris of the Baron de Zach, the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, and the numerous Geographical Periodicals which are brought out in France.

We understand that there is a work preparing for immediate publication, intended for general readers, entitled, *A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease*; Comprehending a concise view of the Structure of the Human Frame, its most prevalent Diseases, and ample Directions for the regulation of Diet; Regimen and Treatment of Children and the Aged; with selections of the opinions of the most approved Medical Authorities on the different subjects.

Mr P. P. Thoms (who was for many years resident at Macao) has ready for the press a History of China, translated from the Chinese; and to be published by subscription, in one quarto volume. The History commences with the earliest records of that nation, (according to their own chronology 3500 years before Christ), and contains every important event connected with Chinese annals up to A.D. 300.

The new volume by Miss Landon, containing the Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, and other Poems, will be ready early in October. A beautiful frontispiece for it, from a painting, by Howard, has been engraved by William Flinden.

An Account of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of the Town of Greenock, with numerous embellishments, is in the press.

There is preparing for publication, a German and English Comparative Dictionary, meant to hold out to the beginner encouragement and facility in the acquisition of the German language.

Professor Miller, of Copenhagen, has announced two works, the first of which bears the following singular title, "Denmark's Pride in her Humiliation; or, of what have we, Danes, as a people, still reason to be proud?" The second is an Historical View of the Reign of Charles VI.

**NEW LITERARY SOCIETY.**—A new society, named the Literary Union, is about to be established in the metropolis, to consist of four hundred members, for the purpose of promoting frequent meeting and intercourse among the professors of art, literature, and science.

**ELOCUTION.**—We are glad to perceive that Mr Roberts is to continue his Elocution Classes here during the ensuing winter. He is an established and favourite teacher. We contemplate some remarks in an early Number on the present state of elocution in Edinburgh.

**MADAME GENLIS.**—This lady is again about to publish a religious novel as her last exit. But she has so often taken her leave of the literary world, and reappearance notwithstanding, that it is probable she will never decide on a lasting farewell until she quit this transitory scene altogether.

**THE MORNING WATCH.**—There is a quarterly periodical, with the above title, at present publishing in London, under the fostering care of the Rev. Edward Irving, and a few other worthies of millennial celebrity. In their last number (No. 3.) there is a review (a millennial one of course) of Dr Andrew Thomson's last volume of *Sermons*, in the Appendix to which discourses, it is well known, the Doctor refutes the tenets which Irving and others hold on the subject

of the Millennium. The reviewer, however, instead of seeing a *refutation*, sees only "eight octavo pages of abusive declamation," and after quoting some of the worthy Doctor's statements, he breaks out into this beautiful bit of evangelical writing:—"When we had read thus far, we instinctively began to sing, from the fable of Midas,

'Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong;

A stranger why should you despise?"

This is surely an odd specimen of a millennarian, who sits down to review a volume of sermons, and forthwith finds himself *instinctively* singing a song from the fable of Midas! We should like much to know the *act* quantity of spirits and water which had been discussed before there was produced such excessive merriment in one of the pillars of the "Morning Watch, or Quarterly Journal on Prophecy."

**ANECDOTES OF BURNS.**—Burns lived near the Custom-house at Edinburgh while getting his instructions as an exciseman. Mr B—, who was ignorant of the poet's new pursuit, being on a visit to him, remarked upon the excellence of the prospect from the window at which they sat, adding, "But it is quite destroyed to me by these licensed plunderers" (meaning the excise officers) "whom I see going about." "That," said Burns, smiling, "is my own objection to it."

**A UNIVERSAL AUTHOR.**—Had we not actually seen in print the following curious advertisement we should have had some doubts of its existence:—"An Author, whose public and private repute is unexceptionable, confidently offers—To Noblemen and Gentlemen, an unlimited supply of Verses suited to amateur collections. To Ladies, small Poems and Sketches for Portfolios, to continue in MS. or to be printed, as required. To Editors, three hours' Writing daily: politics ministerial, with a reserve on the liberal. To Publishers, MS. Books and Orders speedily performed, and Memoranda adroitly set to any style and sentiment. Honour through all these professions. The terms are very moderate. Address, G. L. W., 10, Redcross Square, Great Tower Street, London."

**Theatrical Gossip.**—A piece in one act, called "Fatality," altered from the French by Miss Boden, has been indifferently successful at the Haymarket.—"Der Vampyr" still continues exceedingly attractive at the English Opera; and we learn from Leipzig, that Marachner, the composer, has just completed a new opera, entitled "The Templar and the Jewess," the story, doubtless, from Ivanhoe.—Nothing certain is yet determined regarding Covent Garden; but we shall probably be able to state what its fate is to be in our next. Mr Macready has offered to accept the management, and not only to give his services gratuitously during the season unless it should produce a profit, but to advance a thousand pounds to meet immediate charges. He requires a guarantee that he shall run no personal risk beyond the £1000, and a pledge of non-interference; and, as *a sine qua non*, all the eminent performers now attached to the establishment must remain. Should this offer not be accepted, it has been suggested that Ducrow might remove from Astley's Amphitheatre to the wider sphere of Covent Garden with good effect. What would then become of the "legitimate drama?"—Sontag has declined fulfilling her engagement in Paris, on account of ill health.—Kean has been playing with Seymour's company in Paisley and Ayr. We expect him here in a few weeks.—Mackay has been performing in Liverpool.—Liston has gone to Germany with his son, whom he is about to place in the University of Göttingen.—Miss Stephens is to sing at Drury Lane next season.—We understand that De Begnis is to be here in December with an Italian company. He has taken the Caledonian Theatre for a fortnight, for the use of which, it is said, he is to pay one hundred guineas.—We are told that it is Mr C. Bass's intention to continue here during winter. Unless the histrionic strength of his company be made very different from what it now is, he may depend upon it that we shall not quietly submit to the infliction. *Edinburgh cannot support two theatres*; and our patronage, therefore, shall be given exclusively to the establishment where the best interests of the drama are most attended to. A very short time will prove whether that establishment is the Theatre Royal or the Caledonian.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. IV. in our next.

We hope to find room in an early number for "A Tale of the Siege of Namur."—We regret that "My New Trousers" will not suit us.—We are afraid the "Dream," by "M. E." of Glasgow is too long for us; but it contains some spirited lines.—The song from Kirkcudbright is a good set of the old Jacobite air—"Wha wadna fight for Charlie."—The lines entitled "Glenagarry's Grave" will not do.

Our readers will have observed that we have discontinued our "Letters from London" during the summer, when the metropolis is empty. But we shall resume them as soon as the returning season makes information direct from head-quarters of importance.

[No. 44. September 12, 1829.]

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 43.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1839.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—*The Cherokee Phoenix*. New Echota. From March to August 1828.—*The New York Evening Post*. For July 1839. New York. Michael Burnham & Co.

In turning from the *Cherokee Phoenix*, of which we gave some account in our last, to speak of a file of New York papers, which we have just received, we shall not dwell on the intelligence these contain of matters of state, for the mode in which such intelligence is manufactured is well understood, and in outward form and inward truth, is very much the same through all Europe and America; neither shall we speak of the erudite articles, editorial and others, which adorn their columns; but shall confine ourselves more particularly to the miscellaneous department, and still more particularly to the advertisements, wishing to communicate to the readers of the LITERARY JOURNAL some of the lights which these cast on the present condition of the inhabitants of New York. The gay and trivial pursuits which appear new to occupy so much of their attention, contrast oddly enough with the grave and somewhat puritanical demeanour of the population as it existed in 1796; but such are the changes which these effects.

Let us commence with the fashions, which are evidently beginning to be thought a subject of importance in New York. Mr C. Cox, 44, William Street, opportunely presents himself before us to inform us, that "by the last London arrivals he has imported an elegant suit of clothes, as a sample of the prevailing fashions of the west end of the town." He proceeds to criticize these fashions, and it would be difficult to say what ecstasy his favourable opinion will awake in the bosom of our Stults:—"C. Cox feels proud to recommend to his friends and the public generally, the present governing taste of London, as being far more becoming than has prevailed in that metropolis for many years." This is certainly very consolatory; yet it leads us to the belief, that however high Mr Cox's claims to consideration as the Arbitrator Elegantiarum of New York may be, he is, after all, one of those delicately constituted individuals, who, sensitively alive to the beautiful in the works of others, are yet themselves deficient in inventive powers. Leary and Co. are possessed of a stronger and more original genius. They have endeavoured to discover a standard of fashion, in the same manner that Alison has sought to establish a standard of taste, or McCulloch a standard of value; and we have no doubt with equal success. Listen to the advertisement of these inestimable hatters:—"The fluctuation which the whites and capriens of the leaders of the ton are producing, almost weekly, in the formation of hats, has not only conspired to injure the vendors, by increasing an unseasonable stock proportionable to the different qualities manufactured, but to impose a venetian tax on such citizens as wish to dress in the fashion of the city. To prevent the growth of this evil is a task which Leary and Co., with the co-operation of their fellow-citizens, shall endeavour to accomplish by establishing a STANDARD for the shape

and structure of hats, that will have the prevalence of the season instead of ephemeral existence."—Much as we are pleased with these high ideal speculators, we find that they have to cope with a sturdy impugner in the person of Mr James Clohessey, No. 36, Division Street. This disputant deals about him very lustily, smashing Leary and Co.'s fine theories much in the same way that Cobbett used to shout the war-hoop over Southey's and Coleridge's schemes for Utopian commonwealths. After ridiculing the notion of a "standard hat," and making an exposé of what he alleges were the real motives of Messrs Leary and Co., Mr Clohessey goes on to say, that "he does not employ poets to write 'vapoury puffs,' to vend off trash and dupe the public." It is disagreeable to learn the truth at the expense of a great name; and how shorn of their beams must Leary and Co. appear, if we can bring ourselves to believe that they are indebted for the glowing eloquence with which their principles are enforced, to a poet, whom (like our own immortal Packwood) they "keep for doing them these things!"

Let us now turn for a short space to matters which more immediately concern the fair sex. Notwithstanding the anti-corset labours of an ingenious Edinburgh Editor, it would appear that the Weatherbries, Doyleys, Humres, and Thornhills of New York, still drive a pretty brisk trade in that deleterious article. It is pleasing, however, to know, that the treatise "On tight-lacing," together with the illustrative sketches, which recently amused us in the pages of an Edinburgh newspaper, has been transferred to the columns of the *New York Evening Post*. It is true, that the Editor of that Journal (like a trimming fellow as he is) protests against its being thought that he is a convert to the full extent to the principles inculcated in the treatise; yet for all this, it appears that the article met with the most enthusiastic reception at the hands of the matrons, at least, of New York. "We have received polite and complimentary letters," saith the editor, in a subsequent paper, "from mothers of families, thanking us in the most flattering terms for the articles which have appeared in our paper on the baneful effects of tight-lacing. One of them very feelingly acknowledges, that she is satisfied that it has been detrimental to her health, and for the future is determined to abandon the practice." So much for the march of mind in so far as corsets are concerned.

—Advert we now to a no less interesting subject. There is a halo shed over the history of American cosmetics that throws into the shade the labours even of the great Rowland. Let us take for an example "Dr Middleburgh's Indian Vegetable Compound for the growth and nourishment of the hair in bald places." The Doctor, we are informed, resided during his travels two years among the Creek Indians. "Both males and females," he informs us, "were in the habit of rubbing an ointment (compounded by boiling the juice of certain plants in bear's oil) at the roots of the hair three times a week. The reason they gave, when interrogated by the doctor," [like Caesar's Commentaries, this advertisement is written in the third person, which gives it a peculiar dignity,] "for this custom was, that it made long black hair. What was astonishing, the doctor never saw an Indian bald

during his intercourse with them. The proprietor having made use of this preparation for some years, fine heads of healthy hair have been brought out, when the scalp have been as smooth as the back of one's hand." There is something in this anecdote which carries us back irresistibly into the old primeval forests, and shows us the Indian in his native dignity, long ere the feet of the white man had profaned the soil, conversing in solitude at one time with the Great Spirit, and at another anticipating the future discoveries of science in the use he made of the great bear.

A few words now of the amusements in New York. A private correspondent informs us, that of all the numerous theatres in that city, the only one that seems to pay is the old established Park Theatre. To judge by the advertisements it seems to deserve support; not that we hear any thing great of the performers, but there is variety enough, and occasionally novelty. Even the undramatic genius of Wordsworth has been tortured on the stage;—Peter Bell the Waggoner, or the Murderers of Massiac, being a highly popular piece. Niblo's Gardens, however, is at present a formidable rival to the theatres, being the very centre of attraction. The Editor of the *Evening Post*, in a most elaborate puff, (unbought, of course,) says of it—"If there is any thing in nature that can keep a man in comfort and good-humour, in these troublous times, it is an habitual resort to the little paradise that Niblo, in his fatherly anxiety for the welfare of the city, has caused to spring up, nobody knows how, where, but a couple of years ago, one might as well have looked for a glacier as a garden. It is a perfect oasis in the desert, abounding with creature comforts of every description, and all but impossible description." This is like the story of Aladdin's lamp; nor does the reality disappoint the fairy expectations thus excited. On entering Niblo's Garden, we hear (saith the advertisement) sweet and melancholy voices singing in unison, "Ye gloomy caves," "You don't exactly suit me," "The Lass of Gowrie," and "Dame Durden." Sure never, since the thawing of the trumpet in which Baron Munchausen's post-boy had his music frozen up,

"Did any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such a medley!"

But the eyes, too, have their share in the enjoyment, as well as the ears. "A Temple of Liberty has been erected, splendidly embellished, and adorned with the names of the heroes of our glorious Revolution. A brilliant revolving sun occupies the centre, surrounded by stars and appropriate meteors, and surmounted by the American eagle, in Chinese shades." In this splendid scene, "The Persian magician, with a host of attendants mounted on nondescript animals, will perform grotesque dances, multiplying themselves a hundred-fold, to the astonishment of the audience." In a quiet corner of the garden, "Peter the Hermit will receive visitors the whole of the evening." This last stroke we conceive to be Niblo's happiest; or, at least, it divides our attention with the concluding touch relative to the "creature comforts," as our Editor calls them—"The refreshments, and ice-creams, are of the best kind." It is in vain, in the face of such attractions, for the "Castle Garden" to prate about its concerts and flights of rockets. It is in vain that the Pavillon Garden, Mount Tompkins, Staten Island, issues its invitations to grand balls, cotillion parties, and target-firings; or tells, in magniloquent terms, that it rests "in the full confidence that its own peculiar beauty of scenery, surpassing in variety, extent, and grandeur, any thing of the kind in this country or any other, must be its best recommendation to the eye of discernment, and, like waters seeking their own level, rise far above all minor competition." They fade away before the new-comer, as a toast of some years' standing withers before a young beauty's first debut.

The only establishments in New York that have not

been beggared by Niblo's attractions, are the Old Park, and Peale's Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts. The latter has been rescued from sharing the fate of so many contemporaries by the united charms of Misses Susan and Deborah Tripp. "The public are respectfully informed, that this week will be the last of the exhibition of the two astonishing children; their parents, who are with them, are desirous of returning home to Poughkeepsie; they are fearful the heat of the city, during the warm season, may in some degree affect their health. Two Mammoth children. Susan Tripp, born near Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York, and now aged 5 years and 10 months old, weighs 205 lbs., is 3 feet 11 inches high, 4 feet 2 inches around the waist; arm, 18 inches; above the knee, 31 inches; below the knee, 21 inches. Deborah Tripp is in nothing wanting but age. She is 3 years old, weighs 124 lbs.; 3 feet 4 inches high; around the waist, 3 feet 10 inches; arm, 15 inches; below the knee, 17 inches!" Verily, these are no "trips on the light fantastic toe." No wonder their affectionate parents dread to see them, during the heats of a New York summer, "thaw and resolve themselves into a dew."

We shall conclude this desultory peep at life in New York with the strange advertisement of Mister Simon van Antwerp, who is evidently a wag of some pretensions, and apparently a very patriotic Boniface;—"S. v. A. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that in consequence of the *severe indisposition* of the weather on Saturday last, the 4th of July was unavoidably postponed until the 11th instant, when it will *positively take place* at Hoboken. In addition to a day of summer sunshine and southern breezes, the subscriber will serve up a splendid green turtle, now fattening with unbounded satisfaction on the green in front of the house. To which will be added after dinner, in order that

'Good digestion may wait on appetite,'  
a race—a boat-race, for a purse of fifty dollars. The subscriber confidently hopes, that although there may be many candidates for the *plate*, there will be more for the *spoon*; and that on this occasion every lover of his country and of turtle soup, seated on the shady lawn at Hoboken,

'——— with his own blue skies  
Above him, and his own green land around,  
will achieve victories worthy of

'The day we celebrate.'"

Such is the manner in which the good people of New York contrive to kill their time, and amuse their lighter hours.

*Forest Scenes and Incidents, in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a Winter's Route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during four months' residence in the woods on the borders of Lakes Huron and Simcoe.* By George Head, Esq. London. John Murray. 1829.

MR HEAD acted during his short residence in Canada as an agent of government, in what precise capacity does not appear. We allude to the circumstance only for the purpose of insinuating (in the most good-humoured and inoffensive manner possible) that the anxiety expressed by his constituents to induce the poorer Irish to emigrate to our North American colonies, may have had some slight tendency to support that unabated flow of cheerfulness, with which (in his book) he encounters all privations. If our suspicions do him wrong, we most heartily apologize, and confess that we have not met, within the limits of our experience, a man whom we would more willingly select for our fellow-traveller. This is no slight praise, for none who has encountered hardships can forget what a solace is a merry companion, whose spirits rise higher as difficulties and discomforts increase; whose laugh is loudest in the most inconvenient hut, and over

• The anniversary of American independence.

the sorriest meal ; whose song gushes stronger, and with a note of defiance, the louder howls the wind and the faster falls the rain.

Our author's first introduction to a Halifax winter recalls to our recollection one of the happiest periods of our life, when, a free denizen of

—the U—

Niversity of Gottingen,

we were initiated into the mystery of

**SLEIGH-DRIVING.**—"I had remained very few days at my hotel when the weather became overcast, with indications of an approaching fall of snow, which, soon beginning to descend in soft broad flakes, continued for many hours, till it lay on the ground to a very considerable depth. . . . The day was particularly fine after the storm ; every body seemed busy and animated, and servants were running backwards and forwards with bells, straps, buckles, and harness, of all sorts, to prepare for sleigh-driving. At an early hour, the first heavy sleighs, laden with wood, coal, and other articles of merchandise, were to be seen laboriously advancing through the deep fresh snow, which becoming by degrees trodden towards the middle of the day, the fresh painted, lighter vehicles were allured from their summer's rest. Then damsels, with pretty chins wrapped in fur, bade a short adieu to mammas—not here required by custom as chaperones—to take a seat beside their anxious beaux ; till smiling faces, tinkling bells, and trotting horses, were encountered in every corner of the town. Now came the time to look about one : hardly a third part of the space in the street was passable ; and, as the sleighs came dashing by, one thought oneself lucky, at the expense of a jump up to the hip in a snowbank, to escape being knocked over once in every five minutes. Some of the drivers were good, others bad, but all drove fast ; so that, notwithstanding the people were obliged by law to have a number of bells about their sleigh, the eyes of Argus were insufficient to protect a foot passenger, who, after all possible pains to get out of the way of the carriages, gained nothing more by way of thanks than snowballs kicked in his face off the heels of the horse. I observed one young man, evidently an inexperienced driver, who was in the act of passing a corner, while he and his fair partner were flying forwards in their original direction, long after the horse had completed his turn ; and such was the centrifugal motion of the sleigh, that an old woman was knocked down, and the horse completely over-come and brought to the ground by its violence."

Although the country through which Mr Head travelled from Halifax to Montreal is settled, yet the inhabited spots lie far apart, presenting faint glimmerings of social life at dreary intervals in the almost pathless woods. But for the consciousness that the dwellings of men are before us in our progress up the river St John, we could almost fancy that we are accompanying Captain Franklin and his companions along the windings of the streams which guided them to the silent and sterile shores of the arctic ocean. The following scene is quite *à la Franklin* :

**A SNOW-STORM IN CANADA.**—"The clouds, which had been all the morning unusually dark and lowering, seemed to bear strong indications of an approaching snow-storm. Still, however, we went on ; and it grew darker and darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert track directly in our teeth ; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I hardly could bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate ; and, with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each, in his own mind, well aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination."

"But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing ; with bodies bent forward, and leaning on their collar, on they marched, drawing the tobaggins (a small kind of sleigh, for carrying baggage, drawn by men) after them, with a firm, indefatigable step ; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it ; it bid defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and

the drift gave an appearance to the snow we were passing, over like that of an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced. We all halted : the Canadians admitted that farther progress was impossible ; but the friendly shelter of the forest was at hand, and the pines waved their dark branches in token of an asylum. We turned our shoulders to the blast, and, comfortless and weather-beaten, sought our refuge. The scene, though changed, was still not without interest ; the frequent crashes of falling trees, and the cracking of their vast limbs as they rocked and writhed in the tempest, created awful and impressive sounds ; but it was no time to be idle : warmth and shelter were objects connected with life itself, and the Canadians immediately commenced the vigorous application of their resources. By means of their small light axes, a good-sized maple tree was in a very few minutes levelled with the earth, and, in the meantime, we cleared of snow a square spot of ground, with large pieces of bark stripped from the fallen trees. The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed between the hands, was ignited, and, blowing upon this, a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and bituminous matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing. Having raised a covering of spruce boughs above our heads, to serve as a partial defence from the snow, which was still falling in great abundance, we sat down, turning our feet to the fire, making the most of what was. The Canadians were soon busily employed cooking broth in a sauce-pan, for they had provided themselves much better with provisions than I had."

"Large flakes of snow continued to fall, and heavy clots dropped occasionally upon the ground. Our enormous fire had the effect of making me so comfortably warm, that I had deferred the use of my buffalo skin till I lay down to sleep ; and were it not for the volumes of smoke with which I was at times disturbed, and pieces of fire which burnt holes in my clothes whenever they happened to fall, my lodging would have been truly agreeable. I sat for some time, with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, in silent contemplation of a scene alike remarkable to me for its novelty and its dreariness. The flames rose brilliantly, the sleeping figures of the men were covered with snow, the wind whistled wildly through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed us on every side ; and our fire, while it shed the light of day on the immediately surrounding objects, diffused a deeper gloom over the further recesses of the forest. And thus I remained, without any inclination to sleep, till it was near midnight. A solemn impression, not to be called melancholy, weighed heavily upon me. The satisfaction with which I regarded the fatigue which had gone by, was hardly sufficient to inspire confidence as to what was to come ; and this reflection it was, perhaps, that gave a colour to my thoughts at once serious and pleasing. Distant scenes were brought to my recollection, and I mused on past-gone times, till my eyes became involuntarily attracted by the filmy, wandering leaves of fire, which, ascending lightly over the tops of the trees, for a moment rivalled in brightness the absent stars, and then—vanished for ever !"

Mr Head's Diary, during the period of his residence on the lakes Huron and Simcoe, contains no adventure so imposing as that which we have here given ; but it is full of a different sort of interest. Its general effect,—arising from the secluded situation of the author, and the consequent nature of his occupations,—is not unlike that of our old favourite Robinson Crusoe. It is impossible to convey to our readers, in a brief abstract like the present, any notion of this characteristic, which is the result of an immense accumulation of petty details. Our concluding extract, however, presents a fair specimen of the author's graphic powers :

**A SCENE ON LAKE HURON.**—"April 17th. A strong wind having set in in the night, blowing directly out of the bay, I perceived in the morning all the ice broken in pieces, and floating towards the lake. It was moving slowly away, and a considerable extent of water was already uncovered. This was a joyful sight, for of all things a sheet of water conveys the most lively impressions to the mind ; and confined as I was, from the impassable state of the ice, from the shores on one side of the bay, the barrier was no sooner re-

moved, than I felt a sensation of liberation, which seemed to be participated by the turbulent waves themselves, as, just risen from their bondage, they rallied, as it were, and held council together, bubbling and fretting in their eagerness to press on the rear of their retiring enemy. The wind chased the chilly field before it, which, split into mammoths, was every minute retiring farther from the sight, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the lively change was altogether perfect, and Kempenfeldt Bay, so long the type of dreary winter, became a lovely basin of pure water. And, as if to add to the gratifying occurrence, the ice had no sooner disappeared, than the wind lulled, and the sun beamed forth to embellish the natural beauties of a spot, in themselves very much above the common order. As the evening advanced, it was beautiful to see the enormous pines, with which the banks were fringed, reflected in the water, while the winding shore presented a pleasing variety of stony beach and bluff rocky headland. Nor were the animal creation insensible to the moment; the large fish leaped, incessantly, high out of the water, and it was scarcely dark before a flock of wild-fowl flew round and round in circles, lowering themselves by degrees, till each, one after another, dashed heavily into the favourite element. A sportsman can readily comprehend how animating it was, to listen to the wild sounds that now broke upon the ear, as the feathered troop held their gabbling conversation together, and, diving and splashing by turns, they commenced every now and then a short flight, for the sake of a fresh launch on the water. Every thing now was new; Nature had thrown off her homely winter's garb, and was beginning to unveil her beauties.

On the whole, this work, although scarcely equal, in point of talent, to the writings of Captain Hall, reminds us strongly, in its general tone, of the earlier productions of that gentleman, when he reflected on his pages the cheerful mood in which he received the impressions of novel and strange scenes,—when he was content to take the world as it appeared, laughing before him, without enquiring too anxiously what lay beneath,—and before he became, like many other great philosophers, too wise to enjoy himself. It is a book of no pretensions. It will add no new truths to physical or moral science. But it is as pleasing a companion as one could wish to spend an afternoon withal.

*The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. No. XCVIII. London. Longman and Co. Edinburgh. Adam Black. September, 1829.*

THERE are some people who seem to view every compliment paid to a man of genius as an oblique insult to themselves. A dear and much-respected friend of ours (whose literary abilities were never higher tasked than by the concoction of a memorial for counsel) used to get positively frantic when any one insisted upon praising Lord Byron in his company:—"Genius! ay, Genius! He can write poetry; and I can write prose: there's the difference." It would seem that Mr Jeffrey's successor in office is slightly subject to this amiable weakness, or, at least, that his friends are of opinion that he is; for the *on-dits*, which we inserted among the Varieties of last Saturday's Journal, respecting the editing of the present number of the Edinburgh Review, have elicited from them certain pathetic remonstrances:—"What importance is it who is the Editor?"—"It is invidious to enquire, or to insinuate any comparisons," and so forth. Now, we are humbly of opinion that it is of some importance to know who is the Editor. To Mr Jeffrey's successor we have no objections whatever; but we do not choose that the public, who are already aware of the projected change in the administration of this periodical, should assume erroneously that the present number is a specimen of the new Editor's powers. It will not be till the appearance of the next number that this work, the contributors to which have of late been almost entirely changed, will finally cease to have any thing in common with the old Edinburgh Review but the name.

Incomparably the best articles, in the present number,

are, Art. I., "on the Utilitarian system of Philosophy," a reply to the Westminster Review, by Macaulay, and Art. VII., "on the Signs of the Times," by Carlyle. The former is a quiet and most successful exposure of the contradictions in which the writers of the Westminster have involved themselves. It is characterised throughout by perspicacity; abounds in the most cutting sarcasm; and is beautifully expressed. It is in the last particular that it contrasts most strongly with Carlyle's article; the style of which is as lumbering as usual. But this apart, the views which it affords into the present structure of society are often just, and always ingenious, while there runs through the whole a vein of the richest humour—which, to confess the truth, we did not, from any of the author's previous productions, suppose him to possess. —Art. V., on Military Education, and Art. IX., on America, are sprightly and interesting essays. —Art. III., on the Drama, is an extraordinary mixture of extensive learning, ingenious combination, and magnificent description, with the most atrocious childishness and absurdity. The remaining articles, "Sadler's Ireland," "Malt and Beer Duties," "Gothic Architecture," and "Martin's Paintings," are rather so-so. Generally, however, the contents of this number, of which we speak so briefly, are exceedingly interesting. Our reason for passing them over in so hurried a manner is, that we are anxious to say a few words about the career of the old Edinburgh Review. Future numbers will bear the same name, and wear the same livery; nay, they may possess equal talent with their predecessors; but they never can be to us what Jeffrey's Review has been, nor can they ever exercise such a sway over the minds of men.

Of the Edinburgh Review, as a political engine, it is not our theme to speak. And yet, to view it without reference to this feature of its character, is to view it stripped of more than half its glories. It is doing the Edinburgh Review no justice, to call it the organ of a party. It made its party. It started into existence at the time when the old Whigs—or moderate Reformers, or whatever they may call themselves—defeated and disorganized, were on the point of vanishing for ever. It reared their standard once more,—it rallied their ranks,—it put a war-cry in their mouths,—and made them once again (to use their own emphatic language) "a respectable minority." To this cause it has adhered through good report and through bad report; and, think what we may of its principles, no one can deny the power and consistency with which it has advocated them. Highly though we estimate the talents of the Edinburgh Review, we confess that we think it occupies a lower rank in literature than in politics. That it has exercised a weighty influence in the field of letters we are not inclined to deny; but this it has done chiefly by stirring up the dormant energies of our literary men. It has all along displayed more active and practical talent than original genius. It has brought science and literature to the doors of many who never would have thought of them,—it has been alike instrumental in awakening the desire of knowledge and catering to its longings,—it has given a wider and a quicker spread to the thoughts of the mighty men of its own and other ages; but we are not aware that it has given utterance to any of those words of genius which open up, as by a spell, new vistas before a nation's eyes. It has communicated its own restless and energetic character to the age; but, in return, it has taken from the age the tone of its feelings and opinions. At the time of its commencement, the reigning school of taste was as different from that which is now acknowledged as may well be. The change has not been effected by the Edinburgh Review. The Edinburgh Review mustered all its energies to resist the innovation, and ended by yielding—under protest. The Edinburgh Review began by supporting the doctrines of Reid and Stewart. The Edinburgh Review has ended by promulgating moral and metaphysical doctrines that would make Kant and Fichte stare.

Still there remains a wide range of excellence to be attributed to the Edinburgh Review, even though we deny to its lucubrations the high title of originality. Were praise to be bestowed upon none but those giants who have broke out new paths in science and literature, the ranks of the learned would be sorely thinned. Literature would appear like a vast unanimated ocean, with a few solitary whales moving about at immense distances from each other. There is, even in the absence of originality—in the high and restricted sense in which we use it—room for the display of many noble qualities,—energy, high-mindedness, generous feeling, strong powers of reasoning, fancy, and many others. It is in the free play of such qualities, by whatever subjects they may have been elicited, that the great charm of the Edinburgh Review has consisted. Was there not the clear, cold, classical correctness of Horner, whose early death was perhaps as lucky for his fame as painful to his friends? Was there not the universality and indefatigable spirit of Brougham? Was there not the broad yet terse and strong humour of Sidney Smith? Was there not Sir James Macintosh, with an intellect huge as a Leviathan, and as unwieldy? Was there not Playfair, elegant and perspicuous? Was there not Leslie, with his philosophical discoveries floating in his redundant style, like a pine apple stewed in butter? Was there not Hazlitt, whose ready tact and ingenuity promised something great, had not his wayward and paradoxical humour made shipwreck of the fairest portion of his reputation? Was there not the ponderous strength of McCulloch? And lastly,—the animating and guiding spirit of the whole,—was there not the Editor—Francis Jeffrey—with a mind acute and tenacious,—a fancy throwing luxuriant festoons around every subject he handled,—slippery as an eel,—piercing as a rapier,—a gentleman in all his feelings,—

“The prince o’ critics, and the wale o’ men?”

With such a union of talent, the Edinburgh Review could not fail to have a wide influence. We are not blind to the errors which it has from time to time committed; but these are not the subjects on which the mind ought to dwell when taking leave of an old friend. We repeat it,—the Edinburgh Review can lay no claim to the honour of having formed its age; but it will ever remain one of that age’s most interesting and characteristic monuments.

*Two Discourses, Occasioned by the Deaths of the Rev. E. C. Daniell, of Frome, and the Rev. R. Burton, of Digby.* By John Sheppard. London. Whittaker and Co. 1829.

MR. SHEPPARD made his first appeal to the literary world as the author of a volume of *Letters*, descriptive of a tour through some parts of the Continent in 1816; it proved to be rather a heavy-selling book, although written in a very respectable manner, and containing a good deal of original information; its greatest fault was, being too classical, and not graphic or lively enough to suit the public taste. His next work was “*Thoughts on Private Devotion*,” the success of which has been very great. One cause of its popularity may be attributed to the interesting correspondence with Lord Byron, which was inserted in the appendix to the second edition, and which referred to the prayer his deceased wife had put up on his Lordship’s account, she having contracted a singular and exalted regard for the welfare of the poet’s eternal soul. Mrs Sheppard had frequently seen Lord Byron, some years before her decease, rambling among the cliffs at Ramsgate; she had been strongly impressed with a sense of his irreligion, from the tenor of his works; and she had often prayed fervently for his conversion, and still more so in her last moments. There was one prayer in particular, made a few days before her death, which her husband enclosed and sent to Lord Byron, who was at that time

at Pisa, and which affected him very sensibly. He is reported by Medwin to have said, in his own peculiar manner,—“The prayer is beautifully written. I like devotion in women. She must have been a divine creature. I pity the man who has lost her!” Byron afterwards wrote to Mr Sheppard to console him for his loss, and to tell him he was not so bad as people said. The “*Thoughts*” continue at the present day to be a favourite with the religious public; they are remarkable for elegance of language, and breathe the very essence of the most heartfelt piety. Mr Sheppard’s third work is on the “*Divine Origin of Christianity*,” a book in two volumes, which we noticed some months ago, and need not repeat what we then said concerning its merits. His last production, the title of which we have quoted above, contains merely two sermons preached on the death of two much-esteemed friends, the one pastor of the church at Frome, Mr Sheppard’s place of residence in Somerset, the other a missionary to the East, full of activity and zeal for his honourable and dignified profession. These Discourses, as might have been expected, are well written, and with a degree of feeling which enables the reader to judge how highly the deceased pastors stood in the estimation of their friend.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS;

OR,

### A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

NO. IV.

“Stulta, jocos, canenda, dolentia, seria, sacra;  
En posita ante oculos, Lector amice, tuos;  
Quisquis es, hic aliquid quod delectabit habetis;  
Tristior an levior, selige quicquid amas.”

It is a delightful thing to be about the age of five-and-twenty; and there are moments when we can almost fancy that we are still just about that age. At such times we feel as if we had all the hands of Briareus, and all the eyes of Argus. Health gushes through our veins, strength swells through every muscle; not a joint but is firmly knit,—not a nerve but is stretched into sinewy tension. The soul within us rejoices in the vigour of its physical frame; and whilst we know, that with untired limbs we could overcome mountains, dash through rivers, knock down giants, and trample upstart insolence to the earth, we at the same time know, that our intellect, participating in our strength of body, is fit for any task, however Herculean,—fit to spend sleepless nights with Archimedes or Newton,—fit to gaze, with undazzled eye, on the inner glories on which Milton looked,—fit to cope with the Machiavels of politics, or to hold high converse with the Byrons and the Scotts of literature. In such moments as these, successive Numbers of the LITERARY JOURNAL have seemed to pass before us in long and interminable array, each “a spirit like an angel,” with its bright words written in light. They appeared to have sprung into existence of their own accord, or, perhaps, to have emanated unconsciously from our mind, like sunbeams from the sun. We could read all the articles they contained at a glance, and no mortal being but ourselves knows the power and originality with which they were written. As we looked, they were caught up into the clouds; and we felt it was a vision of what is to come, like the spirits whom John saw in the Apocalypse, ascending and descending between heaven and earth.

With such occasional feelings,—such hours of rapturous delight,—let it not be supposed that we regret being past the first bloom of manhood, which, in sober truth, we must confess ourselves to be. There are persons who can never grow old—and we are of them; there are persons whom no man can look at and believe will ever cease to live, and move, and have their being—and we are

one of these. *We do not think we shall ever die.* This is a latent hope in the breast of many, who are afraid almost to own that they cherish it;—with us, it is a positive conviction, which we frankly avow. Many people will smile at this; but their great-grand-children, in the year 1929, will begin to attach some credit to our assertion. Meanwhile, intense is the interest we take in all the passing concerns of our day and generation. Sometimes, it is true, we look back with a pensive sorrow on hours that have flown for ever; we think of friends who will never meet again in the same happy circles,—of voices, the witching music of whose tones is hushed,—and of smiles, whose gentle moonlight is gone; we think of summer months that glided by like rivers ambling to the sea; we think of one, whose name we breathe not, even in the dead hush of midnight, but whose memory sleeps, undimmed and pure as a sunless well, far down in our heart; we think of all that men think of when they look back on youth,—its quick delicious tears and flushings of wild joy. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope; time flings new flowers around us, and what is still better, we are as prepared to enjoy their odours and their hues as we were when we first bounded, like the young fawn, up the mountain side and gathered them in handfuls. There is a charm for us in every thing. We abjure that morbid sensibility which is constantly seeking for strong and coarse excitement, and complaining of the monotony of pleasure. The simplest sights and sounds of nature pass into the feeling heart, and easily awaken its fervour. The dew of heaven falls every night into the bell of the flower, and every night does the flower envelope its welcome visitant with the sweetness of its perfume. If the dew and the odour be inexhaustible, why should the heart of man, for whom the dew and the odour of all nature are poured forth, ever turn away from the rich offering with callous indifference? Can it be possible that music should so soon pall on the dull ear? Do the essence and the elements of poetry so soon mingle with the common dust? Up, and rouse thee from thy lethargy! Why should the child have a clearer eye, or a merrier voice, than thou? Nature can never be worn out,—the soul suffers not by the attrition of what is material,—why should friendship die?—why should love grow old?

It is particularly necessary for us to cherish enlivening reflections like these, when we consider that the situation which we now hold makes us at this moment one of the most important atoms in creation. All the world knows that we are the most essential part and parcel of the existing literature of the country. There would be more to do than ever there was about the lost Pleiad, were we suddenly to disappear. Good God! only suppose that a Saturday morning came, and no LITERARY JOURNAL! What a breathless panic would spread over all the land! The duties of public, and the comforts of domestic life, would instantly, and as if with one accord, be neglected; men would gather together in crowds, and there would be hurried questionings and slow replies, and doubt, and gloom, and madness, and crime, and infidelity, and despair, and death! Never shall such a calamity happen whilst we have breath. Yet, let it not be supposed, that though we have a becoming knowledge of our own importance, we are blind to the merits of our contemporaries. With the works of all of them—with the whole periodical literature of Great Britain and Ireland—from the merest penny brochure up to the largest and most costly publication—we are intimately and continuously acquainted. All the lucubrations of our literary brethren we have deeply studied,—we know their bearings and their course, their colours and their cargo, their tonnage and their strength; and, like one of the ships of a magnificent armada sailing down a great river, we bear them company as we float onward to the ocean of eternity. When we may reach that common goal, no mortal knows; but in the meantime, it must be a comfort to such of the present age as have engaged in the same career with ourselves, to know

that we keep a watch upon their proceedings, and that we read them all. How many a man of genius has said to himself in his closet,—“I am committing to paper thoughts and sentiments which *could* be appreciated by some, yet I shall never learn whether they meet the eyes of that select few,—I shall never learn whether they excite emotions in a kindred bosom similar to those they have already made to throb in mine,—I shall never learn whether I am pouring forth my melodies upon the desert air, or into the delicate shrine of the human heart.” And in days past the man of genius may have spoken truly; but let him speak so no more. He may be neglected or misunderstood by all the world, but he shall be attended to and appreciated by Us. It is all one how or where he publishes his lucubrations;—if in a separate volume, we see every book that issues from the Scottish press, and almost every book that comes from the English;—if he print in a periodical, that we must meet with him for a certainty, we shall easily convince him, if he will do us the favour to step into our study any day we happen to have on our SLIPPERS. He will there find one large table entirely covered with the latest numbers of the periodicals of all Europe. He might express surprise, perhaps, how we were able to read so much; and we should be surprised ourselves, did we not read as no common man reads;—how we do read, it is unnecessary to explain; the fact is enough, that *we know every thing.*

It is worthy of notice, how many of the best periodicals at present in existence are edited by Scotchmen. There are, in the first place, our two leading Reviews,—the *Quarterly*, edited by Mr Lockhart, and the *Edinburgh*, edited first by Mr Jeffrey, and now by Mr Napier. Then there are the two *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, edited, the one by Mr Gillies, and the other by Mr Fraser, both Scotchmen. Then come the Magazines, and first of all *Blackwood's*, the sheet-anchor of which is our countryman Professor Wilson,—then the *New Monthly*, at the head of which is Campbell the poet,—and then *Sharpe's London Magazine*, started and supported by Allan Cunningham. Then we have our two *Philosophical Journals*, under the auspices of two Scotchmen eminent in science—Dr Brewster and Professor Jamieson. If we next turn to the weekly publications, we have the *Literary Gazette*, so popular both in London and out of it, edited by Mr Jerdan, (whose brother edits the *Kelso Mail*).—we have the *Atlas*, the largest paper in England, edited by Mr Bell; and we have the *Spectator*, edited by Mr Rintoul. As to the newspapers, they are too numerous to particularize; but is there not Mr Stoddart of the *Times*, Mr Stewart of the *Courier*, and Mr Alexander of the *Morning Journal*—three of the most influential of any published in the metropolis? Many other Scotch editors are scattered over England, whilst we are not aware of a single English editor in Scotland. In a most especial manner are we proud to know, that the LITERARY JOURNAL is edited by a Scotchman—one who wears his country “in his heart's core, yes, in his heart of hearts,” and who thinks with William Tell, that he

“Who does not love his native land, loves nothing.”

Let it not, however, be supposed, that we are so narrow-minded as to be able to see no excellence beyond the Tweed. On the contrary, we feel attached towards the whole human race—Negroes, Cretins, pioneers, and all. Editors, of all sorts and sizes, principles and denominations, we love with a most particular love. It is quite a treat to see us skimming off the cream of the Magazines at the beginning of every month,—regaling ourselves with something piquant and peppery in *Blackwood*, (yet without that systematic and matter-of-course admiration, which some of the newspapers are willing to sell to the worthy bibliopole for the matter of a few advertisements,)—refreshing ourselves with a dip into the *New Monthly*,—taking a peep at the beautiful creatures who smile in

the pages of *La Belle Assemblée*,—seeking and gaining information among the judicious contents of the *Monthly Review*,—laughing and feeling well pleased with Mr Baylis and his *Monthly Magazine*,—becoming more sedate over the *Imperial Magazine*, and the *Morning Watch*,—and, finally, recalling many of our military adventures and naval reminiscences (for we have seen some service both by land and sea) over the clever lucubrations of the *Naval and Military Magazine*. As to our “native Caledonia,” we of course read most religiously its two Philosophical Journals, already mentioned, and we intend reading the third, which is to be a “Journal of Natural and Geographical Science,” as soon as it appears,—we read also its one Review,—we read its three Magazines—*Blackwood's*, the *New Scots*, and the *Elgin Magazine*,—and we read, without a single exception, *all* its newspapers. We are just as well acquainted with the most southern newspaper published in Scotland—which is M'Diarmid's *Dumfries Courier*—and an excellent paper it is—as we are with the most northern, which is the *Inverness Courier*, edited by our able friend and contributor Mr Robert Carruthers. In like manner, from Berwick to Ayr is with us a single step; and both the *Berwick Advertiser* and Mr M'Cormack's *Ayr Advertiser* have at this very moment been brought to us by our servant. Looking at the Edinburgh newspapers, it is impossible to say whether we like most the bold energy and strong thinking of the *Mercury*, as edited by Dr Browne, the admirable judgment and gentlemanly taste of the *Observer*, as edited by Mr Sutherland, the careful selections and sound taste of the *Weekly Journal*, as edited by Mr James Ballantyne, the philosophical spirit and political acumen of the *Scotsman*, as edited by Messrs Ritchie and M'Laren, the staunch principles and varied interest of the *Evening Post*, as edited by Messrs Crichton and Neilson, or the strict impartiality and extensive information of the *Courant*, as edited by Mr Buchanan. No less at home are we with the Glasgow newspapers. Mr Macqueen has no more constant reader of his *Courier* than we, nor Major Hunter of his *Herald*, nor Mr Bennet of his *Free Press*, nor Mr Malcolm of his *Scots Times*, nor Mr Prentice of his *Chronicle*. If we thence go down the Clyde to Paisley, we have read the *Paisley Advertiser* ever since it was first set a-going by Mr Kennedy, down to the present hour when it is in the hands of Mr Motherwell, and is very ably conducted by that gentleman. If we go still farther down the Clyde to Greenock, Mr Mennons and the *Greenock Advertiser* are old friends of ours;—the first poetry we ever printed happened to be in the *Greenock Advertiser*; and this fact of itself is enough to make the paper immortal. Then, suppose we cross by a steamboat to Helensburgh, and gallop to Stirling as fast as ever a carriage and four will carry us, are we not sure to land at the *Stirling Advertiser* office—the Editor of which, Mr Munro, we have known from our youth upwards. Nor does a single week pass in which we omit to cast our eyes over Mr Morrison's *Perth Courier*, and the *Fife Herald* of Mr Tullis. Dundee boasts of two newspapers—the *Courier*, edited by Mr Hill, and the *Advertiser*, edited by Mr Saunders,—and both of them we love much, especially their occasional criticisms upon ourselves, which are sprightly and entertaining. Mr Chalmers' *Aberdeen Journal* shares our favour with Mr Booth's *Aberdeen Chronicle*, and with the *Observer*; and, as we invariably read them in our slippers, the Editors may believe that we entertain the most friendly feelings towards all of them. In conclusion, though Mr Jerdan's *Kidn Mail* comes to us from the south, and Mr Grant's *Elgin Courier* and Mr Fraser's *Inverness Journal*, from the north, yet the contents of all the three mingle most agreeably in our mind; and when the whole is slightly seasoned with a few columns of Dr Macleod's *Gaelic Messenger*, we consider that we complete, in a satisfactory manner, our hebdomadal course of newspaper reading.

It is a delightful thing to read and to be pleased;—it

is a delightful thing to see, in visible characters before you, the secret souls of other men;—it is a delightful thing to know that some great spirits are in the world along with us, whom we can understand, and who understand us,—who speculate deeply concerning human nature, and who strive with us to penetrate into the mysteries of mind, and to draw aside the veil of fatuity. It may be that we labour in vain; but there is happiness in knowing that we do not labour alone or unsympathized with, and that, if we fail, we fail in company with which failure is more honourable than success would be with others. When one of those mighty minds, which we claim as the ornament of our own age, and with which we proudly link ourselves, goes out, it is like the setting of a sun. Napoleon, Shelley, Byron, Canning,—was it not spirit-stirring and ennobling to live on the same earth with them?—Is it not startling, melancholy, and humbling, to know that they are now a portion of the common dust over which we tread? For Heaven's sake, let us love one another while we retain the faculties which God has given us; and let us, hand in hand, press on to the prize which our honourable ambition may aim at, without the indulgence of any of those petty, but too common, feelings of envy, jealousy, and hatred, which degrade and demoralize.

For our own part, were we not of too philosophical a disposition to be easily elated, the commendations which, for the last two months, have been pouring in upon us from all quarters, and especially from the enthusiastic literati of the Continent, might well have served to render us somewhat too conscious of our own powers. We have long, however, laid it down as a rule, in conjunction with a distinguished moral philosopher of our acquaintance, to receive all praise—however extravagant—with calm delight, and all attacks—however virulent—with placid contempt; there is, therefore, less chance of our being easily driven off our legs either by the one or the other. To show our readers that we do not exaggerate the favour in which we are at present held, we shall amuse them with a few extracts from some of the foreign periodicals in which our labours have been noticed.—The testimonials which Germany has sent forth are the more gratifying that having, as yet, spoken but briefly of the literary exertions of that nation, its praise cannot possibly have been purchased by any undue complaisance on our part. It was therefore with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction that we read the following passage in that arch-sentimentalist, the *Abend-Zeitung*:—“Wie es einem wohlthut unter dem ahnungsvollen Schatten des Buchenwaldes zu wandeln, wenn der Voll-Mond am Himmel hoch und hehr steht, sein silber-helles Licht über die sanften Wiesen hinbreitend, und jedwedes Gefühl in einer süßen Schwärmerel auflösend; so war uns zu Muth, wie das erste Numero dieses vielgeliebten Journals vor uns emporstieg. Es sind ja Elysische Felder voll süßen Minneglücks, und ächter Ritterschaft. Sie erheben uns aus einer kalten dürrern Welt in die lieblichen Regionen der Dichterei.” No less delighted, though not a little surprised, were we to learn that Professor Hegel of Berlin had informed his class—“Alle Zweifel über dem Urwesen, und dem unmittelbaren Wissen sind jetzt gehoben. Das *Edinburgh Literary Journal* ist ein lebendiger Beweis dass Seyn und Nicht-Seyn keinesweges einerlei sind.” Like some distinguished critics, who find in their favourite poet deep thoughts and hidden beauties which he never dreamt of, we fear Professor Hegel attributes to us a greater mastery over metaphysical science than we can lay claim to. His opinions, however, seem to be those entertained by the students of Jena, and there is something peculiarly energetic in the expression of the resolve come to at their last public convocation:—“Wer das *Edinburgh Literary Journal* nicht liest, steht *ipso jure* in Ver—a.” But dearest to our heart of all the compliments which Germany has paid us, are the following friendly and playful hexameters by Göthe, which we received from that illustrious man about ten days ago:

"In deiner Vaterlands-Sprache heisst du, Gellebter! die Glocke;  
Und auf Französischem wirst du, richtig, der Schöne genannt:  
Wer, so wie du, mit der Schönheit, Feierlichkeit hat gepaaret,  
Hat in der Laufbahn der Kunst, immer das Höchste erreicht."

Turning from Germany to France, we find that we are much liked by *les gens de lettres* of Paris. We have been unanimously elected a member of the "Académie Française," and also of the "Athenæum of Arts." In one of our letters from the celebrated M. Jouy, he is good enough to say,—*"Tout ce qui part de ta plume est admirable. Il y a du brillant dans les pièces de prose et de vers qu'on trouve toujours dans votre Journal Littéraire."* In the *Revue Encyclopédique*, a periodical of great ability, we find the following editorial notice of the LITERARY JOURNAL:—"La littérature Anglaise est riche en ouvrages de cette description; mais pour les pensées ingénieuses, pour la belle moralité, pour le style élégant écrite au courant de la plume, et pour des connaissances fort étendues, il n'y a pas une feuille périodique ni à Paris ni à Londres, ou les belles lettres fleurissent à présent, aussi bien distinguée que le *Journal Littéraire d'Edimbourg* en Ecosse."—Nor have we been overlooked either in Italy or Spain. In a Florence periodical—*Il Giornale di Firenze*—we find ourselves thus spoken of:—"Questa opera ingegnosa è veramente ripiena di cose rare e di cento mille gentilezze di tutta sorte. La letteratura Inglese ha poche pubblicazioni così utili e desiderabile." In like manner, the editor of the *Diario de Madrid*, in his review of the first volume of the LITERARY JOURNAL, says:—"La variedad agradable que se halla en este tomo, así de asuntos como de estilos, le hace recomendable en sumo grado a los hombres mas eruditos y curiosos."—Denmark, too, has done us justice. In that widely-circulated paper, the "*Morgenbladet*," the able editor thus expresses himself:—"Intet af Nutidens Verker, indaandere os Følelser af dybere Agtelse og Beundring end den Edinburgh Literary Journal."—Nor less agreeable is the praise of the celebrated Elmquist, who edits the "*Aarhuus Stifts Tidende*," and who says:—"Critikken, Fortællingerne, Poesien i dette fortryllende Tidsskrift, ere af allerhøieste Rangv-Det er derfor intet Under, at Rygtet om det, gradvis udvider sig over alle Verdens Hjørner."

It would be easy to multiply these flattering testimonials almost *ad infinitum*, but we do not wish to be accused of vanity, and are anxious now to turn from our own immediate concerns, in order to do justice to a few of our innumerable correspondents. For the present, we shall not even allude to our foreign letters, though they would themselves fill a dozen JOURNALS. We prefer limiting ourselves to our oldest and best friends—the inhabitants of Scotland—who continue to write to us from every nook and corner of this happy country. Diligently do we read all their lucubrations; and, whether we print them or not, it is impossible that any of them can ever displease us. The fine, fresh glow of enthusiastic friendship which pervades the following effusion, for instance, is enough to put any editor in good-humour for a whole week. It comes to us from the Old Commodore, whom our readers may recollect we formerly introduced to their acquaintance as one of the bravest and ablest seamen in his Majesty's service:

## THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

## An Acrostic.

E very joy attend thy Journal,  
Dearest friend of mine on earth;  
I immortality o'erturn all  
Noisy rage and rancorous mirth;  
Best of critics! best of papers!

Universal be thy fame;  
Reviling wretches, cut your papers,  
Great and deathless is his name,—  
Happy man, to start each game!

Long and long may people praise thee;  
I'm the humblest of your bards:  
Tennant, Hogg, and Wilson, raise thee  
E'en beyond all power of words.  
Rich and rare, and great and glorious,  
A're thy shrewd remarks and notes;  
Rapture seize me, thou'rt victorious!  
Ye! heave round! our Thunder floats.

I'll stand by you—fire a broadside!  
O h! man, fight your very best:  
Uddon Jack up mast high!—Odds, I'd  
Roar like thunder from the west.  
Never strike, man—never waver—  
At them!—at them!—heave!—heave!  
Lo! they sink in ocean's breast!

Turning our eyes towards the west, or "stepping westward," as Wordsworth would say, we find that Paley contains several poets, who have addressed us in rhyme. Our modesty forbids the publication of the compliments they have paid to us personally; but, among them, we find a song by Mr Thomas Dick, addressed to our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, whom Mr Dick seems to consider the second most illustrious person in Scotland. Mr Dick commences his letter very sensibly:—"Sir,—When I look at the array of glorious names upon your list of contributors, and reflect upon the great quantity of poetry you continually receive, I dare hardly expect you will afford room in your JOURNAL for the verses of a person 'all but unknown and unknown.' I have, however, entertained a slight hope, that if the enclosed song should be no otherwise meritorious, yet the subject of it may perhaps please. Should this induce you to give it a place, the piece will exhibit the opinion held of the Ettrick Shepherd by the humbler classes in a distant part of his native country, and the insertion of it will bestow more than an obligation upon one who has read your lucubrations with much pleasure, and, I hope, some profit." We can find room for only one or two of the first stanzas of the song:

## THE SHEPHERD BARD.—A SONG.

Here's a health to Jamie, O!  
Here's a health to Jamie, O!  
I wadna gie our Shepherd Bard  
For a' the bards ye'd gie me, O!

O' Greek and Roman bards they blaw,  
Parnassus hill and Mantuan plain;  
But there's a minstrel worth them a',  
And that's our Ettrick Shepherd Swain.

His hearty laugh, his harmless joke,  
His sangs and "kintra clatter," O!  
Aft bind us to the ingle neuk,  
But aye we rise the better, O!

See sweet he tunes his simple reed,  
Beside his simmer shieling, O!  
The heart mair e'en be waur than dead,  
That canna share his feeling, O!

"So much for Buckingham!" We shall still, however, keep in the west, and take a look at the ports of Glasgow,—a rising and promising part of the brotherhood. Some good stanzas, by the author of that strong and original poem—"The Dead Man's Moon,"—which we published some time ago, present themselves first:

## THE SPEECH OF THE BLASSED TREE.

By William Mayne.

The winter may fade, and the spring, array'd  
In the fairest of light, appear;  
But what care I though the leaves should lie  
On the dark earth all the year—  
What to me when the warmth of the heaven descends?  
My life is a winter that never ends.

Yet I do not mourn, though my heart can burn  
With health and joy no more;  
Nor long for the time of my springing prime,  
When I was with bloom clad o'er,  
Ere Death thought fit to make me a cell,  
Where he and Decay, his child, might dwell.

Alone I stand, mid a fruitful band  
Of trees, which enclose me round;  
But I hear their wall as the lusty gale  
Spirals through with a careless bound—  
For they dread that their leaves he may scatter and tear,—  
I have no blossoms for which to fear.

I am for ever as firm and calm  
As though silence embraced the heaven;  
Nor heed though the flash of the lightning dash  
O'er my crest, so black and riven:  
It knows too well where to strike and blast—  
It passes the tree it has shiver'd last.

'Tis morning now, and along my brow  
Glances the dawning day;  
And it strives to wipe my old front to smile  
Its desolate mien away;  
But I throw my shadow so broad, and might  
The flowers which it glads with its smiles of light.

The scant remains of the chill night rains  
In my worn hollow branches lie,  
To strengthen and cheer the bird that drops near,  
Down from the sultry sky;  
But wee to the bird which drinks of such dew,  
My heart's bitter poison will pierce it through.

But seldom a bird 'neath my shade is heard,  
Save when in some night-dream of fear,  
It flutters quick through the shadows thick,  
And sleeps in my branches drear,  
Till the dawning of morning appears in the skies,  
When it starts with a warble of strange surprise.

Seldom a bird 'neath my shade is heard,—  
Too well they love the bowers  
Where they gaily sing, while their downy wing  
Shiffs the dew from the laughing flowers;  
And what care I for their merry tone?  
I for ever am silent and dark and lone.

There appeareth next in order Dugald Moore, the author of a book we introduced to the notice of our readers when it first came out,—a man who has metal in him, and is no unworthy inhabitant of Dunlop Street, Glasgow:

## LOVE'S VICTIM.

By Dugald Moore, Author of the "African, a Tale, and other Poems."

Stretch'd on the torturing wheel he lies,  
Life's agonies are almost past;  
And for his country's cause he dies,  
Unconquer'd to the last.  
Who has betray'd that freedom chief?  
Mark ye the maniac standing there,  
With brain too hot to cool at grief,  
Too wild to feel despair?

And she did love her victim once—  
The barb was in her bosom deep;  
He heeded not her burning glance;  
What could she do but weep?  
But soon it rankled that fierce dart,  
Her blighting tears soon ceased to fall;  
Each honey'd feeling of her heart  
Turn'd round its core to gall.

She has betray'd him—that the bliss  
May join them ne'er again to part;  
She knows he cannot love her here,  
But Death may change the heart;  
He sees her,—but he turns his head  
In scorn against that faithless one;  
And, writhing on his iron bed,  
He heaves his latest groan.

Now shatter'd is life's golden bowl,  
Death's shadow o'er the ruin falls;  
A heave—a quiver—and his soul  
Hath pass'd the dungeon walls.  
That false one's wrath is now subdued,  
Her dreams of hate have all departed;  
Revenge is o'er; she stands at length  
Alone,—and broken-hearted.

A moment, statue-like, and wild,  
Her stony look is thrown to heaven;  
A moment—then misfortune's child  
Bends o'er his bosom riven.  
Her arm of snow she wildly raised,  
As if to point the path above;  
She shook not—murmur'd not—but gazed  
On her first wreck of Love.

A moment—with convulsive shriek,  
Her heart seem'd bursting with its swell,  
As sound she glanced—but could not speak—  
Then on his breast she fell.  
A maddening laugh—a thrilling start—  
One living scream—and life is past;—  
Revenge a moment steel'd her heart—  
Love triumph'd at the last.

Oh, woman is a living flower,  
When opening to love's summer sighs;—  
When wrong'd—the asp in battle hour—  
That, writhing, stings and dies.  
Tender and jealous as the dove,  
Her heart may break—but seldom change;  
What is more strong than woman's love,  
More fierce than her revenge?

We now lay our hands upon a communication from "S. S." of Glasgow, by which it appears that he was somewhat nettled at an alteration we made upon a poem we got from him some months ago, and to which we gave a place in our *STIRRERS*, No. I. "S. S." is of the genus *irritable*, and we forgive him; but he ought to have known that we improved his song. We shall print his present poem, with which we are well pleased, exactly as we have received it:

## THE STUDENT.

They say I am a lonely man,  
Recluse in walk and mood,  
Eschewing high society  
To sit in solitude;  
But I have treasures hidden deep,  
That wake to me when worldlings sleep.

For I have friends to look upon,  
And tongues that whisper sweet,  
And sounds of joyance that can give  
A welcome when we meet,  
More than the glance that glads the hall,  
Or song amidst the festival.

They deem me poor, or lorn, or sad,  
 Slave of a dreamy brain,  
 Which burning ever, ever thirsts,  
 As parched land for rain;  
 But there are wells of hollest thought,  
 Where I can drink when they can not.

I long have learn'd, and prize the lore,  
 That simplest things may be  
 In solitude society—  
 In silence company;  
 If in the wild a flower I see,  
 It is no desert place to me.

Mr Brydson, already known to our readers, sent us two articles some weeks since; but we suppose he was beginning to get impatient, for the prose communication has recently made its appearance elsewhere. There is nothing more common with us, than to see articles, which had been previously offered to us and rejected, appearing with much pomp in other periodicals, whose editors are more easily satisfied. Mr Brydson, however, had not been rejected. His prose story cannot, of course, appear now in our pages, but his poem has much sweetness and grace:

THE PARTING—A SCHOOL-BOY REMEMBRANCE.

By Thomas Brydson.

I tried to say and smile, "Adieu!"  
 But o'er my cheek the tear-drops came;  
 The word that gave long years away  
 Died on my quiv'ring lip of flame:—  
 One moment—and around me were  
 The friends beloved since infancy;  
 Another—and alone I stood  
 Beneath the ev'ning sky.

The wild brook gush'd—the wild bird sang,  
 Deep, deep among the banks of broom;  
 And ev'ry breeze came wand'ring by  
 With melody and rich perfume:  
 These once could charm, because my soul  
 Could answer back with glee for glee;  
 But I seem'd fether'd now, and sigh'd  
 To gaze upon the free.

'Tis long ago;—and when I think  
 How sudden'd oft my heart hath been,  
 Since in my voiceless woe I stood  
 Alone amid that school-boy scene,  
 The same deep foant of feeling swells,—  
 Again burst forth the burning tears;  
 But ah! no spot of earth can please—  
 I mourn o'er future years.

We shall go down by one of the steam-boats from Glasgow to Greenock, and there we are sure of something from a poet of no mean powers. Behold—

YOUNG LOVE.—A SONNET.

Who would not be a truant from the schools,  
 To learn in secret from those am'rous eyes?  
 Who would not steal from dull discretion's rules,  
 With thee to share what plodding life denies?  
 And cast grave looks aside for tender sighs?  
 And wasting thoughts for thrillings of delight?  
 And tedious questionings for love's replies?  
 And morning's glare for this voluptuous night?  
 The whispering leaves around us, and the mild,  
 The dreamy lustre of yon moon's pale brow,  
 Never to musing fancy's lonely child  
 Imparted ecstasy like that which now  
 They breathe o'er us, or wisdom so divine  
 As that I study on those lips of thine!

"How fleet is a glance of the mind." From Greenock we all at once transport ourselves to Inverleithen, where we find Mr Deane, a very modest poet, who never pub-

lished any thing in his life except in the *Newcastle Magazine*, but who has a good deal of genius about him, as witness the following effusion:

A VERY AUNCIENT BALLAD.

"Whae's graff is that, thou bedral man,  
 Ye're houkin' aae wide an' deep?  
 Whae's graff is that, thou bedral man,  
 An' whae's corpes is it to keep?"

"O this is a graff for the howdie wife,  
 That's dead i' the burrow town;  
 An' we're houkin' aae deep, her corpes to keep  
 Frae the clutch o' Cadger Brown.

"For he canna content him, Cadger Brown,  
 Wi' the gains o' a lawful trade;  
 But the fause auld knave mair come to the grave  
 To harry the dead man's bed.

"But our howdie wife was a gude auld wife,  
 Weel liket by a' the town;  
 An' we're houkin' aae deep, her corpes to keep  
 Frae the clutch o' Cadger Brown."

They buried her deep, the howdie wife,  
 Full ten feet deep an' mair;  
 They buried her deep, the howdie wife,  
 An' they cover'd her up wi' care.

They watch'd her grave for three lang nights,  
 For three lang nights an' three;  
 But it's dowie wark to walk i' the dark,  
 Beneath the kirkyard tree.

Sae when it cam to the seventh night  
 To watch it, there were none;  
 They gaed to the grave at the grey daylight,  
 But the howdie wife was gone.

Ane surgeon for a fresh auld wife  
 Had offer'd sixteen pound;  
 An' Cadger Brown mair get ae wife,  
 Gif aae wife was to be found.

He laid his poke an' his lantern down  
 Upon aae auld through-stane,  
 Where mony a grim death's-head was hewn,  
 An' mony a cross'd shank bane.

Wi' pick an' spade brief wark he made,  
 For he never eased his back,  
 Until he undid the coffin lid  
 An' had her in his sack.

O gurlily blew the cauld north wind,  
 An' sough'd full fearfullie;  
 And unholy things came on its wings  
 The wark o' sin to see.

The corbie watch'd wi' a satisfied ee,  
 An' gae a weel-pleased croak,  
 An' flaufer'd down from the dark yew tree  
 When the coffin lid was broke.

O there be bold and dauntless hearts,  
 Who a dauntless band could lead,  
 An' fear never know for living foe,  
 Yet dare not meet the dead!

An' there be caltiff an' craven souls,  
 Who would shrink at an angry frown,  
 Yet can carelessly tread o'er the dead man's bed—  
 An' such was Cadger Brown.

Cetera Desunt.

Amidst so much poetry, our readers will not be the worse of a few words in prose. Would to Heaven that

most of our prose communications were in as few words, and no worse than the following !

#### A FEW WORDS ON MOTTOES.

A motto, says Samuel Johnson, is a sentence or word added to a device, or prefixed to any thing written, to express its scope and tendency. There is more in a good motto than one is at first apt to think ; in fact, it is *sometimes* of more effect than the book or pamphlet to which it is appended. Frequently, however, a motto is very ill applied. Take, for instance, the following, which we find on the title-page of a new edition of Voltaire's talented but infamous production, "The Philosophical Dictionary :

"How charming is Divine Philosophy !

Not harsh and crabbed as some dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute !"

Never was Milton so misplaced.—Sir Walter Scott is a rare example of the nicest and most lively perception in the choice of his mottoes, on which score William Hazlitt, in his clever work, *The Spirit of the Age*, pays him an elegant and well-deserved compliment. Sir Walter's motto to his General Preface in the *Waverley Novels* strikes us as being particularly happy, and shows a good deal of that quiet humour for which the worthy Baronet is so remarkable ; the words are from "Richard II. :

"And must I ravel out  
My weaved up follies ?"

Shakspeare has it, "And must I ravel up," making the repetition of the word up too close. Sir Walter's alteration is certainly an improvement, and proves, in one sense at least, that fresh perfume may be added to the violet. When Horace Smith, the well-known author of "*Rejected Addresses*," took to novel-writing, he attempted to present the world with something quite *recherché* in the way of mottoes ; but he was not successful. His practice was to give, in a Keatsian sort of couplet of six lines, the principal events of each chapter, for which ill-executed innovation he was rather severely handled by the Quarterly Reviewers. When Byron and Parson Bowles were at war, it was thought at the time that the mottoes on their pamphlets were the most successful *hits* in the whole controversy. The noble Lord chose the line,

"I will play at *Bowls* with sun and moon"—

which is good ; but that of his clerical antagonist is still better—

"He that plays at *Bowls* must expect rubbers."

Among the best mottoes of modern days, is that of George Combe, when he so successfully replied to Jeffrey's severe animadversions on the noble science of phrenology. Combe chose the famous lines by "Glorious John :

"Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And *thrice* he routed all his foes, and *thrice* he slew the slain ;"

alluding to the three attacks in the Edinburgh Review, all of which were successfully and ably refuted by the champions of the bump department, although later events have shown that the science is evidently in a bad way. Lastly, we think that in the motto on the first volume of that *decided hit*, *THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL*, there is much which every man of sense and taste must admire, stamping that able periodical as the advocate of these two glorious attributes, truth and freedom ; and with it, we close our few words on mottoes :

"Here's freedom to him that would read,  
Here's freedom to him that would write ;  
There's none ever fear'd that the *truth* should be heard,  
But they whom the *truth* would indict."

We like the half-playful, half-sentimental spirit of the following stanzas, which come to us from the west end of Prince's Street, Edinburgh :

#### ON A PAINTING OF TWO CHILDREN.

Bless ye, my darlings, with your cherub looks  
Of gleesome innocence ; those happy smiles  
Fall on my heart like sunbeams. Why, odsooks !  
Some spell, for certain, my crazed ear beguiles ;—  
Methinks I hear your voices like the clear  
Murmuring music of two tiny brooks—  
Now wand'ring far apart, now whispering near,  
And bickering onward thus in mirth for miles,  
Cheering the traveller on his path—the peasant at his toils.

And there ye breathe in childhood's happy bloom,  
Arrested by the pencil's wizard power,  
Amid the dewy freshness and perfume  
Of that o'erarching leafy summer bower.  
Oh ! that life's bright unclouded morning dream  
Would last for ever ; that the sunshine hour  
Of joyous infancy would changeless beam,  
No ill its brimming nectar cup to sow—  
No storms to crush—no poisoning breath to blight the  
beauteous flower !

Yet let me shun the puling rhymester's whine ;—  
Here is a talisman to banish cares ;  
Sweet Marjory ! that dimpled cheek of thine  
Would make an Anchorite forget his prayers ;  
And thou, my blue-eyed Mary ! with thy lips  
Of deep carnation, and that half-divine  
Cherubic smile, that scarcely can eclipse  
Thy brow's irradiance, which the signet bears  
Of coming worth and beauty, that no passing time impairs.

Ye lovely elves ! if thus your imaged smile  
Can cheat a pining heart of half its pain,  
How light must be that happy parent's toil  
Your kiss of rapture welcomes home again,  
Around whose knees, like fawns at play, ye bound  
With gladsome din, and many an artless wile !  
Sweet prattlers, ah ! the spell ye warp'd around  
My dreaming fancy must not there remain—  
Farewell ! Heaven shower its blessings on your infant  
heads like rain ! W. W.

At a single leap we go from the west end of Prince's Street to Kilmarnock, and there we find Mr John Ramsay, weaver, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies" over his loom. We mentioned Mr Ramsay before, but we would particularly wish it to be understood, that though Mr Ramsay writes verses, *every* weaver is not a poet. The number of rhythmical effusions we receive weekly from weavers is immense. There was one fellow especially, in Stonehaven, who signed himself "A poor but honest Weaver," and who wrote to us every second post, till we put an extinguisher upon him by a word or two among our notices to Correspondents. That Mr Ramsay has not only a poetical vein, as already admitted, but some humour in his composition, the following epigram proves :

#### EPIGRAM ON SEEING A CARPET-FACTORY SUBSCRIPTION BALL.

Old Plato once met father Jove,  
And asked the self-existent,  
What was, in earth, or heaven above,  
Of all most inconsistent ?  
Jove heard the question, gave a nod,  
To heaven's high towers advancing,  
Unvell'd this world,—"Now," said the God,  
"D'ye see those weavers dancing ?"

From a weaver, the transition to a plumber—genius despises the artificial distinctions of rank—is easy. Our interest in Mr M'Laggan is not diminished. We have already given him a fair start, and made his name known far beyond the limits of Rose Street ;—his own talents must do the rest. We are glad to tell him that we think our readers will be pleased with the poem he has last sent us :

## STANZAS ON THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

By Alexander Mc Laggan.

There falls a yellow blight upon the leaf,  
 There come sad sighs of sorrow on the air,  
 And in the feeling heart there springs a grief,  
 (A gloomy grief, half mingled with despair,)  
 When Nature's face, so gloriously fair,  
 Turns black with storm, when all her sweets decay,  
 The tree, the flower, the blossom flee away,  
 And leave but phantom Memory whispering they were  
 there.

And ye, blue skies! must ye too feel the blight,  
 And pass as soon as doth a happy thought?  
 And shall we, trembling in the tempest's might,  
 Behold the throne of flowers, so finely wrought  
 By God's own hand and his great judgment, brought  
 Drooping and wither'd down into the dust?  
 Creator! thy decrees are wise and just,  
 But dearly by its death is summer's sweetness bought.

And you, ye young, ye beautiful, ye gay,  
 Who dance like wreaths in fortune's golden beam,  
 Visions of loveliness! on—on ye stray,  
 Your flower-paved path of life, as in a dream!  
 No storms above, no dark waves on your stream—  
 Bright beings! ye will fade—your fair day close,  
 And o'er its lustre fall stern Winter's snows,  
 Till Time the tomb-door lock against Love's glorious gleam.

Winter, stern conqueror, thy hand will fall  
 On many a withering heart and drooping head,  
 And over thousands throw the dark-grey pall;  
 Thousands, who once in light were all array'd,  
 And dreamt not of the darkness of the dead;—  
 Love whilst ye may, young hearts! enjoy—admire,  
 Ere the blood freeze, and life's rich light expire,  
 The soul is on the wing—the gaunt grave must be fed!

We shall now take a seat in the coach and go out to  
 Dalkeith, where we shall meet with the author of the  
 following sonnet:

## SONNET.

What art thou, earth, with all thy fair array  
 Of mountain, meadow, ocean, wood, and stream,  
 But one vast sepulchre, whose dark decay  
 Is vainly shaded by the vernal gleam  
 Which gilds thy brow with beauty? Yea, the dust  
 Of ages slumbers in thy cold embrace,  
 And, o'er the prostrate ruins of our race,  
 Thy laurels wave in mockery keen and just.  
 Yet boast not, spoiler, for thy sleepers must  
 Awake to spurn thine insolence and power;  
 Thy deepest cells shall own the joyous hour,  
 Thine ocean-caverns yield their mighty trust.  
 This pleasing hope my anxious eyes shall close,  
 And smooth the pillow of my last repose.

The following song, by a gentleman of this city, is some-  
 what in the style of the older English writers, and is very  
 pretty and classical:

## SONG, TO A PERSIAN AIR.

As the cloud, that dark as night  
 Else would be, all gold and light  
 In sunbeams glows,  
 My soul, that else would brood  
 In melancholy mood,  
 From favour, sweetest fair,  
 A borrow'd joy doth wear;  
 Smile, then, and, smiling, win  
 That soul from thoughts of sin,  
 And all its woes.

As the sun converts to dews  
 The bitter streams that oze  
 O'er wild dank moors,  
 When wildest passions burn,  
 You have the power to turn  
 My soul to calmest mood,  
 And evil change to good;  
 Smile, then, and, smiling, woo  
 That soul to be as true  
 And pure as yours.

How happens it, gentle lady, that we did not light on  
 thee sooner, and how is it that the world knows so little  
 of thy talents? Countless are the sweet creatures with  
 whom we are acquainted who occasionally pour out their  
 souls in verse—and, sooth to say, in very weak and limp-  
 ing measure—but thou art not one of them. There is  
 strength and genius in thy mind, else couldst thou never  
 have written what we now subjoin:

## JERUSALEM.—A SACRED MELODY.

I've look'd upon Jerusalem,  
 I've look'd on Shinar's plain,  
 The altar and the worshipper—  
 Alas! I sought in vain.

The unechoed breeze, that sweeps along  
 Where once the prophet stood,  
 Wakes not the harp of Zion's song  
 O'er Judah's solitude.

No longer now on Horeb's Mount  
 Heaven's voices shake the sky;  
 No longer flows the mystic fount,  
 Nor cloud nor fire pass by.

No more upon the hostile foe  
 Death's angel waves his brand;  
 No more the cavern'd waters show  
 The secrets of their strand.

The sun, arrested in its sky,  
 The earthquake and the hall,  
 No longer to man's shrinking eye  
 Turn frantic nature pale.

The voice of an avenging God  
 Is heard on earth no more;  
 Calm now we mark the lightning's flash,  
 And dying thunder's roar.

But still in characters of light  
 Truth's awful records lie,  
 Pure as the tranquil stars of night,  
 When the tempest hath past by.

Seal'd on the mystic page of life  
 The word shall still remain,  
 Although the hand that fix'd it there  
 Is pass'd to heaven again.

Be hush'd, ye fiery chariot wheels,  
 Ye thunders cease to be;  
 Hark! 'tis the still small voice of peace—  
 The watchword of eternity.

THEODORA.

We thought to have stopped here, but a letter has just  
 come to us from Moffat, so good-naturedly expressed, that  
 we, who are the very essence of good-nature—when our  
 SLIPPERS are on—cannot turn a deaf ear to it. Our Mac-  
 fat friend writes to us in these words:—"Mr Editor,—  
 There is no part of your LITERARY JOURNAL I peruse  
 with greater interest than your answers to Correspondents.  
 This you will easily account for when I tell you, that, at  
 the end of every answer, I am in the habit of saying to  
 myself, 'I wonder what he would say to me, were I to  
 send him a scrawl?' Sitting at the fire one stormy af-  
 ternoon, with a newly-come Part of your Journal in my

hand, after looking over your answers to Correspondents; I raised myself in my chair, and exclaimed—"What the deuce are we all terrified for?—there is nothing awful about the Editor; and, provided he be civilly addressed, he will certainly return an answer in peace. Go to,—I will immediately write to him, choose a fictitious signature, pay the postage, and then, if my communication be rejected, which it undoubtedly will, the world shall never know of my discomfiture." The communication of our friend with the fictitious signature shall not be rejected—it is a very good :

A PHOTOGRAPH TO JESSIE.

Dear Jessie, I'm tired o' jogging my lane  
Through the mists and the fogs o' the valley o' life;  
Will you leave a' your friends, and your lovers ilk ane,  
And be of my bosom the guide and the wife?  
When Adam first woke from his sofa of flowers,  
And found himself sovereign of Eden's green bowers,  
That rich was his kingdom, he freely confest'd,  
But without a sweet helpmate he could not be bless'd.

And, Jessie, have I not more need of one now,  
Since the earth is accursed thro' our ancestors' crimes?  
Methinks thou wouldst wipe off the sweat from my brow,  
And be all that I wish in these troublesome times.  
This life is a journey midst dangers and snares,  
And the lonely are caught in the trap unawares;  
But where two walk together, in counsel they move,  
And light is the path that's illumined by love.

I've a cot at the foot of you far-away hill,  
Wi' a yard at the back o't for leeks and for kail;  
It fears na the wild wintry tempest, but still  
Without thee, to me that can little avail.  
When I look to its vales, they are naked and bare,  
The threshold's grown green through the want of repair;  
No light from its window salueth my eye  
Through the shadows of eve, as I'm dandering by.

I think of the time, though it never may be,  
When you shall speak peace to my breast with a smile,  
When innocent infants shall prate round my knee,  
And tender endearments the moments beguile.  
Let such be my fate in my own little cot,  
The king in his palace I'd envy him not;  
I'd pity the pride of the rich and the great,  
And laugh at the pomp and the tinsel of state.

Were it not now past midnight—and we have been in  
our study since eight in the morning, without eating a  
single morsel of any thing—we might be tempted to give  
the whole of Mr John Currie of Ayr's "Address to the  
LITERARY JOURNAL;" but we can only mention that it  
begins thus :

All hail! all hail! Literature's great light,  
That, gemm'd, shines through the dark abodes of night,  
And looks, the conqueror of literature's tomb  
High waving o'er the nation like a plume.  
It seems like Napoleon in magnitude,  
Stopping darkness with an illustrious flood;  
And thus the crown'd JOURNAL now appears,  
And walks pure in state through sublime spheres.

We strongly suspect that Mrs Cookson must have as-  
sisted Mr Currie in this production; for we do not think  
any single and unaided genius could have given birth to  
it. Be this as it may, for the present we bid our readers  
and contributors good night, promising that we shall  
meet again at Philippi.

THE DRAMA.

We had contemplated an eloquent introduction to the  
present article, setting forth how we have been sleeping  
for the last three months, and dreaming different dreams  
with each of our three heads, and how we have at length

shaken off our slumbers, opened our jaws with a tremen-  
dous growl, and given ourselves a shake, terrific enough to  
make the stars wink. Some such exordium had we con-  
templated; but we have this moment received a note from  
our friend the Editor, telling us that we must have our  
article ready for him in an hour. We therefore deem it  
expedient to proceed to business at once.

It is amusing to observe, how completely in the dark  
with regard to our theatrical arrangements, many of those  
persons are who undertake to inform the public upon this  
point, and to guide their taste in dramatic matters. That  
we have better sources of information, the following state-  
ment, which we are exclusively enabled to put into print;  
will sufficiently show. The Theatre-Royal re-opens on  
Monday evening with the play of "The Stranger," which  
will introduce to us both Mr Barton, an actor who has  
been engaged for the first line of parts, and Mrs W. West,  
of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, who has come down to  
perform with Kean during his approaching engagement.  
To this is to be added, the new farce of "The Happiest  
Day of my Life." On Thursday, Mr Kean will make his  
first appearance, and continue here for a fortnight. He  
will be succeeded by Madame Vestris, also for a fortnight,  
and she will be followed by Beaham, who brings with  
him Miss Phillips, with whom he is accustomed to sing.  
At the conclusion of their engagement, the theatre will  
close for ten days, as it always does at the time of the  
preachings. When it re-opens, Miss Jarman, who is to re-  
main with us at all events, till February, will make her  
appearance; and about Christmas a harlequinade will be  
produced, for which Parale, the celebrated man-monkey,  
and Taylor, the very clever clown, who was formerly here  
when "Mother Goose" was brought out, have been en-  
gaged. Early in the year, Vandenhoff and Young will  
visit us, when, besides playing their favourite parts to-  
gether, Miss Mitford's "Rienzi," so successful last season  
in London, will be represented on the Edinburgh boards.  
Miss Paton will come next, and with her, perhaps, Sin-  
clair. Liston, T. P. Cooke, Matthews, and Miss Foote,  
will successively follow, and bring down the season to the  
time of the May Sacrament; after which the benefits com-  
mence. When T. P. Cooke is here, he will appear in his  
favourite part of *William*, in the new nautical piece called  
"Black-eyed Susan," which has had so great a run at  
the Surrey Theatre.—Such being the arrangements made  
with the stars, the next question is—Of whom is our re-  
gular company to consist? Jones is not to return,—Mas-  
son is not to return,—Thorne is not to return,—Miss  
Gray is not to return,—Miss Clarke is not to return.  
But we are to have Pritchard, Mr and Mrs Stanley, Mac-  
kay, Denham, Montague Stanley, Miss Tunstall, Mrs  
Nicol, and the rest; and, to make up for those we have  
lost, we are to have Barton, Hooper, from London, Wil-  
liams, formerly of Ryder's company, M'Gregor, from the  
Caledonian Theatre, Rae, of the Glasgow Theatre, Miss  
Jarman, a very superior actress, the Misses Weston, front  
one of the English theatres, and several others to fill sub-  
ordinate parts. As to Mrs Henry Siddons, we regret to  
say that her health is still in a very precarious state. She  
is at present in London; but, as soon as she is able, she  
will join the establishment here.

As it is our intention at present to state facts, and to  
reserve all discussion concerning them till next week, we  
shall add to the information we have already given, by  
laying before our readers an interesting extract from a  
letter addressed by the Manager, Mr Murray, to the  
Editor of the LITERARY JOURNAL, from whom we have  
received it, with permission to make what use of it we  
please. Mr Murray expresses himself in these words:—

"On the commencement of the last season during  
which I may have the honour of conducting the theatri-  
cal amusements of this city, it is but natural that I should  
feel considerable anxiety as to the expectations of that  
portion of the public who take an interest in the Drama,  
and my own powers of meeting these expectations:

Whenever it may be my lot to quit Edinburgh, my reception in other theatres will mainly depend on the reputation I carry with me; or, plainly speaking, 'on the character I can produce from my last place.' I have, therefore, to request that you and others who, through the medium of the public press, wield the destiny of unfortunate individuals like myself, will not judge my efforts so much by what you imagine Edinburgh ought to have, as by what the average experience of past years declares Edinburgh can afford to have; or, in other words, let the Theatre, whilst under my direction, be compared with others whose incomes are similar, and if I be then found wanting,

Turn me away, and let the foulest contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of criticism.

During the usual vacation, I made it my business to visit several of the principal provincial theatres in England, selecting Liverpool, as one pre-eminent for the spirit and talent of its management, the general ability of the company, and the great resources of the population of that rising port. By the great kindness of the manager, I was enabled to compare the expenditure of the Liverpool Theatre with Edinburgh, and found them equal, though the size and receipts of the Liverpool Theatre considerably exceed ours. From Liverpool, I proceeded to visit others of the provincial theatres, and though in most I saw much to admire, I saw nothing to make me blush for my professional brethren in Edinburgh. With the principal theatres in London we cannot be expected to compete; and when it is considered that many of the minor ones rival the patent establishments in the amount of their principal salaries, it will be acknowledged that the difficulty of forming an efficient company out of London is thereby considerably increased. All that the Edinburgh Theatre can justly afford, the public are justly entitled to. Were I to do more, there is no one in Edinburgh who would not censure me, as endeavouring to raise a fleeting popularity at the expense of my employer, when no personal responsibility attached to myself."

On the subject of these remarks we shall at present only observe, that however we may agree or disagree with the Manager on individual points, one great principle upon which our criticisms proceed is, that the Theatre-Royal of Edinburgh is at present in safe and proper hands, and ought to be supported by all who do not wish to see the Drama deteriorating among us. Whether Mr Murray does more than any other manager, we shall not attempt to decide; but he certainly does *as much as*, under all the circumstances, he can be expected to do; and therefore we shall never rashly or ignorantly find fault, in order that our blame, when we do blame, may carry with it the greater weight. An amusing letter was published in last Wednesday's *Scotsman*, in reply to a hint we threw out some time ago, that in certain things Mr Murray was too parsimonious. The mode which the writer of the letter in question takes to discountenance such a supposition is not altogether satisfactory. He states what Mr Murray's expenditure was for the years 1826, 1827, and 1828, and the sum, putting all the items together, is certainly a large one. But, in the first place, although he shows that the outlay was greater in 1828 than in either of the preceding years, he says very little of the year 1829, to which our observation more particularly applied; and in the next place, as he gives us no information whatever on the subject of the receipts, all that he in point of fact tells us is, that the conducting of a theatrical establishment is connected with considerable expense, which, we suppose, most people knew before. But it is quite possible that a manager may be extravagant in some things and parsimonious in others; and this is all we ever meant to say. Mr Murray's payments to "extra performers" might be too large, and his payments for

"incidental expenses" too small. Upon this question we shall not at present enter, but we shall keep an eye upon the matter during the progress of the present season. Nor shall we keep an eye, or rather three pair of eyes, upon this matter alone, but upon every thing connected with the interests of the Drama in Edinburgh; and we are resolved that our matured opinions, whether upon the performances or the performers, shall in all cases be given boldly and independently.

OLD CERBERUS.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE ANNUALS ONCE MORE.—The *Landscape Annual*, which we announced some time ago, and which is said to be on a more splendid scale than any hitherto published, is now, we are informed, in active preparation. The volume for 1830 is to be entitled *The Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy*, and will be published in November. Twenty-six highly-finished line engravings, executed from coloured drawings taken on the spot by Mr Frost, and the whole of the embellishments under the direction of Mr Charles Heath, are the attractions advertised. The literary department is conducted by Mr T. Roscoe. A few specimen copies of the work, a size larger than the *Kespake*, are already exhibited. —The proprietors of the new *Literary and Religious Annual*, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and advertised under the title of *The Offering*, in consequence of an objection made by the publishers of the *Friendship's Offering*, have changed the name to *The Iris, a Literary and Religious Offering*. The embellishments are selected exclusively from the works of the Ancient Masters, and so arranged as to constitute a regular series of Scripture Illustrations.—If the *Annual* announced under the name of *Emmanuel* has not yet been re-baptized, the sooner that ceremony is performed the better, for the name, as it at present stands, is most improperly chosen.

It is stated in the last Number of the *London Literary Gazette*, that Sir Walter Scott is not preparing another series of the *Tales of a Grandfather*. This is incorrect; one volume of the new series is already printed, and the work is proceeding. Sir Walter is also preparing a *History of Scotland* from the earliest period of authentic record to the union of the crowns, which will be published on the 1st of November, being the first volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Sir James Macintosh is to furnish a *History of England*, and Mr Moore a *History of Ireland*, for the same work.

Mr Lindley, Professor of Botany in the University of London, in conjunction with Mr W. Hutton, F.G.S., is preparing for press the *Fossil Flora of Great Britain, or Figures and Descriptions of the Vegetable Remains found in a Fossil State in this country*. The work will be printed in royal 8vo, and it is proposed to publish it in Quarterly Parts, containing Ten Copperplates, and about Forty pages of Letterpress.

Mr Henry Burgess has announced a Pamphlet on the Measures of Parliament respecting Currency and Bankers, with Illustrations and Reflections, to show the utter impracticability of perfecting the present Policy.

The Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle, has in the press, for the use of schools, *Selections from Pliny's Natural History*, with English Notes, in 12mo.

The publication of Captain Mignan's *Travels in Babylon and Chaldaea* is deferred till October. The work will contain numerous illustrations, and is said to elucidate many striking passages of Scripture, relative to the once mighty metropolis of Chaldaea.

A work is announced for publication, under the title of *Gleanings of an English Hermit in Portugal*, during the years 1827, 1828, and 1829. It will contain personal observations on a variety of subjects little treated of, and include a notice of the military operations in that country in 1827, together with an account of its present condition, and its relations with England and Spain at the present moment.

Mr W. Davison, of Alnwick, has announced a new work, entitled *Border Excursions; or, Descriptive Tours throughout the English and Scottish Borders*, with Historical Illustrations of the Antiquities, Battles, Sieges, &c. &c.

THE PITT LIBRARY.—A new building, under this denomination, is about to be erected at Cambridge, out of the surplus of the fund subscribed for a statue to that distinguished alumnus of the University.

CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This grand musical meeting took place last week. Madame Malibran, Miss Paton—who laboured under extreme debility—Mr and Mrs Knivett, Braham, and Phillips, were the leading singers, supported by a powerful band and chorus. There were three oratorios and the like number of concerts; a fancy ball, and a public breakfast.

The fourth volume of Russell's Works of the English and Scottish Reformers is in the press.

A Manual of Instructions in Gymnastics has been printed at Copenhagen, by order of the King of Denmark, and a copy sent to all the schools in the kingdom—his Majesty desiring that these exercises should be universally taught.

MR ALEXANDER BALFOUR.—We are sorry to have to record the death of this gentleman, who died here a few days ago. Mr Balfour has long been known to the public as an author of much respectability, both in prose and verse. His principal works are "The Scottish Probationer," a Novel, "Contemplation, and other Poems," and "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register." He was at one time the chief writer in *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, and contributed largely to many other periodicals, among which we have pleasure in including the *LITERARY JOURNAL*. He had been long in an infirm state of health; but his mental powers remained vigorous to the last. He has left many manuscripts behind him, which it is not unlikely may yet be given to the public.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—Paris is too busy with the new Ministry to afford us much literary novelty. What new works, either in literature or the fine arts, make their appearance, are either neglected or laid hold of for the purpose of making a political squib. M. Charles Lacretelle, of the French Academy, has published "L'Histoire de la Restauration." The *Constitutionnel* calls it impartial, which is a good ground for believing it to be the reverse.—The nine months' confinement of the poet Beranger is on the eve of termination. It is not unlikely that he may be delivered of a book as well as from a prison, at the end of that critical period. A subscription is in progress for the payment of his fine.—A *Revue Britannique* is now published at Paris; but, in the last number, only one of the eight principal articles has any reference to this country,—"Mœurs Anglaises; un concert bourgeois."—Professor C. Dumas, member of the Academy of Sciences, &c. commenced a course of Zoological lectures in the gallery of the Museum of Natural History on the 1st of September. He proposes to confine himself this year to the natural history of reptiles and fishes.—"Le Procrit, ou les Ruines du Chateau de Hunebourg," a new work lately announced, is undergoing a round of proofs preliminary from some of the Journals.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—The directors of the Parisian Theatres pay a tenth of the price of every ticket of admission towards a poor's fund. They have lately refused to pay this proportion in the case of gratis tickets. The Prefecture of the Seine, however, has decreed that this tithing is to be levied on all tickets of admission, those which are given gratuitously, as well as those which are sold. The only exception is in favour of tickets granted expressly to servants of the Theatre and police officers.—Rossini's new opera, *William Tell*, still keeps the stage at L'Audience.—The opera of Paul and Virginia, which had been announced for representation at the "Théâtre de la rue Ventadour," has been withdrawn: it is said, at the command of the Ministry. M. le Bourdonnaye was afraid that the parterre might take occasion, from a namesake of his who figures in the piece, to cut some jokes at his expense.—M. l'Abbé Motte, Curé of the Cathedral at Rouen, has had the unheard-of liberality to perform the marriage ceremony for a M. Serda, an actor there; and without pronouncing any anathema against his profession. The liberal journals are of course filled with praises of the magnanimous conduct of M. le Curé.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—We learn by a letter from Germany that Dr Becker, of Offenbach, is preparing a German Grammar for the use of the London University, to be published early in the winter. We are glad that the University has fixed upon Dr Becker for the execution of this task; for, both from our own knowledge of the Doctor's grammatical researches, and from the experience of several of our friends, we can safely state, that his plan of tuition has, in every instance, been found able to advance the student rapidly, and, at the same time, to ground him thoroughly in the language. We observe that Dr Von Muhlenfels is also preparing selections from the German, in prose and poetry, together with lectures preliminary to the study of German literature, for the use of the students at the London University. We contemplated offering some remarks of our own on the most eligible plan of study for such as wish to acquire German; but we shall now defer them till the appearance of these works.—Another part of the Byzantine Historians has been published at Bonn. It contains the Chronographies of Synesius and Nicephorus. Neither work is of much interest.

FINN ARTS.—Newcastle Exhibition.—Taken as a whole, this exhibition scarcely equals that of last year. The sale of pictures, too, is dull; and, of the few that have sold, scarcely one has brought the price originally fixed upon it by the artist. Among the sales is Lauder's "Dying Soldier." Among the names in the catalogue, we recognise Martin, Howard, Crome, Forster, and a goodly number of our Edinburgh artists, among whom we observe Fairman, with his eternal "Sheep's head." Many of the pictures, both by English and Scottish artists, which are now at Newcastle, have already been ex-

hibited here. With the exception of a bust by E.-H. Bailey, the whole of the sculpture is by D. Dunbar, the spirited founder, and chief stay, of the Carlisle Academy.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.—At a meeting of the friends of Covent-Garden which took place a few days ago, a voluntary loan and subscription were entered into, to enable the performers to open the house at the usual period. It was stated, that if £8000 could be collected, it would be sufficient to keep all the creditors quiet; and from the spirit which seemed to pervade the meeting, where £1500 was subscribed in a very short time, there can be little doubt of the sum required being soon made up. It is strange, that at this meeting no notice whatever was taken of the liberal offer which had been made by Macready. It was mentioned, however, that Miss Kelly had offered to perform six nights gratuitously.—At the English Opera House, two little dramas have been produced with success, the one entitled "Sold for a Song," and the other "The Recruit."—At the Haymarket, another new piece by Miss Bosden, called "William Thomson," seems to be pleasing the people pretty well.—Miss Foote and young Keen have been performing at Brighton.—Miss Love, who ran away from a provincial engagement the other day, has intimated her intention not to return to the stage till she is tired of her present more secluded mode of life.—Mackay, of our Theatre, seems to have established himself as a favourite in Liverpool;—"His Benefit," says one of the Newspapers of that city, "was deservedly honoured by one of the fullest attendances of the present season." The play was "The Bride of Lammermuir," in which he delighted us with one of the richest pieces of comic acting, and one of the most finished specimens of dramatic portraiture we ever witnessed, *Caleb Balderstone*.—Malibran Gerda has been singing at the Liverpool Theatre; and Miss Jarman, who is coming here on a permanent engagement, has been performing there. Her abilities are very well estimated by a Liverpool critic in these words:—"Miss Jarman is an extremely agreeable actress—easy, judicious, unaffected, and, within a certain range, very forcible. In the various parts she performs, one has always pleasure in seeing her; for if she fails in any to produce all the effect which one can desire, she never offends, either by tameness or extravagance."—We observe that Mr Jones, in consequence of the liberal encouragement he has received in London, is to continue to give lessons in elocution there for some time longer.—We are happy to understand, that it is not Mr Bass's intention to re-open the Caledonian Theatre during the winter. He is to close in a week, and proceeds, we believe, to Perth during the Hunt. Mrs Bass takes her benefit on Monday, but the opening of the Theatre-Royal on that evening will be against her, which we regret, as her husband has conducted the establishment well, and seems resolved to act with prudence, by avoiding any foolish competition with Mr Murray. The report that De Bégis had taken the Caledonian Theatre for December is not correct; some correspondence took place between him and Mr Bass on the subject, but no terms have been agreed upon.—We do not believe the rumour that Alexander intends opening a theatre in George Street; Alexander is not such a blockhead.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL Reviews are unavoidably postponed.

We have received a letter from Mr Mackay, the author of the "History of the Clan Mackay," in which it is taken for granted that the review of that work which appeared in our pages was written by a person who did not write one word of it. It would be unfair, therefore, to publish the letter; nor are we desirous to enter into any controversy with Mr Mackay, never having expected that he would agree with the opinions we promulgated regarding his book.

The able article on "The Literary Character of Charles James Fox" shall have an early place.—"A Reminiscence of School Days" lies over for insertion.—We never refuse a request, if possible;—that of "A Friend" is granted.—We cannot insert the review sent us by "F. G.," as we have not seen the book reviewed, and do not choose to praise it so highly on the authority of an anonymous correspondent.—There are some pretty thoughts in the story of "The Blind Fiddler;" but it does not quite come up to our standard.

The communication by the author of "Amster Fair" in our next. The Ballad of "Lord Aubrey's Daughter" is clever, but unequal, and too long.—We were on the point of inserting "The Auld Man to his Staff" but, on a second reading, we thought it scarcely good enough.—"J. C." of Glasgow has genius, but "The Contrast" is not his best effort.—"Philo-Celticus," of Dabnally, is rather Oceanic for our taste.—The contributions from London, by the author of the Translation from Heyne, are not so good as we could wish.—The effusions of "A Subscriber," and of "G. L.," will not suit us.

ERRATUM.—In the Edinburgh Literary Journal, No. 43, p. 196, for "H. V. Robaffy," read "H. V. Rohaffy."

[No. 45. September 19, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

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OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 46.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*History of the War in the Peninsula under Napoleon; to which is prefixed, a View of the Political and Military State of the Four Belligerent Powers.* By General Foy. Two volumes 8vo. London. Treuttel & Würtz, Treuttel, jun. & Richter. 1827.

*Narrative of the Peninsular War from 1808 to 1813.* By Lieut.-Gen. Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry. Third edition. In two volumes 8vo. London. Henry Colburn. 1829.

*History of the Peninsular War; with plates, &c.* By Lieut.-Col. William P. P. Napier, C.B.L. London. Vol. I. John Murray. Vol. II. Thomas & William Boone. 1828 and 1829.

Who, that is old enough to remember, will ever forget the time when the news of battles fought and won came thick and frequent—more thick and more frequent than, in these commercial-travelling times of peace, come the thrice-told tale of stage-coach accidents? Who will forget how, on the long and narrow bridge, and the dusky crooked lane, which lead to our burgh towns, the post was checked in his progress by the citizens crowding to hear a fresh story of British valour? We might live for ages, yet never again witness a period when the national heart beat so in unison, and when all party feeling seemed merged in the intense interest with which all eyes were riveted on the great movements of the belligerent powers on the Continent. Those days are gone! We have turned since, tooth and nail, to our old trade of domestic bickering, and deep and fierce have been our heart-burnings towards each other. But the feelings which that momentous crisis impressed upon the mind have not yet passed away, and, unless we much deceive ourselves, the sacred tie expressed in the name of Briton has ever since been held doubly dear. The sentiments engendered by the French Revolution had rent asunder for a while even the bonds of domestic affection; and political animosity had assumed a malignant and reckless character. But it lost much of this in the day of national enthusiasm, when all hearts united in one great prayer. Those, too, who fought side by side, learned to love each other; and they brought back and diffused their kindly feelings when they returned to their own firesides. Those days are gone! We can now look with sobered feelings on the huge struggle, the weight of whose presence then sat like a spell on our breast, and baffled our attempts to comprehend its workings, or guess at its issues. The time is already come when we may safely indulge a retrospective view, and hope to profit by the study of the past.

The eventful episode, however, in the history of Europe, to which we now allude, demands a writer of no common powers. Even supposing that we were already in possession of all that is necessary to throw light on its darker details, the man has not yet appeared that can make a due use of them. Is there reason to think that he ever will appear? A glance that can read at once the past and present—an eye undazzled by external splendour, unjauniced by its own peculiar feelings—a mind alike at home

in the cabinet and the field—a sympathy with those who, in the lower walks of life, act only from impulse, and with those who, in their far-reaching plans, are too apt to forget the beatings of the human heart—a searching judgment, a dramatic vividness of expression, and a fearless spirit—all these are indispensable; and where or when are all these to be found united? Meanwhile, as materials are accumulating on all hands, we may do some service by attempting to appreciate their value, although unable to turn them to the noble use of which we speak.

General Foy's work ought to be treated with leniency;—it is a posthumous publication—it is a fragment—and even of that fragment a considerable portion was left in an unfinished state. It was to have contained, in the first place, a view of the political and military state of the belligerent nations, with a comparative view of the powers and resources with which they entered the contest; and, in the second place, a history of the transactions, political and military, which gave rise to and determined the issue of the Peninsular War. The plan is unexceptionable, being sufficiently comprehensive to admit of every requisite detail; but the second part of the work cannot fairly be considered as at all executed. The very small portion of it which has been given to the public, narrates only the preliminary movements down to the time that Junot evacuated Portugal; and even this fragment, there is every reason to believe, from the vagueness with which the military details are given, is a mere unfinished draught. The first part, however, seems to have been almost ready for publication at the time of the author's death, and on it accordingly we may hazard a few remarks.

Foy was a brave, high-minded, and experienced soldier; and he approved himself, in the senate, an orator of no mean powers. But it does not appear, from either his writings, his harangues, or his conduct, that he possessed that reach of mind which is necessary to form either a statesman or a deep thinker. His book contains an immense fund of facts, which would be more valuable were there not reason to fear that he has often acquiesced without sufficient enquiry in the truth of a story, because it chanced to strengthen a preconceived opinion. His reasoning, in like manner, is often just, but more frequently specious. He is induced occasionally, by aiming at brilliancy, to express himself with unwarranted strength; and is by this means not seldom led into contradictions. He aims at the strictest impartiality, and, we believe, is strictly correct in the main. But we must be allowed to say, that he has (unconsciously, we daresay) grossly misrepresented the character of the British army. On the whole, his book, as the work of a man of genius,—of one, too, who had seen much, both in peace and in war,—is a valuable acquisition. It must, however, be used with caution. It forces the reader to think, and cannot fail to suggest many profitable thoughts and useful investigations; but unless where its statements are corroborated, they cannot be relied upon.

The Marquess of Londonderry is acknowledged, on all hands, to be a brave and enterprising cavalry officer. His situation, too, on the Duke of Wellington's staff, must have given him opportunities of acquiring informa-

tion not easily attainable by others. And yet, with the exception of a few interesting personal anecdotes of his great commander, his book contains nothing that we did not already know from other sources, not to say that it contains much that is now generally known to be incorrect. The truth is, that as a personal narrative—as a picture of the adventures and feelings of the Colonel of the Tenth—the Marquess's work would have been interesting;—it is the sketch of a frank, fearless, buoyant, and not over-intellectual soldier. But the wisdom of the friend to whom its author intrusted the assortment and polishing of his papers, has prefixed a sketch of the political intrigues which gave rise to the war, and has communicated to the production the pretensions of a regular history. Weighed in this balance it is found sadly wanting. In one point of view, however, it is important,—as showing the feeling which prevailed, even in high quarters, in Sir John Moore's army. The Marquess of Londonderry served under that general in his disastrous advance into Spain. We need not now enter into any defence of the retreat to Corunna. That Soult, Wellington, and Napoleon have joined in praise of it, is sufficient; and if, in addition to this, any one wish to judge for himself, let him read Colonel Napier's masterly demonstration of the circumstances and situation of the army, and the conduct of its leader. We advert to this melancholy part of our history, not for the sake of adding our feeble tribute to the memory of a great and long-misrepresented man; but with the view of expressing the pain it gives us to see the Marquess of Londonderry, long after the propriety of his General's conduct has been established, and the impropriety of the conduct of those officers who sought to shake his plans by their murmurings—long after the hero has sealed his devotion to his country by a martyr's death—giving way to petty feelings of resentment at the remembrance of some rebukes which Moore had found it necessary to bestow upon him.

Colonel Napier's is a work of a different and much higher class. It is strictly a military history, although in a war like that which was carried on in the Peninsula, where the political cause was continually giving a colour to the feelings of the inhabitants, it is impossible to avoid touching occasionally on political matters. We find it necessary, therefore, to advert, in the first place, to the political dogmas which our author has occasionally broached. We do this because it gives us an opportunity of expressing our opinion of a political sect which has lately become rather numerous, especially upon the Continent and among military men. We premise, that our remarks apply to this sect in a body, and are not in the most distant degree personal to Colonel Napier.

The creed of these men is, as it were, a *florilegium* of the most specious opinions maintained by the different political sects of our times. With the Jacobin, they worship intellect alone—the man of talent, according to them, being always entitled to take the lead, independent of all other considerations. With the loyalist, they are much awayed by the remembrance of ancient and hereditary glories; and, at the same time, they incline to take the government which they find in power, and make the most of it. With the sceptic, they admire religion, but only as a pretty useful feeling, and their support of it is very apt to assume the air of patronage. Now, taken individually, there is not one of these principles inconsistent with the purity and honesty of the mind that entertains it. Our objection is, that however good in themselves, each rests upon convictions and modes of belief incompatible with the existence of the others. Their adoption, therefore, cannot be considered as the result of careful reflection and sound conviction. They have been assumed rather as pleasing objects, whereon the feelings and imagination may repose—as a dress which sits lightly and gracefully on a gallant youth, because it is thought to indicate a liberality of spirit, which gives the finishing grace to the warrior's self-devotion. We object to these prin-

ciples, that they are superficial, and that they neither form the character, nor give consistency to the actions. In proof of this, we call to witness their inadequacy to guide aright their most distinguished votaries in the late whirl of Europe's affairs. How often were the dauntless, the chivalrous, deserted in the hour of need by these unsubstantial supporters, and left to “turn, and turn, and turn again,” until their names became a mockery, and their faith a by-word? Surely all men who attempt to direct the principles of others, should first have established a steady line of conduct for themselves. An opposite course may dazzle for a moment; but it never can obtain the lasting approbation of the truly wise.

We return to Colonel Napier's book as a military history. Viewed in this light, it will be found possessed of the high attributes of sedulous and extensive investigation, strict impartiality, and thorough mastery of the subject. The author has studied attentively, and with success, the tactical principles of the great leaders of his time. He has sought for materials on every hand. Comparing his own experience with the narratives of others, and allowing his extensive store of facts and theories mutually to correct each other, he has succeeded in making even what books have taught him a vital and integral part of his own knowledge. He has thus been enabled to convey to us more clear and distinct notions of the particular actions, and of their bearings on each other, than any author we know. He uniformly speaks out freely and fearlessly,—exposing, on all occasions, weakness and incapacity,—or defending, with all the generous ardour of a soldier, those great men whose actions have been misrepresented by faction or ignorance. Finally, by constantly comparing what was executed with what was projected, and pointing out the causes of failure, he has succeeded in making his work not merely a history, but one of the most instructive treatises on the art of war that has been published. He has only to proceed as he has begun, and his book, when completed, will be one of which the country may be justly proud—one which will go far to place the intellectual character of our army on that just footing in which it ought to be held both at home and abroad.

Did space and time permit, we would fain indulge in a few general remarks on the subject of the works which we have been criticising. When the Spaniards first arose with word and deed against the foreign oppressor, there was a sympathy awakened for them throughout Europe, which made their actions be regarded with an almost superstitious reverence. Men looked towards Spain after the fashion of somnambulists, who, with their wide inexpressive eyes resting on surrounding objects, see nothing but their own thick-coming fancies. In those days, Spain, according to the general estimation, was a land of chivalry, of romance, of devoted patriotism. It is a sad thought, that things so fair in show—when seen in perspective—seldom bear to be looked back upon. It is like viewing some scenic illusion from behind,—it is like sailing over some unruffled lake towards the setting sun, and beholding reflected before us all the gayest hues of eventide, then turning round and finding the fairy path over which we have passed one sad dull mass of water. Yet the history is not without its charm to those who can forget the gay dreams of the past, and find a pleasure in contemplating the severer beauties of truth. They will see in the Spaniards, a nation which, excluded from intercourse with the rest of Europe, had reached the period when age superinduces stiffness and weakness, and yet were still in infantine ignorance—a nation in which incipient dotage was linked with the unabated enthusiasm and inexperience of youth—a nation which, when called upon to combat the evils of life, was found to live in a world of its own imaginings, and to form its conduct upon them—a nation, in short, which seems to have been prophetically typified in his hero by Cervantes. They will see in this land of dreamers called upon to support the sacred cause of national independence against a power essentially practical,

and of this world ; and which, to the clearest and most extended apprehension of the realities of life, added a lightning rapidity in the execution of its plans. They will see the Spaniards themselves obliged, by their weakness and ignorance, to stand by inactive, while the battle for their liberty is fought on their own plains and mountains between two mightier and more equal powers ; or, at the best, embarrassing their allies by their petulant and senseless pretence of assistance. Lastly, they will see all that human intelligence and bravery can effect displayed on either side in the contest. In the contemplation of the mighty game—of the now grotesque, now deeply affecting circumstances under which it was played—and in the feelings and characters evolved during its progress, the student of this war's history will find subjects for reflection, elevating, strengthening, and instructing his mind, and far more than compensating for the loss of those airy visions which they banish from his imagination.

*Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, on the Progress of Knowledge, and on the Fundamental Principle of all Evidence and Expectation.* By the Author of *Essays "On the Formation and Publication of Opinions."* London. R. Hunter. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 302.

THE author of this work is evidently a Deist, or, at least, one who, for the sake of argument, is willing to rest contented with Deism. When, therefore, we say that we have perused his book with pleasure, we shall, of course, be understood as referring to the intellectual acumen which its contents display, and not to any accordance upon our part with the peculiar tenets to which the writer is attached. This is a distinction which every man of independent mind ought to be able to make. It is true, no doubt, that we cannot help being delighted with that author most whose views upon philosophical and metaphysical subjects chiefly coincide with our own ; but it would surely argue much weakness, and tend to throw suspicion on the soundness of our own modes of thinking, were we to turn away with disgust from the arguments of those whom circumstances had irresistibly impelled to opposite conclusions. Though Dr Beattie, and Reid, and Dugald Stewart, were able men, it does not, therefore, follow that Hobbes, and Priestly, and Hume, were not able men also. All discussion upon the phenomena of mind is like a combat at chess ; the skillful looker-on derives most satisfaction from the play of the victor ; but if his antagonist contest the game well, there is no reason why he should not take an interest in him also. In one point of view, it is to us all one what side may be espoused, or what opinions may be promulgated, by any candidate on the field of intellectual gladiatorialship. We are of course anxious that truth should be ultimately successful ; but error is the very foundation upon which truth builds her temple, and unless a mass of error had been previously overturned, no one could say in what truth consisted. Besides, error is many-tongued and hydra-headed,—is strong, and arrogant, and positive ; and it will not do to turn away from it with contempt, or to try to crush it by the strong hand of power. It must, if possible, be pulled up by the roots, rather than merely trampled on or cut down. To do this requires patience, and dexterity, and forbearance. Nay, there is often much to admire about error : it is like a flourishing weed, which, though its juice be poison, is, nevertheless, fair to the sight, and pleasant to the smell. There is, we suspect, some poison in the work before us, yet is it mixed up with much nutritious and wholesome food.

The volume contains three Essays, each of which is subdivided into parts or chapters. The first Essay is on the Pursuit of Truth, and on the Duty of Enquiry. The subject is somewhat trite ; but it is handled well, and in a bold and liberal spirit. The author, we think, has stated fairly and truly the state of mind favourable and

unfavourable to the pursuit of truth, the circumstances in which enquiry is a duty, the prejudices adverse to enquiry, the influence of the institutions and practices of society, and the feelings with which the results of enquiry ought to be communicated and received. To this portion of the work, the only objection we are inclined to make is, that the writer does not seem to be sufficiently aware of the fact, that, in the present state of society, it is absolutely necessary, for its harmony and well-being, that a very great part of the population be contented to take for granted the conclusions to which other men have come ; for, were all to indulge in investigations of their own, a thousand crude and contradictory notions would inevitably take possession of half-educated minds. It is, of course, to be regretted, that so few are placed in circumstances favourable to enquiry ; but it is better to submit to a bad state of things, than to make it worse, by an injudicious attempt to make it better.—The second Essay, which is on the Progress of Knowledge, pleases us exceedingly. It is in the form of a dialogue ; and, though the views it takes are in many respects very different from those of Southey, yet, for the precision of its style, and the varied nature of its illustrations, it would do no discredit to that gentleman ; while, for soundness of thinking, and accuracy of conclusion, we are rather inclined to think that it is entitled to the palm.—The third and last Essay is perhaps the ablest of the whole. It is upon the much-disputed subject of Causation, and the Principles of Evidence. Its drift, however, though never distinctly stated, obviously is to show that it is impossible to prove a miracle, or any thing involving a deviation from the uniform succession of causes and effects. The argument is very ingeniously managed, but it is not conclusive ; and for this reason : We are perfectly willing to grant the whole of our author's premises ;—we grant that there could be no such thing as evidence at all, without a uniformity of cause and effect, and that, were we to confine ourselves solely to the world in which we live, no testimony of a third person or persons would be sufficient to convince us that in any one case this uniformity had been departed from, it being more likely that the witnesses themselves should have been deceived, than that nature should have contradicted itself. But then our author should have recollected that he professes to be a Deist, by which is meant, that, from certain effects, apparent to all, he cannot help believing in the existence of an unseen cause—external to this world, and independent of it. Now, it must be from this great first cause that all effects spring ; and surely, if this first cause be a being of intelligence, he may regulate the effects as to him seems good. We therefore here make one step, namely, that this great Being has it in his power, in any individual instance, to decree a deviation from the usual uniformity of cause and effect. The Deist cannot maintain that there is any absolute and blind necessity for the uniformity which prevails. The only other question therefore is, Whether, for wise purposes, this Being may not see proper to ordain such deviation ; and whether, its possibility being allowed, there is any evidence sufficient to convince us that it has been ordained. Our author argues truly, that in all common cases, however numerous and respectable the persons may be who bear witness to such deviation having occurred, the great principle of the uniformity of causation, upon which all belief is founded, would militate effectually against our giving credit to their testimony, because a combination of circumstances is much more likely to affect human testimony—which is the result of complex causes—than it is to distort any of the common sequences of cause and effect in the natural world, which are simple, and may easily be verified at any time by experiment. But may not cases be conceived where, under the agency of a Supreme Being, the ordinary sequence of cause and effect is, at a particular time and place, altered or suspended in the material world, in order to give a new impulse and direction to the moral world ? One great argument against ghosts

is, that their reported appearance very rarely seems to be followed by any practical or beneficial result; and certainly if we were informed that ice did not melt when thrown into the fire, or that the mercury of a barometer stood at the height of 30 inches in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, we should be justified in disbelieving so causeless a deviation from the ordinary laws of the material world. But if we had any reason whatever to think it probable or possible that the very framer of these laws chose to suspend them in these individual instances, in order to impress certain great truths upon our mind, then it does not seem inconsistent with the constitution of our nature to receive, as sufficient, testimony which would not otherwise have been satisfactory. If we suppose that the deviation has really happened, we can account for it; but if we deny it, there is no manner in which we can explain the strange alteration that has taken place in the minds of those men who attest the fact. We have not put this matter perhaps in so clear a light as we could wish, but we are unwilling to expatiate upon the subject.

We have already said that, on the whole, we look upon this work as one of very considerable talent, and we recommend it to the attentive perusal of that small proportion of the reading public of the present day who are interested in the study of mind and in the discovery of philosophical truth. As a fair specimen of the author's manly and vigorous style, we present our readers with the following extract upon the propriety of publishing or concealing one's opinions, whatever these may be. It is from the second Essay, the dialogue on the Progress of Knowledge:

"N. Every one must be struck with the discordance of tone between the sentiments of our literature, of our public debates, of our formal documents, on the one hand, and those heard in private society, and exhibited in the common habits of life, on the other. The same individual, who has been speaking to the popular prejudices of the day in public, will often let you see, by a sneer or a jest, or, at all events, by the principles which regulate his daily conduct, that he has in reality been playing the actor, and duping his audience. Hence our literature does not present us with the actual sentiments entertained. There is nothing like general sincerity in the profession of opinions. The intellect of the age is cowed.

"B. A great part of what appears to be insincerity, may perhaps be ascribed to a want of the power to perceive logical inconsistencies, and some part to the habit of thoughtlessly expressing in private society opinions not seriously entertained. It has been remarked, by an able writer, that were we to know what was said of us in our absence, we could seldom gather the real opinions of the speakers:—'There are so many things said from the mere wantonness of the moment, or from a desire to comply with the tone of the company; so many from the impulse of passion, or the ambition to be brilliant; so many idle exaggerations, which the heart, in a moment of sobriety, would disavow, that frequently the person concerned would learn any thing sooner than the opinions entertained of him, and torment himself, as injuries of the deepest dye, with things injudicious, perhaps, and censurable, but which were the mere sallies of thoughtless levity.' A similar observation might be made with regard to moral and political opinions. Things are said in the social or the listless hour, when the mind relaxes from the tension of steady thought, which would be disowned when the intellect had collected all its forces, and was calmly and solemnly looking at the whole bearings of the subject. Besides, if it were not so, I think you judge the matter too rigidly. Actual simulation of opinions I will not defend; but surely there is a species of dissimulation, or (not to use a word with which unfavourable associations are connected) of suppression, which, far from being culpable, may be prudent, and even meritorious, nay, absolutely necessary. I think I have heard you assert, that if any man were now to promulgate the moral and political opinions (could they be known) which will generally prevail at the end of two hundred years from this time, he would be hooted from society. In this sentiment I do not participate, as I see no room for so immense a change as it supposes; but, on your own grounds, a prudent reserve is commendable.

"N. The sentiment was expressed, perhaps, too broadly; but, without pretending to form a conjecture as to what

such future opinions may be, I think it substantially correct. I will grant you, therefore, that it is prudent in a man to suppress any opinions flagrantly hostile to popular prejudice; but it is not, you will allow, high-minded; if it escape our contempt, it is not a species of conduct to raise the glow of enthusiastic admiration, to 'dilate our strong conception with kindling majesty,' and to elevate us, for a time at least, above the dead level of our nature. The poet says,—

'Give me the line that ploughs its stately course,  
Like the proud swan, conquering the stream by force;'

and I confess my admiration will always follow him who boldly breasts the current of popular prejudice, forcing his way by his native energy. Nor can I help thinking, that such a man, if he combined undeviating coolness, moderation, integrity, and simplicity of mind, with great intellectual powers, would, in the end, extort the forbearance at least of the host of enemies who would rush to the encounter from the instinct of fear.

"A. Such conduct would undoubtedly excite the admiration of a few, but it would be the destruction of the happiness of the individual, unless he were singularly constituted. It is a fearful thing for any man to encounter the execration, or even the tacit condemnation, of the society in which he lives. And moreover, it is questionable whether, supposing even his sentiments to be true, he would promote the cause by such a bold and reckless course. For any system of thoughts to be received with effect, the minds of the community must be in a state of preparation for it. If promulgated too early, it is cast back into obscurity by the offended prejudices of society, or becomes a prominent object, against which they are perpetually exasperating themselves. It is a light-house amidst the breakers. The genius of a Smeaton in philosophy would be required to erect an intellectual structure of this kind, capable at once of giving intense light and withstanding the moral turbulence by which it would be assailed. A premature disclosure of any doctrine, you may rest assured, retards its ultimate reception. In fact, a forbearance to utter all that a man thinks is a species of continence necessary throughout the whole progress of civilisation; at every step the commanding minds of the age being in one state, and the feelings and opinions of the majority in another directly hostile to it."—Pp. 161-7.

Before concluding, we beg particularly to allude to the Chapter on Necessity, in which the author states what we conceive to be the only sound and rational view of that much-agitated subject.

*Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason.* Inverness. 1829. Pp. 268.

*Dioclesian. A Dramatic Poem.* By Thomas Doubleday. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829. Pp. 140.

We class these books together, because they both contain poetry, and for no other reason that we know of. We shall speak of the first, first.

The day has gone by when a literary mechanic used to be regarded as a phenomenon. Considering, indeed, the wide diffusion of a certain superficial sort of knowledge, the wonder rather is, that we do not see more persons in the inferior walks of life seized with the *cacoethes scribendi*. One of the great characteristics of the present age is, that all terror of coming before the public has died away, and, like the breaking up of the feudal system, or the destruction of the old noblesse at the French Revolution, hundreds have rushed into those literary circles formerly so select and exclusive, and the aristocracy of letters has been swept off by the torrent. Things may be carried to extremes in both ways. A literary coterie may be too jealous and scrupulous, and may shut themselves in within a high barrier, over which genius may in vain attempt to climb, and, discouraged by repeated failures, may ultimately sink into obscurity and neglect. Or, on the contrary, every barrier may be overturned, the deference due to the *patres conscripti* may be entirely done away with, a rabble rout may be seen carelessly wandering over the Parnassian hill, or indulging in vulgar picnic parties by the Castalian wave, as if these were their own hereditary domain; and, in short, in the very spirit of lawless de-

hocracy, mongrels of every sort may rush in "where angels fear to tread." In times past, when, at rare intervals, a man of genius, though of lowly birth and imperfect education, knocked modestly at the gate of the temple, there was no reason why he should not be instantly welcomed in; but in times present, when all sorts of little ragged boys have reading and spelling whipped into them, it is necessary to be more chary of our hospitality; for a smattering of knowledge is a terrible breeder of vanity, and it will not do to allow everybody who has acquired a certain command of his mother tongue, and who boasts a tolerable liveliness of fancy, to suppose that he is therefore able to instruct and astonish mankind. It must be very evident, on a moment's reflection, that, before the same facilities were held out for the acquisition of knowledge, it could only be the *mens divini* that prompted the peasant or the mechanic to seek after it; but now the order is inverted,—a certain degree of knowledge is forced upon every one, and the consequence of its acquisition is too often a belief in the mind of the person acquiring it, that he possesses extraordinary powers. A hundred years ago, or less, this belief might have been fairly entertained, because he must resolutely have encountered, and perseveringly overcome, many difficulties to reach his object, and there must have been a secret principle within him, urging him on to outstrip his peers; but do not let him indulge any such notion now, or be ignorant of the change which has gradually been extending itself throughout all the ramifications of society. We verily believe, that every second man in Scotland could, at this moment, write a book upon some subject or other, either in prose or verse; and though every one of these books would have entitled its author to reputation a century ago, it would not now entitle him to any thing but an acknowledgment that he possessed a degree of information similar to what almost every body else possessed. The praise bestowed upon any achievement, whether physical or intellectual, should always be in proportion to the difficulty of its accomplishment. Were a second Robert Burns to spring up now, he would not be entitled to so much praise as the first Robert Burns, because he would not have the same difficulties to contend with. We do not say, be it observed, that the present age is more likely to produce a Robert Burns, for its spirit is rather that of smoothness and superficiality; but this we say, that smoothness and superficiality being so prevalent, we are not to be expected, at every step we take, to fall down and worship them.

These remarks apply generally to the numerous works we have recently had occasion to see by weavers, spinners, masons, shopkeepers, and others; but they do not apply particularly to the poems of the Journeyman Mason now before us. It would be unfair to single him out as an example of his whole class, and hang him up in *terrorem*, without any previous warning. So far from doing this, we have no hesitation in saying that our Journeyman Mason has abilities, which it is his duty to cultivate to the utmost. He is a good clear thinker, and has no inconsiderable share of the poetical temperament in his constitution. We do not expect that he will ever reach to any very great eminence, for, as *all* are more or less eminent now-a-days, it is only a few—a very few, of the master minds who can soar much above the crowd; but we expect, nay, we are sure, that he may make himself respected, and even looked up to in his own circle, and to a certain extent beyond his own circle; and if we consider the matter properly, this is the whole that any rational man need ever think of arriving at. There can be only one king in England, and there can be only ten or twelve in all Europe, but there may be innumerable petty chiefs, greatly beloved and admired by their own clans and tribes. This reflection, we suspect, is all we can offer to console better men than even Journeymen Masons. Our present Mason, however, is a man not to be despised. He makes, perhaps, rather too much parade about his being a Journeyman Mason, but this may

be excused in consideration of the very sensible prose and very respectable poetry which he writes. The following stanzas, for instance, may be read with pleasure many hundred miles beyond the boundaries of Cromarty:

## ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

"Grey dial-stone, I fain would know  
What motive placed thee here,  
Where darkly opes the frequent grave,  
And rests the frequent bier.  
Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade  
Slow o'er the figured plain;  
When mortal life has pass'd away,  
Time counts his hours in vain.

"As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast  
When shrieks the wintry wind,  
So doubtful thoughts, grey dial-stone,  
Come sweeping o'er my mind:  
I think of what could place thee here,  
Of those beneath thee laid,  
And ponder if thou wert not raised  
In mockery o'er the dead.

"Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,  
May mock his fellow-men;  
Forsooth, their soberest pranks afford  
Rare food for mock'ry then:  
But ah! when past their brief sojourn,  
When Heaven's dread doom is said,  
Beats there a human heart could pour  
Light mockeries o'er the dead?

"The fiend unblest, who still to harm  
Directs his felon power,  
May ope the book of grace to him  
Whose day of grace is o'er;  
But sure the man has never lived  
In any age or clime,  
Could raise, in mockery o'er the dead,  
The stone that measures time.

"Grey dial-stone, I fain would know  
What motive placed thee here,  
Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,  
And drops the frequent tear.  
Like the carved, plain, grey dial-stone,  
Grief's weary mourners be;  
Dark sorrow metes out time to them,  
Dark shade marks time on thee.

"Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,  
To catch the eye of him  
To whom earth's brightest gauds appear  
Worthless, and dull, and dim.  
We think of time, when time has fled;  
The friend our tears deplore,  
The God our light, proud hearts deny,  
Our grief-worn hearts adore.

"Grey stone, o'er thee the lazy night  
Passes untold, away;  
Nor is it thine at noon to teach  
When falls the solar ray.  
In death's dark night, grey dial-stone,  
Cease all the works of men;  
In life, if Heaven withhold its aid,  
Bootless their works and vain."

Nor are we less pleased with the following poem, which we have slightly abridged, although the whole of it possesses much merit:

## ODE TO MY MITHER TONGUE.

"I lo'e the tones in mine ear that rung  
In the days when care was unkend to me;  
Ay, I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,  
'Thoug' gloom the sons o' lea' at thee.  
Ev'n now though little skill'd to sing,  
I've rax'd me down my simple lyre;  
O! while I sweep ilk sounding string,  
Nymph o' my mither tongue, inspire!

"I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,  
An' a' thy tales, or sad or wild;

Right early to my heart they clung,  
 Right soon my darkening thoughts beguiled—  
 Ay, aft to thy sangs o' a langsyne day,  
 That tell o' the bluidy fight sublime,  
 I've listen'd, till died the present away,  
 An' return'd the deeds o' departed time.

"An' gloom the sons o' lear at thee?  
 An' art thou reckon'd poor an' mean?  
 Ah! could I tell as weel's I see,  
 Of a' thou art, an' a' thou'st been!  
 In thee has sung th' enraptured bard  
 His triumphs over pain and care;  
 In courts an' camps thy voice was heard—  
 Aft heard within the house o' prayer.

"In thee whan came proud England's might,  
 Wi' its steel to dismay and its gold to seduce,  
 Blazed the bright soul o' the Wallace wight,  
 And the patriot thoughts o' the noble Bruce.  
 Thine were the rousing strains that breathed  
 Frae the warrior-bard ere closed the fray;  
 Thine whan victory his temples wreathed,  
 The sang that arose o'er the prostrate foe.

"An' loftier still, the enraptured saint,  
 Whan the life o' time was glimmering awa',  
 Joyful o' heart, though feeble and faint,  
 Tauld in thee o' the glories he saw—  
 O' the visions bright o' a coming life,  
 O' angels that joy o'er the closing grave,  
 An' o' Him that bore turmoil an' strife,  
 The children o' death to succour and save.

"An' aft, whan the bluid-hounds track'd the heath,  
 Whan follow'd the bands o' the bluidy Dundee,  
 The sang o' praise, an' the prayer o' death,  
 Arose to Heaven in thee:  
 In thee, whan Heaven's ain sons were call'd  
 To sever ilk link o' the papal chain,  
 Thunder'd the ire o' that champion bauld,  
 Whom threat'nings and dangers assail'd in vain.

"Ah, mither tongue! in days o' yore,  
 Fu' mony a noble bard was thine;  
 The clerk o' Dunkeld and the coothy Dunbar,  
 An' the best o' the Stuart line;  
 An' him wha tauld o' Southron wrang  
 Cow'd by the might o' Scottish men;  
 Him o' the Mount and the gleesome sang,  
 And him the pride o' the Hawthornden.

"Of bards were thine in latter days  
 Sma' need to tell, my mither tongue;  
 Right bauld and alee were Fergie's lays,  
 An' roar'd the laugh whan Ramsay sung:  
 But wha without a tear can name  
 The swain this wail shall ne'er forget?  
 Thine, mither tongue, his sangs o' fame,—  
 'Twill learning be to ken thee yet!"

We understand that the author of these poems is only six-and-twenty, and judging by them there is every reason to hope, that before he is six-and-thirty, he may rise to considerable distinction. In the present miscellaneous collection we think he has fallen into an error, which we observe to be a very common one among the less distinguished votaries of Apollo. Finding themselves in a sort of vague poetical mood, and imagining that "the fit is on them," they wander forth into the fields, or shut themselves up in their room, and determine to write *something*—it is all one what. Accordingly, they commence with the first subject that presents itself, and having set down without any ultimate end or aim their first train of ideas, they either break off suddenly without coming to any point, or, finding that their poetical vein is not exhausted, they continue to write on in a rambling and desultory manner, till they weary both themselves and their readers. Now, these persons are not aware that the choice of a subject, and the conception of the proper mode of treating it, point out the man of true genius

more readily, perhaps, than any thing else. A vigorous and highly poetical mind is not contented with the power of saying something sweet and pretty upon any thing. It makes for itself subjects, and gives to each subject a unity and completeness by the mode in which it treats it. We doubt that a man of first-rate genius would write a long poem in heroic verse, which he would entitle "The Patriot," or that he would write an "Ode to Mrs —," or an "Ode to William." There is something vague and unmeaning in these titles, which implies something vague in the thoughts of the writer. We seriously recommend all young poets to be sure that they have something worth writing about before they begin to write at all.

The Dramatic Poem of "Dioclesian" will not detain us long. There is a good deal of power in it, and, as a whole, it inspires us with considerable respect for the author, Mr Thomas Doubleday, whom we suppose to be a gentleman and a scholar. His besetting sins are, obscurity and mannerism, which often render his sublimity scarcely intelligible. The last days of Dioclesian—the mighty Pagan, who fell down from his high elevation before the genius of Christianity—afford a good theme for poetry; and though Mr Doubleday has not exactly treated it in the manner we could have wished, he has done enough to convince us that there is in him both vigorous thought and lofty feeling. We subjoin one short extract,—a part of one of Dioclesian's soliloquies in his tower at Salona:

#### DIOCLESIAN (alone.)

Methinks the moon that rose so bright to-night,  
 Hath hurried to decline; and, as with dread,  
 Sunk in the Adriatic, that lay smiling  
 And trembling like a bride. And now the clouds,  
 Reft of the beam, and the unstable winds,  
 'Gin rage contentious strife, and in their war  
 Blot the dim hills and distant glimmering sea:  
 All now is night—all, save th' eternal stars,  
 The better part of night—and nought is heard  
 But the wild voices of the winds, and clouds  
 Which stoop too near the rugged-bosom'd world,  
 Brushing the mountain tops, and giant towers,  
 That emulate the mountains.

(He pauses.) Gloom! still, gloom!  
 I gaze into th' abyss—and from beneath  
 The vap'rous darkness thickens—as it rose  
 From some Lernean Fen; heavy and dank;  
 Flapping on lurid wing.  
 (He walks about disturbed.) Mort darkness?—yes;  
 Night is, to-night, distemper'd and apace,  
 The swarthy monarch frowns! The restless blasts  
 Are voiced in sympathy—the starry sky  
 Grows darker. O'er its glittering fields, behold  
 The phalanx of the many-winged clouds  
 Is making swift aggression. They move on;  
 And darkness comes to darkness.

Let it come;—  
 And is this all?—doth Fame live, to die thus,  
 And find such night as this?—shall Dioclesian  
 Thus wane and dwindle to the common end;  
 Less than a dream; and, at the best, a shade;  
 Food for Oblivion's unsubstantial maw?  
 Trod out of life—nay, being; as the slave  
 Whose breath is not his own, or outcast vile  
 Condemn'd for insufficient food to whine  
 Still at another's gate; and basely share  
 With the gorged hound, that, grudging, hoarsely bays  
 At such companionship? If this shall be,  
 Then all is baseless, and yon burning stars  
 But motes that swim before the sightless eye;  
 Born of the night; and, like their parent, only  
 Beings of negation; inorganic; void;  
 Shadow-sprung shadows.

We believe Mr Doubleday has not been before the public till now. We shall be glad to meet with him again soon, and shall then be able to point out more accurately what rank he is entitled to hold, and likely to attain.

*Exercises on the Derivation of the English Language; to which is added, in a series of Extracts, the History of Language; and a view of its general Principles, as pointed out by the Etymologies of various Tongues. Intended for the use of the higher Classes in English Schools.* By William Graham, of the Cupar Academy. Cupar. R. Tullis. 1829.

SEATED, as we are, in our editorial capacity, on a Chimborazo peak, "with meteor standard to the winds unfurled," and "looking from our throne of clouds o'er half the world," we might, perhaps, naturally enough be supposed to overlook small as well as distant objects. But it is not so; and we can confidently assure our worshippers, for such are the majority of our readers, (rejected contributors always excepted,) that, as kings have long hands, good eyes, and fine ears, so we, "*ἀνὰ ὄψιν*," see as far, and observe as narrowly, as if we were actually present and percipient throughout our vast domain. Besides, we have as many elves at our command as ever Prospero had, who can assume any shape they please, and are ever on the alert to do us service. No sooner does a rabbit perk up its ears, or a snipe flash from a spring, than pop goes a gun, or *woof* goes a terrier, by means of which noises we are immediately apprised of the occurrence. No spider, in fact, sits more safe and central than we; our own sensitive heart forming the "aurum millarium" from which all outward ramifications proceed, and in which all home-bound tendencies end. We are precisely in the situation described by the old Covenantant in his prayer: "Lord," said he, after labouring long for a simile to illustrate his notion of omniscience—"Lord, thou art just like a wee mouse in a hole of the wa'; thou seest a' body, and naeboddy sees thee." So much, by way of playful introduction to rather a learned article.

We are well acquainted with Mr Graham's character as a teacher and as a scholar; and having occasionally been present at the examination of his pupils in Cupar Academy, we can speak of him as an author under lights and illustrations of high import. It is our decided opinion, in which we shall probably be borne out by every one acquainted with Mr Graham, *smith* of Dundee, that his method of teaching is original; that his way of communicating instruction is most successful; and that his mind is rich with useful and varied knowledge, and well fitted to strike out for itself pathways of improvement, which minds of less energy and compass would infallibly be blind to. We shall establish the truth of these remarks, by a reference to the work now before us, which contains "Exercises on the Derivation of the English Language," together with "a Series of Extracts," illustrative of its history and general principles. Let us first speak of the "Exercises," and then of the "Extracts,"—the subjects being separate and distinct.

We have talked, and are daily compelled to talk, (and, as Johnson says, *such talk is not conversation*;) with a set of very wise ones, who question the utility of references to the original languages, from which many words in our own are derived, where the languages referred to have not been previously, and to a respectable amount, acquired, by the scholar. Of what use, say these flat crawlers over the surface of argument,—of what use are such derivations, when the word adduced in derivation is equally in need of explanation with the word explained? In order that a distinct answer may be returned to this question, we shall adduce an example, *ad aperturam*, from Mr Graham's book. The word "Puto" signifies, originally, to prune; and hence, when applied to the mind, not to think, but to form an opinion, "*putando*," by pruning off superfluous subjects. Now, there is a large family of derivatives from this same parent, all of which come either from the pruning, or secondary source, and so soon as you have gone to the fountain-head, you possess a key to their various significations. To "ampu-

tate," or cut around, and by cutting around, to cut off; to "compute,"—to calculate—to place the objects collectively in your thought or mind, and so on. Thus, even in reference to classification, or that law by which we tie, and are ever endeavouring, for mutual convenience, to tie up, our knowledge in bundles—this method, adopted by Mr Graham, is calculated to facilitate acquisition, and promote accuracy of arrangement. Like things, though seemingly unlike, (as in the case of *amputation* and *computation*;) are arranged together; and the memory, instead of recollecting every straw in the sheaf, has only to remember the sheaf itself. But more—this excellent plan of Mr Graham is calculated, not only to facilitate recollection and classification, but to develop and strengthen the receiving faculties. It was long assumed that young persons cannot reason, or, at least, that they should not do so prematurely, and burdens have been placed on foals' backs, and weights laid upon the limbs of childhood for the sake of analogy; but all this is exploded doctrine now. Where there is an appetite for food, there is a stomach to digest it; and our passions and faculties never come into play till the season when they are capable of being exercised. If a child, or very young person, have an appetite for reasoning, as all children have, you are sure that it is not *premature*, unless you are a better judge than the Creator himself; and you may, with as much safety, supply the reasoning as the digestive humour with such food as both demand. To show how truly this is the case, we need only refer to Mr Wood's school, to Mr Collet's at Abbotshall, or to Cupar Academy.

The first principles, then, being granted, let us see how Mr Graham's Exercises on Derivation work. Take this sentence, for example:—"The consequence will be, that Mr Graham will become a man of consequence." Now, in Mr Graham's book, the student is told that *con* signifies *together*—and *sequence*, *I follow*; and out of these two elements the apparently distinct and separate meanings of "consequence," like those of *computation* and *amputation*, are to be conjoined; and this can in no case be done without exercising the faculty of reason, and that, too, in a field rich with a harvest of the same produce. "The consequence will be," that is, "the thing that will follow, together with the thing mentioned." A tail of an animal is a *consequence* to his body, and so is the tail of a paper kite;—in the same sense, and under the same analogy, that "the consequence" of an action presents the idea of what follows *after*, and is joined *with* that action. What, then, is a "man of consequence?" Ask a Highland laird when his tail is on, and he will inform you. A poor, unnoticed, unimportant individual is *not*, but a man of consequence *is*, followed, though it is possible he may not be *respected*. Here again, *respected* comes in for explanation. It means, according to Graham, "looked back upon." When did Byron or Sir Walter Scott ever go along the streets without their being "*respected*?" What then do you make of "*suspected*?" That is a different thing;—one looking upward from beneath his eyebrows, with a prying expression which he wishes to conceal, intimates *want* of confidence—*suspicion*. Examples of this sort might be multiplied *ad infinitum*; and it is therefore evident, that, in this classification which Graham's system implies, there is fund for reasoning on subjects of daily occurrence, and respecting which it is impossible that any mind of ordinary reach and activity can avoid reasoning.

Let us now say a word or two on the "Extracts," which are meant to elucidate the history and principles of language. To these, learned as they are, and useful, we make no doubt, we have nevertheless one objection. It is not that they are ill calculated to open the mind and set it a-thinking, but that they, in some cases, seem to contradict each other, and thus tend, in so far, to perplex the general reader as well as the student. That we may not be supposed to proceed upon an assumption, we shall quote two short passages under reference:

"The verbs, however, are not themselves the primitive words of our language. They are all in a state of composition—they are like the secondary mountains of the earth. They have been formed posterior to the ancient cultivation of human speech, which are the nouns."—P. 153, Part II.

"Nouns, or the names of objects, are derived from verbs."—P. 166.

Now we are quite aware that these two things are reconcilable, and that this is in some measure effected in the extracts before us; but still we think that a view in which such seeming discrepancies did not occur, would have been preferable in an elementary volume. That objects were originally named from qualities, whether these qualities were permanent or temporary, whether adjective or verbal, no one who understands the nature of the term will deny; and that verbs, in a more advanced state of any language, are again derived immediately and directly from nouns, whose original verbal or adjective signification has ceased to be felt, is equally certain; and there lies betwixt these two facts a connecting field, over which, in a second edition, Mr Graham may exercise his talents carefully and successfully. An *eye*, to the ordinary speaker, is quite arbitrary; no one thinks of or feels the derivation; and hence the verb to *eye*—*hand* the noun, and *hand* the verb,—*part* the noun, and *part* the verb—*head* the noun, and *head* the verb, &c. are all "*in pari casu*;" but that does not militate against the fact, that all those seemingly arbitrary sounds were originally derived from some particular quality or use. The verbal or adjective expressions from which *eye*, *hand*, *head*, *part*, &c. were originally derived, have been lost sight of, the general quality or use has superseded the particular, and on this general use a new verb has been constructed. These are the primary and secondary parts of speech, in spite of Hearne and Horne Tooke; and hence, in all languages, original nouns are expressive of particular qualities, and the farther up you go, you have the more of them; witness:—*Fud*, a short tail,—*rap*, a smart stroke,—*stour*, moving dust, &c. The words *tail*, *stroke*, and *dust*, were all equally particular and derivative once, but have now been generalized. One word has been built upon another, and another again upon that, and so on through an infinity of successive formations.

We conclude by earnestly recommending this valuable volume to all teachers whose minds are open to conviction, and capable of benefiting by the well-directed labours and talents of its author.

*An Autumn in Italy.* Being Constable's Miscellany, Vol. XLVI. Edinburgh. 1829.

THIS is a very pleasantly written volume. The author is evidently a man of taste and good sense. We believe it is the first work he has given to the public, but he is not altogether unknown to the readers of the LITERARY JOURNAL, having contributed to its pages several interesting "Letters from Rome," which, we perceive, he has incorporated with his book. He appears to have made a pretty extensive tour through the north of Italy and the States of the Church. He visited all the principal cities, and describes them graphically and minutely. We do not observe that his researches have led him to any very new discoveries, or any very deep train of thought; but he passes from subject to subject smoothly and agreeably; and he will be read with pleasure, both by those who may wish to recall to their remembrance scenes which they themselves have seen, and by those who are content to sit by the fireside, and listen to what other men have to say of foreign lands.

FINE ARTS.—THE ANNUALS FOR 1830.—*Friendship's Offering.*—*The Amulet.*—*The Winter's Wreath.*—*The Juvenile Forget-me-Not.*

We have seen the greater part of the embellishments of these pretty presents for the ensuing Christmas, and

some of them are, as usual, exceedingly beautiful. We shall introduce a few of them to the acquaintance of our readers. In "*Friendship's Offering*," there are twelve as pleasing specimens of the painter's power, and the engraver's art, as one could wish to see. We wonder who J. Wood is, for three of the twelve are by him, and they are all fine things. *Imprimis*, we have a lovely creature with a bunch of wild roses in her hand, a smile upon her lips, innocence in her eye, and "waving curls aboon her bree;" and all we regret is, that the title, "*Mine Own*," is printed at the foot of the picture. It was a vulgar thought;—many a man may wish that such a creature were his own, but why should every grocer's apprentice be permitted to profane so much beauty by calling it "*Mine Own*" as soon as his gooseberry eyes rest upon it? Turn we the leaf, and behold another work of Wood's,—the young "*Lyra*," a child of surpassing loveliness, with a face full of animation beaming out from a cloud of golden hair, and with black rocks and a dark sky behind, to make the contrast stronger. "*The Honey Moon*" is Wood's third effort; it is rich and voluptuous, but the lady's face is deficient in expression. The principal fault we have to this artist's countenances is, that he does not seem exactly to understand the proper drawing of the mouth, which is in general too much puckered up, and the lips rather thick. He is evidently, however, a painter of great ability. The fourth embellishment is a landscape by Arnold of the Royal Academy, finely engraved by Goodall. It is a pleasing and graceful composition, and the foreground in particular, with the trees on the right, is beautiful;—the central hill in the distance is perhaps a little too formal. "*The Masquerade*," by Kidd, comes next. The execution of this picture greatly excels the conception. The principal figure represents a lady dressed for a masquerade; but it is not every painter who can paint a lady, and if it was Kidd's intention to do so in the present instance, he has egregiously failed. There is vulgarity not only in the chief figure, but in all the subordinate incidents. In a certain measure to atone for this, there is a great deal of elaborate work on the picture, very skilfully and cleverly managed. But how inferior as a whole is it to the succeeding piece, "*Reading the News*," by David Wilkie! The quiet and exquisite humour of this group might furnish a theme for a day's talking. At present we can only say, that it is, in our mind, the gem of the "*Friendship's Offering*." "*The Spaewife*," by Stothard, is full of that artist's usual mannerism. We should know one of Stothard's faces among a thousand,—there is little or no power in them. Very delightful is the painting entitled "*Catherine of Arragon*," by Lealie. The face and figure of Catherine are replete with elegance and tranquil beauty, and all the minor details of the picture are admirably finished. "*Early Sorrow*," by Westall, is also a striking picture. The grief of the little girl on finding her favourite bird dead is well and forcibly brought out. "*Vesuvius*," by Turner, is one of those paintings to which comparatively no justice can be done by the engraver, because it is to its colouring that it mainly owes its effect. It is evidently a fine bold work, changed by the burine into little better than a picture for a nursery-book. "*Spolette*," is a spirited landscape, not very well engraved, by T. Jeavons. The twelfth embellishment is one of the most interesting of the whole. It is from a painting by that truly elegant and gentlemanly artist Stephanoff—"Mary, Queen of Scots, presenting her son to the Church Commissioners." The arrangement of the figures is excellent; the delightful contrast between the acute severe faces of the Presbyterian ministers and elders, softened down into temporary placidity by the presence in which they stand, and the lovely features and high-bred mien and gait of Mary herself and her female attendants, is particularly deserving of attention. We have seen no production of Stephanoff which pleases us so much; the subject was a fine one, and it is finely handled. With such attractions,

Mr Pringle, the able and amiable editor of the "Friendship's Offering," need not doubt that the work will be extensively sought after.

We find the plates of "The Amulet" arranged in the following order:—I. A picture of a girl, (a beautiful creature, whether of fancy or reality,) splendidly painted and splendidly engraved, but neither the painter's nor engraver's name is yet attached. II. "The first interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians," from a painting by H. P. Briggs, an interesting and well-managed work. III. "The Gleaner," by J. Holmes, engraved by Finden; and we do not know whether to give the painter or the engraver greater praise, both have acquitted themselves, in their separate department, so admirably. This embellishment alone must put "The Amulet" on a par with any of its rivals. IV. "The Fisherman's Children," by W. Collins, a simple and noble sea-piece, well engraved by Charles Rolls. V. "The Crucifixion," by Martin, wild and gloomy, but not true to nature, and a good deal too much in the melo-dramatic, or Bombastes Furioso style, like all the other productions of that much-puffed and self-imitating artist. It is admirably engraved by Le Keux. VI. "The Darty Bairn," by Wilkie, representing a *girling* little girl taking a peep at the reflection of her discontented face in a looking-glass, which is held up to her by her mother, and pointed out to her by her brother, a *gutsy* young rascal, manobing his bread and butter with the utmost self-complacency. The group is, of course, cleverly executed, but is by no means one of Wilkie's best things. VII. This plate still wants a title; but it appears to represent a Neapolitan fisherman playing on the guitar, and singing to a contadina. It is well executed. VIII. A pretty painting by Peary Williams, cleverly engraved by Henry Rolls, representing a girl decking the hair of her female friend with wild-flowers. IX. A girl playing on the Mandolin, painted by Pickersgill, a good picture, but we wish the girl's face had been prettier. X. A humorous scene by Smirke, containing some very clever comic figures, particularly smirkyish. XI. "The Anxious Wife," by Mulready, represents the interior of an English cottage, and the light let in by the window is managed with great softness and beauty. But why has not the wife a more interesting face? She seems a nice enough sort of creature, but she is not one whom an uninterested spectator can care very much about whether she be anxious or not. We venture, however, to say, that not one of the Annuals will be much superior to "The Amulet," in point of embellishments.

We have seen only four of the plates for the "Winter's Wreath," and of these the "City of Dordt, from the Harbour," painted by Austin, and engraved by our clever townsman, William Miller, pleases us most. "The Hunters of the Tyrol," and "The Mandolin," by Howard, are also interesting pictures.—Of Mrs Hall's "Juvenile Forget-me-Not," we have seen five plates,—1st, "The Favourite of the Flock," a lamb caressed by two little girls; 2d, "Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.," an acute-looking young gentleman in a tartan dress; 3d, "The Blind Sailor," a pleasingly grouped rustic scene; 4th, "Bob Cherry," three beautiful children, very cleverly painted by Miss Ross; and "Holiday Time," an engraving from Henry Richter's admirable interior of a village-school.—We cannot help being pleased with almost all these specimens of art, and shall be glad to know that they who so ingeniously cater for the public amusement, are well compensated for their labour.

*French Phraseology, or Travellers' Manual. Being a Compendium of such Phrases as most frequently occur in Conversation. In French and English.* By Charles C. Hamilton. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 247.

This will be found a useful pocket-companion by the French student, whether at home or abroad. It will

enable him to avoid an error very frequently committed,—the introduction of the idiomatic phraseology of our own into a foreign tongue. The volume contains a series of idiomatic phrases and sentences, in French and English, upon the following subjects,—Literature, the Drama, the Arts, Manners, Morals, Health, Time, Weather, Exercises, Dress, Amusements, the Table, Horses, Travelling, Trade, Law, Property, Politics, Diplomacy, the Army, and the Navy.

*Observations on a late Pamphlet by Mr Stone on the Phrenological Development of Burke, Hare, &c.* By W. R. Greg, Esq. Edinburgh. John Anderson. 1829.

MR GRAY must have an extraordinary desire to see himself in print, else he would never have thought of giving these *fourteen pages* to the public, after all that has been said and written against Mr Stone, by Mr Combe himself, and other persons of some intellectual and phrenological vigour. The bump science is at a low pass when Mr Greg has to come forward as its champion. He writes as if he were hugely angry with Mr Stone; but there is not a fact, argument, statement, inference, or conclusion, worth a farthing in the whole of his pamphlet.

OLIVER & BOYD'S CATECHISMS.—*A Catechism of Geography.* Second Edition, Revised and Improved. By Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E. 12mo. Pp. 90.—*A Catechism on the Works of Creation.* By Peter Smith, A.M. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Edinburgh. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 72.

THESE are exceedingly nice little books, and cannot fail to be found most useful auxiliaries to parents and tutors, in conveying to the youthful mind a general knowledge of a variety of subjects. We are glad to understand that it is the intention of Messrs Oliver and Boyd to publish a series of these Catechisms on various branches of science, literature, and art. The respectability of the gentlemen whom they have engaged to act as editors, is a sufficient guarantee that they will be well executed.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

#### MATRIMONY.

OF all the errors which the worldly wisdom of Papacy has generated and fostered, the celibacy of her clergy appears to me to be the most pernicious. True, by this device the affections and interests of the clergy are kept clear of local attachments. The vast tree of Papal dominion overshadows the earth, and its boughs stoop to, without rooting in, the soil. A unity of interest, feeling, and purpose, is everywhere preserved; and all that concerns the man is brought into subordination to what merely interests the priest. Still, however, the cone is inverted—the minor is preferred to the major—the less to the more important, and the fancy-wrought sympathies of art are substituted for the genial interweavings and connectings of nature. All this is true, apart from considerations of a more revolting character—considerations which involve these outgoings of feelings and passions, which are only nominally, and not really suppressed, into all the wilds and wildernesses of hypocrisy and vice. The waters, which might have run clear and peaceful in their natural channel, when thus dammed out into the sandy desert, bear along with them nothing but turbulence and impurity.

Let every clergyman, therefore, so soon as his convenience may suit, enter upon the married state. I talk not in newspaper slang, of sacred bonds, and indissoluble ties, and all the *et cetera* of verbiage. I find,

in Johnson's Dictionary, that the word "marry" signifies, "to take for husband or wife," and that is quite sufficient for my purpose. And yet I would have wished there had been a variety of expression, such as was customary with the Roman bridegroom, who "led," and the bride, who "veiled"—terms sufficiently expressive of support and direction on the one hand, and of maidenly modesty on the other. But this by the by. Look at our clerical bachelors. I enter not into the cause—I merely scan and weigh the consequences. One settles down into a good fellow, hospitable even on Sabbath, and strongly addicted to all manner of convivial potations. It were hard and uncharitable indeed, to think or say ill of so excellent a person's open heart, open purse, open house, open cellar, open church-door too, and open seats—but rather empty,—here and there a sleeper, a yawner, or a dozzler. A sirocco has passed over the pews, and the malaria breathes from every seat. The sermon is well enough—cold, moral, argumentative—but it wants the power of arresting attention. Its very correctness is a fault—the taste displayed in its composition an error. With one-half of the pains and the talent displayed, and an infusion of earnestness into the manner, its effects would be quite different. But "peace be within our Zion's walls," since prosperity, by *this method*, is not likely to reach her palaces.

Another clerical bachelor—for they may truly say, with the poet,

"Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati;"—

another bachelor stiffens up into the rigid folds of a purse-mouth. Instead of the "os rotundum et magna sonitum," you have the puckered radii of wrinkles playing at each corner of his mouth. He becomes, first, careful, and addicted to augmentations; then more careful still, and given to solitude; latterly, the symptoms of the disease break out upon his moral frame, and his very clothes, as well as diet, indicate the *miser*. Woe unto the flock whose shepherd this man is! He has no feeling in common with their temporal or spiritual necessities, but regards his office as a possession, and his church as a living. Had he but married the girl that loved him, and whose heart, in the progress of his ambition, he permitted to break, he had been a different character; but the die is cast, and

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

My heart bleeds for the poor flock!

Who comes next?—What, my friend and early companion,—now lowered down, by little and little, into the very gulf of indolence! Of all kinds of indolence, clerical is the most deep and reposeful. From Sunday to Sabbath, and from Sabbath to Sunday, nothing to arouse—nothing to excite—nothing to agitate—not a child to squall, nor a wife to admonish;—his hands in his breeches' pockets, and his waistcoat half buttoned;—his pathway round the corner of his manse and back again;—his daily enquiry, a few glances at the sky on the score of weather, and a query or two respecting dinner;—his reading restricted to a weekly paper, sorely soiled, and an Edinburgh Almanack. And yet my friend was a man, at college, active in the pursuit of knowledge; but he was jilted in early life by a gipsy, and "hinc illæ lacrymæ." His hearers know his worth, yet despise him. They nickname him "Shelly Coat," as if his indolence had covered him all over with limpets.

But some are bachelors from choice—some from necessity. Amongst the former class my friend Will Dorricot figures. Will is ever on the wing, and has been twice fined at the Presbytery for attending clerical courts in a surcoat. He rides a spruce horse, cracks a whip with a silk lash, and wears gloves and overalls. He never sallies forth from his own gate but his very servant-girls titter respecting his fob—the ladies. Yet, with all Will's address, and attention, and endeavour, he continues still, and is likely to continue, a bachelor. He

never comes to the point with any, but so soon as a smile or two extra is vared upon him, he takes the alarm, and is off at a hand-gallop. He has made more hair-breadth escapes than an old sailor who has been half a century at sea, and continues to thank his stars that he is, in fact, the most useless and contemptible of God's creatures. Alas! my people Israel! what a protector in danger,—adviser in doubt,—comforter in trouble,—and admonisher in the hour of dissolution! May God pity and send his own comforter to support you!

As for a gun, a greyhound, a licensee, a clerical sportsman of the bachelor breed,—the thing is a "*lusus naturæ*," rare and disgusting: let it quickly pass into oblivion, its only refuge from ignominy and contempt. Enough of bachelorship;—let us turn the leaf, and, according to our original proposal, follow out the pathway of clerical matrimony. Not that even this pathway, all hallowed as it is by the most beautiful and delightful associations, is without its sharp corners and rugged ascents. A smattering of children must have porridge and clothes, and education, and £150 or £200 per annum is soon spent in a family of 14 or 16 individuals. The world may come in the shape of worldly cares and difficulties, and the "Man of God" be modified into the care-worn worm of earth. But even here there are relieving sights—the hand, the heart, is open—it wells through every care—it gushes in unrestrained refreshment over the wide and widening circle of parental affection. "Life's cares are comforts;" and such assuredly are the parson's young family to him whose hope is in his God—whose trust is in his word—who looks at his little ones, and thinks how the young ravens and lilies are fed and clothed! Turn we, therefore, to the more ordinary and sunny side of the picture—to him who, with his first entrance upon his clerical studies, has contracted an ardent affection for what is lovely, and pure, and truthful, for the bright and beaming eye, and the bosom where love plays the hermit, and lurks almost unseen. Oh! against how many snares, and from what misery, is he not, as it were, secured. The rays of the sun are calculated to extinguish the earthly flame, and the heart which is hallowed night and day with the image or presence of one truly and deservedly beloved, will never play the moth with the candle—will never toy with sin. Woman—beautiful, sanctifying, hallowing woman—how many hast thou not in the potency of thy innate purity, rescued from evil, from degradation, and death—death of feeling—of heart—of hope—of all that makes man happy, useful; and if thy sway is known and acknowledged in the wide circle of human happiness, it is felt peculiarly in "the manse,"—in the bosom of him who, but for an early and virtuous attachment, might have howled curses in the desert, or "grunted with glutton swine" under the abambles of perdition. And if the seed-time be beautiful, the harvest is rich and luxurious, mellowed down by the richer tints of accomplishment and fruition. The minister's family is an epitome of the minister's parish. They both consist of the same elements—of husband and wife—of parents—children—brothers—sisters—relatives—masters—servants. There cannot occur a demonstration of parish feeling which has not its counterpart in the manse. The father's love and care for his offspring—the mother's affectionate tenderness—the husband's reposing confidence—the wife's contented reliance—the children's claims, and the master's and servant's interests—all these are represented in the "*camera obscura*" of the minister's fire-side.

"Haud ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco,"

says the married clergyman, as he dives with a soothing enquiry into the secret recesses of the bleeding heart. As he comforts the widow or the widower, as he consoles the fatherless, and aids the helpless and dependent, he is only acting the part for which he has been previously, and is daily, schooled, in the exigences of a family. "Sech

pity as a father bath unto his children dear," like pity exercises he towards that larger family whom God has committed to his trust.

But clerical matrimony is twice blessed. It not only blesses the pariah, but the priest. The farmer is a busy man all day long; and his avocations withdraw him, in heart and in spirit, as well as in person, from domestic enjoyments. The merchant and manufacturer are in similar circumstances; and even the laird has legitimate avocations which in no degree identify him with his lady or family. But the clergyman is never so truly in the garb of his duty as when he is sitting in his easy chair, with a book on the table before him, and a child on either knee. Oh God! what are the feelings of that minister of God, who can reside from day to day undisturbed in the centre of his family—while wife and children are encircling him like Saturn in a ring, or Jupiter in his satellites! and all the while permit no silent and rejoicing outgoings into the past—into the golden season of love and courtship—which has only been superseded by the still more engrossing and delightful period of matrimony?—or into the future, it may be—the vast and fathomless future—where lie bands and gowns, and epaulets and civic honours, for the little churchmen, warriors, and statesmen, who are now so seriously engaged at taw!

T. G.

## FINE ARTS.

### NEWS FROM ROME.

We have been much gratified with the letter, an abstract of which we now present to our readers. Rome is the capital of artists, whatever their country; and it is the centre of activity in their profession. In it are stored up, as in a treasury, the richest fragments of the art of the old world, and the noblest treasures of the new. In it are to be found the delegates and representatives of every nation under heaven, catching inspiration from these works, and endeavouring to rival them. It is in it, too, that not only the artist, but the mere lover of art, may gain a high practical insight into its mysteries, which he might elsewhere seek in vain. It is for this reason that we snatch so gladly at every piece of news from Rome. But our friend's letter will, we trust, prove interesting both as containing matter of gratification for this laudable curiosity, and as affording a pleasing picture of the aspirations, and progressive development of the powers of an ingenious mind:—

"There are many English artists here. With the pictures of Eastlake and Severn you are probably acquainted. They support the respectability of English art; which is lucky, for several unfortunate exhibitions of pictures have been opened by our artists. Perhaps you have already heard of Turner's turn-out. He exhibited three pictures, one of which was beautiful, but the other two were greatly inferior. There was a view of Orvieto, as yellow as chrome could make it; and a Medea, finely conceived, but with little else to recommend it;—extravagant in the execution, badly drawn, the colours not blended, yellow, red, and white all in confusion. Poor Turner! he was much abused even by the English—to the Italians and Germans his works were incomprehensible. Andrew Wilson has made a great many views in the neighbourhood of Rome. At present he is engaged with a large picture, a view of Genzano, which is nearly finished. I think his restoration (if we may so call it) to his beloved Italy has improved him much. The scenery around him is congenial to his feelings, and seems to inspire his pencil. I may add, that the climate is so suited to his constitution, that he enjoys excellent health, which never was the case in Scotland.—I come now to the Italians. The subject is ungrateful. Art is in a miserable state. Camuccini has laid the foundation of a bad school of painting; Canova of an equally bad

school of sculpture. I do not mean to insinuate that there is any want of talent, but it is wrong directed—the system is bad. The Italians pay much attention to drawing, but they caricature; of colour and effect they have little notion; of execution, less. Either they are ignorant of the use of glazing; or entertain an idea that it is inconsistent with genius to employ mechanical aids which were unknown to the great masters. They try to colour all at once; nay, their prejudice against glazing is so strong, that one of them replied to a gentleman, who, when he saw him endeavouring in vain to catch the colouring of a picture he was copying, remarked, that the original was glazed—"I know it; but I will not glaze." The consequence is, that old pictures, especially Venetian and Flemish, suffer dreadfully in the hands of Italian cleaners, who take off the glazing, considering it dirt. The beautiful 'Communion of St Jerome,' by Domenichino, has been treated in this way, and the picture has hence acquired (as Mr Wilkie expressed it) 'a leathery appearance.'—The French have an excellent academy here, which produces good artists, especially architects. The French school is doing more at present than any other.—Rome is inundated with mustached German artists. Their extraordinary appearance can only be equalled by the extraordinary style of art they have adopted. Some of them paint beautifully, and their pictures, except, perhaps, that they are more highly finished, resemble the works of some of our own artists. But the majority have followed Pietro Perrugione in all his eccentricities. They have much talent, but surely this is a perversion of it.

"The private collections in Rome are of very different degrees of merit. The finest gallery, without doubt, is the Borghese, the pictures of which are in tolerable preservation. It makes one melancholy to walk through some of the galleries, and see all around numbers of the finest pictures going to wreck and ruin, partly from want of care, and partly from the miserable avarice or poverty of their proprietors. The Vatican itself is not exempt from this reproach; the pictures there are many of them in very bad condition. What they have been, may be inferred from the admiration with which they were regarded when they were first painted, and from their beauty, notwithstanding the neglect they have suffered. You can form no idea of the sculpture galleries of the Vatican. Superb halls, decorated with columns and pilasters of the most rare and precious stones, paved with Mosaics, and filled with fine statues,—'tis the realization of a fairy tale. The Torso of the Belvedere is my favourite piece of sculpture. When I look on this trunk, I can scarcely believe it the work of a mortal. With the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, as far as prints can go, you must be well acquainted, and have, no doubt, studied with attention the Sistine chapel. Bewick was for some time engaged copying the prophets and sibyls. That he might do it well, he had a high scaffolding erected in the chapel which brought him within a short distance of the paintings. I went, by a fortunate chance, to the chapel while the scaffolding was still standing. From the ground, the upper part of the Last Judgment looks a confused mass; but when raised, what a variety of expression is discoverable in the countenances and attitudes of the figures! Hope, love, and joy in those of the blessed, contrasted with terror, despair, and death. Wilkie, on reaching the top, and looking around, exclaimed, 'Good Lord deliver us!' He could not find language to express his wonder and admiration.

"I have presumed to make my own observations on these specimens of the still unrivalled excellence of the old masters, but I have also listened attentively to the opinions of experienced judges; and sometimes I have found them coinciding with my own preconceptions; often I have acquired new ideas. I wrote to you shortly after my arrival in Rome, but I pray God you may never have received that letter. The vanity of a young travel-

lier inspired me when I wrote it. Time, some little gleanings of experience, and the lectures of my worthy father, have removed a load of prejudice, through the dark medium of which I gazed on and judged of every thing. Well do I remember the orthodox horror with which, on my first arrival here, I regarded the works of Italian architects. Their originality now pleases me; though, strange to say, it was at first the cause of my dislike to them. I have been chiefly engaged in drawing, when the weather permitted, since my arrival in Italy, and have formed a collection of views of the antiquities of Rome, likewise a few of Naples and Genoa. We know that, in former times, the sister arts were often pursued successfully by one man: why not now? For myself, I hope and wish to join painting to architecture."

#### THE GREEK LANGUAGE—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

[We have pleasure in laying before our readers a letter from a Greek gentleman, who has very recently come to Edinburgh with the view of giving instructions in that language, and who appears to us to take a somewhat novel, but, we think, just view of the proper mode to be pursued in the acquisition of this beautiful and interesting tongue.—*ED. LIT. JOUR.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In the course of the conversation I had with you yesterday, you asked me, if I mistake not, whether the language of Modern Greece differs materially from that of the ancient, and whether the difference is similar to that existing between the Italian and the Latin. In reply, I beg to state, that it appears to me very clear that modern Greek neither can nor ought to be considered but as one of those various dialects which, taken together, make the Greek language; and is, in other words, just one branch of a great tree. Modern Greek, therefore, should not be studied *separately*, unless by those who have previously made themselves acquainted with the other dialects, and who—being able to read and understand each of the four ancient dialects in which the *chef-d'œuvre* of Greek literature are composed—feel also desirous of acquiring the *fifth*—that is, the modern—in order to complete their knowledge of the Greek tongue. They, on the other hand, who are only beginning to study Greek, ought unquestionably to consider it as consisting of five dialects, and should be taught to read Homer, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and others, *not* as writers in a language now extinct, but rather in a language which still exists, and is spoken by a whole nation; for the difference between the language in which these authors write, and that which is now spoken, is not so much in the words themselves as in their construction. It is needless to advert to the objection which has been so often advanced and refuted, that the pronunciation of the modern Greek is different from the ancient, as if it were possible that, after preserving almost every word in the old language, the Greeks should have quite lost sight of its pronunciation, and left that to be discovered by philologists shut up in their closet. But leaving this question to be decided in any way that scholars think fit, permit me to remark, that it is surely much more natural to learn a language with that pronunciation which, besides being harmonious and beautiful, is intelligible to a whole nation, than with that pronunciation which is of no use but in the reading of dead authors. In both cases, the labour is equal; but in one, the advantage is double. By learning the modern dialect, which, as I have already said, is nothing but an appendix to the ancient language, we are not only able to enjoy all the modern Greek works, many of which display an elegance and a beauty truly classical,—such as the poetical productions of Chrysostoulos, of Rizos, of Calbos, of Coray, of Coumas, of (Economos, and many others,—but we are also able to avail ourselves of it in conversation and correspondence. I am still further of opinion, that, by studying Greek as a living language, he who is even

quite ignorant of it, and obliged to begin with the alphabet, may learn to read the ancient authors, and to write and speak the language, with the same purity and elegance that well-educated Greeks now do, in far less time, with far less trouble, and with far less danger of contracting any of that disgust for the study, which is so often the consequence of the dry and difficult mode in which it is usually taught. During a residence of two years in the United States, where I gave lessons, first at the *Franklin Institution* in Philadelphia, then at the *Columbian College* in New York, and, lastly, at *Cambridge*, near Boston, my own experience proved the truth of what I have stated. I have received letters in Greek, pretty well expressed, from scholars of three and six months standing; and the same scholars were equally at home in speaking the language. In short, I am quite persuaded, that whoever wishes it, may become master both of ancient and modern Greek in a very short time, and that the latter can only be properly learnt through the former, which is its foundation. My Grammar of the modern Greek, and the Orations for the Crown, together with the *Prolegomena* in modern Greek, seem to me firmly to establish the truth of what I have now advanced, namely, that the modern is so incorporated with the ancient, that it ought to be studied as one and the same language. I shall now, sir, conclude for the present, but will have much pleasure in replying to any questions you may wish to put to me upon this subject at any future opportunity. Meantime, I have the honour to remain, &c.

ALEXANDER NEGRIS.

Edinburgh, 22d Sept. 1829.

#### THE DRAMA.

It is a pleasant thing to see so many of the "old familiar faces" again. It is a pleasant thing to take our station once more in our favourite little Theatre, and, remembering the happy hours we have already spent there, anticipate many happy hours yet to come. On Tuesday evening last, we were as full of the milk of human kindness as a lamb, and our heart bounded within us like the heart of a child—a manly bright-eyed boy, whom grandpapa carries off in a coach to see a play for the first or second time in his life. We positively shook hands with Donald the box-keeper, and glad were we to find that the Manager had brought down no star from London to fill his place. Much pleased were we to observe Mr Pindar fiddling away once more in the most good-natured style imaginable, just as if nothing had happened, and to see Mr Platt puffing into his delicate flute with the puff of a master. Then up went the curtain, and, being in perhaps the most delightful mood we ever were in, Stanley, that funniest of all creatures, made us laugh till the tears came over our cheeks. We had scarcely recovered when our eyes fell on our old friend Pritchard, whom we are right glad to see back again;—whether he be a first-rate actor or not, he is, at all events, a man of a frank and gentlemanly bearing, and, in his own parts, is a credit to our company. Then there was Miss Tunstall, with her clear pipe and good-natured physiognomy;—we really can't help liking her, so we "own the soft impeachment" at once. Then there was Mrs Stanley, a fine woman and a clever, and moreover, a flame of ours about fifteen years ago. Then there was Montague Stanley, a nice lad, getting more easy and graceful, and fit for good things with a little time and experience. And, on Wednesday evening, was there not Mackay, fresh from Liverpool, but with as true a Scotch heart as ever? and Denham the judicious, a little unwieldy in tights and silk stockings, but keeping within himself the soul of a King James and a Dandie Dinmont? No! we could not be crabbed with these old friends on the first or second night of a season, though the critic's laurel crown were to be the

price of our leniency. We were glad even to see Mr Taylor, Mr John Stanley, Mr Power, Mrs Mathews, and the Misses Murray. As for Mrs Nicol and Mrs Eyre, it is long since they have held dominion over the softest portion of our heart. Yet there was a dash of sorrow in our cup of joy. Where was Jones the gentlemanly?—where was his shrill “ha! ha!” and where his blue or claret-coloured coat, cut so delicately, and fitting so nicely, that it seemed more like the stuff of which a tailor’s happiest dreams are made, than a thing of stern reality? Alas! Jones is teaching elocution to the Cockneys of London. Where was Mason the facetious?—where was his *caput mortuum* face, so full of woe and merriment, that it might make a churchyard laugh?—where was our starved apothecary and our Sir Andrew Ague Cheek? Alas! Mason is “o’er the border and awa” in consequence of some slight and mutually-to-be-regretted misunderstanding between him and the Manager. Where was Thorne the obliging?—where was his “March to the battle-field,” his prepossessing nose, and his agreeable careless manner? Alas! Thorne is singing blithely in the English Opera House, “maybe to return to Lochaber no more.” And where—more than all the rest—where was Miss Noel, the gentle and the good?—where was her sweetly-warbled melody, dear to the Scottish heart, her playful smile, and fine feeling of the truth of nature? Alas! she is in New York, where her husband is lecturing on anatomy, “across the Atlantic’s roar.”

But a reinforcement of new recruits has been marched up to supply the place of those who are gone; and what are we to say of them? Of Mrs William West we say that she is a pretty woman, somewhat past her best, and on the whole, a pleasing and graceful actress, though in grave and sentimental characters rather too lachrymose and white-pocket-handkerchiefy, and in gayer characters rather too languid and studied. Of Mr Williams we say that he is “pretty considerable” vulgar, though we daresay he has some humour of a broad and tolerably commonplace kind, and we believe that Scotch characters are his forte. Of Mr M. Rae, from Glasgow, we say that we wish he had left behind him in that city some of his Irish brogue, and brought with him a pair of legs capable of moving a little less stiffly through the parts of walking gentlemen. Of Miss Stoker we say that she is a clever little girl, and that we are glad to see her in the way of rising in her profession, but she must not be quite so rompish on the Edinburgh stage as she might be in country towns; her manner is a little *trop prononcée*; she must soften it down. Of the “young lady” who made “her first appearance on any stage” (?)—Miss Weston’s younger sister, we believe—we say that she is likely to prove an acquisition in the chambermaid line. Of Mr Barton, from Dublin, who is to take the *premier rôle* in the company, we say that we do not yet know exactly what to say. We have seen him only in two characters—the *Stranger* and *Lord Townly*; we liked him in the first, and were not very well pleased with him in the second; but neither of these characters is well suited to bring out a man’s powers. Our judgment rests suspended,—only, we suspect we are going, on the whole, to be pleased with Barton.

On Thursday evening, the first of living actors, KEAN, entered upon an engagement of only six nights. We shall have something to say of him next Saturday. Meantime, we are glad to see him in so much vigour, and expect that hardly an inhabitant of Edinburgh will miss the opportunity of being present at his performances. It was a remark which we heard made by one of the most popular poetesses of the day, that seeing Kean play his favourite parts, was “like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.”

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE ARAB AND HIS BEARD.

A STORY FROM THE ARABYCK TONGUE, COMPLYT INTILL THE GUID AULD SCOTTYSH TONGUE.

By the Author of “Anster Fair.”

LAST night, as I on my couche was laid,  
There cam a vision intill my head,  
That garr’d me quhither sae on my bed,  
That I wauken’d wi’ the flutter:  
I dreamt I met wi’ the fearful’ Dell;  
I kent the Daddy o’ Lies richt weel  
By his brimstane beard and his cloven heel,  
And his tail as black’s the gutter.  
Wi’ a growsame glowr, the Father o’ Sin  
Gluntchet at me wi’ an awsome grin;  
Frae his black ee-bree to the tip o’ his chin,  
Gehenna grn’d black in his face.  
The bonnie sterns, at the growsame grin,  
Frae th’ Equator’s belt till the Polar pin,  
Creipt to their chawmers a’ within,  
To shelter themselves for a space;  
And the earth, through a’ her michtie bulk,  
Like a palsy creature quhiv’r’d and shook;  
Dogs youf’t and youf’d, men shiver’t and quook,  
As they lay on their beds afear’d:  
For me—I cared na a preen or a strae,  
For Cleutie that gluntch’d and gruntlet sae;  
But, breehlin’ up to man’s mortal Fae,  
I grippit him bauld by the beard;  
And I said, Ah, Tyke! ah, Imp o’ the Air!  
I hae you now in my clutches fair!  
For your ill-willit deeds I’ll punyah you sair!  
And I gave him a slap on the haffit;  
But—I wauken’d mysell wi’ the slap and its pain;  
For Auld Hornie’s cheek I had thwackit mine ain,  
And my bonny sleek beard I had mistaen  
For that o’ the Prince o’ Tophet!

### Lines to the Bell-Rock Light-House,

SEEN FROM A DISTANCE.

By Robert Chambers.

STRANGE fancies rise at sight of thee,  
Tower of the lonesome, silent sea!  
Art thou a thing of earth or sky,  
Upshot from beneath, or let down from on high—  
A thing of the wave, or a thing of the cloud—  
The work of man, or the work of God?  
Old art thou?—has thy blue minaret  
Seen the young suns of creation set?  
Or did but the yester years of time  
Wake their old eyes on thy youthful prime,  
Creature of mystery sublime?

Strange seem thy purposes and fate,  
Emblem of all that’s desolate!  
Outcast of earth, as if cursed and exiled,  
Thou hast taken thy place on the ocean wild,  
And rear’st, like a mournful repentant Cain,  
Thy conscious and flame-letter’d brow on the main,  
Telling all who might come to companion or cheer,  
To shun thy abode of destruction and fear.  
Hermit of the desert sea,  
Loneliest of all things that be,  
Even the Pillar’d Enthusiast was nothing to thee!

No change in thy aspect, place, or form,  
Brings light or darkness, sunshine or storm;  
Times and seasons change, but thou never changest—  
Range all other sea things, but thou never rangest.  
Morn breaks on thy head with her blush and her smile—  
Noon pours all his splendours around thy lone pile—

The long level sunbeams that gild thee at eve,  
 Cast thy shade till 'tis lost o'er the far German wave;  
 Or night falls upon thee, as dew falls on tree—  
 Yet these alternations no change work on thee!  
 Let the sea, as the heaven which it mirrors, be calm,  
 And each breath of the breeze bring its own load of  
 balm—

Or let its bleak pavement be traversed and torn  
 By the white-crested war-waves, from northern seas  
 borne,

Who seem, as they rush to old Albany's strand,  
 A new troop of Norsemen invading the land—  
 Or let the rough mood of that long trooping host  
 In the conflict and rage of a tempest be lost—  
 And to the wild scene deepest darkness be given,  
 Save where God pours his fire through the shot-holes  
 of heaven—

In calm or in breeze—amidst tempest and flame—  
 Thou art still the same beautiful, terrible same!

#### A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

THEY'RE stepping off, the friends I knew,  
 They're going one by one;  
 They're taking wives to tame their lives,  
 Their jovial days are done;—  
 I can't get one old crony now  
 To join me in a spree;  
 They've all grown grave domestic men,  
 They look askance on me.

I hate to see them sober'd down—  
 The merry boys and true,—  
 I hate to hear them sneering now  
 At pictures fancy drew;  
 I care not for their married cheer,  
 Their puddings and their soups,  
 And middle-aged relations round  
 In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have  
 A comely sort of face,  
 And at the table's upper end  
 Conduct herself with grace,—  
 I hate the prim reserve that reigns,  
 The caution and the state,  
 I hate to see my friend grow vain  
 Of furniture and plate.

O! give me back the days again  
 When we have wander'd free,  
 And stole the dew from every flower,  
 The fruit from every tree;  
 The friends I loved—they will not come,—  
 They've all deserted me;  
 They sit at home and toast their toes,  
 Look stupid, and sip tea.

By Jove! they go to bed at ten,  
 And rise at half past nine;  
 And seldom do they now exceed  
 A pint or so of wine;  
 They play at whist for sixpences,  
 They very rarely dance,  
 They never read a word of rhyme,  
 Nor open a romance.

They talk—Good Lord!—of politics,  
 Of taxes, and of crops;  
 And very quietly, with their wives,  
 They go about to shops;  
 They get quite skilled in groceries,  
 And learn'd in butcher meat,  
 And know exactly what they pay  
 For every thing they eat,

And then they all get children, too,  
 To squall through thick and thin,  
 And seem right proud to multiply  
 Small images of sin;  
 And yet, you may depend upon't,  
 Ere half their days are told,  
 Their sons are taller than themselves,  
 And they are counted old.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,  
 And for the friends I've lost,  
 When no warm feeling of the heart  
 Was chill'd by early frost.  
 If these be Hymen's vaunted joys,  
 I'd have him shun my door,  
 Unless he'll quench his torch, and live  
 Henceforth a bachelor.

H. G. B.

#### HE LOVED HER FOR HER MERRY EYE.

##### *A Ballad.*

HE loved her for her merry eye,  
 That, like the vesper star,  
 In evening's blue and deepening sky,  
 Shed light and joy afar!

He loved her for her golden hair  
 That o'er her shoulders hung;  
 He loved her for her happy voice—  
 The music of her tongue.

He loved her for her airy form  
 Of animated grace;  
 He loved her for the light of soul  
 That brighten'd in her face.

He loved her for her simple heart,—  
 A shrine of gentle things;  
 He loved her for her sunny hopes,  
 Her gay imaginings.

But not for him that bosom beat,  
 Or glanced that merry eye,  
 Beneath whose diamond light he felt  
 It would be heaven to die.

He never told her of his love,—  
 He breathed no prayer—no vow;  
 But sat in silence by her side,  
 And gazed upon her brow.

And when at length she pass'd away,  
 Another's smiling bride,  
 He made his home mid ocean's waves,—  
 He died upon its tide.

GERTRAUDE.

#### SONNET.

I do not wish to clothe in vulgar words  
 The deeper thoughts that in my bosom lie,  
 To outward sense invisible, like birds  
 Afloat far off in the cerulean sky.  
 Let them abide in me, as water-springs  
 Within the caverns of the rock-ribb'd hill;—  
 O'er them no breeze its rippling mantle flings,  
 They feel not summer's heat, nor winter's chill;  
 And when the storm uproots the mountain pine,  
 Or covers o'er with snow the lofty peak,  
 They rest like liquid diamonds in their mine,  
 Calm and unchanged, when all without is bleak;—  
 So slumber ye, my thoughts, while all unseeing  
 The cold crowd passes by, and knows not of your being.

H. G. B.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A new Juvenile Annual is in a state of forwardness, to be called *The Zoological Keepsake*, a name which describes at once both its peculiar feature, and almost its whole plan of contents and publication. It will be enlivened by a light conversational manner of treating its Zoological topics, and by an abundance of anecdotes, and a share of humorous poetry, and description. The embellishments will consist of engravings, from drawings by Cruikshanks, Landseer, Baynes, Saunders, and others.

The embellishments for the Third Series of the Tales of a Grandfather are engraved. The frontispiece for the first volume is a portrait of the Chevalier de St George, and the vignette is the execution of Lord Derwentwater and his unfortunate fellow-sufferers; for the second volume there is a portrait of the Duke of Argyll, and a vignette of an incident which took place at the battle of Sheriffmuir; and for the third volume a portrait of a Highland Chieftain, out in the "forty-five," and a vignette of Flora Macdonald. The work is expected to appear about the end of the year.

The Life and Times of Daniel de Foe is preparing for publication. If well executed, the publication ought to be an interesting one, both as a literary biography, and as an illustration of a remarkable period of English literature.

We understand that the *Bijou* is to appear this season along with the other Annuals, with high graphic and literary attractions.

Gleanings of an English Hermit in Portugal during the years 1827, 1828, and 1829, is announced as about to be published in Lisbon.

Some Account of the Life and Writings of White Kennet, D.D., Minister of St Botolph, Aldgate, afterwards Lord Bishop of Peterborough, by W. Burgess, is in the press.

The publication of the translation of Childe Harold into German, by Baron Von Sedlitz, has been prohibited by the Austrian authorities at Vienna.

The Poems lately published by the King of Bavaria, have excited a considerable sensation amongst the literati of Germany; and an eminent literary character, now residing abroad, we understand, is preparing a translation of them, with which the public will be shortly favoured.

**CHEAP LITERATURE.**—The spirit which gave rise in England to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has spread itself over the Continent. A subscription has been opened at Louvain for the economical propagation of useful books. Each member is to receive a copy of all the works which the Society may have published in the course of the year, in virtue of a subscription of six florins (10s. 7d.). Twelve volumes will be published annually, containing at least 120 sheets each, and embracing the matter of twelve volumes of a French edition, of the value of 75 francs—a little more than £3 sterling.

**BUST OF MRS HERMAN.**—Mr Angus Fletcher has nearly finished a bust of this celebrated poetess. We have had the pleasure of seeing it, and are able to speak very favourably of it. It is chastely and elegantly executed, and, whilst the individual features are well copied, the general character of the countenance has been happily brought out. It is somewhat remarkable, that there is a striking resemblance between the expression of Mrs Herman's face and that of Miss O'Neil. We believe the bust has been executed for Sir Robert Liston, but it will be exhibited here next season.

**MACDONALD'S STATUES.**—A drawing which has been taken of this group by Lauder, is about to be lithographed, we believe, by Johnstone, and will be published immediately. This is a compliment which Macdonald deserves.

**GYMNASTICS.**—*A Hint to the Highlanders.*—A French periodical, the *Revue Encyclopédique*, advertising to the account given in the Edinburgh newspapers, of the feats performed at the last meeting of the Highland Club, observes, that if the best high leaper sprang only 50 inches from the ground, and that if the best thrower of the hammer threw the 21-pound hammer only 31 feet 4 inches, and the 12-pound hammer only 67 feet 4 inches, there is scarcely a villager in France who would not be willing to dispute the palm with the Scotch either in leaping or throwing the hammer. We dearest the *Revue Encyclopédique* is right; but, fortunately for Scotland, the members of the Highland Club are far from being its best gymnastics. We have seen a Scotchman clear at a high leap 61 inches; and, as for throwing the hammer, we will, ourselves, undertake to throw either of the two mentioned half-a-dozen feet farther, and we know many men who could throw them a dozen.

**A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.**—The reports of Captain Dickenson's trial were forwarded to the Evening papers by one of those laborious authors called penny-a-line men. In his report of one of the days, this gentleman, commenting on his own contributions, observes,—"The

avidity with which the London papers are read is really astonishing!"

**A MELANCHOLY SITUATION.**—The leading article of a recent Number of an American paper, consists of the following sentence: "The editor, printer, publisher, foreman, and oldest apprentice, (two in all) are confined by sickness, and the whole establishment has been left in the care of the devil."

**Theatrical Gossip.**—The subscription for the relief of Covent Garden proceeds more slowly than was expected, and it seems doubtful whether the sum required will be obtained. Should the Theatre reopen, we understand that a tragedy from the pen of Charles Kemble's eldest daughter is likely to be brought out. We have heard of this young lady's talents before, and believe she is the authoress of one or two successful minor pieces.—The admission prices at Drury Lane are to be reduced for the ensuing season to six shillings for the boxes, and three for the pit. It is said that Miss Mitford's new tragedy will be the opening piece. Young Charles Ingleton, the son of the celebrated singer, is also to appear speedily at Drury Lane. He is said to have a fine voice, and to resemble his father a good deal in every thing, except that he is extremely diffident—a good fault.—Kean, it appears, is at loggerheads with the Dublin manager, who has refused to pay him £350 of salary, which Kean says he owes him. If the action come into court, it promises some amusement. Kean says that the manager would receive no report from a physician as to the state of his health, and obliged him to play with a company who were quite ignorant of their business. *Lady Macbeth*, he declares, knew only about one line in seven, and the very ghosts were deficient. The manager's principal objection to payment is founded on Kean's refusal to die, on certain occasions, with becoming spirit, and, in particular, to show proper fight with his own son, while he acted *Macduff*.—A new comic opera (the music by Catal, professor of harmony in the French Institute) has been translated by Mr Cummins, the manager of the Leeds Theatre, and has been received there with enthusiastic applause.—Matthews and Yates have made a successful debut at Paris; and, what is odd, Yates appears to be the decided favourite with the Parisian critics. One of them says,—"We are not aware what may be the comparative degree of merit assigned to these two famous mimics by the English public; but, to judge from the effect which they produced on the French portion of their audience, Yates would amuse more in a quarter of an hour, than Matthews in the whole hour."—Rossini was lately a few days at Milan, and was present at a representation of the "Pirate," a new opera by a new composer, named Bellini. A great crowd was attracted to see *il gran maestro*, but it pleased him to keep at the back of his box during the whole of the performance, and only a few friends were admitted to a sight of him. The author of the opera was among the number, to whom he paid some high compliments. He also expressed himself in high terms of praise of a female singer, whom he had not heard till that occasion.—Mademoiselle Mérie Lalande. This singer, who is engaged for the next year's opera season at Paris, is the idol of the Milanese dilettanti, who place her on a par with Madame Fodor.—We are happy to learn that a tragedy, from the pen of James Sheridan Knowles, the distinguished author of "Virginia," is in active preparation; and we believe Miss Smithson, his countrywoman, is to play the heroine.—The Caledonian Theatre closes this evening. We shall have no objection to see Mr Bass again, when the Theatre-Royal shuts its doors,—but not till then.

## WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Sept. 22.—Sept. 25.

TUES. *The Stranger, & Happiest Day of My Life.*

WED. *The Provoked Husband, & Do.*

THUR. *King Richard III., & Do.*

FRI. *The Merchant of Venice, & 'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror.*

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE descriptive sketch of the ascent of Bennevis shall be inserted.—"A Tale of the Coast of Kent," and "J. C. U." are under consideration.—We have received Mr Brydson's explanatory note.—The Jones alluded to by the *John Bull* is not our Jones.

The posthumous poem by the late Alexander Balfour, which we think one of its author's happiest efforts, shall have an early place.—"The Weepers," by "T. B. J." of Glasgow,—the Communications from Montrose,—the Ballad by "C." of Dalkeith,—the Letter from "R. G." of Leith,—and the Poems by "D. M. Ashill," lie over for insertion at our best convenience.—Our Glasgow friend, "T. A." has our thanks for his contributions.—We are afraid that "W." of Aberdeen will not suit us; and "Arthur Seat" is in the same predicament.

[No. 46. September 26, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

## STATUARY.

HEROIC GROUP OF THREE FIGURES.

## THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ROOMS

are now open for the Exhibition of a Group of

THREE COLOSSAL FIGURES,

Sculptured by Mr LAWRENCE MACDONALD,

and representing Ajax bearing the dead body of Patroclus, and combating a Trojan Warrior.

Admittance, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s.—Open from 10 A. M. till dusk.

Edinburgh, 27th August, 1829.

## ELOCUTION.

"In most things the MANNER is as IMPORTANT as the MATTER: If you speak the sense of an angel, in BAD WORDS and a DISAGREEABLE UTTERANCE, nobody will hear you twice that can help U."

MR ROBERTS will RESUME his CLASSES for ELOCUTION on THURSDAY, OCTOBER the FIRST.

## PRIVATE TUITION AS USUAL.

N.B.—MR ROBERTS, having been particularly requested by numerous individuals to open Classes for the JUNIOR BRANCHES of FAMILIES, with a view to their acquiring an ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION, while the ORGANS of SPEECH are flexible and under command, begs leave to announce that he will receive PUPILS between EIGHT and FIFTEEN YEARS of AGE, from 9 to 10 o'clock A.M., and from 6 to 7, and from 7 to 8 o'clock P.M. 1—namely, YOUNG LADIES on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS; YOUNG GENTLEMEN on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS.

Mr R. will give due notice of his WINTER COURSE of LECTURES and ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 62, Hanover Street.

## EDUCATION.

MR ALEXANDER NEGRIS, a Native of Greece, has arrived in Edinburgh with the intention of giving Lessons in ANCIENT and MODERN GREEK. They who wish to exercise themselves at the same time in FRENCH, may be taught through the medium of that language. Mr Negris' Address is, No. 2, Nelson Street, where he will be found at home every day between the hours of 5 and 7.

M. ALEXANDRE NEGRIS, Grec de naissance, se propose de donner des Leçons en GREC, ANCIEN et MODERNE. Et à ceux qui désirent en même temps s'exercer dans la LANGUE FRANÇAISE, il fera ses enseignements du Grec par le moyen de la langue Française. On trouvera M. Negris, Nelson Street, No. 2, tous les jours de 5 à 7 heures.

## ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

SIGNOR RAMPINI begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has REMOVED to 25, INDIA STREET, where CLASSES will be opened, on Thursday, the 1st of October, for the ITALIAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.

Signor R., for the further accommodation of his Pupils, will open a Class in George's Street in the course of October.

Signor R. will attend Boarding Schools, and continue to give Private Lessons.

Terms moderate.

## EDINBURGH SOUTHERN ACADEMY.

THE Public of Edinburgh, and the Inhabitants of the Southern Districts in particular, are respectfully informed, that an ACADEMY will be opened in No. 1, BUCCLEUGH PLACE, on Thursday the 1st of October, under the following Masters for their respective branches:—

Mr W. M. GUNN,

Classics, including Greek, Latin, English Literature, Ancient and Modern Geography.

Mr JOHN RUSSELL, M.A. Lecturer on Mathematics in the Leith School of Arts.

Arithmetic and Mathematics.

Mr JOHN KIRKPATRICK, . . . Writing.

A French Elementary Class will at the same time be formed by Monsieur MONNARD.

Testimonials, and information as to Hours, Terms, &c. may be obtained from Mr Gunn, No. 20, Gayfield Square; Monsieur Monnard, 6, Howe Street; and in the shops of the principal Booksellers in the Southern Districts.

The rooms in Buccleugh Place will be open on and after Thursday the 24th September, from 12 to 3 P. M. for the purpose of receiving the names of intending Pupils.

1, Buccleugh Place, 22d Sept. 1829.

## ITALY.

On Wednesday next will be published, in one volume, price 5s. 6d. extra cloth boards, or 5s. fine paper,

## AN AUTUMN IN ITALY;

Being a Personal Narrative of a Tour in the Austrian, Tuscan, Roman, and Sardinian States, in 1827.

By J. D. SINCLAIR, Esq.

FORMING THE FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

\*.\* Dr RUSSELL'S LIFE of OLIVER CROMWELL will form the next Two Volumes of the Miscellany. Besides the usual Vignettes, a beautiful Portrait of Cromwell will be given.

Edinburgh: Printed for CONSTABLE & Co. 19, Waterloo Place; and HURST, CHANCE, & Co. London;

Who have just published the following Works in CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY:

I.

The NATURAL HISTORY of SELBORNE. by the late Rev. GILBERT WHITE, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. A New Edition, with Additions, by Sir WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart. 1 vol.

II.

HISTORY of the MOST REMARKABLE CONSPIRACIES connected with EUROPEAN HISTORY, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries. By JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A., Author of the "Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," &c. 2 vols.

III.

HISTORY of the REBELLIONS in SCOTLAND, under DUNDEE and MAR, in 1689 and 1715. By ROBERT CHAMBERS, Author of the "Rebellion in Scotland in 1745," &c. 1 vol.

IV.

HISTORY of the OTTOMAN EMPIRE, from its Establishment till the Year 1828. By EDWARD UPHAM, Esq., Author of the "History of Buddhism." In 2 vols.

V.

HISTORY of SCULPTURE, PAINTING, and ARCHITECTURE. By J. S. MENES, LL.D. Author of "The Life of Canova," &c. 1 vol.

On the 1st Oct. 1829, will be published, price Two Shillings, (To be continued Monthly.)

No. I. OF THE

## EDINBURGH JOURNAL

OF NATURAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE.

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AN ASSOCIATION of NATURALISTS.

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## LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

Published this day, price 2s. sewed,

## VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES. Part II.: FRUITS.

London: CHARLES KNIGHT, Pall-Mall East.

Edinburgh: OLIVER &amp; BOYD, Tweeddale Court.

On the 21st of September, in Two Volumes post 8vo, 18s.

## WILMOT WARWICK. By HENRY VERNON.

A SECOND EDITION of the FIRST VOLUME may now be had.—Also,

I. A FOURTH EDITION, in octavo, of the MEMOIRS and CORRESPONDENCE of LORD COLLINGWOOD. With a fine Portrait, &c. 16s.

"We do not know when we have met with so delightful a book as this."—*Edinburgh Review*.

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II. RETIREMENT; a POEM. By THOMAS STEWART, Esq. Author of an "Epistle from Abelard to Eloise." 3s. 6d. JAMES RIDGWAY, Piccadilly; and, by order, of every Bookseller in the Country.

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 47.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*The History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, from the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 72.*  
Translated from the German of John Jahn, D.D., formerly Professor of the Oriental Languages, of Biblical Antiquities, and of Theology, in the University of Vienna: with a Continuation to the time of Adrian. Two volumes. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.  
*Family Library. No. VI. History of the Jews. Vol. II.* London. John Murray. 1829.

THE first of these works is a reprint of a translation originally published in America, which was executed by Calvin E. Stowe, a pupil of the Andover Theological Seminary, under the superintendence of Professor Stewart of that Institution, and Professor Gibbs of New-haven. The English publisher informs us, that "the whole has been thoroughly revised;" and intimates that this was necessary, in order to render it fit for the more classical English reader. As we have never seen the American edition, we are unable to speak of its execution; but there is a statement in Mr C. E. Stowe's preface, which serves, in some measure, to illustrate the principles upon which he proceeded:—"It is the duty of a translator," he says, "to give a faithful representation of his author's meaning, without violating the purity of his own language. In executing the following work, I have uniformly endeavoured to make this principle my guide; but I have found it more difficult to adhere to, than I supposed it would be, before I commenced the task. There is such a total diversity in the whole mode of constructing sentences in the German and English languages, that it is no easy achievement for a translator to do justice to himself, and at the same time remain faithful to his original. I hope, however, I can venture to say, that I have not failed, in any important instance, to give a true expression of my author's meaning; but I must leave the reader to judge how far I have succeeded in preserving the purity of the English language." Every individual, and every nation, have certain idiomatic expressions, which give a colour as it were to their modes of thought. It is these characteristics which a translator finds most difficult to retain, and yet in them not unfrequently much of an author's power of charming consists. We are inclined to suspect that Mr Stowe has ventured occasionally to the wreath-side of the English language, in order to retain the impress of individuality which the original bears; and that the superintendent of the reprint, a lover of well-turned sentences and classical English, has been shocked at the solecisms of the young divine. We are rather afraid that this discussion may appear prissy, but we like to see fair play.

Dr Jahn's work seems (for we have not read the original), from its extreme condensation, to have been meant as a text-book for his prelections, while professor at the University of Vienna. These text-books form at present a large proportional part of the solid literature of Germany. Although they treat their subject in sufficient

detail, to convey to any one versant in the studies of which they treat a tolerably correct notion of their author's leading doctrines, yet are they ill adapted for communicating to tyros full and satisfactory information. They are rather a mere outline, to be filled up by oral communications; or a thread to guide the hearers through the labyrinthine mazes of the lecturer's dissertations. There are many advantages attending this mode of instruction, which combines the facility and charm of oral communication with the systematic and solid character of book-learning. We think it but fair to apprise the English public of these facts, lest they should be led to judge of a work as an independent whole, which was only meant to be used along with the running comment of a lecturer's annotations. Such an act of justice is particularly necessary in the case of Dr Jahn, whose work condenses into two, not preternaturally extensive volumes, the history not only of the Jews, but of all the revolutions of empire in the East, from the earliest times down to the conquest of Jerusalem.

We took occasion lately—while reviewing the first volume of Millman's history of the Jews—to turn our readers' attention to the leading features in their history previous to the Babylonish captivity; and we are not sorry to have so early an opportunity of adding a few observations on their subsequent fortunes down to the period of their final dispersion. There are but scanty materials for constructing the history of the nation during this period. Some brief notices in Ezra, Nehemiah, and the later prophets; the books of the Apocrypha, as far as any reliance can be placed upon them; Josephus, who seems to have derived his information, so far as it does not rest exclusively upon the information contained in these books, from floating rumours and traditions; and lastly, a few incidental allusions in the Ethnic writers, form the whole of our store. The Rabbinical traditions were collected at too late a period to allow of our reposing any confidence in them.

Professor Jahn is evidently acquainted with all these sources of information, and he has turned them to account with a critical and discerning spirit. His book, which, as we have hinted above, almost deserves to be called a History of the Political Revolutions of the Eastern World, gives a distinct, although extremely condensed, view of the internal structure of the Jewish commonwealth, and its relations to surrounding states. Being, however, a mere outline, it leaves on many occasions the reader's mind unsatisfied. We had hoped that Mr Millman's second volume, as he avowedly confines himself to the history of the Jews, would have filled up the blanks. We regret to say that we have been disappointed. In the earlier part of the volume, the narrative is painfully confused. This we incline to attribute to the author's attempt to give a greater individuality to this part than his limits admit of. He ought to have contented himself with taking a general and comprehensive view of the stream of events, sinking those minor details which are neither influential nor characteristic. In the latter part of his volume he amends this; but we fear he gives a greater scope to his rhetorical powers, than the stern simplicity of his

tory warrants. There is, no doubt, an eloquence of history, but it is essentially different from that of poetry; and Mr Milman's partakes more of the latter. This history is, indeed, just such a one as we should have expected from a poet; in whose mind vivid and impressive images will always maintain the ascendancy over the formless fragments of truth, elicited by painful investigation.

The period to which we call our reader's attention, extending to well nigh 700 years, is one of great interest to the student of Scripture history, and also to him who loves to trace, with a philosophic eye, the gradual change superinduced by time on national character. To him whose knowledge of the Jews is derived exclusively from the Old and New Testaments, there is a wide and impassable gulf between the nation over which the house of David ruled, and that in which our Saviour was born. The Canonical Books maintain a dead silence respecting the long intermediate period, and present us only with an account of two isolated assemblages of men standing far apart in the wide ocean of time. Their governors are different, and hold their power on different terms; the prophets have ceased; new sects and divisions have arisen among themselves, and new relations to the external world; and their religion, almost the only feature of their social system that marks their identity, is altered, not in its own nature, but in their reception of it. Instead of resting, as formerly, on their hearts, and spreading its deep root within them, it has become a problem of intellect, a coldly received dogma respecting whose precise meaning they dispute and cavil. The Synagogue is, in their eyes, almost of equal importance with the service of the Temple. It is no doubt the same Jewish nation which we saw in earlier time, fierce, free, and enthusiastic, situated in a land of miracles, and well fitted, by its fervid and imaginative temperament, for such an abode; but it is with this nation, as with one whom we have known in youth, and having lost sight of him during the interval, meet again in old age, decrepid, cold, retaining the forms without the vigour of his earlier intellect,—changed—sadly changed, from the blooming and warm-hearted boy, whom we loved with more than the love of woman.

Nor should we overlook the different point of view from which we see them at these two different periods of their history. In the earlier, our attention is riveted on the outward appearance of the nation, on its public forms and institutions. We behold it as one great whole, one dense and solid structure. Of their household lives and loves we catch but occasional and hasty glimpses; and rarely can we distinguish amid the hubbub the accents of an individual voice. In the New Testament, on the contrary, it is to their domestic life that we are introduced. What political institutions could do for man, had been done; it was now necessary that the individual, as well as the community, should be inspired and elevated. The mission of the Saviour was not to the Jews, but to all mankind. He addressed himself not to those peculiarities which political establishments superinduce, but to those universal feelings which nothing can destroy. He did not promulgate laws—he did not suggest institutions—he taught moral and religious truths. He taught that, while laws and tribunals were necessary for keeping in check such as knew or acknowledged no other guides, the Christian must look for counsel and support to higher sources—to his own conscience and to an Omnipotent Creator.

We have dwelt at some length on the difference, real and apparent, which exists betwixt the primitive Israelites and their descendants at the time of our Saviour, because we wish to place in a broad light the interest attaching to their intervening history—a study which is but too much neglected among us. On this wide subject, however, we have left ourselves no room to enter. For the same reason, we decline adverting at present to the oft re-told, yet still thrilling tale, of the final destruction

of Jerusalem. We leave this for the present to Mr Milman, who will doubtless do its horrors ample justice in his third volume, which we shall be glad to receive as soon as published.

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*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. II. Part II. Vegetable Substances—Fruits.* London. Charles Knight. Sept. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 422.

We have read this treatise upon Fruits with much pleasure, and, we hope, some edification. It is written in a good, popular style, preserving a proper medium between too much science and too much superficiality. The two great divisions of the subject are, *fruits of the temperate climates, and tropical fruits*. The former has four subdivisions, *fleshy fruits, pulpy fruits, stone fruits, and nuts*. Altogether, the present volume of this publication, the first Part of which relates to Trees, and the second to Fruits, is exceedingly excellent, and of great practical value.

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*The Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science. No. I. Oct. 1829.* Edinburgh. Daniel Lizars. 8vo. Pp. 80.

We do not wish to damp, at the very outset, the exertions of men ardent in the pursuit of science; but, considering that two Scientific Journals, conducted by such men as Dr Brewster and Professor Jameson, are at present starving in this country, we cannot help fearing that a degree of youthful enthusiasm, more to be pleased with than to be imitated, has led to the publication of the work before us. But now that it is begun, let its conductors go on with spirit; and if they can evince superior talent and activity, they will force their way in spite of every obstacle. We have read the whole of their first Number, and with several of the papers it contains we are well satisfied. The "Introductory coup d'œil at the Progress of Science and the Arts," is too vague and general, and, in point of fact, tells us nothing, but that we are in a different state now from what we were in the time of Adam and Eve. The "Description of the Landes of Aquitania," by Mr Ainsworth, one of the editors, is a more valuable contribution; and so are the articles on the "Electricity of the Simple and Compound Galvanic Circles," by Mr Kemp, and on the "Island of Jersey," by Mr Alexander Sutherland. Among the "Scientific Reviews," all of which are respectably written, the best is that on Sir Rufane Donkin's "Dissertation on the Niger," in which, although we think Sir Rufane is treated with too little ceremony, a very considerable knowledge of the subject is shown. The "Geographical Collections," which form a new and interesting division of the work, are judicious and important. The "Natural-Historical Collections" are also very much what they should be; and the "Miscellaneous Intelligence" is carefully compiled. In future Numbers, we advise the omission of such small trifling articles as that entitled "Oral Information on the Origin of the Gorkhas," which is like presenting a single mouthful of food to a starving man.

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*Rudiments of Geography, on a New Plan. With Numerous Engravings of Manners, Customs, and Curiosities.* By William C. Woodbridge, A.M. Second Edition. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1829. Pp. 214.

*A Companion to the Globes: Comprising an Astronomical Introduction, &c. &c. Designed for the use of Schools and Private Families.* By R. T. Linnington. Third Edition, Revised and Improved. London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1829.

THERE is a certain class of books, which, we believe, editors seldom or never think of reading. School-books

belong to this class ;—it can surely never be supposed that we wade through "Grammars," "Catechisms," and "Rudiments." We fear not to confess, that we rarely do more than look over the title-page and preface. If the publisher's name be respectable, we inform our readers that we have no doubt they will find the work useful ; and if we know nothing about the publisher, we sometimes just say the same thing. This is our general rule ;—there are exceptions to it, no doubt, as in the case of Mr Graham's book of the Capar Academy, reviewed in our last,—but we frankly confess that this is our general rule ; and our frankness in this instance will not lessen the weight attached to our criticisms in general. The names of Messrs Whittaker and Co., the publishers of the elementary works whose titles we have copied above, and who are known to pay particular attention to this branch of literature, are enough to vouch for their respectability. We must positively, however, object to the definition of Scotland given in the "Rudiments of Geography." Mr Woodbridge is good enough to say,—*"Scotland is a rough and mountainous country in the north, with only a few fertile valleys ;"* and this is illustrated by a woodcut, representing some bare rocks, a piece of water, and a lean cow ! This is really too bad of Mr Woodbridge.

*The Golden Chain.* By Mrs Sherwood. Berwick. Thomas Melrose. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 85.

We have positively read this little book, and think it contains a very excellent story for young people.

*Scenes Comiques Tirées de Molière, Regnard, Destouches, Le Sage, Casimir Delavigne, &c. &c. Avec les tranchemens nécessaires pour rendre cet ouvrage propre à la jeunesse de l'un et l'autre sexe.* Londres. Simpkin et Marshall. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 374.

This is a tasteful and judicious selection from the best French comic writers, calculated to give the student of that language a just idea of their respective styles. It is very prettily printed, and neatly got up, as Simpkin and Marshall's books always are.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### AN EDITORIAL PARAGRAPH VERY PROPER TO BE READ.

THE great fault of many of the Magazines and other periodicals of the day is, that they are monotonous in their cleverness. Their Editors get into a certain routine, and do it well ; but they want versatility on a large scale. Now, we are determined that the LITERARY JOURNAL shall be full at once of cleverness and of variety ; and that no mortal reader shall ever be able to predicate what the leading features of the subsequent Number will be from the leading features of the Number that has preceded it. We shall of course ever pay the strictest attention to our review department, and will notice all new books of interest with the most scrupulous care ; but at this present moment, just before the bursting of the publishing season, there is a dead calm,—*"not a mouse stirring,"*—and we avail ourselves of the momentary absence of new books, to present our two thousand five hundred subscribers with a delectable selection of miscellaneous articles,—*"any one of which,"* as the Newspapers say of the embellishments in the Annuals, *"is well worth the price of the whole publication."* We beseech our friends, however, to enter upon the perusal of the whole with the most perfect confidence, for, in the abundance of our stores, we freely bestow upon them this intellectual treat.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEAD.

NO. I.—THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.

*By a Relative.\**

My youthful visits to Ammondell live very greenly in my memory : these had greater charms for me than either

Horace or Virgil, and, I suspect, charms quite as rational. None of my holidays were anticipated with longings more eager than those that were to be spent at Ammondell. I had my fishing tackle to arrange, which, to one fond of angling, is a pleasure, secondary only to that of using it. I had to prepare myself in the classics, which, though a less agreeable occupation than the other, was as necessary—certain, as I was, that I should be examined as to my proficiency. Sometimes, also, I ventured upon a verse or two of English poetry, to show to my indulgent relative.

It was soon after Mr Erskine retired from the bar and from political life, that my visits to Ammondell were the most frequent ; and it is at this period that my recollections of him are the most vivid. Some say, he retired from public life disgusted ; all admit, that he retired neglected—but no one will add, forgotten. Sure I am, that if impressions made upon the mind of a boy be entitled to any regard, I may say truly, that disappointment, if felt at all, had been unable in him to sour the milk of human kindness ; and that, when I saw that fine grey-headed man—the most eloquent, the wittiest of his day—walking in his garden, with the hoe in his hand, I never questioned his sincerity in the following charming and characteristic lines, which he once read to me from his scrap-book, and which, not very long before his death, he kindly permitted me to copy. They have never before been published :

Let sparks and toppers o'er their bottle sit,  
Toss bumpers down, and fancy laughter wit :  
Let cautious plodders o'er the ledger pore,  
Note down each farthing gain'd, and wish it more :  
Let lawyers dream of wigs,—poets, of fame,—  
Scholars look learned, and senators declaim :  
Let soldiers stand like targets in the fray,  
Their lives worth just their thirteen pence a-day ;—  
Give me a nook in some secluded spot  
Which business shuns, and din approaches not,—  
Some quiet retreat, where I may never know  
What monarch reigns, what ministers bestow.  
A book—my slippers—and a field to stroll in—  
My garden-seat—an elbow-chair to loll in ;  
Sunshine when wanted—shade, when shade invites ;  
With pleasant country sounds, and smells, and sights ;  
And, now and then, a glass of generous wine,  
Shared with a chatty friend of "auld lang syne ;"  
And one companion more, for ever nigh,  
To sympathize in all that passes by—  
To journey with me on the path of life,  
And share its pleasures, and divide its strife.  
These simple joys, Eugenius, let me find,  
And I'll ne'er cast a lingering look behind.

These lines were written after Mr Erskine's second marriage, and refer, no doubt, in the latter part, to his second wife, who proved a most valuable companion and a tender nurse in his declining years. What degree of happiness his first connexion yielded in his early days, I have no access to know ; but the extreme nervous irritability, and somewhat eccentric ways of the first Mrs Erskine, did not contribute greatly to his happiness in her later years. One of her peculiarities consisted in not retiring to rest at the usual hours. She would frequently employ half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family, to see that nothing was amissing, and that every thing was in its proper place. I recollect being told this among other proofs of her oddities, that one morning, about two or three o'clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr Erskine by putting to him this important interrogatory, "Harry, lovie, where's your white waistcoat?"

The mail coach used to set me down at Ammondell gate, which is about three quarters of a mile from the house ; and I yet see, as vividly as I at this moment see the landscape from the window at which I am now writing, the features of that beautiful and secluded domain,—

\* This article and three others, which are to complete the series, are from the well-known and able pen of DEAWENT CONWAY.—ED.

the antique stone bridge,—the rushing stream, the wooded banks,—and, above all, the owner, coming towards me with his own benevolent smile and sparkling eyes. I recollect the very grey hat he used to wear, with a bit of the rim torn, and the pepper-and-salt short coat, and the white neckcloth sprinkled with snuff.

No one could, or ever did, tire in Mr Erskine's company—he was society equally for the child and for the grown man. He would first take me to see his garden, where, being one day surprised by a friend while digging potatoes, he made the now well-known remark, that he was enjoying *otium cum diggins a tautie*.<sup>\*</sup> He would then take me to his melon bed, which we never left without a promise of having one after dinner; and then he would carry me to see the pony, and the great dog upon which his grandson, Henry David—now Lord Cardross—used afterwards to ride.

Like most men of elegant and cultivated minds, Mr Erskine was an amateur in music, and himself no indifferent performer upon the violin. I think I scarcely ever entered the hall along with him that he did not take down his Cremona—a real one, I believe—which hung on the wall, and, seating himself in one of the wooden chairs, play some natches of old English or Scotch airs;—sometimes, “Let’s have a dance upon the heath,” an air from the music in *Macbeth*, which he used to say was by Purcell, and not by Locke, to whom it has usually been ascribed—sometimes, “The flowers of the forest,” or “Auld Robin Gray”—and sometimes the beautiful Pastorale from the eighth concerto of Corelli, for whose music he had an enthusiastic admiration. But the greatest treat to me was when, after dinner, he took down from the top of his bookcase, where it lay behind a bust, I think, of Mr Fox, his manuscript book, full of *jeux d’esprit*, charades, *bon mots*, &c. &c., all his own composition. I was then too young, and, I trust, too modest, to venture any opinion upon their merits; but I well recollect the delight with which I listened, and Mr Erskine was not above being gratified by the silent homage of a youthful mind.

Few men have ever enjoyed a wider reputation for wit than the Honourable Henry Erskine; the epithet then, and even now, applied to him, *par excellence*, is that of the witty Harry Erskine; and I do believe, that all the puns and *bon mots* which have been put into his mouth—some of them, no doubt, having originally come out of it—would eke out a handsome duodecimo. I well recollect, that nothing used to pain me so much as not perceiving at once the point of any of Mr Erskine's witticisms. Sometimes, half an hour after the witticism had been spoken, I would begin to giggle, having only then discovered the gist of the saying. In this, however, I was not singular. While Mr Erskine practised at the bar, it was his frequent custom to walk, after the rising of the courts, in the Meadows; and he was often accompanied by Lord Balmuto—one of the judges, a very good kind of man, but not particularly quick in his perception of the ludicrous. His lordship never could discover at first the point of Mr Erskine's wit; and, after walking a mile or two perhaps, and long after Mr Erskine had forgotten the saying, Lord Balmuto would suddenly cry out, “I have you now, Harry—I have you now, Harry!”—stopping, and bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter.

This being a personal reminiscence, I am precluded from saying any thing of Mr Erskine's political career; let me only add, that the ablest man of his day,—the head of the bar,—the ornament of the country to which he belonged, was left to cultivate melons, and prune fruit trees, and read charades to a boy like me, while men who—But no matter; he was a greater man in his pepper-and-salt coat than others in their robes of office. My next reminiscence shall be of Hector Macneil.

#### A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

ON the morning of the 30th August, 1695, just as the sun began to tinge the dark and blood-stained battlements of Namur, a detachment of Mackay's Scottish regiment made their rounds, relieving the last night-sentinels, and placing those of the morning. As soon as the party returned to their quarters, and relaxed from the formalities of military discipline, their leader, a tall, muscular man, of about middle age, with a keen eye and manly features, though swarthy and embrowned with toil, and wearing an expression but little akin to the gentle or the amiable, moved to an angle of the bastion, and, leaning on his spontoon, fixed an anxious gaze on the rising sun. While he remained in this position, he was approached by another officer, who, slapping him roughly on the shoulder, accosted him in these words,—“What, Monteith! are you in a musing mood? Pray, let me have the benefit of your morning meditations.”—“Sir!” said Monteith, turning hastily round,—“Oh! ’tis you, Keppel. What think you of this morning?”—“Why, that it will be a glorious day for some; and for you and me, I hope, among others. Do you know that the Elector of Bavaria purposes a general assault to-day?”—“I might guess as much, from the preparations going on. Well, would it were to-morrow!”—“Sure you are not afraid, Monteith?”—“Afraid! It is not worth while to quarrel at present; but methinks you, Keppel, might have spared that word. There are not many men who might utter it and live.”—“Nay, I meant no offence: yet permit me to say, that your words and manner are strangely at variance with your usual bearing on a battle-morn.”—“Perhaps so,” replied Monteith; “and, but that your English prejudices will refuse assent, it might be accounted for. That sun will rise to-morrow with equal power and splendour, gilding this earth's murky vapours, but I shall not behold his glory.”—“Now, do tell me some soothful narrative of a second-sighted Seer,” said Keppel; “I promise to do my best to believe it. At any rate, I will not laugh outright, I assure you.”—“I fear not that. It is no matter to excite mirth; and, in truth, I feel at present strangely inclined to be communicative. Besides, I have a request to make; and I may as well do something to induce you to grant it.”—“That I readily will, if in my power,” replied Keppel. “So, proceed with your story, if you please.”—“Listen attentively, then—and be at once my first and my last confidant.”

“Shortly after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, I joined the troop commanded by Irvine of Bonshaw; and gloriously did we scour the country, hunting the rebel Covenanters, and acting our pleasure upon man, woman, and child, person and property. I was then but young, and, for a time, rather witnessed than acted in the wild and exciting commission which we so amply discharged. But use is all in all. Ere half a dozen years had sped their round, I was one of the prettiest men in the troop at every thing. It was in the autumn of 1684, as I too well remember, that we were engaged in beating up the haunts of the Covenanters on the skirts of Galloway and Ayrshire. A deep mist, which covered the moors thick as a shroud—friendly at times to the Whigs, but, in the present instance, their foe—concealed our approach, till we were close upon a numerous conventicle. We hailed, and bade them stand; but, trusting to their moorss and glens, they scattered and fled. We pursued in various directions, pressing hard upon the fugitives. In spite of several morasses which I had to skirt, and difficult glens to thread, being well mounted, I gained rapidly on a young mountaineer, who, finding escape by flight impossible, bent his course to a house at a short distance, as hoping for shelter there, like a hare to her form. I shouted to him to stand; he ran on. Again I hailed him; but he heeded not. When, dreading to lose all trace of him, should he gain the house, I fired. The bullet took effect. He fell, and his heart's blood gushed on his father's

\* The Scotch word for potato.

threshold. Just at that instant an aged woman, alarmed by the gallop of my horse, and the report of the pistol, rushed to the door, and, stumbling, fell upon the body of her dying son. She raised his drooping head upon her knee, kissed his bloody brow, and screamed aloud, "Oh! God of the widow and the fatherless! have mercy on me!" One ghastly, convulsive shudder shook all her nerves, and the next moment they were calm as the steel of my sword; then raising her pale and shrivelled countenance, every feature of which was fixed in the calm, unearthly earnestness of utter despair, or perfect resignation, she addressed me, every word falling distinct and piercing on my ear like dropping musketry.—"And hast thou this day made me a widowed, childless mother? Hast thou shed the precious blood of this young servant of Jehovah? And canst thou hope that thy lot will be one of unmingled happiness? Go! red-handed persecutor! Follow thine evil way! But hear one message of truth from a feeble and unworthy tongue. Remorse, like a bloodhound, shall dog thy steps; and the serpent of an evil conscience shall coil around thy heart. From this hour, thou shalt never know peace. Thou shalt seek death, and long to meet it as a friend; but it shall flee thee: And when thou shalt begin to love life, and dread death, then shall thine enemy come upon thee; and thou shalt not escape. Hence to thy bloody comrades, thou second Cain! thou accursed and banished from the face of Heaven and of mercy!" "Foul hag!" I exclaimed, "it would take little to make me send thee to join thy psalm-singing offspring!" "Well do I know that thou wouldst, if thou wert permitted!" replied she. "But go thy way, and bethink thee how thou wilt answer to thy Creator for this morning's work!" And, ceasing to regard me, she stooped her head over the dead body of her son. I could endure no more, but wheeled round, and galloped off to join my companions.

"From that hour, I felt myself a doomed and miserable man. In vain did I attempt to banish from my mind the deed I had done, and the words I had heard. In the midst of mirth and revelry, the dying groan of the youth, and the words of doom spoken by his mother, rung for ever in my ears, converting the festal board to a scene of carnage and horror, till the very wine-cup seemed to foam over with hot-bubbling gore. Once I tried—laugh, if you will—I tried to pray; but the clotted looks of the dying man, and the earnest gaze of the soul-stricken mother, came betwixt me and Heaven,—my lip faltered—my breath stopped—my very soul stood still; for I knew that my victims were in Paradise, and how could I think of happiness—I, their murderer,—in one common home with them? Despair took possession of my whole being. I rushed voluntarily to the centre of every deadliest peril, in hopes to find an end to my misery. Yourself can bear me witness that I have ever been the first to meet, the last to retire from, danger. Often, when I heard the battle-signal given, and when I passed the trench, or stormed the breach, in front of my troop, it was less to gain applause and promotion, than to provoke the encounter of death. 'Twas all in vain. I was doomed not to die, while I longed for death. And now——"

"Well, by your own account, you run no manner of risk, and at the same time are proceeding on a rapid career of military success," said Keppel; "and, for my life, I cannot see why that should afflict you, supposing it all perfectly true."

"Because you have not yet heard the whole. But listen a few minutes longer. During last winter, our division, as you know, was quartered in Brussels, and was very kindly entertained by the wealthy and good-natured Flemings. Utterly tired of the heartless dissipation of life in a camp, I endeavoured to make myself agreeable to my landlord, that I might obtain a more intimate admission into his family circle. To this I was the more incited, that I expected some pleasure in the society of his daughter. In all I succeeded to my wish.

I became quite a favourite with the old man, and procured ready access to the company of his child. But I was sufficiently piqued to find, that, in spite of all my gallantry, I could not learn whether I had made any impression upon the heart of the laughing Fanon. What peace and playful toying could not accomplish, war and sorrow did. We were called out of winter-quarters, to commence what was anticipated to be a bloody campaign. I obtained an interview to take a long and doubtful farewell. In my arms the weeping girl owned her love, and pledged her hand, should I survive to return once more to Brussels. Keppel, I am a doomed man; and my doom is about to be accomplished! Formerly I wished to die; but death fled me. Now I wish to live; and death will come upon me! I know I shall never more see Brussels, nor my lovely little Fleming. Wilt thou carry her my last farewell; and tell her to forget a man who was unworthy of her love—whose destiny drove him to love, and be beloved, that he might experience the worst of human wretchedness? You'll do this for me, Keppel?"

"If I myself survive, I will. But this is some delusion—some strong dream. I trust it will not unnerve your arm in the moment of the storm."

"No! I may die—must die; but it shall be in front of my troop, or in the middle of the breach. Yet how I long to escape this doom! I have won enough of glory; I despise pillage and wealth; but I feel my very heart-strings shrink from the now-terrible idea of final dissolution. Oh! that the fatal hour were past, or that I had still my former eagerness to die! Keppel, if I dared, I would to-day own myself a coward!"

"Come with me," said Keppel, "to my quarters. The night air has made you aguish. The cold fit will yield to a cup of as generous Rhine-wine as ever was drunk on the banks of the Sambre." Monteith consented, and the two moved off to partake of the stimulating and substantial comforts of a soldier's breakfast in the Netherlands.

It was between one and two in the afternoon. An unusual stillness reigned in the lines of the besiegers. The garrison remained equally silent, as watching, in deep suspense, on what point the storm portended by this terrible calm would burst. A single piece of artillery was discharged. Instantly a body of grenadiers rushed from the intrenchments, struggled over mounds of ruins, and mounted the breach. The shock was dreadful. Man strove with man, and blow succeeded to blow with fierce and breathless energy. The English reached the summit, but were almost immediately beaten back, leaving numbers of their bravest grovelling among the blackened fragments. Their leader, Lord Cutts, had himself received a dangerous wound in the head; but disregarding it, he selected two hundred men from Mackay's regiment, and putting them under the command of Lieutenants Cooke and Monteith, sent them to restore the fortunes of the assault. Their charge was irresistible. Led on by Monteith, who displayed a wild and frantic desperation, rather than bravery, they broke through all impediments, drove the French from the covered way, seized on one of the batteries, and turned the cannon against the enemy. To enable them to maintain this advantage, they were reinforced by parties from other divisions. Keppel, advancing in one of those parties, discovered the mangled form of his friend Monteith, lying on heaps of the enemy on the very summit of the captured battery. He attempted to raise the seemingly lifeless body. Monteith opened his eyes,—"Save me!" he cried; "save me! I will not die! I dare not—I must not die!"

It were too horrid to specify the ghastly nature of the mortal wounds which had torn and disfigured his frame. To live was impossible. Yet Keppel strove to render him some assistance, were it but to soothe his parting spirit. Again he opened his glazing eyes,—"*I will resist thee to the last!*" he cried, in a raving delirium. "*I kill him, but in the discharge of my duty. What worse*

was I than others? Poor consolation now! The doom—the doom! I cannot—dare not—must not—will not die!” And while the vain words were gurgling in his throat, his head sunk back on the body of a slaughtered foe, and his unwilling spirit forsook his shattered carcass.

### THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.\*

By Henry G. Bell.

“Τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν εἶπεν ὁ Κρητὸς Διομανδρὸς.”

“There was not a Dutchman who did not tremble at the sight.”  
KNICKERBOCKER'S Free Translation.

He who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the creaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having intrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted,—so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort,—that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more commonplace and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the under-standings fashioned by the skillful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his studio, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore*, (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations,) he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were star-

ving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative, with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. “Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life.” Turningvort bowed. “I do not care what it costs;” Turningvort bowed yet lower; “provided it outdoes every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic; and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas. The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which, he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate, that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for

\* It is three years since the above tale was first written and published anonymously. It has since been copied into many newspapers, and has even found its way into the *Oriental Observer* of Calcutta. The author hopes he may be excused for now giving it a less ephemeral existence in the pages of the LITERARY JOURNAL, the more especially as an attempt was made by an anonymous writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, some months ago, to appropriate to himself what little merit there may be in the incidents of the story, which are purely imaginary, and founded upon no tradition whatever.

the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a band of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration; in the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint. All the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-slabbed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanouteren, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanouteren stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanouteren, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden Canal; and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant!—You have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and, unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. —Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him.

He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents,—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but, without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid state, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse,—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem, who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, past on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!

#### POPE JULIUS.—A POEM.

[Pope Julius II. was as unpriestly a priest as can well be imagined. It is only the outset of his career that is described in the following stanzas; but it is a prelude worthy the future life of one who made it his boast, that "he threw St Peter's keys into the Tiber, and took to the sword of St Paul."]

A HERO'S fame hath slept in silence long,

Who well deserves to have his name recorded

In the bright blazon-book of numerous song;

No more his deeds in silence shall be heard,

Nor muse forgetful of his memory wrong:

Faults had he of all kinds except the selfish,—

Virtues but few,—and yet his courage wild

Sways us, against our will, to sympathy.

Pope Julius, then, the second of the name,  
 Before his brow was girt with triple crown,  
 Lived a poor monk, almost unknown to fame;  
 Years and austerity had bow'd him down;  
 The hollow cough, that all incessant came  
 From wasting lungs, seem'd as a trumpet blown  
 Before his feeble steps, along the road  
 That led him to the narrow cold abode.

Pope Alexander, like a woodcock caught  
 In his own springe, had drain'd the poison'd bowl,  
 By which, with impious joy, he vainly thought  
 To speed to heaven or hell his foeman's soul.  
 All Rome breathed light. Even gentle mothers brought  
 Their babes, to glad their eyes without control  
 Upon the huge and bloated serpent's fall,  
 Whose folds they late had fear'd would twine round all.

There was caballing 'mong the Cardinals,  
 More than besem'd men of such reverend station;  
 Indeed, it much the virtuous soul appals  
 To see how power, both in the church and nation,  
 Still to the low intriguer's portion falls,  
 Whilst virtue seems to lose all estimation;  
 I am determin'd, when the world I sway,  
 'To alter quite this strange and naughty way.

Nevertheless, queer tricks were play'd at Rome  
 In great abundance, at the time I write of;  
 Each hoary priest evinc'd himself at home  
 In the soft courtier's supple arts, in spite of  
 The musty rules of each ascetic tome,  
 And deep-pledged vows, which they could not shake  
 quite off—

Yet were so light, 'twas doubtful were they meant  
 For their restraint, or some quaint ornament.

And when the worthies in full conclave met,  
 So well each ancient sinner play'd his part,  
 No man, for fear of 'countering a defeat,  
 Before he saw his neighbour's game, dared start;  
 Dimness was in each eye, big drops of sweat  
 At every pore, quick throbs in every heart;  
 Before them stood the vacant papal chair,  
 But what—oh! what the plan to mount up there?

Meanwhile, there issued, from a neighbouring cell,  
 Long and deep sighs of ill-suppressed pain;  
 Cough followed cough, with low monotonous knell,  
 And then came groans, then voice of low complain;  
 The notes of sickness multiply and swell,  
 Nor can the assembled conclave long refrain  
 To ask, what miserable child of sin  
 Was marching from this world with such a din?

"Poor brother Julius nighs his latter end;"—  
 And tears were shed for his unhappy case;  
 Just then some power did to Trivulcio send,  
 While yet fresh sorrows glitter'd on his face,  
 The bright idea that his hopes might mend,  
 Could he gain time, ere starting on the race—  
 Whispering, "Make Julius Pope; he'll not live long,  
 And, ere he die, your party will be strong."

Rising at once, in accents bland and low,  
 He chid himself to have so long forgot  
 The virtues, and the talents, and the woe,  
 That had distinguish'd the terrestrial lot  
 Of the dear saint whose moanings they heard flow,  
 Inspiring grief to all upon the spot.

"None like good Julius to the church was dear;  
 None but good Julius her rich crown should wear!"

Each slyboots saw the wily speaker's aim,  
 But each a like hope cherish'd in his mind;  
 And, as the views of all were much the same,  
 The plan did ready acquiescence find;  
 With one consent they shout out Julius' name,  
 And with a will that kept pace with the wind,

How slow see'er their heavy bodies moved,  
 Four priests sped forth to fetch the well-beloved.

Anon the ruddy couriers back return,  
 Bearing a feeble creature them among,  
 Whose bloodshot eyes with fever's frenzy burn—  
 Whose body is emaciate and long—  
 Whose tottering feet the pavement idly spurn—  
 Whose back is like a hoop, and not so strong;  
 Gravely they place him in the envied chair,  
 And with the triple crown they deck him there.

Awhile he idly sat where they had placed him,  
 As if unconscious who he was or where;  
 At last, as if some sudden thought had braced him,  
 He started up, and with majestic air,  
 As if he wish'd the astonish'd crowd who faced him  
 Should of his new-found strength be made aware—  
 "I go," he said, "to greet my subjects' eyes,  
 Up! where those lofty battlements arise."

With stupid wonderment they follow after,  
 Much marvelling at his steady length of stride;  
 And one there was, who with deep-another'd laughter  
 View'd the blank faces moving by his side.  
 On went Pope Julius;—now his soul had quaff'd her  
 Long wish'd-for draught of deep-enduring pride,  
 And on St Angelo's high-banner'd wall  
 He stopp'd triumphant, looking down on all.

Along the Tiber's bridge, before the gate,  
 At every window, and on every roof,  
 In sordid rags, or glittering robe of state,  
 Mix'd with the throng, or standing proud aloof,  
 Gallant or abject, downcast or elate,  
 The Romans, anxious who should weave the web  
 Of their land's destiny, since morn had waited  
 To hear the Conclave's grave resolve narrated.

And when the stately senior strode before them,  
 When heralds call'd aloud Pope Julius' name,  
 And the key'd banner proudly rustled o'er him,  
 At once from out the multitude there came—  
 As on their knees they fell down to adore him—  
 A shout so loud, as if the central flame  
 Had burst the thick crust of the unclosing world,  
 And roaring upwards, all in fragments hurld.

His eye flash'd proudly, and his breast swell'd high,  
 And his long arms, in act of benediction,  
 He stretch'd forth o'er his people gracefully,  
 As they perform'd their noisy genuflection;  
 Then turning to the Cardinality,  
 Said, when he saw how pallid their complexion—  
 "Fools! does my vigorous bearing thus astound them?  
 I stoop'd to seek the keys, but now I've found them!"

#### ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

GIBSON records with delight, that in 1788, the "Man of the People" escaped from the tumult of the Westminster Election to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and visited him at Lausanne. "I have ate and drank, and conversed, and sat up all night with Mr Fox in England," says the gratified historian, "but it never has happened that I should enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Our conversation never flagged for a moment, and he seemed thoroughly pleased with the place and with his company. We had little of politics, though he gave me, in a few words, such a character of Pitt, as one great man should give of another, his rival. Much of my books, on which he flattered me very pleasantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights; much about the country, my garden—which he understands far better than I do; and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do were he minister."

Gibbon was right. Fox's natural element was the pure air of the country—allvan occupations, lettered leisure, and gentle refined society. He was not inclined, though wondrously adapted, for the stir and turmoil of St Stephens. He excelled, as it were, in spite of himself. His gigantic mind, like the "lithe proboscis" of the elephant, accommodated itself to any task, however vast or minute. As leader of the Whigs, his ambition was gratified—his patriotism, learning, and talents, were called into play—and his oratory or eloquence was but the natural outpouring of his mind. Fox was educated for the senate, and once within the Circean toils and blandishments of high office and unbounded popularity, who could tear himself away from the witchery of the scene? The troubled grandeur of the debates on the American War—the excitement of the Regency Question—the India Bill and Warren Hastings' impeachment—the first wildly beautiful prospects of the French Revolution, which promised to renovate the youth of civil society, and the orator's ceaseless objurgations of war, in the spirit of Tully,—

"Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero,"—are splendid incidents in his chequered dream of public life. Others, perhaps, are of a darker shade. The coalition with Lord North was an unlucky conjunction—made under an evil star; Mr Fox, too, stuck rather long by the frantic French reformers; and it is melancholy to think, that he whose sagacity was in general so profound, and whose spirit was so salient, generous, and manly, should by his devotion to the gaming-table have been compelled to accept of the pecuniary bounty of his admiring friends. Well has the poet said,—

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make whips to scourge us."

Fox must have felt this in all the bitterness of his soul when his annuity was doled out to him. But the closing scene of his life had something in it of his former glory. He was again in office,—again surrounded by his noble and faithful friends: he had set the sign and seal of government to that great work of substantial justice, the Abolition of the Slave Trade. "He died," said Sheridan, "in the spirit of peace, struggling to extend it to the world." The sentiment is as just as it is beautiful.

As an orator, Fox has had few equals, either in ancient or modern times. The overpowering force of his arguments,—the variety, appositeness, and richness of his illustrations,—his enthusiasm, artlessness, and elegance—all conspired to render him the very *beau idéal* of a perfect British orator. He was what Byron says of Moore, the delight of all parties—the idol of his own. His very faults were in consonance with the British character. Against Fox the statesman, numerous and bold were the invectives that were uttered; but against Fox the man, not a word was breathed. His gentlemanly courtesy and frank popular bearing won the affections of the people, and, to travesty the words of Milton, smoothed the raven wing of Party till it smiled.

It is an anomalous circumstance in the history of the human mind, that the man who was never at a loss in debate—who seemed to have wit and words at will—who scattered the careless felicities and inimitable graces of his genius as freely as the gorgeous East "showers her barbaric pearl and gold," should yet have been one of the most tardy, unread, and laborious of writers. Few authors would submit to the drudgery which Fox, by his own fastidiousness, entailed upon himself. His scrupulous attention to all the niceties of language was carried almost to the verge of the ridiculous. Like Rousseau, he laboured night and day to attain simplicity—to master that great difficulty in writing, the art of concealing art. It is scarcely possible to refrain from smiling at the idea of the great Charles James Fox sitting down to compose an elaborate historical work, with the resolution of admitting no word into his book for which he had not the authority of

Dryden. This was to set up a turnpike at every step of his progress—to forget the end in the means. The writer of this was informed by an aged nobleman, the Earl of Carysfort, who knew Mr Fox long and intimately, that he would sometimes write half-a-dozen copies of a common invitation card before he hit off one to satisfy himself. The first was too cold and distant—the second, perhaps, too familiar—the third too long—and so on through the vagaries of a restless fastidious fancy, or the sensibilities of a nature tremblingly afraid of wounding, even in the slightest point, the feelings of another. Lord Holland has given a brief but happy sketch of his noble relative's habits of composition. "His habit was seldom or ever to be alone, when employed in composition. He was accustomed to write on covers of letters or scraps of paper, sentences which he, in all probability, had turned in his mind, and, in some degree, formed, in the course of his walks, or during his hours of leisure. These he read over to Mrs Fox; she wrote them out in a fair hand in the book; and, before he destroyed the original paper, he examined and approved of the copy. In the course of thus dictating from his own writing, he often altered the language, and even the construction of the sentence."

The historical work, thus carefully and anxiously proceeded in, was, alas! left to posterity in an incomplete, unfinished state. There are few historical fragments, however, from which the student of our constitutional history will derive more instruction or delight, than the Introductory Chapter to the Reign of James I. The author's philosophical reflections on the rise and progress of the Civil War—his prophetic sagacity in forecasting the prospects of society—and the truly English spirit of his love of freedom, and hatred of tyranny, are visible in every page. In such a work, the style and diction are but subordinate considerations; but even here Fox is impeccable. He had too great a horror of any invasion of the King's English, to sanction for a moment, by his example, that Babylonish unnatural idiom which began to prevail in his day. His definition of the duty of an historian was "to tell the story of the times"—a simple, forcible expression, to which his language was strictly conformed. The Eulogy on the Duke of Bedford, the only one of his speeches which Fox revised for the press, is characterised by the same nervous and elegant simplicity. There is something extremely touching in the manner in which he recalls the virtues of his departed friend, and of the house of Russell—the partial veneration which we feel for the principles of the ancestors from whom we are descended—biases which, in Athens and Rome, were considered favourable to the cause of patriotism and public virtue. "It is not, however," adds the orator, "for the purpose of performing the pious office of friendship, by fondly strewing flowers upon his tomb, that I have drawn your attention to the character of the Duke of Bedford: the motive that actuates me, is one more suitable to what were his views. It is, that this great character may be strongly impressed upon the minds of all who hear me—that they may see it—that they may feel it—that they may discourse of it in their domestic circles—that they may speak of it to their children, and hold it up to the imitation of posterity. If he could now be sensible to what passes here below, sure I am, that nothing could give him so much satisfaction, as to find that we are endeavouring to make his memory and example—as he took care his life should be—useful to mankind." *Esto perpetua.*

Mr Fox was all his life attached to poetry. His letters, we are told by Lord Holland, are filled with complaints of the annoyances which arose from politics, while he speaks with delight and complacency of whole days devoted to Euripides and Virgil. In the midst of his stormy political contentions, it is delightful to find him writing to Mr, now Lord, Grey, a long letter in defence of his opinion, that the note of the nightingale was a merry, and not a melancholy note. Theocritus, Sophocles, Chaucer, and Dryden, are all pressed into the argument; and the

leader of the Opposition concludes with admirable frankness and simplicity,—“I am afraid I like these researches as much better than those which relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c., as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.” Mr Fox himself wrote verses. They are of a higher cast than proceed from “the mob of gentlemen who write with ease,” but do not exceed what the French call *vers de société*. He was an elegant, accomplished versifier, but nothing more. He had no visions of surpassing grandeur or beauty—none of the “fine frenzy” which glances from earth to heaven. The conclusion of his verses to Mrs Crewe has more of imagination than any other of his occasional effusions:

—“Beauty alone but imperfectly charms,  
For though brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,  
But feel not their warmth, though their splendour we praise,

So beauty our just admiration may claim,  
But love, and love only, our hearts can inflame.”

It would be uncandid and unjust to estimate the literary character of Mr Fox by the standard applied to ordinary authors. Literature was to him a pastime rather than a pursuit; and if we consider the engrossing and harassing nature of the public duties, in the discharge of which he was nearly all his life actively engaged, our wonder that he has done so little will be abated, if not wholly removed. Dr Johnson, in estimating the merits of Dryden, remembered, in extenuation, that he had to provide for the day that was passing over him: Mr Fox, in meeting the calls of his political engagements, had a task even more arduous to perform. His anxiety must have been great, for his responsibility was heavy: the bare sacrifice, or rather devotion, of his time was immense; and he no doubt found that, in politics, “sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.” He can only be considered, in a literary point of view, as affording one of the few examples of British statesmen, who have cultivated literature with a success proportioned to their exertions. Burke was perhaps of a higher order, and Chatham might have been still more transcendent. But the fame of Fox is secure. England already numbers him among the greatest of her patriots; and his taste and genius—the simple magnanimity and unconscious nobleness of his nature—will ever endear his name to the lover of letters and virtue.

#### THE LAST OF THE JACOBITES.

*By the Author of the Histories of the Scottish Rebellions.*

I HAD occasion to mention, at the conclusion of my History of the Insurrection of 1745, that, after that period, the spirit of Jacobitism became a very different thing from what it had formerly been—that, acquiring no fresh adherents among the young subsequent to that disastrous year, it grew old, and decayed with the individuals who had witnessed its better days—and that, in the end, it became altogether dependent upon the existence of a few aged enthusiasts, more generally of the female than the male sex.

These relics of the party—for they could be called nothing else—soon became isolated in the midst of general society; and, latterly, were looked upon, by modern politicians, with a feeling similar to that with which the antediluvian patriarchs must have been regarded in the New World, after they had survived several generations of their shord-lived descendants. As their glory lay all in the past, they took an especial pride in retaining every description of manners and dress which could be considered old-fashioned, much upon the principle which induced Will Honeycomb to continue wearing the wig in which he had once gained a young lady's heart. Their manners were entirely of that stately and formal sort which obtained at the commencement of the eighteenth

century, and which is so inseparably associated in the mind of a modern with ideas of full-bottomed perukes, long-backed coats, gold-buckled shoes, and tall walking-canes. Mr Pitt's tax, which had so strong an effect upon the heads of the British public, did not perhaps unsettle one grain of truly Jacobite powder; nor is it hypothetical to suppose, that the general abandonment of snuff-taking by the ladies, which happened rather before that period, wrenched a single box from the fingers of any ancient dame, whose mind had been made up upon politics, as her taste had been upon black rappee, before the year of God 1745.

In proportion as the world at large ceased to regard the claims of the House of Stewart, and as old age advanced upon those who still cherished them, the spirit of Jacobitism, once so lofty and so chivalrous, assimilated more and more with the mere imbecility of dotage. What it thus lost, however, in extensive application, it gained in virulence; and it perhaps never burned in any bosom with so much fervour, as in those few which last retained it. True, the generosity which characterized it in earlier and better times, had now degenerated into a sort of acrid humour, like good wine turned into vinegar. Yet, if an example were wanting of the true inveterate Jacobite, it could not be found any where in such perfection as amongst the few who survived till recent times, and who had carried the spirit unquenched and unquenched through three quarters of a century of every other description of political sentiment.

As no general description can present a very vivid portrait to the mind, it may be proper here to condescend upon the features of the party, by giving a sketch of an individual Jacobite who was characterized in the manner alluded to, and who might be considered a fair specimen of his brethren. The person meant to be described, might be styled the LAST OF THE JACOBITES; for, at the period of his death in 1825, there was not known to exist, at least in Edinburgh, any person besides himself, who refused to acknowledge the reigning family. His name was Alexander Halket. He had been, in early life, a merchant at the remote town of Fraserburgh, on the Moray Frith; but had retired for many years before his death, to live upon a small annuity in Edinburgh. The propensity which characterized him, in common with all the rest of his party, to regard the antiquities of his native land with reverence, joined with the narrowness of his fortune in inducing him to take up his abode in the Old Town. He lodged in one of those old stately hotels near the palace of Holyroodhouse, which had formerly been occupied by the noblemen attendant upon the Scottish court, but which have latterly become so completely overrun by the lower class of citizens. Let it not be supposed that he possessed the whole of one of these magnificent hotels. He only occupied two rooms in one of the floors or *flats* into which all such buildings in Edinburgh are divided; and these he possessed only in the character of a lodger, not as a tenant at first hand. He was, nevertheless, as comfortably domiciled as most old gentlemen who happen to have survived the period of matrimony. His room—for one of them was so styled *par excellence*—was cased round with white-painted panelling, and hung with a number of portraits representing the latter members of the House of Stuart, among whom the Old and Young Chevalliers were not forgotten.\* His

\* Some miscellany picture-dealer had imposed upon him a sonnet-script dash of the female sex divine as a likeness of the beautiful Queen Mary. How he accomplished this it is not easy to say; probably he was acquainted with Mr Halket's ardent devotion to the cause of the House of Stuart at every period of its history, and availed himself of this knowledge to paint the wretched portrait upon the old gentleman's unsuspecting enthusiasm. Certain it is, that the said portrait was hung in the place of honour—over the mantel-piece—in Mr Halket's apartment, and was, on state occasions, exhibited to his guests with no small complacency. Many of his friends were, like himself, too blindly attached to every thing that carried a show of antiquity to suspect the cheat; and others were too good-natured to disturb a harmless delusion, from the indulgence of which he derived so much satisfaction. One of them, however, actuated by an unhappy spirit of compeership, was guilty of the cruelty of mis-

windows had a prospect on the one hand of the quiet, and cloistered precincts of Chancery Court, and on the other to the gilded spires and grey time-honoured turrets of Holyroodhouse. Twice a-year, when he held a card party, with three candles on the table, and the old joke about the number which adorn that of the Laird of Grant, was he duly gratified with compliments upon the comfortable nature of his room, by the ancient Jacobite spinsters and dowagers, who, in silk mantles and pattens, came from the Abbeyhill and New Street, to honour him with their venerable company.

Halket was an old man of dignified appearance, and generally wore a dress of the antique fashion above alluded to. On Sundays and holidays, he always exhibited a sort of court-dress, and walked with a cane of more than ordinary stateliness. He also assumed this dignified attire on occasions of peculiar ceremony. It was his custom, for instance, on a particular day every year, to pay a visit to the deserted court of Holyrood, in this dress, which he considered alone suitable to an affair of so much importance. On the morning of the particular day which he was thus wont to keep holy, he always dressed himself with extreme care, got his hair put into order by a professional hand, and, after breakfast, walked out of doors with deliberate steps and a solemn mind. His march down the Canongate was performed with all the decorum which might have attended one of the state processions of a former day. He did not walk upon the pavement by the side of the way. That would have brought him into contact with the modern existing world, the rude touch of which might have brushed from his coat the dust and sanctitude of years. He assumed the centre of the street, where, in the desolation which had overtaken the place, he ran no risk of being jostled by either carriage or foot passenger, and where the play of his thoughts and the play of his cane-arm alike got ample scope. There, wrapped up in his own penative reflections, perhaps imagining himself one in a court pageant, he walked along, under the lofty shadows of the Canongate,—a wreck of yesterday floating down the stream of to-day, and almost in himself a procession. On entering the porch of the palace, he took off his hat; then, pacing along the quadrangle, he ascended the staircase of the Hamilton apartments, and entered Queen Mary's chambers. Had the beautiful Queen still kept court there, and still been sitting upon her throne to receive the homage of mankind, Mr Halket could not have entered with more awe-struck solemnity of deportment, or a mind more alive to the nature of the scene. When he had gone over the whole of the various rooms, and also traversed in mind the whole of the recollections which they are calculated to excite, he retired to the Picture-gallery, and there endeavoured to recall, in the same manner, the more recent glories of the court of Prince Charles. To have seen the amiable old enthusiast sitting in that long and lofty hall, gazing alternately upon vacant space and the portraits which hang upon the walls, and to all appearance absorbed beyond recall in the contemplation of the scene, one would have supposed him to be fascinated to the spot, and that he conceived it possible, by devout wishes, long and fixedly entertained, to annul the interval of time, and reproduce upon that floor the glories which once pervaded it, but which had so long passed away. After a day of pure and most ideal enjoyment, he used to retire to his own house, in a state of mind approaching, as near as may be possible on this earth, to perfect beatitude.\*

ceiving him, and not only persuaded him that the picture was not a likeness of the goddess of his idolatry—Queen Mary, but possessed him with the belief that it represented the vinegar aspect of the hated Elizabeth. Mr Halket, however, was too proud to acknowledge his mortification by causing the picture to be removed, or perhaps it might not have been convenient for him to supply its place; and he did not want wit to devise a pretext for allowing it to remain, without compromising his hostility to the English Queen one whit: "Very well," said he, "I am glad you have told me it is Elizabeth; for I shall have the pleasure of showing my contempt of her every day by turning my back upon her when I sit down to table."

\* He paid a state visit, in full dress, with a sword by his side, to

Mr Halket belonged, as a matter of course, to the primitive apostolical church, whose history has been so intimately and so fatally associated with that of the House of Stuart. He used to attend an obscure chapel in the Old Town; one of those unostentatious places of worship to which the Episcopalian clergy had retired, when dispossessed of their legitimate fane at the Revolution, and where they have since performed the duties of religion, rather, it may be said, to a family, or at most a circle of acquaintance, than to a congregation. He was one of the old-fashioned sort of Episcopalian, who always used to pronounce the responses aloud; and, during the whole of the Liturgy, he held up one of his hands in an attitude of devotion. One portion alone of that formula did he abstain from assenting to—the prayer for the Royal Family. At that place, he always blew his nose, as a token of contempt. In order that even his eye might not be offended by the names of the Hanoverian family, as he called them, he used a prayer-book which had been printed before the Revolution, and which still prayed for King Charles, the Duke of York, and the Princess Anne. He was excessively accurate in all the forms of the Episcopalian mode of worship; and indeed acted as a sort of *fugleman* to the chapel; the rise or fall of his person being in some measure a signal to guide the corresponding motions of all the rest of the congregation.

Such was Alexander Halket—at least in his more poetical and gentlemanly aspect. His character and history, however, were not without their disagreeable points. For instance, although but humbly born himself, he was perpetually affecting the airs of an aristocrat, was always talking of "good old families who had seen better days," and declaimed incessantly against the upstart pride and consequence of people who had originally been nothing. This peculiarity, which was perhaps, after all, not inconsistent with his Jacobite craze, he had exhibited even when a shopkeeper in Fraserburgh. If a person came in, for instance, and asked to have a hat, Halket would take down one of a quality suitable, as he thought, to the rank or wealth of the customer, and, if any objection was made to it, or a wish expressed for one of a better sort, he would say, "That hat, sir, is quite good enough for a man in your rank of life: I will give you no other." He was also very finical in the decoration of his person, and very much of a hypochondriac in regard to little incidental maladies. Somebody, to quiz him on this last score, once circulated a report that he had caught cold one night, going home from a party, in consequence of having left off wearing a particular gold ring. And it really was not impossible for him to have believed such a thing, extravagant as it may appear.

### THE DRAMA.

WHAT a weary load of trash is emptied out of muddy brains upon the subject of Kean's acting! Long, dismal, half-philosophical dissertations, containing a strange mixture of nonsense touching Shakespeare's plays, and of drivel touching the actor's conceptions of them! The simple truth lies in a nutshell;—Shakespeare was a man of genius, and Kean is a man of genius, and ninety-nine out of a hundred who pretend to speak about them are not men of genius, and consequently do not, in the most remote degree, understand either the one or the other. Kean has played five of his best parts here,—*Shylock*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard* twice; but Heaven forbid that we should make one of the twenty thousand who, for the twenty-thousandth time, gravely set themselves down to write an analysis of each of these parts,

the Crown Room, in Edinburgh Castle, immediately after the old regalia of the kingdom had been there discovered in 1818. On this occasion, a friend of the present writer saw him, and endeavoured to engage him in conversation, as he was marvelling up the Castle Hill; but he was too deeply absorbed in reflection upon the sacred objects which he had to see, to be able to speak. He just gazed on the person addressing him, and walked on.

and to discourse "most eloquent music," though somewhat drowsy withal, on their respective merits and defects. The world knows pretty well, by this time, what kind of actor Kean is. He is one whom Nature, in her mercy, threw upon the stage, to redeem it from the stiff frigidity of tight-laced art. She bestowed upon him strong passions and acute feelings, and she desired him to give them free and spontaneous scope. The actor caught her meaning, for the understanding of it was inherent in him; and taking to himself plenty of elbow-room, he knocked at the heart of his audience boldly and at once, and if the door was not willingly opened to him, he threw himself against it with all his weight, and forced it. Some there were who said, there was no grace, no study, no refinement in his style,—that it was coarse and vulgar, and against all rule; but he dashed on, regardless of their prating, and he carried mankind along with him in spite of themselves. The old sober spectacled critics looked at him as they would have done at Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still, shook their heads, confessed they did not understand him, and so went home to bed. But he held the theatre breathless, or stirred it into thunder, as he chose; and, therefore, there was in him the invisible fire, the existence of which men know and feel, though they cannot describe or catch it. Let all his faults be granted, for they cannot be concealed;—he was a shabby little creature, with a harsh voice, and uninteresting features,—at times he ranted, and at other times he was too tame,—he had some tricks, too, to catch the gallery,—he had none of the patrician dignity of Kemble, none of the gentlemanly ease of Young;—let all this be granted,—so much the better for Kean,—for we should like to know what it was, after all, that so many thousands of people squeezed their sides out to see? Was it not this one small man, because he had acquired a mastery over their souls? and what more can be said of the mightiest minds that ever lived?

But Kean (though he is still the best actor we have) has fallen off; and when we say so, we mean ourselves to be understood in the fullest acceptance of the term, without making any ridiculous distinction between physical strength and mental power. The two are inseparably conjoined. If a man's body grow weak, his mind, to all intents and purposes, grows weak also. Sickness and dissipation have made terrible havoc with Kean; and the consequence is, that his whole manner is now tamed down, and that half his wonted fire is extinct. His style is far more pompous and elocutionary than it used to be; and this is an alternative which debility has forced upon him. He now mouths and journeys slowly through many passages, to which, in his better days, he would have given all the force of nervous and rapid utterance. Let nobody suppose that this is a voluntary change, because time has chastened his judgment. Judgment was never Kean's forte; but when his blood dashed strongly through his veins, he yielded to the quick impulses of the moment, and these impulses were true to nature. But now they come more rarely, and are feeblier when they do come. He has not so much blood as he once had, and a great deal of Kean's best acting lay in his blood. He is like a good race-horse somewhat stricken in years; he walks over a course which he has often galloped round, a hundred yards a-head of all competitors; yet now and then he starts off into his old pace, and the common spectator ignorantly imagines he is as able to win the cup as before. We do not say that Kean is past his best now and for ever. If he gets stronger and more regular in his habits, his acting will again insensibly assimilate itself to what it was in his most vigorous days. In the meantime, he has got three hundred pounds for his six night's performance in Edinburgh, and with that sum in his pocket, he will probably smile very coolly at our assertion, that he has fallen off.

©*U* Cerberus.

POSTSCRIPT.—By the by, what does Kean mean by his

new readings of Shakspeare? He mangles the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," most dreadfully, and he has so altered several other passages that we scarcely knew them.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONNETS.

*By Charles Doyne Sillery.*

#### I. MORNING.

'Tis morn! the mountains catch the living glow  
Of amethystine light, and beam sublime—  
The shatter'd thrones of Omnipresent time—  
Belted with broken fragments of the bow!  
Up their brown sides, from crag to crag, I climb,  
Gazing, enraptured, on the scene below.  
The blue and boundless ocean, in the prime  
Of the young morn, is heaving to and fro;  
And all around is beautiful and bright,  
From the green earth to the calm liquid skies!  
Light melting into shade, and shade to light—  
The dew-gemm'd world's a perfumed paradise  
Of flowers, so fresh and fragrant, that I feel  
The very *morn* of life into my being steal!

#### II. EVENING.

But hush! the dolphin dies—the west is tinged  
With the last gorgeous tinctures of the day;  
And clouds of burnish'd gold, with sapphire fringed,  
Roll gloriously into sublime array,  
And fags and languish tremulous away  
Into the heavens, like rainbows in the spray.  
A change is wrought;—the beams which late were sown  
Into the soil of darkness, now have grown  
Ten thousand thousand gems of living light!  
How great is God!—"how beautiful is night!"  
Lift up thy voice, my soul! awake! arise!  
On every ray that streams so purely bright  
I feel my spirit wafted to the skies,  
And there eternal day puts Nature's frown to flight!

#### III. THE THINGS I LOVE.

Sweet is Aurora's breath at early dawn;  
Sweet is the melody of birds and bees;  
Sweet the faint zephyr from the fragrant lawn,  
And sweet the plaining of the Æolian trees:  
But there are sweets my soul loves more than these;—  
Give morn her glorious star in purple roll'd,  
Give noon her cloudless skies of laughing blue,  
Give even her melody and blushing gold,  
And night her skies, where countless worlds shine  
through,  
Give spring her blossoms—summer, flowers and dew—  
Autumn, her yellow corn—and winter, bind  
In zones of glass, and robes of virgin hue:—  
But give me—give me sunshine in the mind—  
My lyre—my native land—and gentle womankind!

### SONNET.—THE DEPARTED.

*By Thomas Atkinson.*

Nor with the plaint of unavailing grief  
Shall we who knew and loved—it was the same—  
Thy blameless life, for us on earth too brief!  
Lament that we can cherish but thy name;  
Though natural tears will drop,—thy only fame!—  
Yet we will not, with a despairing wee,  
Mourn that thou lingerest not with us below;  
For though recall'd so soon to whence you came,  
Shall not thy mem'ry, like thy living worth,  
If unobtrusive, yet be potent too?  
Hath not upon our hearts the dove gone forth,  
Which shall with consolation come anew,  
And tell us, while Example bids us soar,  
Earth hath one saint the less—but heaven one angel  
more?

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that Messrs Blackie, Fullarton, and Co. of Glasgow, will speedily publish a small volume, entitled *Life on Board a Man of War*; being a Narrative of the Adventures of a British Sailor in his Majesty's service, embracing a particular account of the Battle of Navarino, &c. The narrator served on board the *Genoa*, and much interesting matter will be given regarding the conduct of that vessel during the action, and the accusations brought against Captain Dickenson.

We understand that the *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, from 1808 to 1814, by the author of *Cyril Thornton*, will be published on the 21st of November.

Mr Cooper's new novel, *The Borderers*, or the *Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, which we were the first to announce on this side of the Atlantic, refers to that period when the early settlers of New England became involved in the most fearful struggles with the native owners of the soil. Of the heroism and high daring of the Indian character, there are numerous instances on record; and we think that few periods of American history present so many deeply interesting and striking events as that which Mr Cooper has chosen.

The three American *Annals* for 1830, from Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, will arrive soon in this country. They will be enriched with numerous engravings, and contributions from the most distinguished writers in the United States.

The first volume of a new series of the *Extractor* will be published speedily, under the enlarged title of the *Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science*.

Dr Arnot's *Elements of Physics*, or *Natural Philosophy*, will be completed by the publication of the Second Volume, of which the first half, comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light, is to appear early in October. It will be accompanied by a Fourth Edition of Vol. I., in which the true nature of the common defect in Speech, called Stuttering, or Stammering, is exposed; and a Key is given, for effectually setting free the imprisoned voice.

A second volume of the *Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii*, by Sir W. Gell, is in preparation, containing an account of the excavations since the publication of the former volume, with several additional interesting remarks.

Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon*, the two last volumes of which have been so long delayed by various circumstances, is about to be published in a completed state.

The Rev. Mr Dyer is said to be engaged in finishing the *Life of Shirley*, for the new edition of his Works, edited by the late Mr Gifford, and printed off many years ago. We trust Dr Ireland, Gifford's executor, has supplied to Mr Dyer the various manuscripts and memoranda which had been prepared by Mr Gilechrist and others, and given to Mr Gifford, to complete the *Biography of Shirley* and the *Essay upon his Works*.

*Historical Memoirs of the Church and Court of Rome*, from the establishment of Christianity under Constantine to the present period, is announced by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. St John's College, Cambridge. And also, by the same author, the *Peculiar Doctrines of the Church of Rome*, as contained exclusively in her own Conciliar Decrees and Pontifical Bulls, examined and disproved.

A volume of *Sermons*, by the Bishop of London, is nearly ready for publication.

A *Life of Romney the Painter* will, we are informed, be published about next March.

The publisher of the *Cornwall and Devon Magazine*, after somewhat *newly* "calling the attention of the reading world to a Magazine which has existed for some years past," announces that he has been put in possession of a variety of original articles, from the pen of the late Dr Walcott,—the celebrated Peter Pindar,—which are to appear from time to time in his Magazine.

CAMBRIDGE.—There are 102 Professors or Lecturers in the University of Cambridge; and the average number of residents in *status pupillari* is 1600, so that there is rather more than one Professor to sixteen students, whilst at Berlin, one of the best endowed of the Continental Universities, the average is about one Professor to thirty-two students. We should be glad to learn from any of our correspondents what the average exactly is in Edinburgh.

There will shortly be published at Stuttgart, a "*Corpus Philosophorum optime nati qui ab Reformatione usque ad Kantii statum, floruerunt*." It will contain the select works of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Hume, Leibnitz, and others.

THE LAKE POETS.—The *Cumberland Pacquet*, a newspaper which, by virtue of its locality, ought to have had accurate information concerning the Lake Poets, favours us with the following paragraph, which has been making the round of the newspapers, and which we copy for the purpose of contradicting almost the whole of it:—"Wordsworth, Southey, Professor Wilson, De Quincy, and Cole-

ridge, are the individuals generally known as the 'Poets of the Lakes,' because, at one time, they all resided in the neighbourhood of Keswick, and were constant companions and *bon vivants*, as far as related, at least, to three of them. They are now separated, and, we believe, seldom meet or correspond. Southey remains at Keswick; Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount; Wilson, at Edinburgh; Coleridge, at Hampstead; and the celebrated 'Opium Eater' is gone to take possession of a family estate in the neighbourhood of Kendal, which has devolved to him by the death of his mother."—"We have seldom seen so many erroneous statements in so short a space. The five poets mentioned never "all resided in the neighbourhood of Keswick." Southey does not "remain at Keswick," for he has gone to settle permanently in London. Wordsworth does not remain "at Rydal Mount," for his family are spending this season on the sea-coast, and he himself is, or has been, till very lately, in Ireland. Wilson does not remain "at Edinburgh," for he has been the whole of the summer at his seat of Ellersay on Windermere, and will not return to Edinburgh till near the end of next month. The Opium Eater is not "gone to take possession of a family estate in the neighbourhood of Kendal," but is living in a small cottage at Rydal, where his wife presented him the other day with his fifth daughter, and sixth child. So much for the accuracy of the *Cumberland Pacquet*.

GYMNASTICS—Scotland versus France.—The paragraph concerning gymnastics in our last has procured us several communications from Highlanders and others. In the first place, we are informed that Gymnastics are a very secondary object with the "Highland Club," and are introduced merely for the sake of the younger members—the Club's funds being appropriated almost entirely to the education of nearly one hundred children. In the next place, we learn that the *Revue Encyclopedique* must have made some egregious mistake in its statement of the feats performed by our Scottish Gymnasts, which led to the boast that the untrained French peasants could beat them all. We shall now mention, for the special consideration of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, what the true state of the case is. The best throwing of the hammer ever seen in Scotland has taken place at the annual meetings of the St Ronan's, the St Fillan's, and the Six Feet Club of Edinburgh; and at these meetings, we venture to say, that it has been *better* thrown than it ever has, or can be thrown, at least in modern times. A hammer, weighing between 21 and 22 pounds, has been thrown, by a two-handed steady throw, 70 feet; and a hammer, weighing between 16 and 17 pounds, has been thrown, in the same way, 80 feet,—where a turn or swing was allowed, it has been thrown 91½ feet. As to the light hammer throwing, which is done with one hand, though, we believe, it is not properly a Scottish sport, and is looked upon with great contempt by those who pretend to understand the subject, yet George Scougal, of Innerleithen, has thrown a 10-pound hammer upwards of 115 feet. Next, as to high leaping, one of the members of the Six Feet Club has cleared, at a standing leap, that is, without any previous movement, the height of 4 feet 8 inches. Many of the members of the same Club have cleared, at a running high leap, 5 feet; and there is one of them who, as well as Anderson, a tailor in Innerleithen, has cleared 5 feet 4 inches. Ireland, the famous leaper, is said to have cleared his own height, which was 6 feet 1 inch, but he must surely have had the assistance of a spring-board. An ancestor of one of the members of the Six Feet Club leapt in and out of 12 hogheads without stopping to take breath. We have particularly to request that the *Revue Encyclopedique* will digest these facts before it again ventures to talk lightly of Scottish gymnastics.

FIVE ARTS.—The committee appointed to judge of the respective merits of the sketches and models of the monument to be erected in this city to the late Duke of York, have not yet come to any definite resolution. Two designs, proposed by Macdonald, are now to be seen in the rooms of the Institution, and the larger of the two strikes us as very elegant and appropriate.—We observe that the casts from the Elgin marbles, to which we some weeks ago directed our readers' attention, are still allowed to lie scattered around the octagon, covered occasionally with the hats and coats of the attendants, or the mats and mops which the servants are at a loss to dispose of. Was it with this view that they were presented to the Institution? Might it not be as well to remove them upstairs to the Trustees' Gallery, where they might be of use, and not exposed to accidents?—The sudden and lamented death of Sir William Arbuthnot has left the secretaryship to the board of Trustees vacant. It is not yet known who is to supply his place.—Wilkie's contribution to the new edition of the *Waverley Novels* is now engraving, and promises (if we may judge from the outline) to be worthy of the artist. The subject is from *Old Mortality*,—Morton taken away from his uncle's by Bothwell and his troopers.—Simpson is busy painting "The Luncheon," a companion to his "Twelfth of August," which he exhibited last year.—Landseer has transmitted a painting to Edinburgh, from which an engraving is to be taken to illustrate the *Bride of Lammermoor*. It represents the deliverance of Sir William Ashdon and Lucy from the wild bull, by the Master of Ravenswood. The arrangement of the figures is circular. Lucy lies on the foreground in a swoon; behind her, and supporting

her head, stands her father, to the right hand of the spectators; and further back, and rather to the left, the Master is seen advancing towards them. The head and shoulders of the dead animal appear between them. Backwards, on either side, are trees, with a long vista opening in the centre. The picture, altogether, is a beautiful piece of composition.

**SMALL TALK FROM FRANCE.**—The law of the 18th July, 1822, requires that all Literary Journals shall caution, but excepts from this necessity such as are not published oftener than twice a week. A *Mon. Selligue* set on foot, some time ago, three journals, beautifully printed on rose paper, and entitled,—“*Le Trilby, Album des Salons*,” “*Le Lutin, Echo des Salons*,” “*Le Sylphe, Journal des Salons*,” each of which appeared twice a week. The ministry, fancying that this slight difference in the title of three journals, which exactly coincided in every other respect, was merely a device for evading the law, commenced a prosecution against them before the court of correctional police. The publisher offered to prove, by the lists of subscribers to each, that they were independent speculations, and the cause was given in his favour. The *Procureur du Roi* was instructed to appeal to the *Cour Royale*; but this tribunal has confirmed the decision of the inferior court.—Although the liberty of the press has been conceded in France, inspectors of the book-trade have been retained, whose business it is to give notice of the appearance of dangerous works. By an *ordonnance*, which appeared in the *Moniteur* of 15th September, the four inspectors of Paris have been superseded, and their office transferred to the Commissaries of Police. An author in this country would look rather queer, were Sir Richard Birnie to be added to the long lane of reviewers through which he must run the gauntlet.—M. Chateaubriand is expected to publish, by the month of January, two volumes “*On the History of France*.”—The *Bridge of Louis XVI.*, at Paris, is to be adorned with twelve statues. The ninth (that of Bayard) has just been placed on its pedestal. There remain to be completed the statues of Segur, Colbert, and Tourville.—An interesting dramatic solemnity was celebrated at Rouen on Saturday the 19th September, the whole proceeds of which were paid to the subscription which has been commenced with a view to erect a statue to Corneille. The evening’s entertainments commenced with a poetical address, composed by Casimir Delavigne; the play was *Cinna*; and the festival concluded with an opera of *Boydieu*.—Mayerbeer is now in Paris, and is busy with a new Opera, which is to be brought out at the *Academie de Musique*. The words are by Scribe, the popular French dramatist.

#### THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SIR,—I have observed, with much pleasure, that your critical labours are directed, not unfrequently, to the exposure of talentless effrontery, and of that dishonest system of “puffing,” which, unless a timely check can be devised, threatens to extinguish sound learning and genuine literature in this country. You cannot render a more important service to letters, than by holding up to public reprobation those bibliophilic arts which are now systematically employed to secure, for productions utterly contemptible, a temporary and profitable popularity. No doubt the cheat, in most instances, is sooner or later discovered; but the counterfeit coin, though withdrawn from general circulation, may contrive for a while to deceive the ignorant and the unwary. If the press continue much longer to pursue its present profligate and mercenary career, the only safety of the reading public will consist in interpreting its literary decisions by the rule of contraries. In proof of the charge which I have brought against the periodical criticism of the day, I might appeal to almost every Review, Magazine, and Newspaper in the kingdom. Amid this general prostration, however, there are an honourable few who have not “bowed the knee to Baal,”—and among these the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL is proudly distinguished. After this deserved tribute to your general impartiality and independence, you will perhaps be surprised when I inform you, that the present observations were suggested by an article in the Journal of Saturday last. The article is a very excellent one, on a very delightful subject—the *Annals* for 1830. It is, I have not the slightest doubt, sincere and candid from beginning to end; and yet, I question much whether it should ever have been written. I recollect the time when it would have been regarded as no mean feat to criticise a work without reading it; but no one is now considered free of the craft who cannot criticise a work before it is written. Before a publication now issues from the press, it has been obtruded on our notice to very loathing—the eternal puff presents itself wherever we turn our eyes; so that, when it does appear, instead of receiving it with complacency, we are only anxious to see it consigned to speedy oblivion. We turn with impatience from the substance whose shadow has so long haunted us. In short, it is impossible for us, now-a-days, to sit down to the perusal of any work with an unbiased mind. We are no longer allowed to see with our own eyes, or judge with our own judgment. We are compelled to make

use of critical spectacles, by which objects are, almost invariably, dimmed, dismembered, or distorted. The *Annals*, destined, as they are, to be the messengers of love, affection, and friendship, it was to be hoped would have been deemed sacred, and remained unsullied by any contaminating touch. Alas! the nightshade of puffery has already darkened around them, and will, it is to be feared, speedily consign them to a premature grave. The gems of art, too, which they are so profusely adorned, are deprived of half their lustre, by being prematurely exposed to the blighting influence of critical cast; and those delightful emotions which they are calculated to impart to the cultivated and sensitive mind utterly annihilated. Each one is ticketed and labelled beforehand—the charm of novelty is destroyed—the luxury of unrestrained feeling is unknown. Trust me, that he who has been “tasting every dish during the cooking will have but little relish for his dinner, and that, if you would have your friend enjoy his repast, you must keep him ignorant of the viands till they are placed before him. These hasty remarks on an important subject I submit to your impartial judgment, and am, with deference and respect, yours,

W. P.

Edinburgh, 25th September, 1823.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—It is understood that Covent Garden Theatre will open next Monday. Mr Fawcett resigns the stage management to Mr Bartley. Mr Kemble has received offers from Miss Paton and from Madame Malibran, to perform one night, and from Mr Kean to perform twenty-four nights, gratuitously, in aid of the fund. The shareholders of the theatre have agreed to relinquish all right to their dividends for the ensuing season, and also to allow the arrears of their annuities to remain as a debt on the theatre for three years.—It is said that the opening play will be “*Romeo and Juliet*,” the part of *Romeo* by Charles Kemble, and that of *Juliet* by his daughter Miss Kemble—her first appearance on any stage. A comedy in three acts, called “*Prowastation*,” from the pen of Mr Howard Payne, has been successful at the Haymarket; but the critics do not seem to think very highly of it.—The English Opera house is about to close, and the Adelphi has reopened.—De Bagnis, Curioni, Binks, Castelli, and Spagnoletti, have formed a little operatic company, and instead of coming here as they at one time proposed, are about to visit Dublin.—Young Inledon is to come out at Drury Lane as *Young Meadows*, in “*Love in a Village*.”—Miss Stephens, who has been at Paris for some time with her brother and sister, has returned, but has made no engagement at either of the theatres.—Seymour of Glasgow has been busy converting the Riding School into a theatre; and Kean, who it is said has a share in the speculation, is now performing there. At his benefit here on Wednesday night, he was loudly called for after the curtain fell, and at length made his appearance. As soon as the applause subsided he said,—“Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel highly flattered by this mark of your regard. It has ever been my endeavour to please an Edinburgh audience more than perhaps any other. I know that the approbation with which you have honoured me proceeds from persons of enlightened judgement and warm feelings. I hope at a future opportunity to be better able to testify my gratitude.”—Madame Vestris, who was to have appeared on Thursday evening, postponed her debut till to-night in consequence of a severe cold. We suppose our friend OLD CRABEUS will take her between his paws next week.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Sept. 26—Oct. 2.

SAT. *Othello*, & *Twould Fuzzle a Conjuror*.  
MON. *Macbeth*, & *Mary Stuart*.  
TUE. *Richard III.*, & *Happiest Day of my Life*.  
WED. *Hamlet*, & *Twould Fuzzle a Conjuror*.  
THUR. *Rob Roy*, & *The Bottle Imp*.  
FRI. Theatre shut.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communication from “J. C. U.” of Linton, shall have a place.—We are sorry that the “*Adventure on the coast of Kent*” is a great deal too long for us; but the author seems to have a complete command of his subject, and we shall be glad to receive from him a short nautical sketch or two.—Mr Brydson’s communication will be of use to us.—We do not see any necessity for publishing “A. B.’s” Letter.—“Bennevis” is in types.

The Poem by the late Mr Balfour is in types, but is unavoidably postponed.—The Poem from New York will appear in our next.—We intend giving a place to “*The Sea Fight*,” by “M.” of Glasgow, when we have room for it.—Our Correspondent in Moray Place seems to be a poet of most extraordinary genius.—“A Picture,” by our fair friend in Banff, shall have an early place.—“*Lines written in a Bible*,” perhaps—“*The Lovers*,” by “H. W. G. L.” will not suit me.—“*Letters from the West, No. VI.*” in our next.—The Review of Dr W. Brown’s work is in types.

**ERRATUM.**—In the review of Mr Graham’s work in our last, for “Mr Collet,” read “Mr Collett.”

[No. 47. October 3, 1829.]

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"Every form which English verse is capable of assuming has been employed. Mr Sillery has resided in India; all his pages glow with Eastern scenery; our eyes are dazzled—blinded with the overpowering lustre of Eastern gems, Eastern birds, insects, fruits, and flowers; our senses oppressed with Eastern perfume and the songs of the bulbul. Mr Sillery is a 'youthful bard,' with a memory stored with the productions of our best poets, with a mind alive to all the beauties of nature."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLETTRE LETTERS.

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PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

WORKS ON THE EVE OF PUBLICATION.—*Cooper's New Novel—The Borderers.—The Venetian Bracelet, and other Poems.* By Miss Landon.—*The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D.—The Epping Hunt.* By Thomas Hood, Esq.

We have not yet been able to peruse these works with sufficient attention to give a detailed account of them, or to pronounce upon them decided opinions. As we are unwilling, however, that our readers should not know something about them as soon as possible, we shall to-day give an extract or two from each of them, with only a single introductory remark in explanation, and shall afterwards avail ourselves of the most convenient opportunity to offer our matured judgment on their respective merits.

In his novel of the *Borderers*, Cooper is on his old ground among the Backwoodsmen. We have already made our readers acquainted with his general merits as a writer. His present work is to be classed with "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie," as forming one of that historical series illustrative of the gradual change effected in the condition of the Indians by the encroachments of Europeans. The date of the story is the 17th century, and the leading incidents relate to the contests carried on by the Puritan settlers of that time in Pennsylvania with the natives. The book is one which will afford excellent scope for a detailed and interesting review. Meanwhile, we extract the following sketch of the heroine:

## THE BEAUTY OF AN INDIAN FOREST.

"The age of the stranger was under twenty. In form she rose above the usual stature of an Indian maid, though the proportions of her person were as light and buoyant as at all comported with the fulness that properly belonged to her years. The limbs, seen below the folds of a short kirtle of bright scarlet cloth, were just and tapering, even to the nicest proportions of classic beauty; and never did foot of higher instep, and softer roundness, grace a feathered moccasins. Though the person, from the neck to the knees, was hid by a tightly-fitting vest of calico and the short kirtle named, enough of the shape was visible to betray outlines that had never been injured, either by the mistaken devices of art, or by the baleful effects of toil. The skin was only visible at the hands, face, and neck. Its lustre having been a little dimmed by exposure, a rich rosy tint had usurped the natural brightness of a complexion that had once been fair, even to brilliancy. The eye was full, sweet, and of a blue that emulated the sky of evening; the brows soft and arched; the nose straight, delicate, and slightly Grecian; the forehead fuller than that which properly belonged to a girl of the Narragansetts, but regular, delicate, and polished; and the hair, instead of dropping in long straight tresses of jet black, broke out of the restraints of a band of beaded wampum, in ringlets of golden yellow.

"The peculiarities that distinguished this female from the others of her tribe, were not confined alone to the indelible marks of nature. Her step was more elastic; her gait more erect and graceful; her foot less inwardly inclined, and her whole movements freer and more decided than those of a race doomed, from infancy, to subjection and labour. Though ornamented by some of the prized inventions of the hated

race to which she evidently owed her birth, she had the wild and timid look of those with whom she had grown into womanhood. Her beauty would have been remarkable in any region of the earth, while the play of muscle, the ingenuous, beaming of the eye, and the freedom of limb and actions were such as seldom pass beyond the years of childhood, among people who, in attempting to improve, so often mar the works of Nature."

We shall add to this fresh and vigorous portrait two others, the one of a European, and the other of an Indian Warrior:

## THE EUROPEAN AND THE INDIAN.

"Mark, like most of his friends, had cast aside all superfluous vestments ere he approached the scene of strife. The upper part of his body was naked to the shirt, and even this had been torn asunder by the rude encounters through which he had already passed. The whole of his full and heaving chest was bare, exposing the white skin and blue veins of one whose fathers had come from towards the rising sun. His swelling form rested on a leg, that seemed planted in defiance, while the other was thrown in front, like a lever to control the expected movements. His arms were extended to the rear, the hands grasping the barrel of a musket, which threatened death to all who should come within its sweep. The head, covered with the short, curling, yellow hair of his Saxon lineage, was a little advanced above the left shoulder, and seemed placed in a manner to preserve the equipoise of the whole frame. The brow was flushed, the lips compressed and resolute, the veins of the neck and temples swollen nearly to bursting, and the eyes contracted, but of a gaze that bespoke equally the feelings of desperate determination and of entranced surprise.

"On the other hand, the Indian warrior was a man still more likely to be remarked. The habits of his people had brought him, as usual, into the field with naked limbs and nearly uncovered body. The position of his frame was that of one prepared to leap; and it would have been a comparison, tolerated by the license of poetry, to have likened his straight and agile form to the semblance of a crouching panther. The projecting leg sustained the body, bending under its load more with the free play of muscle and sinew, than from any weight, while the slightly stooping head was a little advanced beyond the perpendicular. One hand was clenched on the helve of an axe, that lay in a line with the right thigh, while the other was placed, with a firm gripe, on the buckhorn handle of a knife that was still sheathed at his girdle. The expression of the face was earnest, severe, and perhaps a little fierce, and yet the whole was tempered by the immovable and dignified calm of a chief of high qualities. The eyes, however, was gazing and riveted, and, like that of the youth whose life he threatened, it appeared singularly contracted with wonder.

"The momentary pause that succeeded the movement by which the two antagonists threw themselves into these fine attitudes was full of meaning. Neither spoke, neither permitted play of muscle, neither even seemed to breathe. The delay was not like that of preparation, for each stood ready for his deadly effort; nor would it have been possible to trace, in the compressed energy of the countenance of Mark, or in the lofty and more practised bearing of the front and eye of the Indian, any thing like wavering of purpose. An emotion foreign to the scene appeared to possess them both, each active frame unconsciously accommodating itself to the bloody business of the hour, while the inscrutable agency of the mind held them, for a brief interval, in check."

Miss Landon, after a silence of two years, has again come before the public. We have watched this young

lady's progress with considerable interest, though not with the same romantic partiality displayed by her friend the editor of the *London Literary Gazette*. Of her present volume, we shall have something serious to say very soon. It consists of "The Venetian Bracelet,"—a story in the style of "The Improvisatrice" and "The Troubadour,"—"The Lost Pleiad,"—"The History of the Lyre,"—and a great number of other poems in every variety of verse. The following extract presents a very favourable and pleasing specimen of Miss Landon's powers :

## A DRAMATIC SCENE.

"Bertha. It is in this we differ ; I would seek To blend my very being into thine—

I'm even jealous of thy memory : I wish our childhood had been pass'd together.

Jaromir. Bertha, sweet Bertha! would to Heaven it had! What wouldst thou with a past that knew thee not?

Bertha. To make that past my own by confidence, By mingled recollections ; I would fain Our childish sorrows had been wept together ; But as this cannot be, I speak of them— The very speaking does associate us— I speak of them, that, in those coming years, When youthful hours rise up within the mind, Like lovely dreams some sudden chance has brought, To fill the eyes with long-forgotten tears, My image may be with them, as of one Who held such sympathy with aught of thine.

Jaromir. Sweetest! no more of this : my youth hath pass'd In harsh and rugged warfare, not the scenes Of young knights with white plumes and gallant steeds, With lady's favour on each burnish'd crest, Whose tournaments in honour of fair dames May furnish tales to suit the maiden's ear— I've had no part in such ; I only know Of war the terrible reality ; The long night-watch beneath the driving snow,— The unsoothed pillow, where the strong man lay Like a weak child, by weary sickness worn Even to weeping,—or the ghastly dead, By the more ghastly dying, whose last breath Pass'd in a prayer for water, but in vain ;— O'er them their eager comrades hurry on To slaughter others. How thy cheek is blanch'd ! I truly said these were no tales for thee. Come, take thy lute, and sing just one sweet song To fill my sleep with music.

Bertha. Then good night. I have so much to say to my old nurse ; This is her annual visit, and she waits Within my chamber,—so one only song. My lute is tuneless with this damp night-air ; Like to our own glad spirits, its fine chords Are soon relax'd.

Jaromir. Then sing, love, with the wind, The plaining wind, and let that be thy lute.

Bertha. How wildly round our ancient battlements The air-notes murmur ! Blent with such a wind I heard the song which shall be ours to-night. She had a strange sweet voice the maid who sang, But early death was pale upon her cheek ; And she had melancholy thoughts that gave Their sadness to her speech ; she sat apart From all her young companions, in the shade Of an old tree—a gloomy tree, whose boughs Hung o'er her as a pall ;—'twas omen-like, For she died young, of gradual decay, As if the heart consumed itself. None knew If she had loved ; but always did her song Dwell on love's sorrows.

'Sleep, heart of mine,  
Why should love awake thee ?  
Like you closed rosebud  
To thy rest betake thee.

'Sleep, heart of mine,  
Wherefore art thou beating ?  
Do dreams stir thy slumbers,  
Vainest hopes repeating ?

'Sleep, heart of mine,  
Sleep thou without dreaming :  
Love, the beguiler,  
Wearies such false seeming.

'Sleep, heart of mine ;  
But if on thy slumbers  
Breathe one faint murmur  
Of his charm'd numbers,

'Waken, heart of mine,  
From such dangerous sleeping ;  
Love's haunted visions  
Ever end in weeping.'

But now no more of song—I will not lose Another legend of my nurse's store. A whole year must have added to her list Of ghastly murders, spiritual visitings ; At least 'twill make the ancient ones seem new.

Jaromir. And you will listen like a frightened child. I think I see you—when the turret clock

Has toll'd the night-hour heavily ; the hearth Has only flickering embers, which send forth Gleams of distorting light ; the untrimm'd lamp Exaggerates the shadows, till they seem Flung by no human shape ; the hollow voice Of that old crone, the only living sound ; Her face, on which mortality has writ Its closing, with the wan and bony hand Raised like a spectre's ; and yourself the while Cold from the midnight chill, and white with fear ; Your large blue eyes darker and larger grown With terror's chain'd attention, and your breath Suppress'd for very earnestness. Well, love, Good night ; and if our haunted air be fill'd With spirits, may they watch o'er thee like love!

Bertha. Good night, good night ! the kind Madonna shed Her blessings o'er thee. [Exit Jaromir.]

'Tis his last footfall,—I can catch no more ! Methinks he pass'd too quickly. Had I left This room, I should have counted every step,— Have linger'd in the threshold ; but he went Rapidly, carelessly. Now out on this, The very folly of a loving heart ! O Jaromir ! it is a fearful thing To love as I love thee ! to feel the world— The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world— A blank without thee. Never more to me Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seemings. Now I have no hope that does not dream for thee. I have no joy that is not shared by thee ; I have no fear that does not dread for thee. All that I once took pleasure in—my lute— Is only sweet when it repeats thy name ; My flowers, I only gather them for thee ; The book drops listless down, I cannot read, Unless it is to thee ; my lonely hours Are spent in shaping forth our future lives, After my own romantic fantasies. He is the star round which my thoughts revolve Like satellites. My father, can it be That thine, the unceasing love of many years, Doth not so fill my heart as this strange guest ? I loved thee once so wholly—now methinks I love thee for that thou lovest Jaromir. It is the lamp gone out,—that dreams like these Should be by darkness broken ! I am grown So superstitious in my fears and hopes, As if I thought that all things must take part In my great love. Alas ! my poor old nurse, How she has waited !

We are also well pleased with the flow of the following stanzas, together with the turn of sentiment which pervades them :

## A NIGHT IN MAY.

"Light and glad through the rooms the gay music is waking,  
Where the young and the lovely are gathered to-night ;  
And the soft cloudless lamps, with their lustre, are making  
A midnight hour only than morning less bright.

"There are vases, the flowers within them are breathing  
Sighs almost as sweet as the lips that are near ;  
Light feet are glancing, white arms are wreathing—  
O temple of pleasure ! thou surely art here.

"I gazed on the scene ; 'twas the dream of a minute ;  
But it seem'd to me even as fairy-land fair ;  
'Twas the cup's bright outside ; and, on glancing within it,  
What but the dregs and the darkness were there ?

"False wave of the desert, thou art less beguiling  
Than false beauty over the lighted hall shed;  
What but the smiles that have practised their smiling,  
Weariness over that feeling must be.

"Praise—flattery—opines the meanest, yet sweetest—  
Are ye the fane that my spirit hath dream'd?  
Late, when in such scenes, if homage thou sweetest,  
Say, if like glory such vanity seem'd?

"O, for some island far off in the ocean,  
Where never a footstep has press'd but mine own;  
With one hope, one feeling, one utter devotion  
To my gift of song, once more the lovely, the lone!

"My heart is too much in the things that profane it;  
The cold and the worldly, why am I like them?  
Vanity! with my lute chords I must chain it,  
Nor thus let it sully the Minstrel's best gem.

"It rises before me, that island, where blooming,  
The flowers in their thousands are comrades for me;  
And where, if one parish, so sweet its extending,  
The welcome it seems of fresh leaves to the tree.

"I'll wander among them when morning is weeping  
Her earliest tears, if such pearls can be tears;  
When the birds and the roses together are sleeping,  
Till the mist of the day-break, like hope fulfill'd, clears.

"Grove of dark cypress, when noontide is flinging  
Its radiance of light, thou shalt then be my shrine;  
I'll listen the song which the wild dove is singing,  
And catch from its sweetness a lesson for mine.

"And when the red sunset at even is dying,  
I'll watch the last flush as it fades on the wave;  
While the wind through the shells in its low music sighing,  
Will seem like the anthem peal'd over its grave.

"And when the bright stars which I worship are beaming,  
And writing in beauty and fate on the sky,  
Then, mine own lute, be the hour for thy dreaming,  
And the night-flowers will open and echo thy sigh.

"Alas! but my dream has like sleep's visions vanish'd—  
The hall and the crowd are before me again;  
Sternly my sweet thoughts like fairies are banish'd;  
Nay, the faith which believed in them now seems but vain."

The *Diary and Correspondence of Dr Doddridge*, which has just appeared, and which is edited by his great-grandson, is rather startling in many respects; and we question the prudence which has induced the worthy Doctor's descendant to give to the world so many of the private and confidential writings of his ancestor. The author of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" appears to have had his weaknesses like other men, and we regret that they should be laid before us at this time of day, interfering, as they must do, with the sanctity which has been long attached to his name. One of its apologists, however, thus speaks of the present volume, and it is but fair that he should be heard:—"The character of the letters is that of great simplicity, unquestionable innocence, and sincere zeal in his studies, his devotion, and his cause. Some of them exhibit (the characteristic of the man throughout life) a playfulness, which, with the giddy, would be levity, and with the corrupt would be vice; but which, with the unformed and rustic spirit of Doddridge, was merely the overflowing of a guileless disposition, and no more connected with culpability than the gambolings of a child or a kitten. Some of his effusions are childlike enough; and it may be a question whether the dignity of his future years is not a little impaired, by this insight into the pettings and fond fooleries of his youth. But if the force of the physiognomy be not thus preserved, the exactness of the resemblance is more complete; and truth, the living spirit of biography, is the result of this impartial exposure." Be this as it may, the author of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" seems to have known something of the rise and

progress of love in the heart, as witness a long string of love letters which this book contains, from which we take at random a specimen or two:

A LOVE LETTER BY DR DODDRIDGE.

"Dear Madam,—I have so little opportunity of conversing with you alone, that I am forced to take this method of expressing my concern, and indeed my amazement, at what has just passed between us. I know you to be a lady of admirable good sense, and I wish you would find out the consistency of your behaviour yesterday and to-day. Yesterday you expressly assured me you loved me as well as I did you, which you know is to a very uncommon degree; and that it grieved you that you had given me so much uneasiness, adding, you would take care to avoid it for the time to come. To-day you have been telling me you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man with a good estate! I leave you to judge whether it be possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness. And, if it be not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet, blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How then, do you imagine I can put any confidence in the assurances you give me of your love, when you are so continually contradicting them? For, do you not contradict them when you talk of discarding me for the sake of money? I always thought, my dear creature, you had been remarkable both for good sense and religion. But I own I do not see how it is reconcilable with either, to throw aside those entertainments of a rational, a friendly, and a religious nature, which you yourself think you may find in me, merely that you may eat and drink more sumptuously, and wear better clothes, with some of those people whom the word of God already brands as fools. Madam, I must presume so far as to say that it is neither the part of a Christian nor a friend to keep me in such a continual uneasiness. You unfit me for business, devotion, or company; and, in short, make my very life burdensome by the inconsistency of your behaviour. Let me, therefore, most earnestly entreat you not entirely to dismiss me, which God forbid, but resolutely to remember your promises, and not to allow yourself those unbounded liberties of saying every thing that the vanity of your own dear excellent heart may prompt you to utter, without considering how I am able to bear it. As for what you said at parting, that I have a relish for the vanities of life, I own that I regard them too much. But, I bless God, such is not the governing temper of my mind; and that I can say with full assurance, that I know how to postpone them, not only to my duty to God, but to my affection for you; and I think you may easily believe it when I now give it under my hand, as you had it yesterday from my mouth, that I will willingly and thankfully take you with what your father and mother will give you, if by any means there be a prospect of the necessary comforts of life. I remain, dear madam, your sincere lover and respectful servant."

By our next, it appears that the Doctor's fair one had exhibited symptoms of relenting, and he becomes, in consequence, exceedingly fervent in his affection:

ANOTHER LOVE LETTER BY DR DODDRIDGE.

"My heart for a considerable time had been so entirely swallowed up with affection for you, that you became in a manner my all. In every moment of leisure, you engrossed my thoughts and my discourse. Even when you were absent, you mingled yourself with all my studies. You determined by your smile and your frown, whether I should be either sprightly and cheerful, or distracted with care and anxiety, unfit for devotion, for study, for conversation, or usefulness; nay, God forgive me, when I confess, that where his blessed will, and the most important objects of religion, and the highest hopes a creature can form, had one thought, you at least had ten. The hope of obtaining you, and the fear of losing you, affected me more sensibly than the thoughts of a happy or a miserable eternity. And was this, madam, the temper of a Christian or a minister? Was this a proper course to engage the favourable interposition of Providence to determine this dear affair according to my wishes? When I read Mr. Baxter's excellent Treatise on Self-Denial, and being crucified to the world, and examined my temper by it, though, I bless God I found a great deal to be thankful for up on other accounts, yet when I turned my thoughts to you, I could not but continually condemn myself; not that I loved you better than any

other friend—not that I rejoiced in every thing that looked like an excuse of your love to me, and made you the greatest of my creature comforts;—that, madam, I always allowed, and I allow it to this moment—but I condemned myself for this, that I put you almost in the place of heaven, and thus clouded the evidences of my own sincerity, and sacrificed the pleasures of a habitual communion with God to at best an inferior happiness, and too frequently to those tormenting agonies that arose from the suspicion of your love to me, or the fear of being otherwise deprived of you. This, madam, was one of the greatest faults I found to charge upon myself in my self-examination before the last sacrament; and this was what I solemnly engaged to endeavour to reform. And will you then condemn me if I have not entirely forgotten an engagement of so sacred a nature? May God forgive me that I have forgotten it so far! If, upon the whole, you have less of my thoughts than you had some time ago, it is only that God, and my Redeemer, and Heaven, may have more, and that the Divine Being might not be provoked to take away a friend of whom I had made an idol. Once more, madam, I do seriously assure you (and as I have often done before, I profess, in the presence of God) that I love you with greater tenderness than I can express; and that I have never permitted any friend upon earth to rival, or even approach you in my regard. I am daily praying, that if it be the good pleasure of God, I may be so happy as to enjoy you; and that it may be my daily and delightful care to make your life easy and pleasant, to promote your present and your future happiness. May God say Amen to this petition; and may you, madam, join your consent! But if you will barbarously and ungratefully despise my love, and banish me from your heart, and from your sight, though I have never deserved it from you, I shall deem it as a just punishment from God for the excessive fondness I have bestowed upon you. I cannot certainly say I should have strength and virtue to undergo so severe a trial; but I must submit myself to the determination of Providence; and this I can confidently affirm, that if I were to lose not only you, but every other friend whom I have in the world, many of them deservedly dear and valuable, though not one of them equally beloved with yourself,—yet while I have a sense of the Divine favour, the present entertainments of a scholar, a minister and a Christian, and the future hopes of everlasting glory, it will be my folly and my crime, if I am utterly inconsolable; and yet I cannot but often fear that I may be found so foolish and so wicked, if I am brought to the trial. My dear creature, let your goodness prevent it, and restore the peace of your anxious lover and faithful servant."

The Doctor's remarks on the interesting subject of kissing, will form an appropriate addition to these quotations:

"To Miss Rebecca Roberts:—'Your rules of behaviour are certainly very judicious; but the business of kissing wants a little further explanation. You tell me the ladies have resigned their claim to formal kisses at the beginning and end of visits. But I suppose they still allow of *extemporary* kissing, which you know a man may be led into by a thousand circumstances which he does not foresee. I cannot persuade myself that this pretty amusement is entirely banished out of the polite world, because, as the apostle says in another case, even nature itself teaches it. I would not for the world be so unmannerly as to ask my aunt whether she has not been kissed within this fortnight; but I hope I may rely on her advice, and that she will not deceive me in a matter of such vast importance. For my own part, I can safely say, I look upon this, as well as the other enjoyments of life, with a becoming moderation and indifference. Perhaps, madam, I could give you such instances of my abstinence as would make your hair stand on end! I will assure you, aunt, which is a most amazing thing, I have not kissed a woman since Monday, July 10th, 1721, about twelve o'clock at night; and yet I have had strong temptations both from within and from without. I have just been drinking tea with a very pretty lady, who is about my own age. Her temper and conversation are perfectly agreeable to mine, and we have had her in the house about five weeks. My own conscience upbraids me with a neglect of a thousand precious opportunities that may never return. But then I consider that it may be a prejudice to my future usefulness, and help me into further irregularities—not to say that she has never discovered any inclination of that nature—and so I refrain. But to-morrow I am to wait upon her to a village about a mile and a half from Kibworth, and

I am sensible it will be a trying time. However, I shall endeavour to fortify my mind against the temptations of the way, by a very careful perusal of your letter, and my mamma's of the 31st October. I remember that formerly I had a gift this way, and perhaps, with a little labour, might be able to recover it, especially under so good a mistress. And I am the more inclined to attempt it, because you know Solomon tells us that there is a time to kiss, Eccles. iii. 5. Our translators, by a mistake, render it to embrace; but the original Hebrew word properly signifies to kiss. However, if the ladies are very much bigoted to their English Bible, we young scholars must yield ourselves to their argument and their phrase."

This is pretty well for a reverend non-conformist.

The "facetious" Thomas Hood, as he is now always called by the smaller London critics, has produced a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled *Epping Hunt*, illustrated by caricatures executed by the no less "facetious" George Cruikshank. The poem is a punning ballad in the metre of John Gilpin; and, on the whole, we think it dull, for reasons we shall state one of these days. Meanwhile, the following verses are a good sample of the general style:

#### THE HUNT.

"Towler and Jowler—howlers all—  
No single tongue was mute;  
The stag had led a hart, and lo!  
The whole pack follow'd suit.

"No spur he lack'd—fear stuck a knife  
And fork in either haunch;  
And every dog he knew had got  
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

"Away, away! he scudded like  
A ship before the gale;  
Now flew to 'hills we know not of,'  
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

"Some gave a shot, some roll'd about,  
And antick'd as they rode,  
And butchers whistled on their curs,  
And milkmen *tallyho'd*.

"About two score there were, not more,  
That gallop'd in the race;  
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,  
As once in Chevy Chace.

"But even those that gallop'd on  
Were fewer every minute—  
The field kept getting more select,  
Each thicket served to thin it.

"For some pull'd up and left the hunt,  
Some fell in miry bogs,  
And vainly rose and 'ran a muck,'  
To overtake the dogs.

"And some, in charging hurdle stakes,  
Were left bereft of sense;  
What else could be premised of blades  
That never learn'd to fence?

"But Roundings, Tom, and Bob, no gate,  
Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay;  
O'er all they went, and did the work  
Of leap-years in a day!

"And by their side see Huggins ride,  
As fast as he could speed;  
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite  
At mercy of his steed.

"No means he had, by timely check,  
The gallop to remit,  
For firm and fast between his teeth  
The biter held the bit.

"Trees raced along, all Essex fled  
Beneath him as he sat—  
He never saw a county go  
At such a county rate!"

We have now given our readers a peep, as it were, into four new books. We shall lay them more regularly open ere long.

*Foscarini; or, the Patrician of Venice.* In Two vols. London. Rowland Hunter. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 365 and 395.

THE time and scene of this romance are happily chosen. Venice had reached the highest point of her power and glory about the beginning of the 17th century. From that period her constitution may be regarded as a perfect piece of mechanism, which the weakest hands might set in motion, and the silliest heads direct. The state achieved subsequently no more conquests,—the moral and intellectual progress of the community was checked,—the people became enervated and frivolous, but they who had given the government its form never contemplated that it should counteract these evils. Their object was to keep the state together and unaffected by the changes to which the rest of Europe was subjected; and this object they attained. Our author commences his story at a time when the citizens had been long enough excluded from all influential share in public business to have acquired an increasing frivolity of character, yet not long enough to render it unlikely that some high-spirited and bustling individuals might still survive to recall the stirring times of the growing republic. The tale, although, perhaps, a little too complicated, is well imagined. It seldom allows the interest to flag; and is so constructed as to give the author opportunities of presenting frequent sketches of Venice and its inhabitants, without interfering unduly with the progress of the incidents, or impressing the reader with the feeling that his characters are introduced merely to sit for their pictures. There is only one passage to be excepted from this praise, and that is where (vol. ii. p. 101) Pope Alexander III. is clumsily and unnecessarily lugged in to trample on the neck of Frederick Barbarossa. Of the *dramatis personæ*, we would rather say that they are well conceived than boldly executed. The author seems to have read much, and reflected on what he has read; he has evidently, too, a just feeling of what his personages ought to be, and the outlines of all are spiritedly sketched, but they want filling up—they are shadowy and unsubstantial. The more prominent characters are far too deeply imbued with the philosophy of the present century for denizens of the seventeenth. On the whole, the impression left upon us by the work, is, that its author is a man of extensive information, strong intellect, warm and high feeling, but not exactly quite *au fait* as a novelist.

Any abstract of the story that our limits would allow us to give would be unsatisfactory. We might succeed in giving a narrative equally intelligible and interesting with the outline of a tale of murder contained in an indictment of our Court of Justiciary, but this would be to prune from the trunk of the tree every bough and leaf that the eye loves to dwell upon. We prefer laying a passage from the work before the reader, and leaving him to form from it a guess of the general style. We select a scene from a sitting of the Inquisition, that fearful and mysterious body, the keystone which upheld the arch of Venetian society:

"The Inquisitors held their sittings sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. That night they had chosen the oratory of San Fantino, a circumstance not calculated to calm an imagination already terrified at appearing before such formidable judges.

"The oratory belonged to the brotherhood of San Fantino, an institution whose ordinary duties were to accompany criminals to execution, and that in such funeral attire, that their very appearance must have increased the agony of the wretch, instead of tranquillizing his mind, and turning his attention to religious thoughts, which was the charitable design of the society. The ornaments of the church recalled to mind the melancholy vocation of its founders. It contained two altars; the largest, with its columns, front, and railing, appeared formed of black marble; from the centre arose an immense crucifix of the same colour, which was borne by the brotherhood when they walked in procession. On the right of the crucifix was

placed a statue of the Virgin; on the left that of St John; both in bronze. The sculptures on the front, which were composed of the same metal, represented the solemn mysteries of the passion, and several angels, as if all the divine powers were only different forms of death. The second altar, dedicated to St Jeremiah, bore his figure in white marble. The painting at the back imitated ebony and gold, and represented in three compartments, the various torments of souls amidst the flames of purgatory,—the certain remission of these pains to be procured to them by the celebration of the mass, by the giving of alms, and by the indulgences of the Pope. The remainder of the church, which was in harmony with what has been described, was adorned with many fine pictures, by Tintoretto, Palma, and Titian.

"This ill-omened place was rendered yet more gloomy by the persons who now occupied it; and their appearance seemed to acquire new horrors from the place they had chosen for their tribunal.

"The judges, having a table before them, were seated on an elevated bench in the choir; the Inquisitor, who was called Red, from the colour of his robe, separated the two others in black, who wore the costume of the council of Ten; opposite them were ranged the members of the brotherhood, whose black serge gowns descended from the top of the head to the feet; with openings for the eyes and mouth. An image of our Saviour was affixed to the breast; and their waists were encircled by a girdle of iron, from which fell a chain of the same metal. A person clothed in a Venetian surplice, with his face uncovered, sunken eyes, and care-worn features, seemed the only living being in the group; and he only represented suffering and degraded humanity. In an obscure recess, another individual concealed his head under his cloak; he was leaning against the statue of the Virgin. Placed between him and the judges, the *sbirri* were easily recognised by their hard and immovable features. The torches which they held, and those which had been lighted on the altar, shed a dim light through the vaulted aisles; giving a death-like appearance to animated objects, and producing in others the resemblance of life. The statues seemed to move before these gloomy altars, as the wind, affecting the flambeaux, agitated their shadows, like angry spectres, whom an influence, more powerful than death, had drawn from their tombs. The body of the church remained in obscurity: had any person fallen asleep in it prior to this assemblage, and awakened at this moment, he would, without doubt, have believed himself in that purgatory which had often been the object of his fears.

"The tapers ranged on the table shone upon three faces, promising little to the prisoners. That of the red Inquisitor, Cornelius Zeno, though remarkably pale, was evidently characteristic of a stern and inflexible disposition; the bones of his hollow cheeks were prominent, and his sunken eyes, surrounded by a blue line, seemed to swim in blood. The countenance of Gradenigo was more expressive of energy than of mercy; which was vainly sought in his ardent eye, and in his thin close-pressed lips. Without portraying such absolute hardness of heart, the physiognomy of Basadonna was far from representing tenderness. The prisoner before them looked on them in despair; for there are critical situations in which nature renders us physiognomists.

"For an instant the judges and the accused observed each other in silence; at last Cornelius Zeno began in these words: 'Brother Guardian, you were forbidden to assemble the chapter, without giving notice to the overseers charged with the police of the convents; or to hold any deliberation, unless in the presence of one at least of these magistrates. You have not only sinned against this law, but have repeated the crime, and lost all claim to indulgence. Go; your companions will find a salutary warning in your punishment.'

"'Mercy, mercy!' cried the prisoner, who had listened to the sentence with as much horror and surprise as if it had been totally unexpected. Cornelius Zeno fixed on him his inexorable eye, whilst his two colleagues turned theirs on the ground, as if indifferent to what passed. 'Signor Basadonna, I am your follower; our meetings were innocent: will you allow me to perish for a disobedience become so common?'

"The eyes and face of Basadonna remained immovable, but Gradenigo answered harshly, 'The connexions between followers and their protectors are not recognised here. It is the justice of the Republic which cuts off a criminal. As to your innocence, we judge of actions only; intentions will be punished or rewarded in another world. Do your duty,' said he to the *sbirri*.

"Oh, my friends, intercede for me!" exclaimed the unhappy man to his companions.

"It was in vain; terror had turned their attention to themselves; he only found cold automatons in these men, who, some hours before, were his partners in all the concerns of life; he found himself in the midst of his friends, yet was he to die alone!

"Gradenigo coolly saw him struggle with the sbirri, who dragged him from the choir. 'Those citizens neither know how to live nor to die,' observed he. 'But what is the matter with you,' demanded he of Basadonna, who seemed uneasy; 'are you unwell?'

"I cannot bear tears; I could sign twenty death warrants without emotion, and yet I could not bear to hear the cries of one of these wretches."

"Cornelius Zeno, who had remained without taking part in the dialogue, now drew the two judges towards him, and spoke to them in a whisper; after which, addressing himself to the person who leaned against the statue, he said to him in a mild tone of voice,—"This will show you, that with the Republic no crimes are trifling; and you see how it can punish. You are at liberty to depart."

"It was not the will to obey, which was wanting to this person; but fear had so paralysed his limbs, that, notwithstanding his repugnance, he was obliged to lean on, and allow himself to be conducted by the sbirri. 'He is a coward,' said Gradenigo.

"Would to God they were all so!" replied Zeno; "unfortunately, the spirit of the age is inclined to rebellion and insubordination."

We must not forget to mention, that, from the clumsiness of the style—not to say the want of meaning in many of the sentences, and the general coldness and stiffness of the dialogue—we strongly suspect this book is a translation—we presume from the Italian.

*The Westminster Review.* No. XXII. October, 1829.  
London. Robert Howard.

THIS is but an indifferent Number. The article which seems meant as a final reply in the controversy with the Edinburgh Review, is scarcely worthy to be the successor of those which have preceded it. Since the Westminster started, it has every now and then been nibbling at the Edinburgh, which never condescended to notice its attacks till a few weeks ago. There appeared, however, in the Edinburgh Review for March 1829, an "Examination of Mr Mill's Theory of Government," where the Reviewer, without pretending to establish any system of his own, undertook to prove that author's insufficient. Now, Mr Mill is one of the principal contributors to the Westminster Review; and the coterie who manage its affairs seem to have viewed this attack upon him as a covert way of returning their civilities. Preparations were therefore made for carrying on the war on a more extensive scale. Great was the blowing of penny trumpets among the small fry who seek to distinguish themselves by retailing at second-hand the dogmas of the Westminster Review, and who bear the same resemblance to the abler spirits of that Journal, which the frog in the fable does to the object of its ambitious imitation. At last the war-note of the Review itself arose, drowning the minor din. It sounded as follows—"Greatest Happiness Principle Developed. With Mr Bentham's latest improvements, now published for the first time; and an Answer to the attack of the Edinburgh Review." It has subsequently transpired, that to give effect to this *coup-de-main*, Mr Bentham, Achilles-like, lent only his ponderous spear; and that two of his myrmidons, Messrs Bowring and Mill, undertook to wield it. But it seems to have proved too heavy even for their united strength, for they have used it slowly and ineffectively; *yo-heave-ho-ing* all the time like a knot of sailors tugging at the ropes of a battering ram. The Edinburgh, thinking that it saw the antagonist chieftain's banner in the field, couched its anse, and rode with many demonstrations of courtesy to be combat. Finding, however, on reaching the centre of the lists, that it had only to deal with two of his

esquires, it coolly lifted its lance out of the rest, and fell to, labouring them with the butt-end. To quit our metaphor—the article in which the Edinburgh Reviewers replied to their Westminster brethren, was written under the impression that Mr Bentham was their antagonist, and is couched in terms of the utmost respect for that venerable and consistent philosopher. We have a Postscript, however, announcing that they are now aware who were the real authors of the attack, and disclaiming any extraordinary respect for them. In this, as in their original article on Mr Mill's work, the Reviewers do not pretend to determine whether his principles are right or wrong—they merely maintain, that he has failed to demonstrate their truth. The final reply of the Westminster contained in the present Number, is unworthy the talent of that periodical;—it is a mere repetition of former assertions, like a sulky child's answer to its tutor's remonstrances—"But I will, though." On looking back on this controversy, we confess it seems to us to have been waged on the part of the Westminster with undue violence—with more of the rancour and intolerant spirit of sectarians than we should have expected from men professing the principles which they do. At the same time, they are not far wrong when they twit the Edinburgh with its uniform reluctance to commit itself on any question of abstract principle.

We have no idea who is the writer of the Review of "Lady Morgan's Book of the Boudoir;" but to judge by internal evidences, it must be some moon-struck Democrat just broke loose from Moorfields. We did not hesitate to speak freely our opinion of her Ladyship; but our dicta look like fulsome eulogiums when placed beside the diatribe of the Westminster. And, what is worse, the unhappy man has had the fortune to be most outrageous against those very passages which we thought most to her Ladyship's credit—where she speaks with frankness of the faults of her earlier works. In spirit, the article is not unlike one which some time ago appeared in the same Journal on the poems of L. E. L. A hard-hearted critic may easily pick out flaws in the works of this amiable poetess; and the Reviewer had evidently set himself down for this very purpose, and a thundering article he made of it; but by some strange fatality, he passed over every fault that is really objectionable, and wrote down as her faults the very things which go to constitute poetry. We wonder who the Caliban is?—some radical monster, no doubt, whom the weird sisters of the Westminster are obliged to propitiate, by throwing him once a-year a luckless female to mangle and devour.

The best article in this number is that on "Niebuhr's Roman History." It is a generous recognition of the merits of that distinguished historian, which this country seems so slow to acknowledge. Our only wonder is, that the Reviewers have not pounced upon some doctrines of his philosophical creed, which must be rank heresy in their eyes. The article on "Lady Fanehawe's Memoirs" is amiable and pleasing. The Review of "The Loves of the Poets," though rather dull, is fair enough, though it looks a little as if it had been written by such a man as Addison's Cato. What a subject for a poem—"The Loves of the Westminster Reviewers!" The article on "Captain Basil Hall's Travels" is candid. It does not strike us that any of the other articles have much to recommend them.

*The Literary Souvenir for 1830;—The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir for 1830;—The Keepsake for 1830.*

W<sup>AS</sup> we the only Reviewers in the world, we should take the advice which has been given to us by a correspondent, and wait patiently till all these pretty books were published; that is to say, till they had been bought and sold, and people had seen them, and were prepared to appreciate our remarks. But as the art of reviewing

is far from being a monopoly, and is, in fact, little better than a mere mercantile speculation, there is consequently a scramble for priority of intelligence; and as we can command that priority, we do not see why we should deny ourselves the advantages to be derived from it, although we willingly grant that the thing is not much to be spoken of in comparison with good writing and sound thinking. In the present instance, we intend making two bites of a cherry, and shall confine ourselves principally to the embellishments of the books whose titles we have copied, reserving a notice of their literary contents for a subsequent Saturday.

Notwithstanding the powerful competition which it had to encounter, the circulation of the *Souvenir* for 1829 was greater than that for 1828; and this is entirely to be attributed to the good taste and excellent management of its Editor, Mr Alaric Watts, who, by attending more to the intrinsic merit of the articles he admitted than to the celebrity of the author, was able to present such a selection of contributions as reflected no disgrace on the literary metropolis of this literary age and country. We hesitate not to say, that the *Souvenir* for 1830 will be found in all respects equal to its predecessor; in the matter of illustrations, it is perhaps, on the whole, superior. These are arranged in the following order:—I. "Mrs Siddons in the character of Lady Macbeth (in the letter scene.)" This is a fine and striking representation of the only actress who ever did justice to the terrible creation of the poet. The very picture is enough to make us feel how feeble and ineffective all subsequent *Lady Macbeths* have been. The painter is G. Harlowe, and the engraver Charles Rolla.—II. "A Portrait," painted by Leslie, engraved by Danforth. Is she not a beautiful and highborn creature,—the daughter of one of the noblest houses in England? Well has the artist set her patrician dignity upon her brow, and over her stately and graceful form thrown the rich garments and glittering jewels of the east, not in the hope of making that form more stately or graceful, but because its natural gait and air suit best with purple and gold. Not a wandering exhalation of low or vulgar thought ever passed across the clear mirror of her mind. She is the rising star of her ancestral halls, and we see in her the future mother of a long line of British aristocracy. Let the poet beware who strings his aspiring lyre to sing of a being such as this.—III. "The Sale of the Pet Lamb of the Cottage," painted by Collins, engraved by Charles Rolla. This is a story of domestic life—a story of innocent childhood—beautifully and affectingly told. Our principal objection to the work as a piece of art is, that it contains two distinct groups, and consequently wants a central point of interest. The eye wanders over the picture, instead of resting upon it; we are pleased with every thing it contains, but we do not see what it contains at once. We have the children round the lamb in one place,—we have their mother receiving its price from the butcher in another,—and we have the fine landscape in the neighbourhood of the cottage in a third. This is a pity, for in all other respects the conception and the execution are excellent.—IV. "Portrait of Viscountess Belgrave at nineteen years of age," painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, engraved by R. Graves. This is the portrait of a lady, painted by a gentleman; and in these days of affectation and quackery, this is praise of a very high kind.—V. "Oberon and Titania," painted by Howard, engraved by Edwards. Though the engraving of this picture is good, we miss the warm and glowing colours of Howard, which give to his style half its charm. The subject is richly and elegantly handled.—VI. "Jacob's Dream," painted by Allston, engraved by Goodall. This is a bold idea, spiritedly executed. The effect is striking and visionary; and the subdued but golden light which streams over the marble pavement of heaven, and bathes the angels in glory, is such as might well illumine into gladness the slumbers of the patriarch. We do not

entirely approve, however, of attempting to represent on canvass the glories of the inner temple. No reality which human art can present will ever equal the vaguely beautiful and sublime imaginings of fancy.—VII. "The Discovery," painted by Stephanoff, engraved by Goodyear. There is something very delightful in this picture. We at one time thought Stephanoff a mannerist, but we were wrong—he is full of charming variety. There are two sisters, or perhaps cousins—both beautiful—almost too beautiful for this mortal world,—and one of them is in love; but she was not certain whether her love was returned, till at this very moment, when her lovely friend points out to her the name of "Rosalie"—her own name—cut out on the bark of a tree. What a flush of glad surprise on the fair face of Rosalie! what a quick but pleasant throbbing of her gentle heart! and how delightedly does her sister share her happiness! Ay, and in yonder glade, do you not see the gallant youth standing as if not quite sure of his fate; yet hoping, strongly hoping all the time? Thou hast genius, Stephanoff! thou hast told the story as one who understands the human heart, and knows how to make thoughts and feelings flash from the pencil.—VIII. "La Fille bien Gardée," painted by Chalon, engraved by Charles Rolla. Now may the gods help thee, bold and merry damsel, with the rich blood of Spain tingling through thy veins! Thou art indeed well watched! There is the old gentleman, thy guardian; and the ancient lady, thy duenna; and the young sharp-witted rogue, thy page. Good luck! where art thou to conceal a smile or a *billet-doux*? The life of many a valiant cavalier hangs dangling on those dark tresses of thine, but there they must dangle till doomsday; for thou durst not raise thy hand to cut them down. But bide thee yet!—the old don will die, and the old lady will be gathered to her ancestors, and the young page will run thine errand to the end of the world for one glance of thy sunny eye; and then, thou merry damsel! will there not be "racing and chasing on Canobie sea?" By our troth! thou wilt then know of what stuff men's love is made, and gallants will gather round thee like stars round the moon!—Just one other remark,—the page's leg is out of drawing. IX. "The Tournament," painted by Martin, engraved by Willmore. Like all Martin's productions, this picture is rather imposing at first sight, and when more closely examined, is something very like a piece of humbug. The eternal sameness—a sameness, too, of bad taste and absurdity—in this artist's style, is quite disgusting. He is a man of but one idea, and with that one idea he has gulled the public. We had intended to have said something more concerning him, but we find so very admirable an article on his abilities by a correspondent of one of the London weekly papers (the *Atlas*), that we at once withdraw our own remarks to give a place to his, which coincide exactly with our own opinions. We are the more tempted to dwell a little upon this matter in consequence of the ignorant and bombastic puff given to Martin in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. His talents are placed in a very different and far truer light in the following sentences:

"The appearance of the first large picture of Mr Martin (the 'Belshazzar,' we believe), was an event in the annals of fine art. The dazzling brilliancy of colour and novelty of design took captive the senses, blinded the judgments of the many, stupefied the connoisseurs, and surprised the critics napping. The gaping vulgar flocked to wonder and applaud, and more sober judgments kept aloof in grudging silence; while artists envied its success and began imitating. The drawing of his figures was bad, his colouring meretricious, his effects theatrical—but the surprise was too much for the public; and, in this triumph of perspective, Mr Martin carried off the wreath of applause at the 'point of sight.' He has now received the seal of critical decision, the verdict of the *Edinburgh Review*—he has got his diploma of art from the Scotch College, and it only remains for him to be made an R. A. He has done enough—his present reputation is established, and his fame must be left to posterity."

city. Mr Martin is an ingenious man, and possessed of a bold fancy and taste more magnificent and gorgeous than chaste and natural. His imagination is of a substantial nature, gross and palpable. He produces his effects on the mind by the weight of architecture and the force of perspective. He amazes the sight with a profusion of unnatural and splendid colours—oppresses the senses with heaps of accessories, and out-does Mr Farley in the tinsel and glitter of display. But his productions do not either move the heart or affect the mind—they are physical appeals to the outward senses. They are not nature, nor do they resemble 'any thing that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.' They are strange fantastical, extravagant, chimerical fancies, without the range of the probable, and on the borders of the impossible. Acres of mountain, forests of pillars, crowds of figures, shoals of vases and flagons, pyramids of steps, piles of frieze and pediment, cram his pictures to choking—you are treated to a surfeit of material—it is a city feast of fancy—a wholesale warehouse of architecture. Quantity is his recipe in all things. The funeral pile of his 'Sardanapalus' is a tawdry and lumbering heap of broker's furniture—mere Moorfields finery. His walls are of interminable length, and his towers every one a Babel. Domes with him are at a discount, and colonnades fairly go begging. His rocks are of the most approved fashion—his trees of the newest cut; sweeping lawns of miles in extent, 'neat, trimly dressed,' lead up to a mountain floating in the sky distance. But when you have seen one, you have seen all; it is teasing like the ever-shifting monotony of those toy prints, the 'Myrioramas,' where the eye is tantalized by an endless variety of repetition. His structures are like an Egyptian temple seen through a prism—or a kaleidoscope of architectural details; the toy is perpetually presenting some new version of the old story; and Mr Martin may, with the same facility, go on painting new pictures to all eternity. It is a glut of the stupendous—a nausea of the gorgeous. If this is the praise Mr Martin's admirers want, let them have more. There are his infernal scenes, where rocks of carbon and oceans of bitumen take the place of crystal lakes, trees of beryl, and mountains of adamant. A little black or white figure determines the scale of the design, and a Macadamized fragment becomes a rock of enormous magnitude. While a cornice moulding is transformed into a 'lustrous long arcade' some miles in length. This juggle of art—this stage-trickery is about as ingenious as the deception of the cosmoramas, where, in a peep-show, you see through a magnifying glass decent coloured prints amplified into miserable large pictures. Talk of St Paul's and St Peter's to Mr Martin's admirers! They will tell you that colosseum domes are dumps with him; the Andes and Cotapaxe mole-hills; and aloes plentiful as daisies. The pyramids serve him for buttresses, and a whole Egyptian temple is scarcely sufficient for a door-way. Balbec and Palmyra, in their 'high and palmy state,' are not large enough for porticoes, and the forest of Lebanon is but a shrubbery. 'Osai' is indeed 'a wart,' and he may wear Mont Blanc on his finger for a diamond ring! If eccentricity be originality, novelty, invention, quantity, sublimity—then is Mr Martin the greatest painter that ever lived. Burke lays it down as a principle, that 'designs which are vast only by their dimensions are always the sign of a common and low imagination.' With Mr Martin's colouring and effects superadded, what would he say? Would the same authority, had he lived in this day, have called Mr Irving the best of preachers, or Mr C. Phillips the greatest of orators? We think not, any more than he would have allowed Mr Martin to be the greatest of painters."

So much for Mr Martin, who has almost made us forget the *Souvenir*. The next embellishment is—X. "Childe Harold and Ianthe," painted by Westall, engraved by Portbury. This is the worst thing in the book. Westall must be a regular dunce at times. This illustration is fit for nothing but a companion to that horrid one of his in this year's *Souvenir*, entitled, "She never told her love." He has painted Byron like a college lad, a sort of half-and-half divinity student; and Ianthe is like his landlady's daughter, who, we have no doubt, lives in South College Street, up at least two pair of stairs. Then the poor girl, in consequence of a blunder in the fore-shortening, has got a club foot; and, altogether, the production would do no credit to a child's sixpenny book. The admission of such an embellishment

is the only deviation from his correct taste of which we can accuse Alaric Watts.—XI. "The Brigand's Cave," painted by Uwins, engraved by Charles Rolls. We are much pleased with this painting. It is well grouped, and the light and shade are finely managed.—XII. "The Sisters of Scio," painted by A. Phalippon (a foreign artist), engraved by Henry Rolls. This is the last, and one of the most interesting engravings in the volume. There is a beautiful simplicity in the design, and a great deal of calm power in the execution. The plate represents two Greek girls seated on a rocky coast, and evidently in the very depth of grief. The face of the one is hid in the lap of the other, who looks down upon her, but is yet unable to offer any consolation. The tale of woe and desolation comes home at once to the heart. Every thing has perished—their homes—their country—their kindred! The sea breaks at their feet, but in their despair they could silently lock themselves in each other's arms, and wait till its waters flowed over them. We should like much to see more of Phalippon's productions; he is a man of genius.

In the *New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir*, which is edited by Mrs Alaric Watts, there are eleven illustrations, ten of which are exceedingly good, though of course inferior to those in the *Souvenir*. They are called (though we think some of the appellations misnomers) "Little Flora,"—"Children in an Armoury,"—"Toinette,"—"Blind Willie and his Sister,"—"The Broken Pitcher,"—"The Thunder Storm,"—"French and English,"—"Amy and her Dog,"—"Visit to Grandmamma,"—"and Little Goody Two Shoes." The eleventh illustration,—"The Cottage Door,"—is by that unfortunate man Westall, and very poor it is. Some of the literary contributions to this nice little volume are very pretty. As we possess, however, the only copy in Edinburgh, we shall not yet speak of them in detail. One, however, we shall quote, which is full of simple and natural feeling. It is a poem by Miss Mary Howitt:

#### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

"Sweet Ellen More," said I, 'come forth  
Beneath the sunny sky;  
Why stand you musing all alone,  
With such an anxious eye?  
What is it, child, that aileth you?  
And thus she made reply:

"The fields are green, the skies are bright,  
The leaves are on the tree,  
And among the sweet flowers of the thyme  
Far flies the honey-bee;  
And the lark hath sung since morning prime,  
And merrily singeth he.

"Yet not for this shall I go forth  
On the open hills to play;  
There's not a bird that singeth now  
Would tempt me hence to stray;—  
I would not leave our Cottage Door  
For a thousand flowers to-day!

"And why?" said I; 'what is there here  
Beside your Cottage Door,  
To make a merry girl like you  
Thus idly stand to pore?  
There is a mystery in this thing,—  
Now tell me, Ellen More?"

"The fair girl look'd into my face,  
With her dark and serious eye:  
Silently awhile she look'd,  
Then heaved a quiet sigh;  
And, with a half-reluctant will,  
Again she made reply:

"Three years ago, unknown to us,  
When the nuts were on the tree,  
Even in the pleasant harvest-time,  
My brother went to sea;  
Without a word to sea he went,  
And a squorful house were we.

" ' That winter was a weary time,  
A long, dark time of woe;  
For we knew not in what ship he sail'd,  
And we sought in vain to know;  
And night and day the loud, loud wind  
Seem'd evermore to blow.

" ' My mother lay upon her bed,  
And her heavy heart was toss'd  
With dismal thoughts of storm and wreck  
Upon some savage coast;  
But morn and eve we pray'd to God  
That he might not be lost.

" ' And when the pleasant spring came on,  
And again the fields were green,  
He sent a letter full of news  
Of the wonders he had seen;  
Praying us to think him loving still,  
As he had ever been.

" ' The tidings that came next were from  
A sailor old and grey,  
Who saw his ship at anchor lie  
In the harbour of Bombay;  
But he said my brother pined for home,  
And wish'd he were away.

" ' Again he wrote a letter long,  
Without a word of gloom;  
And soon, and very soon, he said,  
He should again come home:—  
I watch'd as now, beside the door,  
And yet he did not come!

" ' I watch'd and watch'd, but knew not then  
It would be all in vain;  
For very sick he lay the while  
In a hospital in Spain.  
Ah, me! I fear my brother dear  
Will ne'er come home again!

" ' And now I watch—for we have heard  
That he is on his way,  
And the letter said, in very truth,  
He would be here to-day.  
Oh! there's not a bird that singeth now  
Would tempt me hence away!

" ' That self-same eve I wander'd down  
Unto the busy strand,  
Just as a little boat came in  
With people to the land,  
And among them was a sailor boy,  
Who leap'd upon the sand.

" ' I knew him by his dark blue eyes,  
And by his features fair;  
And on the shore he gaily sang  
A simple Scottish air,—  
' There's no place like our own dear Home  
To be met with any where! "

Barry Cornwall, Mrs Hemans, T. K. Hervey, Thomas Pringle, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs Hoffman, and Mrs Ople, are also among the contributors.

We have seen only three of the embellishments for the *Keepsake*, but these three are highly finished and very beautiful. That which we admire most is "Francis the First and his Sister," painted by Bonnington, and engraved by that splendid engraver Charles Heath. We could write a volume upon this plate, but we must bridle in our enthusiasm for a space. In a different style, but very delightful also, is "The Castle Hall" by Lealie, of which—as well as of "Zella" by Corbould, that love-lorn but beautiful damsel alone on the shore of the wild ocean—more anon, for we cannot do them justice at the fag-end of an article.

*Life on Board a Man-of-War; including a Full Account of the Battle of Navarino.* By a British Seaman. Glasgow. Blackie, Fullarton, & Co.

We announced this work last Saturday, and we have now received one-half of it in sheets, but too late in the

week to speak of its merits. It seems, however, to be written in a lively and graphic style, and to contain a number of illustrative sketches of the character, manners, and habits of British tars, who form so peculiar and interesting a class of the community. We shall return to the work as soon as we receive a complete copy of it, and, in the meantime, extract the following

#### ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

"We all stood in silent expectation of the order to 'Fire!' and as we were at this time nearly under the heavy batteries, we expected directly to have a dose of the pills the Turks had been preparing for us these ten or twelve days past. We could observe them leaning over their guns, and pointing with the utmost *sang froid* to the different ships as they made their appearance. The flag-staff they had on their batteries had no colours mounted, and every thing seemed rather to betoken an amicable feeling. A boat pushed from the shore with a Turkish officer on board, and four men, and made for the Asia, that, by this time, was clear of the guns of the forts, and about a hundred yards a-head of us. The officer, I could see, went aboard of the Asia, but did not stop two minutes. On regaining the shore he threw his turban from him, and ran up to a gateway in the fortress, where there was a crowd of people waiting his arrival. As soon as he made his appearance the *red flag* waved on the battlements, and at the same moment a signal-gun was fired. The word now flew along the decks, 'Stand to your guns there, fore and aft!'—'All ready, sir,' was the immediate reply, as the captain of each gun stood with the lanyard of the lock in his hand, waiting to hear the word 'Fire!' This was a period of intense excitement. A dead silence prevailed, and 'the boldest held his breath for a time.' All the while we were 'drifting on our path,' and now we were clear of the guns of the batteries, and steering alongside of the Turkish line. The Turks likewise were at their guns.

"The boat with the Turkish officer, which I had seen alongside of the Asia at the time we passed under the forts, was sent to inform the Admiral that the Governor had no orders from Ibrahim Pacha to allow the allied squadrons to enter the harbour. The Admiral's answer was said to be, 'Tell your master that we come not to receive orders, but to give them;' upon which the Turk directly left the ship, and I have related what passed after the boat touched the shore.

"About the same time, Sir E. Codrington, willing, if possible, to bring things to an amicable arrangement, sent his boat to the Egyptian Admiral's ship, with instructions, that if he did not fire upon any of the allied flags, not a shot should be fired at him. Mr Mitchell, the pilot of the Asia, having reached the ship, delivered his message, and, having a flag of truce, considered himself and the boat's crew as safe; but, as the boat was leaving the ship, Mr Mitchell was shot, while sitting in the stern-sheets of the boat, and dropt into the arms of the man who pulled the stroke oar. One of the men held up the flag as high as he could with one hand, pointed to it with the other, and demanded the reason of their firing on it. He received no other answer than another volley of small shot, which, however, had no effect. They pulled for the Asia, and, immediately on reaching it, a most tremendous broadside was poured into the Egyptian Admiral's ship, that made her reel again. The French and Russians had not yet reached their stations, in consequence of the wind having nearly died away; but, seeing the Asia commence the firing, they attacked the forts as they passed them; and, as they proceeded, they engaged the triple line of the enemy on the opposite side of the bay, consisting of their frigates and sloops of war, some of which frigates carried 64 guns.

"Tom and I were just making our way down from the fore top-sail yard, when the enemy's guns opened upon us. Morlet, grasping my hand, exclaimed, 'Don't forget Tom Morlet, M. Farewell!—to your gun! to your gun!' and, so saying, he jumped down on the main deck, where he was quartered, and I made the best of my way to the lower deck, and took my place at the gun. Lieutenant Broke drew his sword, and told us not to fire till ordered. 'Point your guns sure, men,' said he, 'and make every shot tell—that's the way to show them British play!' He now threw away his hat on the deck, and told us to give the Turks three cheers, which we did with all our heart. Then crying out, 'Stand clear of the guns,' he gave the word 'Fire!' and immediately the whole tier of guns was discharged, with terrific effect, into the side of the Turkish Admiral's

ship, that lay abreast of us. After this, it was 'Fire away, my boys, as hard as you can!' The first man that I saw killed in our vessel was a marine; and it was not till we had received five or six rounds from the enemy. He was close beside me. I had taken the sponge out of his hand, and, on turning round, saw him at my feet, with his head fairly severed from his body, as if it had been done with a knife. My messmate, Lee, drew the corpse out from the tracks of the guns, and hauled it into midships, under the after ladder. The firing continued incessant, accompanied occasionally by loud cheers, which were not drowned even in the roar of the artillery; but, distincter than these, could be heard the dismal shrieks of the sufferers, that sounded like death-knells in the ear, or like the cry of war-fiends over their carnage.

"The battle at this time was raging with the most relentless fury; vessel after vessel was catching fire; and, when they blew up, they shook our ship to its very keelson. We sustained a most galling fire from the two line-of-battle ships abreast of us, which kept playing upon us till they were totally disabled, by having all their masts shot away, and whole planks tore out of their sides, by the enormous discharge of metal from our guns. We were ordered to only double-shot the guns, but, in this particular, we ventured to disobey orders; for, after the first five or six rounds, I may venture to say, that the gun I was at was regularly charged with two 32lb. shot and a 32lb. grape; and sometimes with a canister crammed above all. On being ordered by the officer for overcharging, one of the men replied, as he wiped the blood and dirt from his eyes, that he liked to 'give them a specimen of all our pills.' In the line-of-battle ship that was right abreast of us, there was a great stout fellow of a Turk, in a red flannel shirt, working a gun in the port nearly opposite ours, and, as he was very dexterous, he was doing us a deal of mischief. One of the marines, observing this, levelled his musket, and shot our bulky antagonist through the head, who dropt back, and hung out of the port, head downwards, but was soon pitched overboard by the one that took his place.

"From the effect every shot had on the finely-painted sides of the Moslem vessels, we expected them to strike speedily, and many were to be enquires whether they had 'doused the moon and stars yet?' but the Turks were resolute, and not one of them struck colours during the engagement. 'Pelt away, my beauties,' cried the captain of our gun, a young Irish lad, and a capital marksman; 'if they don't strike, we'll strike for them.'"

*A Selection from different Authors, on Religious Subjects.*  
London. Hatchard & Son.

We love sometimes to retire to our own chamber, to commune with our thoughts and be still; and, at such moments, we love to have a book in our hand like that now before us. Its contents are classed under the following heads:—On Afflictions—Absence of Friends—Humility—Confirmation—Evidences of Christianity—Submission and Contentment—Charity and Gentleness—Love of God—Intercession—Happiness—The Sabbath—Enthusiasm and Superstition—Faith. Here we have poor Cowper, breathing his pensive pious thoughts to his amiable cousin, Lady Hesketh; the learned and amiable Mrs Carter; the meek and elegant Miss Bowdler; Dr Beattie; Mrs Trimmer; Hugh Blair; Mrs Hannah More; and a number of others, who enlisted themselves on the side of truth, and devoted their talents to the good of their fellow-creatures, and the welfare of their souls. From the mild spirit which breathes through this volume, we should guess it to be the work of some gentle lady's leisure hours. It is peculiarly fitted for females of a thoughtful cast of mind, and to such we recommend it.

### FINE ARTS.

**MR MARSHALL'S EXHIBITION, ILLUSTRATIVE OF A PASSAGE IN BURNS—THOM'S STATUES—FORREST'S STATUES—GREENSHIELD'S JOLLY BEGGARS.**

THIS is too much. Our self-taught artists, with their representations of low life, are getting rather too nume-

rous upon our hands, and some check must be given to their increase—a duty which will be best performed by exposing, in the first place, the sources of their popularity.

The number of individuals in this country who have any knowledge of art, or even any sense of its beauties, is very limited. We do not think that this is to be accounted for, either by the greater dulness of our senses, or the grosser medium through which the impressions of external nature are conveyed to them. It was, of course, to be expected, that art should spring up and ripen most rapidly in the more genial climates of Greece and Italy; but the experience of nations in the same latitude with ourselves, and the success of some of our own countrymen, have shown that the plant is hardy enough to flourish even here. The cause of our less-cultivated taste must be sought for in the bias which circumstances have given to the development of the national mind. The barbarous state of the community, when literature was first introduced at the Reformation,—the constant succession of theological and political discussions since, necessarily tended to give an undue preponderance to the growth of those intellectual and imaginative faculties, which embody themselves most fitly in words. This tendency was strengthened and confirmed by the want of works of art, which might, by their very presence, have awakened a love for their excellences, and a wish to produce something of the kind. The consequence has been, that while, in the severer labours of science, we stand rather before than behind the rest of Europe, and while we can boast of orators and poets equal to those of any nation, in all that relates to the Fine Arts we are far behind. We do not speak of the artists which this country has produced, but of the national feeling towards art. There is a coldness—an unsusceptibility to its charms—lingering like a last relic of barbarism, amid all our refinement.

We are aware that this is a wide statement; and we know that, in descending from the imposing annunciation of general principles to the comparative littleness of a specific instance, we immediately lay ourselves open to cavil. We must, however, run the risk, for we should otherwise perform only half our task. We have to add, then, in more direct and specific terms, that the noise made at present about the Fine Arts, although it is a noise made more by the press than by the country at large, only proves how little the subject is understood. It is much talk, and little meaning;—it is the incessant chattering of an ignorant person, serving but to show the extent of his ignorance;—it is the sound of a barrel, loud in proportion to its emptiness. Painting and Sculpture address themselves to the mind and heart through the medium of the eye; and, in order to appreciate them aright, we must begin with the education of that organ. All the rules and principles of both arts, no doubt, rest on and proceed from just and refined feeling, being without it but empty words. Just and refined feeling, however, is always connected with sound taste, and is very different from quick and wayward emotion, or mere natural susceptibility. With few exceptions, they who undertake to criticise paintings and statuary, are but little conversant with works of art. They are many of them men of talent, but their notions, when they have any more solid than the vague and transient thoughts awakened in them by contemplating a work of art, are the fruit of reading, not of experience and examination. There is a hollowness, therefore, in all they write; and the greater energy with which they express themselves—the more vivacious their fancy, and the more capable they are of adorning their commonplaces,—the more they mislead their readers. When we thus take into consideration the wide-spread ignorance in matters of art, and the insufficiency of those who think to remove it, we shall cease to wonder at the crude and unsatisfactory notions on the subject that are current among us. It is the old parable of the blind leading the blind. These remarks are applicable to the whole island,

but in a more especial manner, we regret to say, to Scotland.

Having given this sketch (however superficial and incomplete) of the state of public feeling with regard to art; it will be a comparatively easy matter to trace the rise and progress of the evil to which we alluded at the outset, and which we would fain cure. We doubt not our readers will remember to have heard during the last three years, from time to time, of wonderful productions of unaided genius—works of self-taught sculptors. There were, among others, a statue of the Duke of York, of Mr Canning, of the King; and that huge, goggle-eyed monster on the top of Melville's monument belongs to this class. But as all of these have excited their nine days' wonder, and already passed from the memory of man, we feel no inclination to recall them from oblivion. We shall rather take up our tale with Thom's statues. Notwithstanding the concourse of people who crowded to see them, we are not aware that any sane person ever pretended to call them works of art, in the proper acceptation of the term. The workman's story had reached Edinburgh before him. He was said to be a young man, who, without any better education than falls to the lot of all our Scottish peasantry,—without having seen any finer specimen of sculpture than the Sir William Wallace, who “keeps the watch and ward” over the “Back of the Isle” in the ancient burgh of Ayr, at the sole suggestion of his own fancy, and with no better implements than the tools of a common mason, had embodied, in the first materials that came to hand, one of the most genial creations of Burns. There was something of romance in this story that awakened curiosity; and all who visited the works of the untaught genius, confessed that they were replete with feeling and character, and displayed (when his want of all instruction, and even of the common mechanical aids, were taken into consideration) a wonderful eye for form. Still they were but sculpture in its infancy—the first abortive efforts of unaided genius—indications of capability not yet matured into power, and without any claims to a place among the products of an art which has been the slow growth of centuries, and every professor of which is anxious to be enriched and strengthened by the experience of the genius which has preceded him. They wanted not only the mechanical dexterity, but the high and refined feeling which the pursuit of art engenders. It is most probable that the great mass of visitors, standing on the same level with the sculptor, were attracted by merits of that broad kind which speaks to all, while the deficiencies were such as they could not feel. But to those who understood the matter, it appeared but as a promise of what might yet be, and which could be attained only by the rejection of much which the vulgar counted beauties, but which, in the eye of taste, were defects. Mr Thom's success laid two courses open to his choice. He might endeavour to learn that art, for which he had shown such capacity; or he might content himself with remaining what he was, and making hay while the sun shone. He seems to have preferred the latter, and we have no right to quarrel with his choice. There, however, we leave him, and proceed to notice the effects of his success upon others.

Last week, we attended a private exhibition of Mr Marshall's statuary. It consists of three figures, intended to represent the party described in Burns's song—“Willie brewed a peck o' maut.” Mr Marshall is a marble-cutter in this city, and has, we are informed, already executed one or two busts, which have met with approbation. It is evident, from the figures which he is now exhibiting, that he is not similarly circumstanced with Thom,—in the finish of their faces and hands, we recognise a man who has some notion of art. In attempting, however, to vie with the Ayrshire sculptor, and to attract the public by a similar exhibition, he has retrograded. There is a man whose unassisted talent has produced something that is wonderful, chiefly because his talent was unassisted. Marshall is a man possessed of all the advantages

that Thom wanted, and yet he produces, after all, something of the same class. All the objections that can be brought against Thom's works tell against Marshall's; whilst none of the apologies tell for them. Although we admit, therefore, that the three jelly companions show their designer to be possessed of a considerable acquaintance with the structure of the human frame, a happy knack at catching a likeness, and some power of expression, we must inevitably blame one, who ought to have known better, in the first place, for his choice of a subject; and, in the second place, for the manner in which he has treated it. We blame him for the choice of his subject, not because it is simply humorous—for many fine statues of Silenus, Fauns, &c. show how capable sculpture is of expressing some kinds of humour—but because it ties him down to the exact representation of a certain homely form and costume, which are gratifying to the eye neither in themselves nor by association. Similar subjects have been successfully treated in painting; but that is because painting admits of arrangements of colour, which present a medium of beauty for the conveyance of the story, that atones for the deficiencies of form. But the abstract character of sculpture affords no such compensation for vulgarity and meanness. Form is its sole medium for the expression of beauty or dignity, and the choice of a form, incapable of receiving this expression, excludes the work from the domain of art. We blame Mr Marshall, in the next place, for his treatment of the subject; because, though Thom, who knew nothing of sculpture, was pardonable for forming two isolated statues, and thinking that placing them side by side was grouping them, Marshall has no such apology.

The aspirants in this new line of art succeed each other like the shadowy lineage of Banquo, and threaten to be as interminable. To Tam O'Shanter, and Willie of ale-brewing memory, Mr Greenhields, a common stone-mason, threatens to add the whole clan of the Jolly Beggars. He thus lays himself open to the strictures we have already made on Mr Thom and Mr Marshall, with this additional remark, that the number of figures, and the space they must necessarily occupy, will place the whole production on a level with a wax-work exhibition. Not having seen any of the figures ourselves, we shall give an extract from a description of them which has appeared in some of the newspapers, as an apt, though melancholy, specimen of the critical talents of a certain class of writers:—

“Four only of the group are nearly finished. These are the old soldier and his doxy, whom the poet describes in the second stanza of the cantata, large as life; and to each of whom the sculptor has most successfully given that lecherously amorous fixedness of desire,—as

‘His doxy lay within his arm,  
Wi’ uaquebec an’ blankets warm,  
She blinket on her sodger.’

To the ‘toxic drab’ he has given a limb and foot that might indeed be models for a Venus. The old war-worn son of Mars every person will think he has formerly seen; although the sculptor has given him neither wooden arm nor leg; at any rate, as these expletives are used only for travelling, at least one of them, they are now very properly laid aside as incumbrances. A wooden arm must be taken, as the poet intended it, for a poetical liberty. Both countenances contain a mixture of Grecian and Scottish features. The next of the group is the ‘raucous carlin,’ the widow of John Highlandman, described in the fourth recitative of the poem, the object for whom poor ‘Tweedle-dee’ so narrowly escaped with the life out of the hands of the ‘sturdy Caird.’ This is a figure altogether Scottish, five feet nine inches high, with a noble face of brass, ‘unbustling’ indeed; bold, determined—elegantly set upon her naked feet, with a pair of huggies reaching to her ankles, and a patched cloak descending half down her thigh. She has evidently a countenance that can counterfeited civility, but there are lurking traits that bespeak her a thief and a scold, to say no worse. Her rival lovers are only so far blocked as to be indicative of the sculptor's design. The fourth and last is a ‘wight o’ Homer's craft, a care-defying blade as ever Bacchus lived.’

This is a *highly-finished figure*, if we may apply the epithet to the low rascal, with his low profession. *He stands erect, in a singing attitude, his mouth more than half open, bawling aloud,*

'Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!  
Here's to all the wandering train!  
Here's to our ragged brats and callets!'

In his right hand he holds the mirth-inspiring bicker, which has lent to his phiz an air of ridicule, scoff, and railery, and to his eye a 'tip of the wink,' which seems to be directed to his 'twa Deborahs,' as they sit on each side, listening with deep satisfaction, 'impatient for the chorus.' His dulciness are only in model. This, we believe, is the largest group ever attempted by any sculptor,—nay, we are informed that it is the largest upon record, save one."

These are thy judges, oh Israel! We do not hesitate to say, that if Mr Greenshields' works express but one-half of what is here attributed to them, more disgusting sins against good taste were never perpetrated. It would be a waste of time to enter into an exposure of the ignorance and vulgarity evinced by the critic.

It only remains to say, that, being ourselves no artists, we have not been influenced; in making these remarks, by any *esprit de corps*; and, that we are not animated by personal feelings, we trust the tone of our article will sufficiently establish. We only wish to raise our voice against a senseless and tasteless fashion which seems to be spreading. We think the cultivation of a nation's taste a matter of sufficient importance to be struggled for, even at the sacrifice of a few men of misdirected talent. Our object is, to serve the artist as long as he conducts himself in a manner worthy of his high vocation,—and, still more, to preserve art itself "against all hands deadly."

#### LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

##### No. VI.

You cannot, in happier Edinburgh, conceive how utterly destitute we have for months been of every thing in the shape of amusement. Were it not for the liveliness of the JOURNAL, even Saturday evenings would be dull here, although of old consecrate to merriment, if not to high jinks. The gloomy state of trade is partly the occasion of this; but is not altogether accountable for our sins of stupidity, for, in busy periods of trade we have not time to be amused, although, during its stagnation, we may lack the heart to laugh. I suspect we must, in the spirit of an early and excellent article in *Blackwood*, put it down to the "backwardness of the season;" for, when sunshine has sanctioned any show, there have been plenty of people ready to turn out to look at it. Even the Western Cricket Club have had no lack of fair spectators to "rain influence" on them, when they had no rain of another kind,—a somewhat rare circumstance. They are a race, I think, that could astonish the athletes under the especial guardianship of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, or even those of the Highland Club. Indeed, I am not sure but some of them would even aspire to plucking a laurel from the crown of a Six Feet Club man. They affect, however, a modest diffidence in not challenging your Edinburgh Cricket Club, which is the senior of theirs; but they are not the less sure that they would beat them, and allege that they only wait a challenge for fifty sovereigns for a Kirk o' Shotts "Spring Meeting!"

*Verb. sap.* Some of them, in sober seriousness, are burly fellows. Is it not a curious thing, that even in the sternest and most stalwart sports, gentlemen of the same nerve and muscle always are over-matches for clowns? Is it their *tact* that occasions this superiority, or is it that a certain delicacy of touch is necessary to enable a man to measure the amount of effort required to achieve any purpose? This superiority was never more shown than in rowing at our late Regatta, which was really a splendid affair, and more than enough to cancel reproach for a month's dulness. It was quite impossible to conceive that there could be a finer day for the purpose; and it served

to increase the gay appearance of the Admiral's yacht, the many-coloured dresses of the rowing clubs,—Corcair and others,—and the divers hues of the skiffs they propelled, like arrows up the arrowy stream; and, above all, the fifty thousand people who were spectators of a sight so novel here, where, till recently, no boat save the dead-house one, and no barge except a dyer's, ever were seen above our bridges.

The dinner—for dinner was more than a mere matter of course after five hours of exertion in the bracing air—was well attended, well cooked, well eaten, and, if we may judge from the good-humour of the speakers at it, well digested. Mr May, the croupier, after unwearied personal exertions to promote the enjoyment of the day, opened his purse with a noble liberality towards establishing such a holiday annually. His cup is to be called "The Mayflower Cup." I hope it will soon be "the Lord Provost's" also.

It is well such manly sports are in fashion. The influence of the money prizes, too, on our seamen on the coast, may produce a skill even equal to that of the real boatmen. Already, in the Cardross ferrymen, it has. Equal courage they never wanted. Yet, four years ago, after rowing awhile at Eton, I could not get enough subscribed to build a gig, and now there are a dozen on the Clyde. Such is fashion.

Amid the lack of amusement of which I complain in Glasgow, we, i. e. *les desemployés*, have much reason to be grateful to the proprietors of the rival newarooms—the orientallists and occidentalists; for they positively vie in soliciting us to make use of these fine apartments, and all their library conveniences, simply for the honour of our presence. Their rival claims split the city into two factions; and really impartial men like myself, who live, as well as think, midway between their extremes, don't know well how to act. I fear, however, we shall fall into less demand; for one of the rival houses will go down—which I need hardly say. To preserve the balance of power, the best scheme I have heard of, to turn the eastern one into a theatre. An excellent letter, on the necessity of having a *well-conducted* place of amusement in the centre of the city, which appeared in the *Chronicle*, has drawn attention to this. Meanwhile Seymour, with truly astonishing energy, has, in a few weeks, transferred the old and ugly Riding School, at the opposite extreme of the town, into a "Royal Theatre," which he opened last Friday with Kean, who, it is whispered, is his partner in this new and bold speculation. The credit of great energy in overcoming difficulties cannot be denied to Seymour. His wisdom in placing his house almost out of town is another matter. However, good acting drew the citizens of London even to Goodman's Fields, and may those of Glasgow to York Street. One of his *corps*, a Mr M'Carthy, has published an extraordinary example of what a man, evidently of some talent in *composition*, will write in a terrible passion. It is in reply to a biting article, modelled on the *Acris* and *Cerberus* style of sprightly but severe impartiality—using the actual cautery where the sore is gangrenous—that recently appeared, "On the Public Amusements of Glasgow." The Irishman's response is as curious a specimen of blackguardism as ever was heard in "the liberties of Dublin."

#### THE DRAMA.

We are not among the admirers of Madame Vestris. She is a neat, smart chambermaid, and looks very nice in a male dress,—especially as all her male dresses are *faîtes d'avoir*; but beyond this, we have little praise to bestow. One thing, no doubt, must be taken into account,—that time is telling tales upon her. They say a lady's age is a delicate subject; but with public characters, such as Madame Vestris, we do not feel the necessity of being over and above scrupulous. The London critics (by the by, they sometimes affect to sneer at the Scotch critics,

though, with *one or two* exceptions, we do not think there is a regular dramatic critic in all London worthy of the name,) the London critics, we say, rave about the elegance of Vestris' form, and the beauty of her features; nay, it is confessedly upon these that a good deal of her popularity depends. We do not pretend to know what they may have been, but at present, sooth to say, only indifferent traces of them remain. We, of course, grant that Vestris has a pretty enough little figure, and that her eye is soft and rather intelligent; but we look for more in a star so long held up to us as of the first magnitude. Vestris is aware of this; and that we may not be disappointed, she stuffs herself out, and paints herself up, in a style which may make "the unskilful laugh, but must make the judicious grieve." Her costume altogether, from top to toe, from her highest ringlet to the point of her shoe, is as much a piece of art as the costume of a wax doll. The great test of a fine woman is to see her in dishabille. Heaven forbid that we should ever see Vestris before she had made her morning toilet! Some people may think this is not legitimate criticism, but they are wrong. We wish to show that Vestris is altogether a piece of art, nursed in the hot-bed of London, and that they, consequently, who look for the free fresh graces of nature, (and where should they be found, if not in woman?) will be woefully disappointed. There is a total want of heart about her style of acting, which continually annoys us. She goes through her parts carelessly, easily, elegantly; but she never utters a word that she seems to feel, and consequently they slip out of the memories of her audience, as the flickering of a lambent light upon a dead wall. She does well enough with the Londoners,—who see every thing at a distance—who are thrown into convulsions by the twist of Liston's nose, and who applaud to the echo all the Cockney trash about a blue bonnet or a bit of tartan, that is palmed upon them as a Scotch song; but *here* we look closer into the affair,—we are accustomed to cabinet acting—to the quiet deep humour of Murray, or the refined grace of Mrs Siddons, and we consequently cannot get into raptures with Vestris' immense development *a posteriori*, (her dress-maker knows something about it,) or the two blotches of rouge upon her cheeks, or the very peculiar ruby tint of her lips, or her French curls, or the somewhat remarkable expression of her teeth. Nevertheless, as we said before, she is a smart chambermaid, and a dashing enough looking manikin, when she wears breeches,—and "to this conclusion must we come, Horatio." She sings also, and sings well too; but then her songs are all of that light, unimpressive kind, which please and are forgotten, such as, "Love was once a little boy," "What can poor maidens do?" "Love and Reason," or "The Banners of Blue," the words of which are pure Cockney, beginning—

"Strike up, strike up, Scottish minstrels so gay!"

Things such as these are all the trifles of an hour; they come as shadows, and so depart. They are well enough in their way; and we should not be so angry with them as we are, were it not that people make so mighty a fuss about them, whilst it is our humour to call them by their right names.

Vestris has a younger sister, cyleped Miss Bartalozzi, rather pleasant to the eye, being a tolerably well-arranged piece of flesh and blood; but the poor girl appears to be eaten up with conceit and affectation. Her style of singing and acting is as if she were conferring the greatest honour in the world on the audience; and on the night of her first appearance, because there was a slight noise in the house, she chose to take the pet (pretty dear!) and would not go on, forsooth, with her part. She seems to think herself a singer, too, but she squalls abominably; and as for her acting, it is the most heartless mummery we ever witnessed. We have no particular desire, therefore, to see a great deal more of Mademoiselle Bartalozzi; we are quite willing to decline any farther exertion of that

amazing condescension which she has been graciously pleased to show towards the Scotch public.

A miscellaneous remark or two. Murray's dress as *Billy Lachaday* is "quite a landscape." We would not give the patch behind for any money. Stanley's *tailor*, in "*Giovanni in London*," is the completest thing of the sort we have seen. His *Irishman*, in the "*Invincibles*," is also exquisite. In his own line of parts he may go astarring to London whenever he pleases; they have nobody like him there. But he would be a terrible loss to us were he to leave us. Mrs Stanley played *Eugenia*, in "*Sweethearts and Wives*," the other evening, very sweetly and prettily. It is a great pity that a person of so much good sense and cleverness as she is, should not get the better of a taint of affectation in her style of speaking, which mars every thing she does. Why does she not always talk in her own natural tones, without clipping and twisting her words into what she thinks fine English?—Williams is going to turn out but a poor addition to the company: but M'Gregor, who has returned to us after some years' absence, is a smart fellow, and will be useful. We are glad to see that Taylor shows a good example to the supernumeraries in his picturesque manner of dressing inferior parts. Mr Larkin is not a first-rate singer;—why has not an opportunity been given us of ascertaining the extent of Mr Hart's voice?—Is Miss Fairbrother to continue to dance to us?—Has Mrs Renaud no claim to be put upon the retired list of the Theatrical Fund?

OLD CERBERUS.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

By Mrs Embury,\* of New York.

BELOVED one, beloved one, when in thine eye I see  
Again the look of kindness so fondly turn'd on me,  
My heart is thrill'd with sudden joy, its sorrows are forgot,  
And all unmark'd the clouds that now have gather'd o'er  
our lot.

Beloved one, beloved one, when on thy brightening cheek  
I see the glorious smile once more of cheerful fancies speak,  
Oh! then, Hope's siren voice awakes, and whispers that  
the hour  
Will yet arrive, when peace shall shed o'er both her pity-  
ing power.

Beloved one, beloved one, whene'er thy soft caress  
Is proffer'd in the gentle hour of tranquil tenderness,  
My soul o'erflows with gratitude, love's pent-up streams  
once more,  
O'er all my life's pale, wither'd flowers, their freshening  
influence pour.

Beloved one, beloved one, I know thou lov'st me not,  
I know thou'st cursed the hour when first my shadow  
dim'd thy lot;  
I know thou'st learn'd to look almost with loathing on  
my face—  
But may not years of deathless love those bitter thoughts  
erase?

Beloved one, beloved one, may not the perfect truth,  
The deep devotion of a soul that loves thee e'en in ruth,  
The strong affection of a heart that lives but for thy sake,  
Within thy gentle breast at length some kindlier feelings  
wake?

Beloved one, beloved one, oh! wilt thou ne'er forget  
On richer downers and fairer brows to look with fond  
regret?

\* This lady is considered by her friends in the United States as the Mrs Hemans of America. We are glad to have it in our power to introduce her now, for the first time, to the Scottish reader.

Ed. Ld. Jour.

Forgive me that thou canst not love; and, if my hope is vain,  
May Heaven, in pitying mercy, soon unlease thy heavy chain!

SONG.

Tune—"Maggie Lander."

By Captain Charles Gray, of the Royal Marines.

THOUGH Boreas bauld, that carl auld,  
Should saugh a surly chorus;  
And Winter fall walk out himsel',  
And throw his mantle o'er us;  
Though winds blaw drift adown the lift,  
And drive hail-stanes afore 'em,  
While you an' I sit snug an' dry,  
Let's push about the jorum!

Though no a bird can now be heard  
Upon the leafless timmar;  
Whate'er betide, the ingle side  
Can mak' the winter simmer!  
Though cauldlike souls hae reeking howls,  
Wi' faces lang an' gloomy,  
While hae we tout the glasses out,  
We want na' fields that's bloomy!

The hie hill taps, like baxters' baps,  
Wi' snaw are white an' flowery;  
Skye down the lums, the hailstones come  
In Winter's wildest fury!  
Sharp Johnny Frost wi' barkynt' hoast  
Maks travellers tramp the quicker;  
Shou'd he come here to spoil our cheer,  
We'll drown him in the bicker!

Bess, beat the fire—come big it higher,  
Lest could shou'd mak us cawker'd;  
Be this our hame, my dainty dame,  
See, fill the tither tankard!  
Wi' guid alt cakes, or butter bakes,  
And routh o' whisky toddy,  
Wha daur complain, or mak a mane,  
He's but a saulless body!

AN EXTEMPORE TO BESSY.

LET pulling poets vaunt their fame  
For Mary or for Fanny,  
My heart contains one only name—  
A name more dear than any;  
And if you ask that name from me,  
'Tis not Jane, Anne, nor Jessie;  
It is a name worth all the three,—  
What could it be but Bessy?

Gods! if you saw her hazel eye,  
Her teeth like rows of pearl,  
You'd own, I guess, with many a sigh,  
That she might match an earl;  
And if you saw her raven hair,  
So ringlety and tressy,  
I'll stake my honour you would swear  
No earl could match with Bessy.

The number that her charms have slain  
Exceeds my computation;  
I'm sure no wonder were she vain,  
For she has thinn'd the nation!  
Though thousands fell at Waterloo,  
At Agincourt and Cressy,  
Those thousands would seem very few,  
Beside those kill'd by Bessy.

Yet little does she think, I wean,  
How deeply men adore her;

She knows not that she walks a queen,  
With slaves bent down before her;  
She is not given to idle show,  
She is not vain nor dressy;  
In pure and tranquil current flow  
The thoughts and hopes of Bessy.  
Long, long I've worshipp'd at her shrine,  
I've wander'd from it never;  
O! would to heaven that she were mine,  
My own—my own for ever!  
But I've not ask'd her yet;—I fear  
To make the dreadful essay;  
I'll cut my throat from ear to ear,  
If you refuse me, Bessy.

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

WE understand that a new edition of the late Archbishop Denham's celebrated work, *The Guide to the Church*, is in preparation. It will be published in November, in two volumes, and the profits will be applied to the Pantonian Theological Professorship in Edinburgh belonging to the Scottish Episcopal Church. A Memoir of the Author, by his son, Colonel Daubeny, of Bath, and a portrait, will be prefixed to this edition, which is in a state of very considerable forwardness.

In a few days will be published, Dr Calamy's *Historical Account of his own Life*, with some Reflections upon the Times in which he lived, from 1671 to 1751.

The work announced under the title of "*Stories of Waterloo*" is on the eve of publication.

The Novel called *Herbert Milton* has been translated into German, by Mr Richards, formerly a Lieutenant in the Hanoverian service; and the same gentleman is now employed on *Devereux*, having already given *Pelham* and *The Disowned* a German dress. These translations are said to be popular in Germany.

There will shortly appear an *Account of Captain Mignan's Pedestrian Journey in Southern Mesopotamia, Ul Jemra, and the Arabian Arkh*. For some years past, the Captain has commanded the body-guard of the East India Company resident in Turkish Arabia, and is the first and only Englishman that ever performed a tour on foot through these unfrequented countries, under the assumed garb and character of a Turkish officer, in the service of his Highness the Pasha of Bagdad. This indefatigable young traveller has traversed a great part of Arabia, Susiana, Chaldaea, Assyria, Adiabene, and the whole of ancient Babylonia.

Mr and Mrs Lockhart are still on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. Mr L. has just finished his new edition of *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, for writing which, it is said, Murray has given him five hundred guineas.

**WILLS OF SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**—The last wills and testaments of the three greatest men of modern ages are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctors'-Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an inter-cession in his own handwriting:—"I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." It is proved by William Byde, 28d July, 1616. The will of the minstrel of Paradise is a unimpeachable one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of handwriting; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

**FINE ARTS.**—Campbell's colossal Equestrian Statue of the Earl of Hopetoun may be seen at the Rooms of the Royal Institution. The piece does not do it full justice, for its proportions are calculated for an elevated situation. There is something fine and noble in the expression of the whole group. The neck and legs of the horse are beautiful.—The outline drawing from Macdonald's statues, lithographed by Forresters, which we announced some time ago, has been put into our hands. It is no compliment to Lander to say that it conveys a perfect notion of the group, which is all it aims at; but we have been induced again to notice it in justice to the lithographer. He has succeeded in giving a sharper and clearer outline than we have ever before seen in a lithographic drawing.—The successful competitor for the statue of the Duke of York will not be announced till January. In order that the judges may be the better enabled to make up their minds, the models and sketches have been deposited meanwhile in a cellar! In Paris, when such competitions take place, the works of the competitors are publicly exhibited; but we suppose that our judges are not so confident as the Parisians in their power to remain uninfluenced by the small talk of small critics. Fraser and Edmondstone visited Edinburgh the other day; and a greater than both—WILKIE—is here just now. He has been making an excellent speech at the Lord Provost's inaugural dinner.

**FINE ARTS IN FRANCE.** The Academy of the Fine Arts adjudged on the 27th of September, the four grand prizes for the best specimens of historical painting. The successful candidates are Jean Louis Beyer, Theophil Vauchelet, Emile Signol, and Eugene Roger. The subject for the competitors for the prize this year was Jacob refusing to part with Benjamin. Vauchelet is said to compose well, but to be an indifferent colourist: Roger to have succeeded best in expressing the *saleté* of the character of Benjamin. The critics, however, object to the whole of the competitors a want of feeling for that high style of art which their subject demanded.—Some of the French journals have been puffing off the statue of a young sculptor, a competitor for the Academy's prize, and broadly hinting, that if he be unsuccessful, it must be owing to underhand intrigues. This looks very like an attempt to concuss the judges. We notice it merely because it affords us an introduction to the remark, that we have observed an attempt at something of the same kind in this city, an offence which we cannot allow to be repeated with impunity.

**FRENCH LITERATURE.**—While performing the obsequies of the late Comte Daru, several of his literary friends seized the occasion to deliver funeral orations. Silvestre de Sacy celebrated his domestic virtues.—Cuvier his literary eminence.—Mirbel his integrity.—Fornaux and Levy alluded to the political crisis at which he had been taken from them. On the whole, there appears to have been a fair division of labour.—Some one has published at Paris short-hand notes of Guizot's lectures on modern history. The lectures are eloquent, but seem rather to consist of brilliant expositions of isolated points of history, than a comprehensive and philosophical view of its broad deep stream.—G. A. Crapelet has published, from a manuscript in the King's library, with a translation into modern French, "L'Histoire du Chatelet de Coucy et de la Dame de Coucy." This is one of the most burning tales of love and vengeance which has come down to us from the times of the Crusades. There is a *naïveté* in the contemporary history, which renders it far superior to any of the modern versions.—The Institute has awarded the prize for the best history of the times of Philippe Auguste to M. Capéguet. The work is represented by the Parisians as one of great research, but rather of a gossiping and credulous character.—Gouvion St Cyr has published his "Mémoires sur les campagnes des Armées du Rhin et de Rhin et Moselle, de 1792 jusqu'à la paix de Campo Formio." The Marshal is one of the few republican officers who remain. The history of these armies, if well told, will be a valuable addition to military history, showing the school in which those armies and generals were formed, which the powerful mind of Napoleon afterwards so effectively combined and directed.—Deschamps has announced a "Collection de Matériaux pour l'Histoire de la République." The work is to contain a bibliography of the Parisian journals, which, from the important part they played in the storms of the revolutionary period, must be at once interesting and instructive.

**FRENCH THEATRICALS.**—The Theatre Italien promises to make a splendid winter campaign. Sontag is there, of whom the French critics speak more favourably than our own. Malibran is expected in the course of this month. Garcia, her father, has returned to the stage, and is said to have performed *Almaviva* in a style that quieted the anxiety of his friends, who feared he might throw away in his age the favour acquired in his youth.—A Mlle. Heinefetter (so the name is spelt in the French Journals) has made her debut in the Italian Opera, under circumstances of rather a romantic character. She was a performer in the Theatre at Casel, but, conscious of her talents, aspired to the applause of a wider public than that pocket-edition of a royal residence affords. But the Elector treated her wishes as criminal insubordination on the part of a subject, and forbade her to leave his theatre or his territories. The fair lady took flight, and was received on the French frontier by M. Emile Laurent, director of the Theatre-Royal Italien. There was woe in the royal halls of Hesse Casel—there were denunciations of the renegade in its Journals—there were *châtaignes* thick and frequent on the roads to France, enquiring the route of the deserter; and the venerable monarch, like another Menelaus, thought of taking the field, despite the sixty winters on his back—but in vain. The cause of all this hurry-bury is said, by the French critics, to be tall and elegant, with dark locks clustering round an expressive countenance, and a pretty little mouth. Her movements and attitudes are graceful, at times even dignified. Her voice is represented as a magnificent *soprano*, gentle and flexible in the middle, full and deep in the low notes. She is remarkable, also, for justice of intonation. The poor prince of Hesse Casel!—The author of a new piece, entitled "Le Clero de la Basoche," had introduced, as one of his characters, the notorious Jacques-Clement. The censors ordered the whole part to be struck out. We are quite aware of the ticklish situation of any French Ministry after the King's heart; but the cowardly manner in which the present one shows its consciousness of that situation, is more likely to draw down danger than avert it.—The *Semiramide* of Voltaire has been received with an enthusiasm that has set the adherents of the classical drama prophesying its resurrection.—The receipts of the performance at Rouen, in aid of the subscription for erecting a statue to Corneille,

amounted to 4000 francs.—A M. Hyppolite Cournal has made his debut as a dramatic author, with a drama entitled *Le Majorat*. To judge by what the French critics say, the play must be rather declamatory, too much a picture of the author's ideas, and too little of the external world—in short, undramatic, but, at the same time, a work indicative of a vigorous mind.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—The London theatrical world has been all agog during the last ten days, which have been signalled by the opening of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; by the benefit given at the Opera House to Covent Garden—the most effective of all the aids yet afforded to that establishment; by the commencement of the winter performances of the Adelphi; by the close of the English Opera House, under excellent prospects as to its re-opening; and finally, by the conclusion of the most successful season of the most successful theatre in the metropolis, Astley's.—Drury Lane opened with "Hamlet," the part of *Hamlet* by Young, who is twenty years too old for it, and that of *Ophelia* by Miss Faucit, who made a very successful debut. The box-office keepers, and other officials at this Theatre, have been all dressed in the royal livery, and are said to have a very showy appearance.—Covent Garden opened with "Romeo and Juliet." The great attraction of the evening was Miss Fanny Kemble's debut as *Juliet*. It was completely successful, and, in the ardour of their enthusiasm, some of the Londoners are already comparing her to Miss O'Neil. We must wait a little, to see how she will turn out. Her mother, Mrs Kemble, formerly Miss De Camp, played *Lady Capulet*; and her father, Charles Kemble, played *Mercutio*. Abbot was *Romeo*, Wardle *Friar Lawrence*, and Meadows the *Apothecary*, so that the play has seldom been more strongly cast. The name of Miss Kemble's tragedy is, "Francis the First," but it is said it will not be produced this season.—Sinclair and Miss Ellen Tree are to perform at Covent Garden, Liston and Miss Graddon at Drury Lane.—Charles Inceledon has appeared as *Young Meadows* at Drury Lane, and was received with applause, but we are afraid his voice will never equal his father's.—During the season, nine new pieces have been produced at the English Opera House, eight of which were successful. Two were translated German pieces—the rest were "neither stolen, taken, borrowed, nor translated."—In the "Marriage of Figaro," which was played at the King's Theatre for the benefit of Covent Garden, Madame Malibran Garcia sustained the part of *Susannah*, being the first time she had ever appeared in an English part. She seems to have gone through it to admiration. Miss Paton played the *Countess*.—The piece called "Black Eyed Susan," in which T. P. Cooke plays *William*, has been performed for the hundredth successive night at the Surrey, to bumper houses.—Young Keen is now performing at the Haymarket, which is to close in a few days.—Catalani, it is said, has retired from public life, and expressed a resolution not to sing again unless for charitable purposes.—The Chester Musical Festival cleared the sum of £1,000.—Wallack is about to sail for America.—Our old friend Jones has by this time made, or is about to make, his debut at Drury Lane, as *Lord Ogleby*, in the "Clandestine Marriage." We wish him all success, for he deserves it.—We understand that the Misses Weston, who have been recently added to our company, are not to remain.—Miss Smithson is at Glasgow.

## WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Oct. 3.—Oct. 9.

SAT. *School for Scandal*, & *The Invincibles*.  
 MON. *Paul Pry*, & *Do*.  
 TUES. *Sweetheart and Wives*, & *Giovanni in London*.  
 WED. *The Rencontre*, *John of Paris*, & *Mary Stuart*.  
 THUR. *Marriage of Figaro*, & *Do*.  
 FRI. *Charles II.*, *Happiest Day of my Life*, & *Giovanni in London*.

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have read "The unhappy Guest" with much interest; it shall appear as soon as possible.—"A Quaker Yarn" is under consideration. The "Adventure on the Coast of Kent" lies at our publishers'—The article on the Fine Arts in Glasgow in our next, if possible.—Mr Brydson's farther communications have been received with thanks. We cannot answer his question with regard to Oban, because we do not know. The stamped edition goes to subscribers in the neighbourhood.—We have received "E."s" traditional notice, and shall be glad to see the others to which he alludes.—"A Friend" is very indefatigable in picking up pieces of information for us, which are frequently of use.

We should like much to receive the communication alluded to by the Author of "Anster Fair," and if interspersed with his own remarks, so much the better.—The Translation from the "Condé Lussanor," by Calderon, is a great deal too long for our pages, but perhaps the Author could favour us with some shorter specimens.—"Forget-me-Not" shall have a place as soon as possible.—The Lines by "F. W." of Teviotdale, will scarcely suit us.—The Translation from the "Cancionero General" is spirited, but the original poem wants interest.—The Lines by "G. L." of Stockbridge will not do.—"Stanzas to Miranda" shall have a place.—Mr Balfour's Poem is still unavoidably postponed, together with other interesting articles.

[No. 46. October 10, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

**MRS and MISS ORME** have resumed giving Lessons on the **PIANO-FORTE, GUITAR, and in SINGING**, Classes for Singing twice a-week.  
108, George Street.

## HARP.

**MR TAYLOR**, Professor of the **HARP**, (Compiled of N. C. Bochsa,) has the honour of announcing to **Mrs. Gentry** that he has resumed giving instructions on that instrument for the season.  
14, Elder Street.  
September 30, 1829.

## DANCING.

**MR DUN** has resumed his Teaching at No. 7, **INDIA STREET**, which is in the immediate vicinity of the Edinburgh Academy, and Circus Place School, and about ten minutes' walk from the High School.  
Boarding Establishments and Private Families attended.

## STATUARY.

## HEROIC GROUP OF THREE FIGURES.

**THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ROOMS** are now open for the Exhibition of a Group of **THREE COLOSSAL FIGURES**, Sculptured by **MR LAWRENCE MACDONALD**, and representing *Alar bearing the dead body of Patroclus, and commanding the Trojan Warrior*.  
Admittance, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s.—Open from 10 A. M. till dusk.  
Edinburgh, 27th August, 1829.

This day is published,

By **WAUGH and INNES**, No. 2, Hunter Square, and 41, South Hanover Street.

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## BY AUCTION.

**MESSRS JOHN CARFRAE and SON** respectfully intimate, that in the course of next month they will resume, for the season, their **SALES BY AUCTION OF BOOKS, PICTURES, ENGRAVINGS, OBJECTS in NATURAL HISTORY**, and other Descriptions of Literary Property, in their Old Book-sold Rooms, No. 5, Drummond Street.

**Messrs CARFRAE and SON** being now engaged in making up Catalogues of several extensive Libraries, and arranging the order of their sales for the season, respectfully request **Gentlemen** intending to intrust them with the Disposal of Property of the above Description, to favour them with their instructions as early as possible to secure the most favourable part of the season.

This Establishment has been long the oldest of the kind in Edinburgh, and is well known and frequented by the principal collectors of this city, and throughout the country.

Particulars of the Sales will be announced in early advertisements.  
5, Drummond Street, Oct. 3, 1829.

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THE  
**EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;**

OR,

**WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.**

No. 49.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1829.

PRICE 6s.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

*The Borderers, a Tale.* By the Author of "The Spy," "The Red Rover," "The Prairie," &c. In three volumes, 8vo. Pp. 299, 311, & 316. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829.

THE materials out of which Mr Cooper has constructed this work, are not so new to his readers on this side of the Atlantic as those which his novels have generally consisted of. A sketch—feeble enough, it is true—of the history of King Philip, to be found in Washington Irving's Sketch Book; the destruction of an out-settlement of Europeans, in which there was an Indian captive and a child, has already been described by Cooper's fair countrywoman, the amiable author of "Hope Lesley;" and the attack of a frontier village, with the interposition of one of the fugitive judges of Charles I., lured from his hiding-place by the danger of his countrymen, is a legend which Sir Walter Scott has put into the mouth of Major Bridgenorth. These, with the opportunities which they afford of contrasting Indian character with that of the white intruders, or of portraying the effect of converse with Europeans upon the mind of the natives, and of domestication in a wigwam upon a child of civilization, will go high to exhaust the contents of "The Wept of Wish-ton-wish." But, as Mr Cooper has wrought up his materials after his own fashion, it will be fair to give an outline of his story, and some specimens of his way of telling it, before indulging in further remark upon it.

Captain Mark Heathcote, a strict but conscientious Puritan, laid aside his sword at an early period of those civil wars which terminated in the temporary abolition of monarchy in England, and crossed the Atlantic with his family. But even in the non-conforming province of Massachusetts, he felt his peculiar notions restrained by the presence of divines, and resolved, at an advanced age, to remove his habitation farther into the forest, there to worship God entirely according to his own notions. After a pretty diffuse retrospective detail of these events, the author begins his story in good earnest, by introducing us to the old man and his family at their settlement of Wish-ton-Wish, so called after an American bird, the first that the new-comers saw in the valley. Mark is riding home from his harvest field when he encounters a traveller, on a sorely jaded horse, who entreated food and shelter. In a newly-planted colony such things are readily granted. The stranger was introduced to the family, and the night was wearing away in sober conversation, when a remark of one of the inmates, that the rumours of disquiets among the savages must be unfounded, since one from the source of information travelled unarmed, led him to produce his concealed weapons. A witless boy, employed in tending the cattle, immediately recognised, on the blade of his long hunting knife, the wool of a wedder which was missing. The master of the family called upon the stranger to explain this circumstance; and was answered by a request that he would look at the pistols on the table, as he might find on them something still more astonishing. His son and family, understanding from old Heathcote that he

wished to be left alone with the stranger, removed from the apartment. When they returned, the stranger had disappeared. Next morning, a detachment of troops arrived. The contents of the search-warrant which they produced remained a secret with Mark Heathcote; but the manner in which the strict examination of every corner of the house was conducted, and some chance expressions which fell from them, impressed the household with the conviction, that the object of their pursuit was the mysterious visitant of the preceding evening. The soldiers remained about the settlement for some days, and to all appearance were inclined to have made a yet longer stay, had they not been frightened off by a jealous serving-man's tales of the Indians.

On the night of the stranger's visit, an Indian boy had been taken prisoner, and had been kept on the settlement by Mark, in hopes that intercourse with his family might prove a means of civilizing and converting him to Christianity. Mr Cooper paints in a quiet and touching manner the boy's loneliness among strangers, and his yearnings after his native haunts:

"Instead of joining in the play of the other children, the young captive would stand aloof, and regard their sports with a vacant eye; or, drawing near to the palisades, he often passed hours in gazing at those boundless forests in which he first drew breath, and which probably contained all that was most prized in the estimation of his simple judgment. Ruth, touched to the heart by this silent but expressive exhibition of suffering, endeavoured in vain to win his confidence, with a view of enticing him into employments that might serve to relieve his care. The resolute but still quiet boy would not be lured into a forgetfulness of his origin. He appeared to comprehend the kind intentions of his gentle mistress, and frequently he even suffered himself to be led by the mother into the centre of her own joyous and merry offspring; but it was only to look upon their amusements with his former cold air, and to return, at the first opportunity, to his beloved site at the pickets. Still there were singular and even mysterious evidences of a consciousness of the nature of the discourse of which he was occasionally an auditor, that would have betrayed greater familiarity with the language and opinions of the inhabitants of the valley, than his known origin and his absolute withdrawal from communication could give reason to expect. This important and inexplicable fact was proved by the frequent and meaning glances of his dark eye, when caught was uttered in his hearing that affected, ever so remotely, his own condition; and once or twice, by the haughty gleamings of ferocity that escaped him, when Eben Dudley was heard to vaunt the prowess of the white men in their encounters with the original owners of the country."

The winter passed tranquilly over the heads of the inhabitants of Wish-ton-Wish. They began to take an interest in their Indian boy, and many were the devices suggested by the good-natured yeomen for securing his return, with a view to admit of his joining in their hunting expeditions. At last, on a day when the spring was soon expected, the old Puritan declared that the boy might now be allowed to accompany them, for he was assured that he would return. The hunting party were late of coming back; and when they did come, the Indian was not with them. While they were discoursing of his disappearance, and of a portent which had present-

ed itself to one of their number, the conch-shell, which hung at the postern gate sounded, at first feebly, then with a more confirmed note. It proved to be the stranger who, on his former visit, had departed so mysteriously, and with him the Indian boy. The stranger demanded a conference apart with old Mark, which was just ended when the conch again sounded, at first feebly, then with a more confirmed note, as if it had been an echo of the stranger's summons. A party proceeded to the postern, but no answer was returned to their challenge. One of them remained in ambush, but no one appeared, nor was the summons repeated. Towards morning, as the whole family were assembled, debating what might be the meaning of this disturbance, the conch was again heard, and again, as formerly, at first with a feeble, then with a stronger blast. The stranger undertook to join the ambush this time. He had ensconced himself, along with one of the farm-servants in one of the out-houses, when, after a very interesting scene, it was found that the Indians were in the neighbourhood, and a hot rencontre was the result. They were worsted, however, and in conformity to their mode of warfare, when discomfited in a first attack, kept themselves quiet for a while. The stranger employed the interval in seeking to elicit some information from a captive, who, on its being discovered that he belonged to the tribe of the besiegers, was sent as an envoy to enquire their intentions and cause of quarrel. He brought back for answer a bundle of arrows, wrapt in the skin of a rattlesnake. It being now evident to those in the house that their utter destruction was contemplated, the men betook themselves to the outer defences. In a short time the attack was renewed: the Indians pressed on with ferocity; the Europeans defended themselves with dogged resolution. The besiegers applied fire to the out-houses, which lay at some distance round the palisades, and in a few moments they were in a flame. Still the war continued, till the heat, the flashing of the flames, and arrows tipped with fire, succeeded in spreading the conflagration to the dwelling-house and its defences. The family of the Heathcotes betook themselves to the blockhouse, a kind of citadel, the basement story of which was built with stone, the upper one, like all the rest of the buildings, of wood. Owing to the hurry of the moment, and the simultaneous irruption of the Indians, a grandchild of the captain, and a half-witted boy who was carrying her, fell behind, and were captured. The Indians strove to extend the burning to the blockhouse:

"At this trying moment the appalling cry was heard in the block, that the well had failed. The buckets ascended as empty as they went down, and they were thrown aside as no longer useful. The savages seemed to comprehend their advantage, for they profited by the confusion that succeeded among the assailed to feed the slumbering fires. The flames kindled fiercely, and in less than a minute they became too violent to be subdued. They were soon seen playing on the planks of the floor above. The subtle element flashed from point to point, and it was not long ere it was stealing up the outer side of the heated block itself.

"The savages now knew that conquest was sure. Yells and whoopings proclaimed the fierce delight with which they witnessed the certainty of their victory. Still there was something portentous in the death-like silence with which the victims within the block awaited their fate. The whole exterior of the building was already wrapped in flames, and yet no show of further resistance, no petition for mercy, issued from its bosom. The unnatural and frightful stillness that reigned within was gradually communicated to those without. The cries and shouts of triumph ceased, and the crackling of the flames or the falling of timber in the adjoining buildings alone disturbed the awful calm. At length a solitary voice was heard in the block. Its tones were deep, solemn, and imploring. The fierce beings who surrounded the glowing pile bent forward to listen, for their quick faculties caught the first sounds that were audible. It was Mark Heathcote pouring out his spirit in prayer. The petition was fervent, but steady; and though uttered in words that were unintelligible to those without, they knew enough of the practices of the co-

lonists to be aware that it was the chief of the pale-faces holding communion with his God. Partly in awe, and partly in doubt of what might be the consequences of so mysterious an asking, the dark crowd withdrew to a little distance, and silently watched the progress of the destruction.

"The roof of the block rekindled, and by the light that shone through the loops, it was but too evident the interior was in a blaze. Once or twice smothered sounds came out of the place, as if suppressed shrieks were escaping the females; but they ceased so suddenly as to leave doubts among the auditors whether it were more than the deception of their own excited fancies. The savages had witnessed many a similar scene of human suffering, but never one before in which death was received with so unmoved a calmness. The serenity that reigned in the blazing block communicated to them a feeling of awe, and when the pile came, a tumbling and blackened mass of ruins, to the earth, they avoided the place, like men that dreaded the vengeance of a Deity, who knew how to infuse so deep a sentiment of resignation in the breasts of his worshippers."

The family had not, however, all perished in this fiery destruction. Those of them who had found shelter in the block, took refuge, when all their efforts proved unavailing, in the exhausted well; and as soon as the Indians had withdrawn, they issued from their confinement, and set about burying their dead, and re-edifying their dwellings, with all the deep religious trust, and stubborn perseverance of their sect.

The story now passes over several years in silence, and when we again get sight of Wish-ton-Wish and its inhabitants, we find both considerably altered. The clearing has been extended wide and broad into the forest; where once the solitary mansion of Mark Heathcote stood, there is now a gentleman's residence, and a populous village, with its church, and that indispensable appendage of a frontier settlement, a large defensible building. Many of old Heathcote's hirelings have become householders, and influential men in their little community. The Patriarch himself has grown older, and the lapse of years has begun to tell its tale even on his son. But the most marked difference is on the bereaved mother, whose sorrow for her daughter's loss, formerly mentioned as having been captured when a child by the Indians, has paled her cheek and dimmed her eye. Her wasted form serves, like the scorched and blackened ruin in their neighbourhood, to keep alive the fearful past in the bosom of happier days. One Sabbath morning, an inhabitant of the village, who had been on the outlook, brought to Heathcote a European, who had adopted the dress and customs of the Indians. One of the females recognised in the changeling her brother, the same half-witted lad who had been taken captive on the night of the burning of Wish-ton-Wish. The mother's hopes to learn something of her child's fate were again excited; but in vain, for the weak intellects of the youth had been so engrossed and confused with the associations of his forest life, that no blandishments could recall the remembrance of his boyish days. As ineffectual were all attempts to discover what had brought him back.

The time arrived for the community to meet together in a new church which they had built, but the service of the day was doomed to receive a fearful interruption. While it was proceeding, the mysterious stranger entered the building, and called upon the men to stand to their arms, for the Indians were upon them; a summons which was soon enforced by the whoops of the savages rising on all sides from under the arches of the forest. Under the command of this extraordinary man, to whom all yielded an involuntary obedience, the villagers divided themselves into three parties, two of which hastened to oppose the enemy, while the third proceeded to the rescue of the Heathcotes. This last division was defeated; and old Heathcote, his son, and grandson, with the stranger, taken prisoners. A dispute arose between the allied leaders of the Indians, Metacom, (the King Philip of Washington Irving, and Conanchet, the young Sachem of the Narragansets, the same who had, when a boy, been

the unwilling inmate of Heathcote's dwelling,) respecting the fate of the prisoners. The latter insisted upon saving them, and as his warriors had made the capture, Metacom could not resist his will. The allies separated in disgust, and their quarrel saved the settlement. The appearance of the beautiful creature, with whose picture we last week presented our readers, explained Conanchet's interest in the captives. She was the daughter of Ruth, and the wife of the Sachem. It was only, however, the body of her child that the afflicted mother regained—the soul was that of an Indian.

While Ruth endeavoured to re-awaken in her child the memory of her infant years, Conanchet held converse with the stranger, who proved to be one of the fugitive judges of Charles I. on the rock where he had built his solitary eyry. The result of their communing was a journey in search of Metacom, with a view to win him to terms of peace. They encountered him, and he led them to the spot where he was lurking with a few followers. The appeals made to him by the white man were in vain; they elicited nothing but cutting sarcasms. The conversation was interrupted by the sound of musketry. A disaffected warrior of Metacom had betrayed the secret of his lurking place, and led thither a body of Europeans and Pequods, a tribe of natives in alliance with the colonists. Metacom, after dashing out the brains of the traitor, retreated after his followers. Conanchet and the Englishman, endeavouring to retreat in another direction, were discovered and fired upon, but without effect. The allied Indians were, however, on their track, and the European was old and stiff. The generous Indian bore him to a hiding-place, then exposed himself to the view of the pursuers, and thus drew the chase upon himself. His strength failing, and his gun being unloaded, he turned to meet death like a chief, and allowed his enemies to seize him without a struggle. He fell into the hands of an hereditary enemy. The captive asked only one favour—leave to revisit his wife, and if that were permitted, he promised to return to die. His request was granted; he departed; found means to lure his beloved one from her father's house, and led her into the forest, where they might take their last farewell. This accomplished, he returned and met his death. The relatives of the European bud which had blossomed in an Indian wigwam, seeking the fugitive, found her senseless on the body of her husband. There is something which to us is inexpressibly touching in the manner in which her fevered aberrations lead her back to childhood:

"The divine then lifted up his voice, under the arches of the forest, in an ardent, pious, and eloquent petition. When this solemn duty was performed, attention was again bestowed on the sufferer. To the surprise of all, it was found that the blood had revisited her face, and that her radiant eyes were lighted with an expression of brightness and peace. She even motioned to be raised, in order that those round her person might be better seen.

"Doest know us?" asked the trembling Ruth. "Look on thy friends, long-mourned and much-suffering daughter! 'Tis she who sorrowed over thy infant afflictions, who rejoiced in thy childish happiness, and who hath so bitterly wept thy loss, that craveth the boon. In this awful moment recall the lessons of youth. Surely, surely, the God that bestowed thee in mercy, though he hath led thee on a wonderful and inscrutable path, will not desert thee at the end! Think of thy early instruction, child of my love; feeble of spirit as thou art, the soul may yet quicken, though it hath been cast where the glory of the promise hath so long been hid."

"Mother!" said a low struggling voice in reply. The word reached every ear, and it caused a general and breathless attention. The sound was soft and low; perhaps infantile; but it was uttered without accent, and clearly.

"Mother, why are we in the forest?" continued the speaker. "Hath any one robbed us of our home, that we dwell beneath the trees?"

"Ruth raised a hand imploringly, for none to interrupt the illusion.

"Nature hath revived the recollections of her youth,"

she whispered. 'Let the spirit depart, if such be His holy will, in the blessedness of infant innocence.'

"Why do Mark and Martha stay?" continued the other. 'It is not safe, thou knowest, mother, to wander far in the woods; the heathen may be out of their towns, and one cannot say what evil chance might happen to the indiscreet.'

"A groan struggled from the chest of Content, and the muscular hand of Dudley compressed itself on the shoulder of his wife, until the breathlessly-attentive woman withdrew, unconsciously, with pain.

"I've said as much to Mark, for he doth not always remember thy warnings, mother; and those children do so love to wander together! But Mark is in common good; do not chide him if he stray too far—mother, thou wilt not chide?"

"The youth turned his head, for even at that moment the pride of young manhood prompted him to conceal his weakness.

"Hast prayed to-day, my daughter?" said Ruth, struggling to be composed. 'Thou shouldst not forget thy duty to His blessed name, even though we are homeless in the woods.'

"I will pray now, mother," said the creature of this mysterious hallucination, struggling to bow her face into the lap of Ruth. Her wish was indulged, and for a minute the same low, childish voice was heard distinctly repeating the words of a prayer adapted to the earliest period of life. Feeble as were the sounds, none of their intonations escaped the listeners, until near the close, when a species of holy calm seemed to absorb the utterance. Ruth raised the form of her child, and saw that the features bore the placid look of a sleeping infant. Life played upon them as the flickering light lingers on the dying torch. Her dove-like eyes looked up into the face of Ruth, and the anguish of the mother was alleviated by a smile of intelligence and love. The full and sweet organs rolled from face to face, recognition and pleasure accompanying each change. On Whittall they became perplexed and doubtful; but when they met the fixed, frowning, and still commanding eye of the dead chief, their wandering ceased for ever. There was a minute during which fear, doubt, wildness, and early recollections, struggled for the mastery. The hands of Nannamattah trembled, and she clung convulsively to the robe of Ruth.

"Mother, mother!" whispered the agitated victim of so many conflicting emotions, 'I will pray again—an evil spirit besets me!'

"Ruth felt the force of her grasp, and heard the breathing of a few words of petition, after which the voice was mute, and the hands relaxed their hold. When the face of the nearly insensible parent was withdrawn, the dead appeared to gaze at each other with a mysterious unearthly intelligence. The look of the Narraganset was still, as in his hour of pride,—haughty, unyielding, and filled with defiance; while that of the creature which had so long lived in his kindness was perplexed, timid, but not without a character of hope."

Long years after these events, a traveller found, in the valley where they had occurred, a rude stone, on which was engraven "The Narraganset;" and nigh it one, more than half overgrown with moss, bearing the inscription—"The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish!"

It will appear, even from this unsatisfactory abstract, that the Borderers consists properly of two tales, which are respectively wound up,—the first by the Catastrophe of the Indian Siege—the second by the Death of the Narraganset Chief. The historical romance is, it is true, such a slipshod lawless style of composition, that this mere want of unity might of itself be esteemed a trifling peccadillo. As the author has, however, seen fit to preface either half with one of those prefatory descriptions of the social condition of the heroes, which begin to be recognized as the legitimate proemiums of all such works, the break makes the story drag almost as tediously as Virgil's broken-backed serpent. Moreover, the escape of the Heathcote family from the flames, is an incident within the range of possibility, but not sufficiently probable to admit of its being used in works of fiction, which ought always to compensate for their want of essential verity, by a stricter adherence to verisimilitude. Lastly, we think that we have occasionally caught Mr Cooper repeating himself in this work. His incessant compari-

sons of the Indians to "pieces of dark statuary,"—the "streams of fire" which he throws out whenever a gun is fired, and some other pet phrases, come across our ear with a dreary consciousness of old acquaintance. The improbable escape of the Heathcotes, too, is an old stage trick, which we find repeated in more than one of his works, for the purpose of preserving a useful agent; and the Esculapius of Wish-ton-Wish is what an Irishman would call a resurrection of the botanical hero of the Prairie in an earlier age, as that worthy was, in his turn, but the reanimated dry bones of Dr Sitgreave.

These are the faults which we have to find with Mr Cooper's new work; and some of them are so inseparably interwoven with the very texture of the story, that they force us to pronounce it one of his less successful efforts. At the same time, it is but justice to remark, that many passages are worthy of the author. The spectral appearances of the old regicide, sure prognostics of impending danger, and the mystery which wraps him to the end, are finely conceived. Narra-mattah, the Indianised daughter of Content Heathcote, is one of the most lovely, fairy-like creations we have met with. The high religious feeling with which the principal actors are imbued, is worthy of those stubborn, but conscientious enthusiasts, who stamped upon American society that character of persevering enterprise, from which her greatness takes its rise. The humour, too, in the lighter passages, is softer, more chastened, and with none of that tendency to something strongly resembling vulgarity, which disfigured some of the author's earlier works.

*The Literary Souvenir.* Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. 1830. 12mo, pp. 364.

A NUMBER of people ridicule young ladies and gentlemen for keeping albums. We do not approve of this ridicule. An album is commonly the repository of certain pretty things in prose and verse, and however silly the selections may occasionally be, its unquestionable tendency is to refine the taste and soften the manners of its owner. An album is no doubt but a very small step in the *belles lettres*, but it is better than a monkey, a lap-dog, a black boy, or a peerquet. On the same principle, though books bound in green and gold do not always contain the most strengthening intellectual food, they nevertheless put many people in the way of eating a little who would not otherwise touch a morsel. For this reason, therefore, we intend patronizing, more or less, the whole of the sixteen annuals for 1830; and we begin with the *Souvenir*, because, to confess the truth, it is, and has always been, our favourite. At present six annuals lie on our table, the first of the species for 1830 which have crossed the Tweed; and all we intend doing to-day is to give our readers a rapid *coup-d'œil* of the contents of each. Ere long we shall write one of the most dreamy and delightful articles about the whole of them that was ever penned.

The *Souvenir* now before us, which is the sixth of its race, opens with a very pretty prose tale, by Grattan, the author of "High Ways and By Ways," entitled, "The Love Draught," which is followed by upwards of seventy original pieces in prose and verse. Of these many are contributed by authors of much respectability, though none, perhaps, by authors of the very highest eminence, unless we except Mrs Hemans. The volume contains three of her poems, all of which are beautiful. As a specimen, we select the one we like most:

THE MAGIC GLASS.

By Mrs Hemans.

"How lived—how loved—how died they?"  
BYRON.

"The dead!—the glorious dead!—and shall they rise?  
Shall they look on thee with their proud bright eyes?"

Tbou ask'st a fearful spell!  
Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,  
What kindly vision shall they call?  
The deep grave knows it well!

"Wouldst thou behold earth's Conquerors?—Shall they pass  
Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass  
With triumph's long array?—  
Speak! and those dwellers of the marble urn,  
Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,  
As on their proudest day.

"Or, wouldst thou look upon the lords of song?  
O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng  
Shall waft a solemn gleam!  
Passing with lighted eyes and radiant brows,  
Under the foliage of green laurel boughs,  
But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O, mighty Master!—Though their lays  
Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,  
Hallow'd for evermore!  
And not the buried conquerors! Let them sleep,  
And let the flowery earth her sabbaths keep  
In joy, from shore to shore!

"But if the narrow house may be so moved,  
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved,  
Back from their couch of rest!  
That I may learn if their meek eyes be fill'd  
With peace; if human love hath ever still'd  
The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth! An idle quest is thine:  
These have no trophy, no memorial shrine;  
I know not of their place!  
'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,  
Their lives, like shepherd reed notes, fast and low  
Have pass'd, and left no trace.

"Haply begirt with shadowy woods and hills,  
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,  
Their covering turf may bloom;  
But ne'er hath Fame made relics of its flowers,  
Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,  
Or poet hail'd their tomb."

"Adieu, then, Master of the midnight spell!  
Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves, may tell  
That which I pine to know!  
I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,  
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,  
Records of joy and woe!"

Mrs Mary Howitt is another female writer, who, we observe, contributes largely to the forthcoming annuals, and who, we think, has of late improved as much, that we are almost inclined to rank her next to Mrs Hemans. "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," and "The Faery Oath," both by her, in the *Souvenir*, are very favourable specimens of her abilities. Caroline Bowles is a poetess for whom we have also a great regard; we are not sure, however, that "The Dying Mother to her Infant," her only contribution to the *Souvenir*, is one of her most successful efforts. The Hon. Mrs Norton has of late distinguished herself not a little as a whistplayer of the Muses. The verses by her, entitled, "Bring back the Chain," are striking and spirited. Miss Jewsbury cannot perhaps be said to be improving greatly, but there is no need for it, seeing she is already well known as a clever writer; and the "Singing Bird at Sea" bears testimony to the power she possesses over the chords of the lyre. Miss Mitford, who is good both in prose and verse, has also lent her aid. There is a poem by Joanna Baillie "To Mrs Siddons," illustrative of one of the embellishments, which we should have quoted, had it not been merely a reprint from a volume of poems edited by that lady. It is full of that fine unaffected vigour of thought and sentiment which keeps Miss Baillie still at the top of our list of female writers. T. K. Hervey has contributed two poems, "Oberon and Titania," and "Inez;" they are both sweet and tasteful,

but they want power, which we are afraid Hervey's compositions will always want. The Rev. Charles Hoyle has a number of sonnets scattered through the volume; but they are all as dull as they can be: we do not say they are destitute of talent, but they are terribly dull. James Montgomery continues to write pretty profusely in the *Annals*; but we cannot say that his minor pieces appear to us in general worthy of their author. Alaric Watts has himself three or four very pleasing and beautiful poems in his *Souvenir*. "The Anniversary," in particular, is one of his happiest efforts. Who the author of "Lillian" is we do not know, but it is evidently a person of considerable poetical ability, as the following touching and original composition proves:

HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

*By the Author of "Lillian."*

"How shall I woo her?—I will stand  
Beside her when she sings;  
And watch that fine and fairy hand  
Flit o'er the quivering strings:  
And I will tell her I have heard,  
Though sweet her song may be,  
A voice, whose every whisper'd word  
Was more than song to me!

"How shall I woo her?—I will gaze  
In sad and silent trance,  
On those blue eyes whose liquid rays  
Look love in every glance;  
And I will tell her eyes more bright,  
Though bright her own may beam,  
Will fling a deeper spell to-night  
Upon me in my dream.

"How shall I woo her?—I will try  
The charms of olden time,  
And swear by earth, and sea, and sky,  
And rave in prose and rhyme;—  
And I will tell her when I bent  
My knee in other years,  
I was not half so eloquent,—  
I could not speak for tears!

"How shall I woo her?—I will bow  
Before the holy shrine;  
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
And press her lips to mine;  
And I will tell her when she parts  
From passion's thrilling kiss,  
That Memory, to many hearts,  
Is dearer far than bliss.

"Away! away! the chords are mute,  
The bond is rent in twain;—  
You cannot wake that silent lute,  
Nor clasp those links again:  
Love's toil, I know, is little cost,  
Love's perjury is light sin;  
But souls that lose what I have lost,—  
What have they left to win?"

There is a good poem by Barry Cornwall, called "The Ruins of Time;" and a very respectable one by Mr Moir, called "Flodden Field." Thomas Haynes Bayley has some humorous stanzas called "Vanity Fair," and some graver and better ones called "The Neglected Child." We like also "Lunacy," by John Bowring, "The Legend of the Drachenfels," by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the "Sonnets to Columbus," by Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., and the "Address to certain Gold Fishes," by Hartley Coleridge, a young man of great genius, but we are afraid never destined to turn it to good practical account. The three poems by the three American poets are all interesting. "A Summer Scene," by Robert Morris of Philadelphia, is one of the best things in the volume, and certainly calculated to make some of our own minstrels look to their laurels. We have room for only one other quotation, and it shall be a lively anonymous piece, entitled,

WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

*Air—"Sweet Kitty Clover."*

"Where is Miss Myrtle?—can any one tell?

Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She flirts with another, I know very well;  
And I—am left all alone!  
She flies to the window when Arundel rings;  
She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings;  
It's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Her love and my love are different things;  
And I—am left all alone!

"I brought her one morning a rose for her brow;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She told me such horrors were never worn now:  
And I—am left all alone!  
But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,  
And I guess who it came from,—of course, I don't care!  
We all know that girls are as false as they're fair;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear:  
And I—am left all alone!

"Whenever we go to the Downs for a ride,  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She looks for another to trot by her side:  
And I—am left all alone!  
And whenever I take her down stairs from a ball,  
She needs to some puppy to put on her shawl:  
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl;—  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
But I would give a trifle to horsewhip them all;  
And I—am left all alone!

"She tells me her mother belongs to the sect,  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect,  
And I—am left all alone!  
But a fire's in my heart, and a fire's in my brain,  
When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim O'Shane;  
I don't think I ever can ask her again;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone,  
And, lord! since the summer she's grown very plain,  
And I—am left all alone!

"She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago,  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
And how should I guess that she'd torture me so?  
And I—am left all alone!  
Some day she'll find out it was not very wise,  
To laugh at the breath of a true-lover's sighs;  
After all,—Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize!  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes:  
And I'll be—no longer alone!"

We have scarcely said any thing of the prose Tales; and the reason is, that we have only read one or two of them. We can easily perceive, however, that some of them are excellent. They are contributed by Mr Fraser, the author of "The Kuzilbash,"—by Mr Leitch Ritchie, the author of "Tales and Confessions,"—by Miss Mitford,—by Mr Macfarlane, the author of "Constantinople in 1828,"—by Derwent Conway,—by William Howitt,—and by the authors of "Selwyn" and "Tales of the O'Hara Family." There are three anonymous sketches, called "The Last Man in Town," "The Discovery," and "Morning Calls," which appear to us very poor, and which we wish had been omitted. Take it for all in all, however, this is a volume calculated to afford amusement for many a long winter night.

*The Amulet; a Christian and Literary Remembrancer.*  
Edited by S. C. Hall. London. Frederick Wesley  
& A. H. Davis. 1830. 12mo, pp. 392.

The *Amulet* ranks high among the *Annals*. The lighter character of the work is judiciously tempered by the interspersal of graver and more solid materials. "While endeavouring to contribute," says the Editor, "to the innocent amusement of the most social period of the

year, I have never ceased to remember that information may be blended with amusement, and that Religion is always most powerful when she is made to delight those whom it is her office to instruct." The present volume, which is the fifth of the series, does no discredit to those which have preceded it. The prose contributions are,—*"The Two Delhis,"* a spirited Turkish tale,—a paper entitled, *"Are there more Inhabited Worlds than our Globe?"* by Edward Walsh, M.D. Physician to his Majesty's Forces, a little commonplace, and rather long,—*"Annie Lealie, an Irish Tale,"* by Mrs S. C. Hall, whose style is a pleasant union of the excellences of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford,—*"The Glen of St Kyles,"* by Mr Carne, the author of *"Letters from the East,"*—*"The Lost Life,"* a clever sketch by Miss Jewsbury,—*"A Tale of Pentland,"* by the Ettrick Shepherd, full of graphic power and strong interest, like nearly all Hogg's tales,—*"We'll see about it,"* another Irish sketch, by Mrs Hall,—*"The Anxious Wife,"* by her husband, Mr Hall,—*"The First Invasion of Ireland,"* with some account of the Irish Herculaneum, by the Reverend Robert Walsh,—*"A Castle in the Air,"* by Miss Mitford,—and *"The Austral Chief,"* by the Reverend William Ellis, author of *"Polynesian Researches."*

The poetry is not less varied. The best pieces are the following:—*"My Native Vale,"* by Allan Cunningham,—*"The Unknown Poet's Grave,"* by L. E. L.,—*"A Lay of the Martyrs,"* by the Ettrick Shepherd,—*"The Human Heart,"* by the Honourable Mrs Norton,—*"An Old Man's Story,"* by Mrs Howitt,—and *"A Domestic Scene,"* by Mrs Hemans. There are also poems entitled *"The Fisherman's Children,"* by Charles Swain,—*"The Tenth Plague,"* by E. W. Coxé,—*"The Banks of the Dove,"* by M. T. Sadler, M.P.,—and *"Thoughts on Flowers,"* by Henry G. Bell. To show that a member of Parliament may be thought a good politician, and be but a poor poet, we shall give, as matter of curiosity, Mr Sadler's verses:

THE BANKS OF THE DOVE.\*

By Michael Thomas Sadler, M. P.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING MY NATIVE VILLAGE IN EARLY YOUTH.

"Adieu to the banks of the Dove!  
My happiest moments are flown;  
I must leave the retreats that I love,  
For scenes far remote and unknown:  
But wherever my lot may be cast,  
Whatever my fortunes may prove,  
I shall dwell on the days that are past,  
And sigh for the banks of the Dove.

"Ye friends of my earliest youth,  
From you how reluctant I part!  
Your friendship was founded on truth,  
And shall ne'er be erased from my heart.  
Companions, perhaps, I may find,  
But where shall I meet with such love?  
With attachments so lasting and kind,  
As I leave on the banks of the Dove?

"Thou sweet little village, farewell!  
Every object around thee is dear;  
Every woodland, and meadow, and dell,  
Where I wander'd for many a year;  
These scenes which could rapture impart,  
These seats of contentment and love,  
And thee! the dear home of my heart,  
I leave, and the banks of the Dove!

"The hours of my childhood are past,  
They seem even now as a dream;  
They glided as peaceful and fast  
As the waves of this beautiful stream:

\* Being at present so circumstanced, as to prevent me from writing any thing expressly for your very beautiful and interesting work,—*"The Amulet,"*—I place at your disposal some lines, which, though they may deserve little notice, were written at an age and on an occasion that may, perhaps, disarm criticism.  
My dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

S. C. Hall, Esq.

M. T. S.

They fled,—but their Memory remains,  
Nor shall from my bosom remove;  
As the fugitive flood still retains,  
Reflected, the banks of the Dove.

"But I go! for the Dove's crystal wave  
Now murmurs, commixt with my tears;  
My mother is laid in her grave,  
Where yon hallow'd turret appears;  
Ye villagers, think of the spot,  
And lay me beside her I love;  
For here, in my birth-place forgot,  
I'll sleep on the banks of the Dove!

"Till then, in the visions of night,  
O may her loved spirit descend;  
And tell me, though hid from my sight,  
She still is my guardian and friend!  
The thought of her presence shall keep  
My footsteps, when tempted to rove,  
And sweeten my woes while I weep  
For her, and the banks of the Dove!"

We are often provoked, in looking over the *Annals*, to see how feebly and poorly some of the beautiful embellishments are illustrated by the accompanying poems. This is painfully conspicuous in one or two instances in the *Amulet*. The engraving alone of the *"Minstrel of Chamouni"* cost 145 guineas, and that of the *"Crucifixion"* 180, the rest in proportion; yet there is not one of them to which any thing like justice is done. *"The Gleaner,"* which is a glorious picture, is almost destroyed by some namby-pamby verses of Bernard Barton; and the *"Minstrel of Chamouni"* hardly escapes any better out of the hands of Mrs Pickersgill. Many of the others are not noticed at all. Lealie's painting of the *"Sisters of Bethany"* is a splendid production, and has been substituted for another since we noticed the plates. This is all we can say of the *Amulet* at present, but it is a very hasty and imperfect notice.

*Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1830.* London. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1830. 12mo, pp. 384.

MR PRINGLE, the Editor of *Friendship's Offering*, which is the second oldest of all the *Annals*,—the *Forget-me-Not*, which started in 1823, being the oldest,—informs us, that since Allan Cunningham's *Anniversary* is off the field, he is desirous of making his work more decidedly Scottish in character than any of its competitors. This is of itself a circumstance sufficient to make it favourably received on this side of the Tweed, independent of the fact, that, in point of embellishment, none of the *Annals* surpass the *Friendship's Offering*; while, in point of literary contents, it need scarcely fear a comparison with the best. Besides most of the authors we have already mentioned, we find contributions in this work, both in prose and verse, from the amiable Editor himself,—William Kennedy, whose healthy manly style we always recognise with pleasure,—Henry Mackenzie, whose classical pen we feared had been laid aside for ever,—and the very clever and always amusing *"Authors of the 'Odd Volume.'"* All these are of the *"North Country,"* and afford no mean accession of strength to the work. We can find room just now for only the following spirited lines:

THIRTY YEARS.

By William Kennedy.

"Summers I've number'd three times ten,  
I'm a fitting mate for the goodliest men;  
Yet the blood red-rushing from my heart,  
With a flood of life to each colder part,  
Recalls like a steed from hostile spears,  
When I think of what will be in Thirty Years.

"In thirty years, these locks so gay  
Will be thin'd, or grizzled, or worn away;  
This eye, like a long-forsaken hearth,  
Will sparkle no more with the fire of mirth;

O'er the smooth white of an ample brow  
Will lie frequent tracks of Time's rusty plough:  
The rose will fly from my sinking cheek;  
My mellow tones will wax sharp and weak;  
The limb, that seems turn'd in ivory,  
Will sink like the branch of a blasted tree;  
And the faithful face of the looking-glass  
Will show but the phantom of what I was.

"Nor is it the worst, that a noble form  
Must yield up its core to the canker worm;  
Other and darker change may come,  
With dismal signs of a certain doom;  
Age can fix its stern control  
Over the heart and over the soul;  
It can sweep the heart of its high-wrought feelings;  
It can rob the soul of its bright revealings;  
The hate, that roll'd like Hell's sulphur tide,  
May to a stagnant pool subside;  
The love that blazed, a celestial flame,  
May wane to a glimmering of shame;  
A wretched flicker, that guides to gold,  
For which the dotard's peace is sold—  
And the spirit—the spirit!—whose far-away flight  
Mocks the tardy motion of light,  
Which, by its own great impulse driven,  
Roams free in the limitless walks of Heaven—  
May quiver and fall like a butterfly,  
When a storm has blacken'd the summer sky,  
A thing of pitiful hopes and fears,  
Crush'd by the trample of Thirty Years.

"Thirty summers, past and gone,  
Are crumpled by Memory into one;  
Still doth thy screech-owl, Memory! hover  
Around, and shriek, 'The best is over!'  
The torch of the harpy years has tainted  
The glorious banquet Fancy painted;  
As a felon, whose day of Hope is done,  
Who meets his farewell morning sun,  
I see that my sands will soon be flown,  
While in life's cold hall I must watch alone,  
With nought to remind me of bygone hours,  
But dying torches and fading flowers,  
And bread that hath polluted been,  
And fruit all rottenness within,  
And wine that turns young smiles to tears—  
Such is the promise of Thirty Years."

This can scarcely be considered as a notice of *Friendship's Offering*. We shall do it more justice by and by.

*The Gem, a Literary Annual.* London. W. Marshall. 1830.

We have just received the *Gem*, and have looked over it with much pleasure. It is evidently greatly superior to what it was last year, when it was edited by Thomas Hood. The present editor conceals his name, but we have reason to know that he is a young man of much promise. The embellishments are, for the most part, very happily chosen; and in the literary contents there is a freshness, and often a vigour, which we do not find so conspicuous elsewhere. We observe, that in addition to the greater number of the names we have already mentioned, Horace Smith, John Malcolm, Miss Isabel Hill, William Jerdan, E. M. Fitzgerald, James Kenney, and others, are contributors. We shall gratify ourselves and our readers by noticing the contents more fully as soon as we can command time; and we anticipate, that in the scale of the comparative merits of all the *Annals* which we intend giving this year as we did last, the *Gem* will hold a high and respectable place.

*The Juvenile Forget-me-Not. A Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present, for the Year 1830.* Edited by Mrs S. C. Hall. London. N. Hailes. Pp. 229.

*The New Year's Gift; and Juvenile Souvenir.* Edited by Mrs Alaric Watts. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. 1830. Pp. 240.

These are two as pretty books as a little boy or girl, or a young master or miss, could wish to have. In the first

there is, among other things, a delightful paper by Mrs Barbauld, and one or two pictures of children enough to make old men young again—so full are they of life, nature, happiness, and beauty. We also discover, among a great deal of very pretty poetry, some verses by our own "Gertrude," already known to the readers of the *LITERARY JOURNAL*, which we think not the least interesting in the volume, though we say it who should not say it.—In Mrs Watts' *New Year's Gift*, we find things no less delicious; but, instead of speaking of them, we shall quote, in the first place,

"A PUZZLE,

"In which I give a few particulars of my own life and character, but withhold my name.

"I shall not commence, like most autobiographers, with an account of my birth, parentage, and education.

"The first and second I have important reasons for concealing; and the third, education, was to me unnecessary. I was a natural genius,—my powers were all innate. In my earliest infancy, I enlightened and improved more human beings than the wisest sages and profoundest philosophers ever hoped to do, in their fondest schemes for the benefit of the human race.

"Do not suppose that I conceal my origin from false shame. On the contrary, I can outvie in antiquity the proudest prince on earth; and if the Chinese can prove that their first king, Poon-ku, reigned ninety-six millions of years before the Christian era, I can bring undeniable proof that I reigned before him.

"I am a great and rapid traveller. It is recorded, that Eucidea, a citizen of Plataea, walked to Delphi, and returned with the sacred fire, before sunset—having walked one hundred and twenty-five miles in one day. I performed the journey in less than half the time!

"I have heard of riding wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' th' clock's behalf."

I have excelled them all! I visited America long before Columbus was born. I have long ago anticipated Captain Parry, in making the north-west passage to China;—if he had followed my path, he would have found no interruption from the ice. My constitution can endure extremes—heat and cold are alike indifferent to me; I have, therefore, gone farther into the interior of Africa than Park or Bowditch ever attempted. I have also crossed the Andes, with more ease and expedition than Captain Head.

"Some Irishman said, 'that no man could be in two places at once, barring he was a bird.' I can. I have been in more than two hundred places at the same time!

"Do not think that I assume to myself an attribute of Deity. There are more than two thousand places where I am not!

"I have been an eye-witness of many of the most remarkable events in history, sacred and profane.

"I was present at those most sublime and awful periods,—the Resurrection and Ascension. I was present with St Paul, at his conversion; and also when he made Felix tremble. I accompanied Titus, the 'delight of mankind,' in all his deeds of mercy, and was present when he gave up his property for the relief of the sufferers from an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. I was inseparable from King Alfred. I witnessed the devoted affection of Queen Eleanor, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound at the risk of her own life. I was also at Calais, when Queen Philippa used her benevolent influence to preserve the lives of six citizens who had offered themselves to save their city.

"You have already guessed that I am the 'Wandering Jew'—You are mistaken. He was present at the Crucifixion—I was not.

"It is my greatest glory, that I have seldom been present at outrageous deeds of sin and wickedness; indeed, my very presence is often sufficient to deter men from deeds of evil. Plots, contrived with the greatest secrecy, are sooner or later brought to me, and I am generally enabled to subvert them.

"As candour and sincerity are my distinguishing characteristics, I may affirm that I have no dark side in my own disposition or conduct.

"I may also declare, without conceit, that I excel in painting; and that Raphael and Rubens were as much indebted to my instructions, as Reynolds and Lawrence have been in later times. I have no ear for music, nor can I produce a note, though I am well versed in the science of harmony.

"It is to the science of optics that I chiefly devote myself,

and have done more to its elucidation than most practical men. I owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Isaac Newton: his discoveries and writings have developed my faculties, and enlarged my capacity.

"Poets of renown have celebrated my praise; but to the best of poets, Homer and Milton, I was almost a stranger. I am not known as an author, and I never preached a sermon; yet my 'Reflections on Mankind' have been of incalculable benefit to the human race. Critics will tell you that these reflections are not solid,—in fact, have no weight, though they confess they bear some colour of truth.

"I will confess my want of gravity; but I have other properties or qualities, which supply that of solidity. I have an unvaried rectitude of principle, and pursue that line of conduct which leads me directly to my object. My power surpasses that of the greatest potentate on earth; yet so far from exciting fear, or terror, by my presence, fear flies at my approach. I am the harbinger of joy; and it is only in my absence that men turn pale with affright!

"My form is slender and agile. I can pass through the narrowest passage; yet I am, at times, so large, that the most spacious chamber will not contain me.

"I cannot describe to you the garb by which to recognize me, as I vary it continually, both in form and colour; and without vanity or extravagance, I conform to every variety of fashion. My constitution is such, that I cannot exist in a dungeon, nor even in a room, if the shutters be closed, and have no aperture. But I must now conclude with a most humiliating confession: you have heard the German story of a man who had no shadow—I am in the same predicament!"

To this, we shall add the following little poem by Mrs Hemans, which ought to be set to music immediately, and sung everywhere:

#### THE RECALL.

By Mrs Hemans.

"O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam  
Come, thou long-parted one!  
Back to thy home.  
When the bright fire shineth,  
Sad looks thy place;  
While the true heart pineth,  
Missing thy face—  
O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long-parted one!  
Back to thy home.

"Music is sorrowful  
Since thou wert gone;  
Sisters are mourning thee—  
Come to thine own!  
Hark! the home-voices call,  
Back to thy rest!  
Come to thy father's hall,  
Thy mother's breast!  
O'er the far blue mountains,  
O'er the white sea-foam,  
Come, thou long-parted one!  
Back to thy home!"

We have, at present, given our readers only a few general ideas regarding these delightful books; but they will not be surprised at our not being more minute, when they consider that we are not only the first in Scotland to speak of them at all, but that we have also the start of the London Periodical Press.

*Life of Oliver Cromwell.* By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. In two volumes. Vol. I. being Volume XLVII. of Constable's Miscellany. Edinburgh. 1829.

WHAT the readers of a popular work like Constable's Miscellany naturally look for in a *Life of Oliver Cromwell*, is clearness and impartiality. From what we know of Dr Russell's literary acquirements, we never entertained any doubt, that in the first of these respects his book would be exactly what it ought to be. We find, accordingly, that to great simplicity of narrative he unites great accuracy of information, and that no one could have told the story of Cromwell's extraordinary career more dis-

tinctly than he has done. As to his impartiality, we confess we were not altogether so sure; for we were well aware that the natural tendency of the education of a clergyman of the Church of England was to foster every kind of prejudice against the leader of the Independents, and the obstinate enemy of all prelaty. But we are happy to say that our fears have proved unfounded, and that as far as we can judge from the contents of the first volume, which takes us down to the death of Charles I., Dr Russell has allowed himself to be led away by the prepossessions neither of one party nor the other, but has throughout expressed his opinions candidly, temperately, and, we think, justly. Thus, while his style is characterised by great precision, and that useful strength which arises from the rejection of all superfluous ornament, the reader, who is anxious only to investigate the truth, may safely take him for a guide, and will find him one who thinks for himself, without being either too tame or too violent. We do not, of course, mean to say that the book contains no statements which may not be cavilled at by the partisans of either side; but only that the author is fairly entitled to claim to himself the merit of having avoided the two extremes, and of having given "an impartial view of Cromwell's conduct, in his early life, in his first entrance upon public business, in his achievements as a soldier, and in his rise to political power." That he will be equally impartial when he comes to speak of his government of the three kingdoms, we have every reason to hope, his character throughout being made to depend upon his actions, and the reader being constantly supplied with evidence, by means of which he may not only form his own judgment, but may also ascertain the accuracy of the opinions which have been propagated by others.

Such being the view we entertain of Dr Russell's *Life of Cromwell* upon these essential points, we need scarcely add, that we look upon it as likely to prove, when completed, a valuable and excellent work. The period of British history which it embraces is, without question, the most important in the annals of this country; and though a great deal has already been written upon it, the story can afford to be told over and over again every fifty years; for every new generation likes to have these great events put into their own language by some of their own contemporaries. It is, of course, needless to enter here into any analysis of Cromwell's career; and we shall reserve some farther remarks, which we may have to make upon Dr Russell's work, till the appearance of the second volume. Meantime, the following passage, descriptive of Cromwell's Parliamentary abilities, and of his personal appearance, affords a fair specimen of our author's style:

"No wise panegyrist of Cromwell will maintain that, in point of wealth, learning, eloquence, dress, or any external accomplishment, he could bear a comparison with the majority of the members even of the Long Parliament. The secret of his elevation, therefore, must be sought for in the exercise of talents which were entirely independent of those outward advantages, which, in the first instance at least, conciliate attention, and bespeak a favourable hearing even in the most factious assembly. Fervour, zeal, and knowledge of the subject under debate, command at length the most reluctant auditor, and confer the charm of oratory on a bare statement of facts. We find accordingly that he soon gained the respect of the House by the depth of his arguments, though delivered without grace, eloquence, or even clearness; and he gradually rose in the favour of the more discerning of the members, by his penetration, his unwearied diligence, his courage, and perseverance. He accommodated himself to the dispositions of the leading persons of his own side; he studied carefully the views and temper of every one whose influence was likely to shape the determinations of his compatriots; and he availed himself equally of the strength and of the weakness of character which he found prevailing around him.

"This chapter, which has been devoted to the domestic history of Cromwell, may be properly concluded with a short description of his person. He is said to have been in early life of a robust make and constitution, and his aspect

manly, though clownish. At a later period, he became what Noble calls 'rather a coarse-looking man.' He had suffered much from the fatigues of a military life, from the anxiety which surrounded the high station to which he ultimately attained, and perhaps from the disappointments incident to an ambition which aspired to a still more lofty eminence. His countenance was usually weather-beaten, his complexion sallow, his features strongly marked, and his nose of a flaming red. In a volume entitled *Butler's Remains*, it is said that 'Cromwell wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face was naturally buff, and his skin may furnish you with a rusty coat of mail; you would think he had been christened in a lime-pit, and tanned alive.' There is much more abuse of this contemptible kind to be found in other royalist writers, who, when the government was restored, thought they could not supply too strong food to gratify the appetite for revenge which the severities of the Protectorate had excited. It is not to be questioned, however, that his physiognomy must have presented a particular conformation. Clarendon says, 'that he had something singular and ungracious in his look and appearance.' And a lady, who records her recollections of him in the *Annual Register*, remarks, that when she saw him, his face was very pale, and his nose of a deep red."

To this, we may add another passage, indicative of the tone of impartiality which pervades the whole work:

"But it must not be concealed that, associated with the extravagance and affectation which deformed a large portion of English society, there was much sound principle, virtue, and patriotism. On both sides we see many things worthy of admiration. On the one hand, a brave and intelligent people are about to take the field in the cause of liberty, upon which the recent practice of the government had unquestionably made some serious encroachments; and, on the other, a generous nobility, supported by the great body of the minor barons of the kingdom, present themselves in the attitude of defending their sovereign against the fury of democratical ambition, which threatened to tread the crown and sceptre in the dust. If on either part there was an error, it arose from the undue intensity of a laudable motive. As in the physical constitution of the atmosphere, the principles which compose the invisible fluid which ministers to life may, by a slight excess of one of the ingredients, be converted into a most virulent poison; so in the temper of the British people, at that important crisis, the infusion of an intemperate zeal for matters of inferior consequence, precipitated the most virtuous nation in Europe into the miseries of a civil war."

Before concluding, we may remark, that we are not quite pleased with the manner in which the important battle of Marston-Moor is described. The whole details are copied from an imperfect account given by a weekly Journal of that day, called the *Mercurius Britannicus*, instead of being taken from various sources, and moulded by the author into a distinct narrative of his own. The battle of Naseby is much better told, and shows what Dr Russell can do when he chooses. If his second volume be as good as his first, we scarcely know any work which has yet appeared in the *Miscellany* that we shall look upon as more entitled to popular favour.

*Public Worship and Miscellaneous Discourses.* By the late Rev. Archibald Gracie. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 459.

We had occasion, about the end of last winter, to notice at some length a volume of Sermons selected from the MSS. of the late Mr Gracie. We are happy to find that the favourable opinion which we expressed of these Sermons has been confirmed by the public; and the editor pleads the approbation with which the former volume was received as his apology for now presenting us with some more of his brother's papers. This is rather a hazardous experiment, in so far at least as the reputation of the deceased is concerned. In the case of a living author, one successful publication naturally leads us to expect equal, or even greater, excellence in his next performance. We may reasonably hope that he will have profited by the hints of friendship, and the strictures of judicious criticism—that he shall have acquired greater correctness in composition—that experience shall have

added to his knowledge, and matured his judgment. In regard to posthumous publications, however, the very reverse of all this is to be apprehended. The first selection from the papers of the deceased will naturally comprehend such as are of most value; and if, by the success of one volume, the editor is tempted to add a second, his choice is now limited to the pieces which he formerly rejected. It was perhaps owing to his consciousness of lying under this disadvantage, that the editor has sought to give interest to the present volume, by something of novelty in its arrangement, and variety in its contents. It consists, for the most part, of Discourses, so arranged with their appropriate prayers and psalms, as to form a sort of Directory for Presbyterian worship. All this is, in our opinion, a little unnecessary, since such an arrangement and such materials, being suited to the service of the Sabbath, and the less circumscribed time of those who assemble for the purpose of public worship, will not be found available for family devotion; nor can we allow that, even on the score of curiosity, such a formula can be of value, since, it may be presumed, that it is already sufficiently familiar to those who are likely to be readers of Mr Gracie's volume. We are not aware that our established church holds so mean a place among Christian communities, as to be in danger of letting its form of public worship be forgotten, or saved from becoming the subject of antiquarian research, only by the existence of the publication now under review. Besides a complete Communion Service, this volume contains several miscellaneous Discourses, and an Essay on the Reasonableness and Advantages of Prayer, which, though not quite equal to some of the Discourses in his former volume, are all marked with that winning simplicity, good sense, and occasional warmth of feeling and eloquence, which characterise all that we have seen of Mr Gracie's pulpit compositions. The Prayers, of which there are several, are not among the least creditable parts of the work: they are neither frigidly elaborate, nor carelessly familiar; they are generally appropriate, eloquent, and sufficiently enriched, though not cumbered, with Scripture phraseology. Mr Gracie appears to have entertained a proper sense of the dignity of his profession, and the importance of its duties. We have no hesitation in again recommending his Discourses to the favour of the public.

*History of the Town of Greenock.* By Daniel Weir. Greenock. Daniel Weir. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 126.

This is, of course, a work more of local than of general interest. Mr Weir is well known, in the West country, as an amiable and modest writer, and the author of a number of very pretty verses. His *History of Greenock*, though the contents are somewhat deficient in lucid arrangement, for which, indeed, he apologises in the Preface, is sensibly written, and is creditable to his industry and research.

At the beginning of the 18th century, Greenock was merely a single row of thatched houses, and, in the year 1716, it contained only four slated tenements. A harbour, however, was built, and the town continued to increase slowly. In 1755, the population did not exceed 3800. Soon afterwards, however, its increase became more rapid, and it started up into a flourishing seaport, a character which it has ever since maintained. Its present population may be estimated at about 27,000, including seamen. Its inhabitants, as was naturally to be expected, have been always more remarkable for opulence and commercial spirit, than for their attention to literature and science. In 1769, the Magistrates, before they admitted Mr John Wilson to the superintendence of the Grammar School, stipulated that he should abandon the "profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." In 1792, a literary society was commenced, but existed only for about eighteen months. Several other societies for the encouragement of arts, science, or literature, have been attempted since, but have never

flourished. There is, however, a "James Watt Club," which meets on the very spot where stood the house in which Watt was born, the most illustrious man which Greenock has produced. Jean Adam, the authoreus of "There's nae luck about the house," was also a native of Greenock; and in one of the churchyards lie the remains of "Highland Mary," immortalised by Burns. Neither is the fact generally known that it was in the arms of a Greenock seaman that Nelson was conveyed to the cockpit, after receiving his death-wound on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, at Trafalgar. Greenock, too, has lately produced several poets and men of literary character. Among these are Mr Mennons, the Editor of the *Greenock Advertiser* and the *Literary Coronal*.—Mr Steele, the author of the "Hope of Immortality," lately published by Blackwood,—Mr Weir himself, and others.

*Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, D.D. Bishop of Calcutta. With a Portrait.* 12mo, pp. 239. London. Simpkin & Marshall. 1829.

This is a work of very humble pretensions. Indeed, when we read, in a preliminary notice, "These pages are compiled from the various reviews of the Bishop of Calcutta's works, and are published without authority from his family," we were inclined to shut the book at once. On second thoughts, however, it struck us that any memorial of such a man as Heber was valuable. Rising, therefore, and taking a turn or two across the room, to regain that equanimity of temper which the suspicion of a flagrant instance of book-making had somewhat ruffled—for,

"Even in tranquildest climes,

Light breezes will ruffle the flowers some times"—

we proceeded to read the volume with our paper cutter. We perused with pleasure the extracts from the Bishop's Russian and Indian Journals, and, as we anxiously collected the few biographical facts thinly scattered through the pages, we anticipated the gratification we should find in bestowing our best attention on the full memoirs of this truly Christian gentleman and scholar which will shortly appear from the pen, we believe, of Mrs Heber.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### BENNEVIS, AND ITS ADJACENT SCENERY.

#### A TOURIST'S SKETCH.

FORT-WILLIAM is a military station, calculated fully as much to excite the smile as the terror of the foe; but to the lion-hunter, the village which lies beneath its cannon has every thing to recommend it; for, besides affording him a good inn, a good bed, and a good dinner, he will find radiating from this comfortable centre, many objects worthy of his attention. Among these are Glenoe, alike interesting and alike terrific in its natural scenery and in its associated recollections,—Moidart and Lochiel, where Prince Charles first raised his standard, and where the truest and noblest-minded of his adherents ruled,—Glenroy, with its parallel road,—the Caledonian Canal and Neptune's staircase, which will turn his thoughts from the vast achievements of nature, to one of the most stupendous of the works of man,—and lastly, Bennevis, of which we are about to speak more at length immediately. When of these objects "meditation has had its fill," he has only to take his place aboard a steam-boat, and be steered either northward, through locks and lochs of fame, or southward through that striking archipelago where rises Staffa, the fairest of all Neptune's temples, and Iona, where Columba kept alive the sacred flame of religion and of learning, amid dark and stormy times.

Though the sweetest of sunshine may be in the vales, it is scarcely during more than one day in the week that the broad summit of Bennevis is altogether free from clouds; and the travelling party must wait patiently at Fort-William till a suitable day appear. On the wished-

for morning, Sandy Rankine, than whom you will not find a more intelligent or a more obliging guide, will knock lustily at your door, ere well the lark has roused his brother choristers, or the cock his fellows of the roost; and whilst you are buckling on your panoply, Mrs Cameron is buckling upon Sandy's back a basket of most interesting contents. Having sallied forth, we cross the mouth of Glennevis and its foaming stream, and we pass the castle of Inverlochry, washed by a fine full river, from which it derives its name. This castle, now in ruins, was one of the many strongholds of the redoubted family of Cumming, although tradition says, that in earlier times it was a royal seat; and there is something that bids the mind acquiesce, without much questioning, in a tradition which places the palace of the Scottish monarch at the base of the loftiest of his country's hills, and in a district where the Caledonian Forest, sheltering the bison and the bear in its recesses, spread itself over mighty mountains, and mirrored itself in majestic lakes.

But now comes the tug of war. By a grassy steep ascent you begin to climb Bennevis on its western front. In half an hour you are fatigued to faintness; but ten minutes' rest on one of those grey masses of stone that here and there jut through the sward, restores you; and it is a fact which I cannot account for, but which all hill-climbers will bear me out in, that after the first breathing you will not again suffer from fatigue in a degree so painful and oppressive. A few more heats and a few more halts, and you have ascended what is called Bennevis' Resting-hill. It is rather the steepest, but by far the smoothest part of the ascent. You now cross a boggy plain of some extent, in which there is a lake and a thousand rills, heard incessantly, but scarcely ever seen, so buried are they under the long heather and the swollen mossy earth. Having traversed this landing-place in the Titanic staircase, you are called upon again "to put a stout heart to a stay brae," for long and rough is the path which lies above you. Your course leads up by the side of a stream, gelid and crystalline, that rushes in a thousand cataracts down the hill. You now begin to feel that you must bid farewell to the vegetable, and enter the mineral kingdom. No plants are to be met with except some of the hardest and most alpine or arctic of the grasses, mosses, and saxifrages. Even these are few and far between, and nearer the summit they disappear altogether. This want of vegetable life is chargeable, no doubt, in a great degree, upon the pitiless exposure, but partly also, and in no small measure, on the want of soil. For two miles next its summit, the surface of the hill is wholly covered (I had almost said slated) with large loose fragments of stone. They are of a dark blue-coloured clay-stone porphyry, very hard and sharp-edged; which last character (one that the visitor will hardly fail to remark) becomes more striking as you approach the summit of the mountain, as if the stones farther down had suffered some process of attrition in their descent. About a mile from the highest peak there is a spring, above which no water is to be found, and around which a thousand "disiecta membra" give the hint that here it is customary for the aspirant to leave his stores till his return. Here, then, do we deposit our fowl, our loaf, our kebbuck; but, most venerable and venerated greybeard! here do we *not* deposit thee. He who toils along a mountain's breast, knows too well the virtue that is in thee to trust thee anywhere save near his heart; and when we stand on the pinnacle of the loftiest of King George's hills, shall not our loyal lips pronounce his royal name over that essence which he esteems and honours? Shall we not give a cheer to our good Admiral from his own top-gallant head?

Well, we have at length reached the summit; and, gentle reader, or rather, sweet fellow-traveller, we hope you are not overmuch fatigued. We now stand upon a long, narrow, irregular piece of table-land, horribly gashed by the Corrie. These are the sinuosities of a tre-

menous precipice, which forms the north side of the mountain, and which certainly is the most striking feature it presents. Its height is 2000 feet, and it scarcely declines from the perpendicular. Launch over it one of these hard blocks of porphyry, you will hear a hundred wild echoes, and see smoke rising from a hundred jutting crags, but in that smoke the substance of the stone is dissipated,—it never reaches the bottom of the cliff. Many and varied, and far asunder, are the objects over which our eyes can range. We see at once the Atlantic and the German, the Western and the Eastern oceans. The Linnhé Loch, beginning at the hill's foot, runs far, far southward; a painter would say it was foreshortened, for the hilly isles which gorge it at its junction with the Atlantic, forty miles away, seem just beneath our feet. There is something grand in looking down upon a thousand hill-tops, as now we do in common with the eagle. Far in the west, overtopping many intervening chains, are the singularly abrupt and ragged hills of Coolin, in Skye. To the south, Ben Cruachan, a two-headed giant, stands conspicuous; and, in the east, springing graceful and conical from the margin of Loch Tay, Benlawers, "above the rest in form and posture proudly eminent, stands like a tower." Here and there through a niche in the sombre mountains, you gain a glimpse of some silvery current glittering down its narrow valley, or of the broader sheen of some expansive lake. Several patches of snow, like the remains of wreathes, sparkle in the shaded places, and with handfuls of these it is a pleasant July occupation to pelt each other. The chill air, however, which at first was grateful, after the exertion of ascent, is soon felt piercing and painful, and we shall therefore not protract our stay.

Our descent, including a proper allowance of time for doing justice to our basketful at the well, will not occupy one-third so long as our upward struggle. It is on the southern part of the mountain, and by a route of much more uninterrupted steepness. You are soon imparadised in Glennevis, with a warm atmosphere around you, a soft sward beneath your feet, and for your companion down the glen, a sweet stream, with a fringe of fields and trees. Twenty minutes' walk conducts you to the inn from which you started in the morning. The last effort of the day is a scramble who shall have the sofa. And as you enjoy your siesta there, and are gratified by the sympathizing alacrity with which Nancy arranges the dinner-table, you find that it is full eight hours since you set out on your excursion, and you begin to wonder whether it be possible that you are not somewhat tipsy after having gulped your quarter of a quart of mountain dew. Satisfied that at its proper level the liquid has no quality of poison, and be assured, that without its kindly aid, you could not have scaled the capitol.

The height of the mountain, I need scarcely add, is 4380 feet. It is shapeless and huge, and from no point of view is the form it exhibits fine. It was in the middle of July we ascended it, and we were told that during the season only twelve adventurers had preceded us, and that among these there were two or three courageous fair ones. We were pleased with the spirit of an English gentleman who, we were informed, had a few weeks before left the steam-vessel at Fort-William, where she lies over night previous to entering the canal, had seen the rising of the midsummer sun from the top of Bennevis, and resumed his place on board before the boiler had begun to hiss.

## FINE ARTS IN GLASGOW.

### THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

THE rage for criticising our Second Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists having somewhat subsided, I feel inclined to say a word or two about it and them. If the grandees of Glasgow be apathetic respecting sculpture and painting, it cannot be said that either the public or the conductors of the press are so. The one have filled

the large room of the Argyll Arcade, the other their columns, with or about them. Never was there so much written on so small a matter, and, on the whole, well written too. All our Glasgow newspapers, save one, rushed into the field, and had each their favourites. The criticisms in the *Chronicle*, surmised to be from the practised pen of a member of the Dilettanti Society, were, in general, happily conceived, and tersely, perhaps too tersely, expressed; but they were based on notions of art essentially correct. A young writer of talent, disguising himself in broad Scotch, for the purpose of saying shrewder things, followed the classical critic. The *Free Press* and its able editor entered with enthusiasm, but at perhaps too great length, and with too friendly and gentle a spirit, into the merits of nearly every picture, and found redeeming points in them all. The *Times* was more eclectic, and this year had no favourites. A young *littérateur* from Edinburgh, at present connected with the *Courier*, has distinguished that paper by very clever criticisms, with the most of which I agree, saving that which attacked my friend Henderson, who has one of the best portraits in the Exhibition. As to the *Herald*, it is the exception to which I alluded, and, I think, fitly and properly so. Its honest and excellent editor, though himself an accomplished scholar, and a man of taste, has almost a contempt for the prattle about *les beaux arts*, and objects of *virtù*, which so often makes up the whole of the pretensions of travelled connoisseurs and would-be dilettanti respecting the beautiful; and, assailed on every side by the solicitations of the partisans of exhibitors, "to give some space to,"—"to look favourably on,"—"to say something kind of," &c. &c., he has stoutly, perhaps gruffly, refused to meddle with a nest of hornets such as congregated artists frequently are. This is all very well for one Journal, but it would never have done had a second stood out in the same way. The originality of resistance would then have been no more.—But now for our very brief *coup-d'œil* of the catalogue—the rose leaf added to the filled-up and brimming cup.

The Edinburgh artists have this year shown much more of their temper than their talent to us. They certainly do not all seem to have the mildness of the *Kid*. One of their number took the pet, last year, because he was presented with a piece of plate instead of money; and his brethren, in their most disinterested "love for art,"—that is the established phrase—and their "anxiety for diffusing a knowledge of its principles," have not sent, this season, half-a-dozen pictures to aid in civilizing us Beotians! Aberdeen is too far north for the indulgence of such folly. A Mr Giles, resident there, has sent an inconceivable number of pieces from his own pencil, and all of them clever. Some of them, indeed, are excellent; but just because so many from the same hand are to choose upon, I presume, not one of them has found a purchaser! Not fewer than a round dozen of amateurs are exhibitors, with very diversified talents indeed. The water-colour drawings of Mr Davie, and the oil pictures, chiefly marine pieces, of Mr C. Hutchison, are very creditable; as are some beautiful pencil sketches, particularly one of Doune Castle. However, the politeness of the "hangmen" of the Society, as the picture committee are facetiously called by all artists, is, with many of the pieces of "amateurs," much more conspicuous than the severity of their taste.

There are, I think, three sets of gems in the Exhibition. One comprises Glover's landscapes; the second, Barber's; and the third, Graham's portraits. According to the relative appreciation of these—which have all positive and admitted merits—I should judge of the taste of a critic in the arts. Glover's pieces appear to me to be exactly in landscape painting what Chantrey's works are in sculpture, showing that which is beautiful in Nature with intense sympathy and great power, but without exaggeration and without soaring into the purely ideal. Barber, on the other hand, looks at Nature through a Cloud

Lorrain glass. His painting is like Arabian poetry—all sunshine and roses. It is delicious to dream of such sunny skies and landscapes brightly green. It would be very tedious to live beneath the one, or amid the other. As for Graham, he will be the Titian of Scotland, when he forgets that Titian, and Guido, and Carlo Dolce, lived. At present, wherever he can, he makes his sitter—however Caledonian in reality—Italian in attitude and air; and his glimpses of landscape are recollections of the Val d'Arno, rather than of the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. It is a glorious fault, but he will amend it. Henderson, Gibson, M'Nee, and perhaps Ross, are all good portrait painters, but not surpassing. Gibson is a fine colourist; Henderson, a minutely faithful and fastidious copier of Nature. This is well; but he is also equally so of tables and chairs, and this stiffens his pictures. He hates glare too, and he paints in dingy reds and russets; but he has capital stuff about him. M'Nee promises to be—nay, is—a bold and admirable sketcher; but he is, as yet, too sketchy. His chalks are excellent; and, in a year, he will work closer into his canvases. Mr Ross is surely clever; but this season he has not been very successful in any thing but getting to be Professor of Painting in Anderson's University. We have several pieces from that clever artist, William Brown, who delineates so well the palaces of Scotland. They are unequal, but none of them below par. That his superb view of Dundonald Castle should not have sold, is surprising. Donaldson, another Glasgow artist, makes rapid strides.—Fleming a Greenock one, has made them. Bonar and Paterson send from Edinburgh the cleverest figure pieces in the Exhibition; but the latter asks too much for his, considering his present standing. Ten guineas is no bad proffer for his "Boys Swimming." I made it, but no purchase. The sales, however, have on the whole been good. One gentleman—A. M'Lellan, Esq.—has distinguished himself greatly by his liberal and tasteful selections. We could say to many that we wot of, "Go thou and do likewise."

#### MR CAMPBELL'S STATUARY.

LAST week we announced to our readers that Mr Campbell's model for a statue of the Earl of Hopetoun, had been placed in the exhibition rooms of the Royal Institution. Since that time, some other pieces of sculpture, by the same artist, have been added. The hurried and unsatisfactory manner in which we were formerly able to notice the principal work, and the additional materials now supplied for forming a judgment of Mr C.'s talents, have induced us to return to the subject.

The works of this gentleman at present in the rooms of the Institution are, the statue of Lord Hopetoun, a female figure, a child, and five busts. The statue of the nobleman is colossal. His lordship is represented in a Roman dress, the toga falling in simple folds over the left arm, the hand of which holds his sheathed sword. The right hand, holding a bridle, rests on the mane of his horse, which stands directly behind him, its head depressed, and, as it were, rubbing on one of its fore-legs. His countenance is turned a little to the left, and looking down on the spectator. The outline, from the depressed head of the horse along its neck, up to the head of the human figure, is easy; with regard to the descending line on the other side, the protrusion of the animal's haunches breaks it into two, in a manner not quite so satisfactory to the eye. The head of the horse we almost incline to pronounce perfect, so fine is its form, so expressive of life and fire, with its starting eyeballs, its swelling veins, and the conformation of its mouth champing on the bit. The bends of the fetlocks in the legs upon which it is planted are highly expressive of elasticity. The whole figure of the horse is good. The attitude of the Earl is natural, unconstrained, and dignified. A likeness to the original has been retained in the countenance, but not so slavishly as to interfere with the effect of the statue as a work of art. The idea

heightening and protrusion of the brow has been introduced with good effect. The only detail that we feel inclined to object to is the right arm, which is not sufficiently rested on the neck of the horse, and leaves in consequence a feeling of exertion in the mind of the spectator, at variance with the general impression of the statue. The execution of the whole, however, is classical and highly finished.—The female figure is represented sitting on a block of stone, the head bent forward and depressed, as if looking at a vessel she holds in her hands. It is naked except the legs, around which some drapery is wrapped. There is great beauty of form in this statue, and a fine fleshy effect. The arrangement of the drapery is perhaps a little too finical.—The figure of the child is, we have no doubt, a successful likeness, but there is nothing particular about it.—The best busts are, that of a gentleman, near the child, and that of a lady, on the chimney-piece, beside the female figure. There is a bust of a lady, beside the child, to which Mr Campbell seems to have wished to give a high finish, but which he has made formal, and rendered the outlines too sharp and cutting.

From these remarks, our readers will be able to gather that we think highly of Mr Campbell's talents; although we must decline pronouncing a definitive sentence on him, until we have opportunities for a larger induction.

#### THE DRAMA.

MADAME VESTRIS concluded her engagement of twelve nights on Thursday evening. The houses she drew were in general respectable, though not either crowded or brilliant. She has not made a great impression in Edinburgh, and the general opinion unquestionably is, that she is but a second-rate actress. For our own part, we have seen no cause to deviate from the sentiments we expressed last Saturday. In a very inferior line of parts, she is graceful and clever, and this is all the praise to which we deem her entitled. As to her singing, we have been told that her "Cherry Ripe" is superior to Miss Noel's. We deny the fact; but even though it were the case, why, in Heaven's name, bring her into comparison with Miss Noel, whose style of singing was entirely different, and of a far higher order? One verse of Miss Noel's "Kathleen O'More," or of any of her Scotch ballads, was worth all the "Cherry Ripes" Madame Vestris ever chanted. There was soul and feeling in Miss Noel's songs;—there is nothing but a little glitter and a little execution in those of Vestris. In one word, she knows how to do a smart thing, but she has little or no conception of aught beyond.

In a dramatic article in the *Scotsman* of Wednesday last, we find the following passage in reference to what we and others have said of Vestris:—"Certainly the tone assumed by some of our critical brethren is not calculated to attract the visits of the Metropolitan actors; which we are sorry for, not only on account of the privation we may thereby suffer in our theatrical amusements, but for the injury it may occasion to the interests of the Theatre itself. In this instance, received as Madame Vestris has been by the public, with applause and approbation, we hope she will not suffer the opinions of a few individuals to prevent her returning to us; for, in the present dearth of dramatic talent, the loss would be serious, not only to us, but we suspect also to the Theatre." Now this is sheer nonsense. In criticising an actor or actress, we do not, in the first instance, care one farthing whether our remarks may frighten the metropolitan actors, or be detrimental to the pecuniary interests of the Theatre here. We are anxious only to state what we feel to be just regarding the individual in question; and, we are well aware, that if we conscientiously observe this rule, our criticisms, however severe they may sometimes be, will not deprive us of a visit from one really clever actor, and so far from injuring the Theatre, will ultimately do it a most important service, by pointing out to the management those persons who are most likely to be received

with well-deserved applause. It is true, we may have been instrumental towards frightening Vestrís a little, but this was exactly what we *meant* to be, and we do not anticipate the downfall of the drama among us, though we should never again behold the light of her countenance.

The *Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Society* are to have a public dinner early in the ensuing year, for the benefit of the Fund. This society, of whose plan and purposes we highly approve, has existed since the year 1819, but was remodelled upon a more comprehensive scale in 1827. Our readers will not have forgotten the splendid public dinner which took place upon that occasion, attended by upwards of three hundred gentlemen, with Sir Walter Scott in the chair. It was, perhaps, the most memorable public dinner which has ever been seen in Edinburgh, for it was there that the Author of "*Waverley*" first spoke to his countrymen, and said, "I am the man;"—and when the youngest who were present are old and grey, it will be something for them to tell their grandchildren that they themselves saw the iron-mask removed from the wizard's face, and heard from his own lips the confession of his immortality. To a certain extent this event was extrinsic to the occasion, but it is enough to hallow with delightful associations any subsequent dinner of the same society. We have no doubt, therefore, that whether Sir Walter Scott, or the Duke of Buccleuch, or Lord Elcho, or any one else, be in the chair, the meeting will be numerous and brilliant. We are glad to know that the affairs of the Fund are in a prosperous condition, supported principally by the annual subscriptions of non-resident members, and by many handsome donations which have been received from various quarters. The resident members do not exceed fifteen or sixteen, and consist of the most respectable portion of the company here, who contribute each one shilling a-week during the theatrical season. The affairs of the society are managed by a committee, consisting of Messrs Pritchard, Denham, G. Stanley, and Mackay, the latter acting as treasurer. Mrs H. Siddons and Mr Murray are the trustees, in whose hands are deposited the funds for behoof of the society. The annual subscription to non-resident members is two guineas; and the benefit to be derived from becoming either a resident or non-resident member, is thus expressed in the schedule of "Rules and Regulations:"—"Any Member of this Society who shall have regularly contributed to its fund for the space of seven years, shall, on being incapacitated by age, accident, or infirmity, to exercise his or her duties as an actor or actress, be entitled to an annuity of forty pounds from the Society, unless his or her independent income shall exceed forty pounds per annum, in which event the annuity given by this Society shall suffer an abatement equal to such excess. But should any part of that additional income be derived from the industrious exercise, by the claimant, of any faculty or talent, then the claimant shall be allowed half of the annual sum so saved to the fund." To this is added another rule:—"Any Member of this Society who shall have regularly contributed for seven years, shall, upon attaining the age of sixty, if a male, and of fifty-five, if a female, be entitled to claim upon the ground of age," it being understood that no person who is above the age of forty-five at the time of application can be admitted a member. It is perfectly clear that the objects of the Society are in the highest degree benevolent and useful, and ought to meet with every proper encouragement. In the words of Sir Walter Scott,—"It would be ungrateful and unkind were those who have sacrificed their youth to our amusement, not to receive the reward due to them, but be reduced to every kind of hardship in their old age. Who can think of poor Falstaff going to bed without his cup of sack, or of Macbeth feeding on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo?" We shall be glad on all occasions to lend our assistance towards forwarding the views of the Theatrical Fund Society.

Edinburgh.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### TO A CANARY BIRD ESCAPED FROM ITS CAGE.

*By the late Alexander Balfour.*

Poor, reckless bird! you'll rue the hour  
You rashly left your wiry bow;  
Unfit on feckless wing to scour  
Along the sky;  
Though, like the lark, you hope to tower,  
And mount on high.

I fearly sair you thought na shame  
To leave a sung and cooie hame,  
Wi' comforts mair than I can name,  
Where friends carea'd you;  
To play the madly loeing game,  
What freak possess'd you?

On Anna's lap you sat to rest,  
And sometimes fondly made your nest  
In gentle Mary's virgin breast—  
E'en dared to sip  
Sweets, might have made a monarch blest,  
Frae Emma's lip.

Your comfort was their daily care,  
They fed you wi' the daintiest fare;  
And now, through fields of trackless air,  
You've ta'en your flight;  
Left a' your friends wi' hearts fu' sair,  
Without Good-night!

Frae morn to e'en you blithely sang,  
Till a' the room around you rang;  
Your bosom never felt the pang  
O' want or fear;  
Nor greedy glede, nor pussie's fang,  
Were ever near.

When teeting out, in wanton play,  
Some bonnie, calm, and cloudless day,  
You cast your ee o'er gardens gay,  
And aikes see clear,  
And deem'd that ilka month was May  
Throughout the year:

When gay green leaves the woods adorn,  
And fields are fair wi' springing corn,  
To brush the pearly dew of morn,  
And spread your plumes,  
Where sweetly smiles the snaw-white thorn,  
Or primrose blooms;

On gowany braes to sit and sing,  
While budding birks their odours fling,  
And blooming flowers around you spring,  
To glad your ee,  
To hap the wild-rose wi' your wing,—  
The thought was glee.

Poor, flighter'd thing! you little ken  
What passes in the flowery glen;  
When you can neither flee nor fen,  
You'll wish fu' fain  
That you were in your cage again;  
But wish in vain.

Nae doubt you think your freedom sweet;  
You'll change your mind when blashy weet,  
Keen pirling hail, or chilling aleet,  
Your feathers daffie;  
'Twad ill best your slender feet  
In dubs to paddle.

Though summer blooms in beauty rare,  
I fear you'll dine but bauchly there;  
You canna feed, when fields are bare,  
On hips and haws,  
Or scart and scrape for coarser fare,  
Like corbie craws.

November winds will nip the flower,  
Then comes the cauld and pelting shower,  
And shivering in the leafless bower,  
Wi' droukit wing,  
You, while the dark clouds round you lower,  
Forget to sing.

When freezing winds around you bla',  
O'er glittering wreaths o' drifted sna',  
And robin hides in sheltering ha',  
Wi' hardy form,  
I fear your chance, poor bird, is sma',  
To bang the storm!

But you will never see that day,  
Ne'er shiver on the naked spray,  
For lang before the leaves decay,  
Some hapless morn  
To ruthless hawk you'll fall a prey,  
Your plumage torn!

Was't Freedom, say, or Pleasure's name,  
That lured you frae your cozie hame?  
Whichever, I can hardly blame,  
Though you'll repent it;  
For wiser folk have done the same,  
And sair lamentit.

I've kent the rich, but restless swain,  
For Liberty, or sordid gain,  
Leave Albion's fair and fruitful plain  
Wi' scornfu' ee,  
To search beyond the western main  
For bliss to be:

And in Columbia's forests deep,  
Where Indians prowl and serpents creep,  
He dream'd of Scotia in his sleep,  
Still fondly dear;  
Or waking, turn'd to sigh and weep  
The bootless tear.

'Tis naething strange for folks to think,  
If Pleasure for a moment blink,  
Her noon-tide sun will never sink;  
And birds and men  
She leads to dark destruction's brink  
Before they ken.

#### TO VIVIAN.

Go to the palace of light and song—  
Smile with the young and the fair!  
My spirit is with thee in that bright throng,  
To bless and to guard thee there!  
Leave me to silence and thought alone,  
And sorrow my guest shall be;  
Since joy cannot lighten my eyes when thou'rt gone,  
They shall glisten in tears for thee.

Gaze on the forms full of life and grace  
That flit through the gay halls by,  
Read the glad soul in each radiant face,  
As in streams we may read the sky;  
But if in the wreaths round their brows that twine,  
A pale drooping flow'ret you see,  
Think of my heart that was wither'd for thine,  
And read it an emblem of me!

List to the music that cheerfully floats  
'Mid the sparkle of wine and mirth,  
When the soul ascends with the joyous notes,  
As the lark up to heaven from earth!  
But if a lone harp, that once answer'd to joy,  
There hangs untouch'd, unstrung,  
Think of the soul whose bliss you call'd forth,  
Whose chords you so wildly wrung!

Then go to the palace of light and song,  
Smile with the young and the fair!  
My spirit is with thee in that bright throng,  
To bless and to guard thee there!  
But come when the fever of pleasure is past  
Once more to my silent bower;  
When my soul has fled to its home at last,  
Then think of the harp and the flower!

GERTRAUDE.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

Our readers will be glad to learn, that a third volume of the *Cabinet, or the Selected Beauties of Literature*, is in preparation. It will be published in monthly Parts; and, from the acknowledged taste of its editor, Mr Aitken, there is every reason to believe that it will be, if possible, a still more delightful volume than either of the two which have preceded it.

One of our enterprising Edinburgh publishers has the following new works in preparation:—An Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America; including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in Search of a North-West Passage; with Observations on Emigration. By Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E. Illustrated by a Map of North America. 2 vols. 8vo.—Political Economy; an Enquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Venable Property, or Wealth. By Samuel Read. 8vo.—Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones; now first compiled from his original Journals, Correspondence, and other Papers, brought from Paris by his Heirs at the time of his Death, and from his Letters to his Relations in Scotland. Including an Account of his Services under Prince Potemkin, in the celebrated Russian Campaign against the Turks, in the Black Sea, in 1788. 2 vols. 12mo.—Studies in Natural History; exhibiting a popular View of the most striking and interesting Objects of the Material World. By William Rhind, Member of the Royal Medical, and Royal Physical Societies of Edinburgh. Illustrated by Engravings. 12mo.—Oliver Cromwell, a Poem. In Three Books.—A Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris. By the same Author.

There is announced, for early publication, a work, entitled *Celtic Manners*, as preserved among the Scots Highlanders; being an Account, Historical and Descriptive, of the Inhabitants, Antiquities, and National Peculiarities of Scotland, more particularly of the northern, or Gaelic parts of the country, where the singular habits of the aboriginal Celts are most tenaciously retained. By James Logan, Corresponding Member of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. In one thick volume, demy 8vo, illustrated by numerous Engravings, and accurate Drawings of the Tartans, &c. of the various Highland Clans.

Shortly will appear, *The Home Book; or Young Housekeeper's Manual*. A Complete System of Domestic Economy, calculated for the guidance of persons having the management of a household of either great or small extent; and containing useful rules for the general government of a family; with a simple and comprehensive system of Household Accounts, and valuable directions for effectually checking the many impositions practised upon respectable families, by servants, &c. The whole deduced from forty-five years' practical experience, by a Grandmother.

*The Athenaid, or Modern Grecians*, a Poem; with Notes characteristic of the manners and customs of the Greeks and Turks, by Henry J. Bradfield, is announced.

Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming *History of Scotland*, from the earliest historic records down to the union of the crowns, is not, like the series of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, avowedly selected and adapted for young persons, but was undertaken with a different view, and for a different class of readers. It is intended to form a part of the *History of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, in six small octavo volumes, which we have already announced—Sir James Mackintosh being engaged for England, and Moore for Ireland, which work he will commence as soon as he publishes his long-promised *Life of Byron*, now nearly ready.

Messrs Whitaker & Co. have for some time past been preparing three series of Popular Histories, under the title of Cabinets of Literary, Philosophical, Scientific, and Political History. The work is to be published in parts, some of which, from the pens of distinguished writers, are in a state of forwardness.

The first Number of a *Dublin Literary Gazette* is to appear on Saturday the 9d of January next. We have read the Prospectus, which is ably written; and, if the work itself be well conducted, we see no reason why its success should not be commensurate with that of the *EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL*, or any similar publication, by which a desideratum, the want of which had been long felt, is supplied to a country.

On the first Wednesday of 1830 is to appear, *The Foreign Literary Gazette*. It is to be a weekly epitome of Continental and Domestic Science, Literature, and Arts.

Mr Gratian has a new work in the Press, called the *Heiress of Bruges*, which will appear very soon.

Mr T. K. Harvey has just finished the second series of the *Romance of History*, which will be published immediately.

A History of China, collected from authentic sources, and translated from original documents, is in preparation, by Mr Thoms.

The Young Lady's Book will be published towards the end of this month. It is to be a complete Manual of all those elegant pursuits "which grace the person or adorn the mind." The work will be richly bound in silk, and the engravings are eight hundred in number.

Tales and Sketches of Scottish Life are in a forward state, and will appear next month.

An Account of the early History, Religion and Mythology, Civil and Domestic Institutions, Arts, Language, and Literature of the Dorians; with new and improved Maps of the Peloponnese and Macedonia, translated from the German of C. O. Muller, is announced.

The Life of Sir Thomas Monro, late Governor of Madras, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of the "Subaltern," is in the press.

Dr Southey's Third Volume of the History of the late War in Spain and Portugal, is far advanced at press, and will be published in November.

The following works, connected with the important subject of health, are announced:—*Health without Physic, or Cordials for Youth, Manhood, and Old Age*, including Maxims, medical, moral, and facetious, for the Prevention of Disease, and the attainment of a long and vigorous life; by an Old Physician.—*Economy of the Hands, Feet, Fingers, and Toes*; which includes the prevention, treatment, and cure of corns, bunions, and deformed nails; in a small pocket volume.—*A Familiar Treatise on Nervous Affections, Disorders of the Head, Chest, Stomach, and Bowels*; by J. Stevenson, M. D.—*The History and Treatment of Coughs, Colds, and of the Winter Complaints*, by the same author.

Mr COLBURN.—It may not be generally known to our readers that Mr Colburn, the extensive publisher, has lately taken a partner, and that the gentleman with whom he has associated himself is Mr Richard Bentley, lately of the firm of Messrs S. and R. Bentley, the well-known printers. Mr Bentley is a near relative of the late John Nichols, Esq. the eminent antiquary and topographer.

A RADICAL KING.—It is stated in a Paris paper, that the Poems of the King of Bavaria have actually been interdicted in Austria, as of a republican and seditious tendency!

ANOTHER ROYAL PORT.—The *Canton Register* states, that the Emperor of China has written an ode on the capture and destruction of the fortress of Changkilur, where some rebels have for a long time resisted the authority of the government. This ode has been printed, and a copy of it sent to each of the Princes and grand dignitaries of the empire, who have, as in duty bound, acknowledged the receipt of it in terms of becoming panegyric; and his Celestial Majesty has thought fit to print all their letters of acknowledgment in the *Pekin Gazette*! The ode which has called forth this torrent of admiring criticism, consists of twenty-four lines.

NEW OPERA BY MOSART.—A musical discovery of singular interest has just been made public at Mannheim—nothing less than a hitherto unknown opera of Mosart. It is called, "*La Pinta Giardiniera*," and consists of three acts. The *Musical Gazette* of Leipzig states that Mosart composed this opera in his eighteenth year (1774), for the theatre of Munich.

The difficult task of translating the odes of Pindar has been undertaken by a young Polish poet. He has been very successful in some of his attempts. The odes already translated have appeared at Urtua, the original Greek text being printed by the side of the Polish.

Mr Sieber, of Prague, is about to publish at Paris his long-promised work on the cure of hydrophobia, which he has spent nine years in completing. According to Mr Sieber, hydrophobia is not a disease, but a *metastasis*, or termination of a disease; and his method of cure is applied to make the contagion quit its place.

A GERMAN DIVINE'S NOTIONS OF SOBRIETY.—Sobriety is comparative. Nature accommodates men's constitutions to the soil and

climate in which they live. On the Rhine, men, women, and children, drink wines, which we reckon costly, without stint, and thrive upon them. The lent sermon of the Bishop of Frier is abundantly redolent of the kindly and jolly influence of his land's balsam. The following is an extract:—"Brethren, to whom the high privilege of repentance and penance has been conceded, you feel the sin of abusing the gifts of Providence. But *abusus non tollit usum*. It is written, 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man.' It follows, then, that to use wine moderately is our duty. Now, there is doubtless none of my male hearers who cannot drink his four bottles without affecting his brain; let him, however, if by the fifth or sixth bottle he no longer knows his own wife, if he begin to beat and kick his children, and look on his dearest friend as an enemy, refrain from an excess, displeasing to God and man, and which renders him contemptible in the eyes of his fellows. But, whoever, after drinking his ten or twelve bottles, retains his senses sufficiently to support his tottering neighbour, or manage his household affairs, or execute the commands of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him take his share quietly, and be thankful for his talent. Still, let him be cautious how he exceed this, for man is weak, and his powers limited. It is but seldom that our kind Creator extends to any one the grace to be able to drink safely sixteen bottles, of which privilege he hath held me, the meanest of his servants, worthy. And since no one can say of me that I have ever broke out in causeless rage, or failed to recognise my household friends and relations, or neglected the performance of my spiritual duties, I may, with thankfulness and a good conscience, use the gift which hath been intrusted to me. And you, my pious hearers, each take modestly your allotted portion; and, to avoid all excess, follow the precept of St Peter—"Try all, and stick by the best."

*Theatrical Gossip*.—A new tragedy, entitled "Epicharis," (a very awkward name) written by Mr Lister, the author of the Novels of "Granby," and "Herbert Lacy," was to be produced on Wednesday evening at Drury Lane. Young plays the hero, and Miss Phillips the heroine.—At Covent Garden, "The First of May, or a Royal Love Match," a piece in two acts, by a Lady—Miss Hill—has been pretty well received.—Matthews and Yates have been quarrelling with Elliston and T. P. Cooke, but we hope the matter will be amicably adjusted soon.—Miss Fanny Kemble is to appear speedily in the part of *Belshazzar*.—Sinclair has returned to Drury Lane, after an absence of five years.—Jones has already made a very favourable impression at Covent Garden, and is likely soon to rival his namesake, the London Jones.—De Bagnis has opened the Dublin Theatre with his Italian corps.—The Birmingham Musical Festival has gone off brilliantly and successfully. The principal attractions were Malbran, Paton, and Braham; and the company was equal in number and respectability to that of any preceding year.—The Newport Theatre has been sold to the Wesleyan Methodists, who are fitting it up as a chapel; but on the whole, the English provincial theatres are not in the deplorable state which has been generally represented. A season of only four weeks at Bristol cleared upwards of 400*l*.—at Oxford the manager put in his pocket 1200*l*. after a season of three months—and at Worthington the season has been most successful.—Vestris has been succeeded here by Braham and Miss Phillips.—Miss Smithson has been performing at Glasgow, but the theatre there is not, we have been informed, in the best order as yet.

## WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Oct. 10.—Oct. 16.

SAT. *Marriage of Figaro*, & *The L.100 Bank Note*.  
 MON. *Paul Pry*, & *Gloves and London*.  
 TUES. *Lord of The Manor*, & *The Sublime and Beautiful*.  
 WED. *Home, Sweet Home!* 'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror, & *Gloves and in London*.  
 THUR. *Know your Own Mind*, & *The Sublime and Beautiful*.  
 FRI. *The Devil's Bridge*, & *Cramond Brig*.

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"E's" communications will be of use to us.—The prose and poetry of "Mr Valentine Green" will not suit us.—The contributions from Lerwick shall have a place.—We hope to have room soon for "T. B. J.," "W. W.," "H. M. G." of Glasgow, and others; also for the lines "To my Sister on receiving a Present."—"M. R." will not suit us.—"The Mysterious Hand" in our next.

We have received the "Stanzas" by Mr William Mayne of Glasgow, and regret that we have no room for them in to-day's Number. We understand that some of his poems are to be read publicly in Glasgow next week; and, from what we know of their merits, we certainly think that his townsmen will omit an opportunity of showing a desire to countenance genius if the attendance be not good.

The Review of Dr Brown's "*Antiquities of the Jews*" will positively appear in our next; as also "*Recollections of the Dead*, No. II."

[No. 49. October 17, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

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THE

# EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 50.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*The Keepsake*, for 1830. Edited by Frederick Mangel Reynolds. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co., and R. Jennings. 8vo, pp. 352.

This is the most costly of all the Annuals. It sells for a guinea, and the others for twelve shillings. It ought, therefore, to be superior to any of them, and this year we think it is. The embellishments, of which there are eighteen, including the presentation plate, are truly beautiful; and the literary contents, especially in so far as regards the prose, are highly interesting, and of much intrinsic merit. The illustrations we shall not at present stop to describe, being well aware that any description could but feebly convey to the reader the pleasure to be derived from the actual contemplation of works of art so splendid and select. Wilkie's picture, however, of the "Princess Doria washing the feet of the Pilgrims," we must barely mention; as also "The Bride," by Leslie,—"the Widow of Ems," by Deveria,—and the "Prophet of St Paul's," by Chalon, *chef-d'œuvre* which would reflect credit on any age or country. With the last, in particular, we are charmed to an extraordinary degree. Much as we have admired some of Chalon's works, we did not think he was able to produce any thing so fine as this. The female figure is almost perfect in its loveliness, and contrasts with the Black Page and the old Astrologer, both exquisitely conceived, in a manner too delightful ever to be forgotten after being once seen. Charles Heath has bestowed all his labour upon the engraving, and every one knows, that when Charles Heath labours, it is with almost unequalled delicacy of touch, and invariably with an effect and a success correspondent.

The first article in the volume is a Tragedy in prose, by Sir Walter Scott, which is of itself enough to secure the success of the work. In a short prefatory notice, Sir Walter informs us, that this tragedy was written nearly thirty years ago, and was modelled upon the German school of dramatic writing, which at that time had become fashionable, in consequence of the impression which the productions of Goethe and Schiller had made upon the British public. The story was partly taken from a German romance, but the scenes and incidents were much altered. It was at one time on the point of being produced at Drury Lane, when John Kemble and his sister, Mrs Siddons, would have supported the principal parts; but some doubts whether the plot was such as to secure its success with an English audience ultimately prevented its representation, and it has lain in neglect and obscurity ever since. "Very lately," says Sir Walter, "the writer chanced to look over the scenes of this work, with feelings very different from those of the adventurous period of his literary life during which they had been written, and yet with such as perhaps a reformed libertine might regard the illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father." "Being of too small a size or consequence," he modestly adds, "for a separate publication,

the piece is sent as a contribution to the *Keepsake*, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles."

The plot of this tragedy, which is entitled "The House of Aspen," may be stated in a few words. Rudiger, Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior, is married to Isabella, and by her has two sons, George and Henry. Isabella, when very young, had been married against her will to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, and it was not till his death that she was able to espouse her first love, Rudiger. At the commencement of the drama, we find the old Baron confined, by a recent accident, to his castle, while his sons, George and Henry, are in the field against their neighbour, Roderic, Count of Maltingen, the hereditary enemy of the House of Aspen. They give him battle, and return victorious, to the great joy of their father, and the no less joy of his niece, Gertrude, who is betrothed to Henry, the younger of the brothers. George, however, notwithstanding his success, brings back with him a heavy heart, for his attendant, Martin, having been severely wounded in the fight, and imagining himself at the point of death, had informed him that Arnolf, his mother's first husband, had not died in the common course of nature, but had been carried off by poison administered to him by Isabella herself through the agency of Martin. Laden with this terrible secret, and scarcely knowing whether to believe it or not, especially when he considered the character for sanctity and good deeds which his mother had acquired, George seeks an interview with her, and, after an interesting and well-wrought scene, becomes convinced of his mother's guilt. Meantime, Martin had been taken prisoner by Roderic, the hostile chief, who also, through this means, becomes acquainted with Isabella's crime. The knowledge at once points out to him a method by which he might be effectually revenged upon the House of Aspen for its late successes. Roderic is an influential member of the Invisible Tribunal—a secret association of a very dangerous kind, which then existed in Germany, and of which George of Aspen was likewise a member. One of the rules of this association was, that its members bound themselves by most solemn oaths to conceal from the Tribunal no crime whatever which might come to their knowledge, though perpetrated by those who were nearest and dearest to them. The penalty of concealment was death; and where there was no concealment, the person accused was dragged before those secret avengers, tried, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot. Roderic, therefore, loses no time in summoning a meeting of the Tribunal, imagining that he would thus have both George in his power, who could scarcely be expected to denounce his mother, and Isabella also, who, through the evidence of Martin, could easily be convicted. As soon as George received the summons to attend the meeting, he perceived its object, and that his only chance of saving his mother depended on his being previously able to get the witness Martin out of the hands of Roderic. With this view he dispatches a minstrel, who had lately come to the castle, of Aspen, and who, by changing his dress with Martin, and remaining himself in his stead, succeeds in enabling the former to effect his escape. Roderic is, of course,

much exasperated when he discovers the stratagem, and, in his rage, he explains to the minstrel the reason why Martin's rescue was so much wished for by the house of Aspen. The minstrel is thunderstruck, and declares himself to be Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to Isabella's first husband, and that he had assumed the disguise of a minstrel, in consequence of his having incurred the displeasure of the Government. He now announces his intention to Roderic to attend the approaching meeting of the Invisible Tribunal, and do all in his power to aid in revenging the murder of his brother. It is here that the fourth act closes, and the catastrophe is wound up in the fifth, at the meeting of the Tribunal. We shall extract a part of this ably-executed scene:

ACT V.—SCENE I.

*The subterranean chapel of the Castle of Griefenhau. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warder, clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is the ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, beside two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a dilapidated entrance into the Sacristy, which is quite dark.*

*Various members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warder, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the members is a long black robe capable of muffling the face: some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger: they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.*

*Enter COUNT RODERIC dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.*

Rod. Warders, secure the doors! *(The doors are barred with great care.)*

Rod. Herald, do thy duty! *(Members all rise—Herald stands by the altar.)*

Herald. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity, are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness? *(All the Members incline their heads.)*

Rod. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption! *(Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.)*

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, Woe! woe! unto offenders!

All. Woe! woe! *(Members sit down.)*

Her. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth, as bound by his oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord, and call to the assembly for vengeance.

Member. *(Rises, his face covered.)* Vengeance! Vengeance! Vengeance!

Rod. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?

Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn and perjured to its laws.

Rod. Relate his crime.

Accuser. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the son whom he loved as the apple of his eye; yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the Tribunal; he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve?

Rod. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

Accuser. *(His hand on the altar.)* I swear!

Rod. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury should it be found false?

Accuser. I will

Rod. Brethren, what is your sentence? *(The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.)*

*Elders Mem.* Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.

Rod. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Accuser. George, Baron of Aspen. *(A murmur in the assembly.)*

*A Member (suddenly rising.)* I am ready, according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

Accuser. Rash man! gagest thou an oath so lightly?

Member. I gage it not lightly. I proffer it in the cause of innocence and virtue.

Accuser. What if George of Aspen should not himself deny the charge?

Member. Then would I never trust man again.

Accuser. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself. *(Throws back his mantle.)*

Rod. Baron George of Aspen!

Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.

Rod. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice: on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.

Geo. Thinkest thou I would betray, for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty!

Rod. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

Geo. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams on my soul. Woe to those who seek Justice in the dark haunts of mystery and cruelty! She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go: better for me your altars should be stained with my blood, than my soul blackened with your crimes.

*(Exit George by the ruinous door in the back scene, into the Sacristy.)*

Rod. Brethren, sworn upon the steel, and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favour and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity? *(A long and earnest murmurs in the assembly.)*

Rod. Speak your doom.

*Elders Mem.* George of Aspen has declared himself perjured—the penalty of perjury is death!

Rod. Father of the Secret Judges—eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord; let the guilty no longer cumber the land.

*Elders Mem.* I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble; soon shall I be called to the throne of my Creator. How shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?

Rod. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

*Elders Mem.* So be it, in the name of God!

*(He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the Sacristy.)*

*Elders Judge.* *(From behind the scene.)*—Dost thou forgive me?

Geo. *(Behind.)*—I do! *(He is heard to fall heavily.)*

*(Re-enter the old Judge from the Sacristy. He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.)*

Rod. Hast thou done thy duty?

*Elders Mem.* I have. *(He faints.)*

Rod. He swoons—remove him.

*(He is assisted off the stage. During this, four members enter the Sacristy, and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar. A deep silence.)*

Rod. Judges of evil, doomings in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Deity, God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt!

Isabella is afterwards brought in and accused by Bertram. Finding that there is no hope of escape, she stabs herself and dies. Further cruelties, about to be perpetrated by the Tribunal on the old Baron Rudiger, are interrupted by the arrival of the Duke of Bavaria, who banishes Roderic and Bertram from the empire; and the reader being allowed to suppose that Henry will ul-

imately be married to Gertrude, both of whom are subordinate characters, the play concludes.

As to the merits of this composition, it will be evident, even from the brief sketch we have now given, that it is entirely *German*, both in its conception and execution. By this we mean that the truth and simplicity of nature are rendered subordinate to strong effect and strange situation, and that, for the sake of presenting a sort of metaphysical puzzle in the character of *Isabella*, whom we cannot help liking, though she is a murderess, all probability is disregarded. There is a morbid gloom cast over the whole production, which is disagreeable, because it is not like human life. At the same time, we readily grant that this is the fault of the school from which Sir Walter Scott borrowed, and it was a fault which, under the circumstances, he could not avoid. In other respects, the play is well conceived, and the individual scenes are spiritedly filled up. It would act well, and we are quite sure that, considering the present reputation of its author, any manager who brings it upon the stage, will find the speculation a highly profitable one. We believe it was stated, in the case of Lord Byron's tragedies, that no injunction could be granted against the performance of any published play; and why, therefore, might not the manager of the Theatre Royal here commence his winter campaign in November with this tragedy? He may depend upon it, it would have a run. There is abundance of melo-dramatic interest, and the fact of its being by Sir Walter Scott would fill the house for many nights. The parts, too, could be exceedingly well cast with his present company. Murray himself should play the old Baron, *Rudiger*; Miss Jarman or Mrs H. Siddons, *Isabella*; Vandenhoff or Barton, *George of Aspen*; Denham, *Roderic*; Montague Stanley, *Henry*, and the other inferior parts could be well filled up. This is worth thinking of either here or in London; but to get the start is the great thing.

The article next in interest in the *Keepsake*, consists of nine unpublished Letters of Lord Byron, the three last of which are from Greece. We shall select the two we like most, which were written from Italy, and are principally upon literary topics:

## TWO LETTERS BY LORD BYRON.

"Pisa, Feb. 6, 1822.

"My Dear ——— 'Try back the deep lane,' till we find a publisher for the 'Vision'; and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers will publish them even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's 'Remonstrance,' by the 'Eminent Churchman'; but I suppose he wants a living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against 'Cain.' The same outcry was raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

"I have got ———'s pretended reply, to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done, is to call him out. The question is, would he come? For, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose. You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you. I apply to you as one well versed in the duello or *Monomachie*. Of course, I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner, having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

"By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says two thousand pounds, but supposing it to be only one, or even one hundred, still they be moneys, and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I. They say that 'knowledge is power,'—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant 'money.' and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the

Athenian world. The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortex's) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look-out a-head. As my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's stone, or at least his *touchstone*, you will doubt me the less when I pronounce my firm belief that *cash is virtue*. I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure, my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to ———, and fifty pounds' worth of furniture which I have bought him, and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

"But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS., or any lawful means whatever. I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments, from the awards of my arbitrators. I recommend to you the notice in Mr Hanson's letter, on the demand of moneys for the Rochdale toll. Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship. Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS., (no matter what;) and, in short, 'Rem, quocunque modo, Rem!' The noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

"Yours ever and truly,

"NOEL BYRON."

"Genoa, November, 1822.

"My Dear ————I have finished the twelfth canto of Don Juan, which I will forward when copied. With the sixth, seventh, and eighth in one volume, and the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth in another, the whole may form two volumes, of about the same size as the two former. There are some good things in them, as perhaps may be allowed. Perhaps one volume had better be published with one publisher, and the other with another; it would be a new experiment: or one in one month, and another in the next, or both at once. What thinkest thou? Murray, long after the 'piracies,' offered me a thousand pounds (guineas) a-canto for as many as I might choose to write. He has since departed from this proposal, for it was too much, and I would not take advantage of it. You must, however, use your own judgment with regard to the MSS., and let me know what you propose; presuming always—what may at least be but a presumption—that the seven new cantos are, on the whole, equal to the five former. Suppose Hunt, or somebody else, were to publish one canto a-week, upon the same size and paper, to correspond with the various former editions? but this is merely as a vision, and may be very foolish, for aught I know. I have read the defence of Cain, which is very good; who can be the author? As to myself, I shall not be deterred by any outcry; your present public hate me, but they shall not interrupt the march of my mind, nor prevent me from telling those who are attempting to trample on all thought, that their thrones shall yet be rocked to their foundations. It is Madame de Stael who says, 'that all talent has a propensity to attack the strong.' I have never flattered—whether it be or not a proof of talent.

"I have just seen the illustrious ———, who came to visit me here. I had not seen him these ten years. He had a black wig, and has been made a knight for writing against the Queen. He wants a diplomatic situation, and seems likely to want it. He found me thinner even than in 1813; for since my late illness at Lerici, in my way here, I have subsided into my more meagre outline, and am obliged to be very abstinent, by medical advice, on account of liver and what not. But to the point, or, at least, my point, in mentioning this new chevalier. Ten years ago I lent him a thousand pounds, on condition that he would not go to the Jews. Now, as Mr ——— is a purchaser of bonds, will he purchase this of me? or will any body else, at a discount?

"I have been invited by the Americans on board of their squadron here, and received with the greatest kindness, and rather too much ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture to an American artist now in Florence. As I was preparing to depart, an American lady took a rose which I wore from me, and said that she wished to send something which I had about me to America. They showed me two American editions of my poems, and all kinds of attention and good-will. I also hear that, as an author, I am in high request in Germany. All this is some compensation for the desertion of the English. Would you write a German line to Goethe for me, explaining the omission

of the dedication to 'Sardanapalus,' by the fault of the publisher, and asking his permission to prefix it to the forthcoming volume of *Werrier* and the *Mystery*?

"Are you quite well yet? I hope so. I am selling two more horses, and dismissing two superfluous servants. My horses now amount to *four*, instead of *nine*; and I have arranged my establishment on the same footing. So you perceive that I am in earnest in my frugalities.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"NOEL BYRON."

Of the prose tales in this volume, the three by Mrs Shelley, the authoress of *Frankenstein*, appear to us the best. Theodore Hooke has contributed rather a dull and commonplace story, called "The Bride;" the author of "Granby" an amusing "Dialogue for the year 2130;" whilst Lord Normanby, the authors of the "O'Hara Tales," "Anastasia," the "Hungarian Tales," and "Hajji Baba," have all supplied respectable stories. We prefer selecting, as a specimen, one of Mrs Shelley's, which has the advantage of being at once short and prettily told:

#### THE FALSE RHYME.

*By the Author of "Frankenstein."*

"Come, tell me where the maid is found  
Whose heart can love without deceit?  
And I will range the world around  
To sigh one moment at her feet."

THOMAS MOORE.

"On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, Queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy; and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favourite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary: her only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him. She entered his apartment: he was standing at the easement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As Queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the Queen, "which crime do you check? I must see the same."

"It is treason," replied the King; "and, therefore, sweet sister, thou mayest not see it."

"This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued: Francis at last yielded: he threw himself on a huge high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired his libel against all womankind.

"What have we here?" cried Margaret: "nay, this is *l'écume-majesté*—"

"Souvent femme varie,  
Bien fou qui s'y fie!"

Very little change would greatly amend your couplet:—  
Would it not run better thus?

"Souvent homme varie,  
Bien folle qui s'y fie!"

I could tell you twenty stories of man's inconstancy."

"I will be content with one true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis dryly; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft Mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one noble and well-reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie de Lagny?" asked the King.

"This was a sore subject for the Queen. Emilie had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honour. She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings but little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year after of traitorously yielding to the Emperor a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie seemed inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering, on her return from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared; and enquiry only divulged the disgraceful

fact, that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page Robinet Leroux. It was whispered, that during their journey the lady and the stripling often occupied one chamber; and Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favourite.

"Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless; even going so far as to boast, that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis, laughing.

"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret: "If I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto, to my shame, to my grave; if I win—"

"I will break my window, and grant thee whatever boon thou askest."

"The result of this bet was long sung by troubadour and minstrel. The Queen employed a hundred emissaries—published rewards for any intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word. On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined, sought an audience of the Queen; he brought her a message from the knights to say, that if the Lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good-humour, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the Imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the dispatches, as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The King loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his visor, or declaring his name.

"That same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee; and the beautiful Queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in; his frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair, then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant. 'We have treason here,' cried the King: 'Sir Jailor, where is your prisoner?'

"Sire, blame him not," said the soft, faltering voice of Emilie, "wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him. I assumed his chains—he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire—he joined your army: the young and gallant cavalier who delivered the dispatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honours and reward, is my own Enguerrand de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady, the queen. Has she not won her bet? And the boon she asks—"

"Is De Lagny's pardon," said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king: "Spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth."

"Francis first broke the false-speaking window, then he raised the ladies from their supplicatory posture.

"In the tournament given to celebrate this 'Triumph of Ladies,' the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, type as they were of truest affection, than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival!"

In the poetical department, the *Keepsake* for 1830 is not so good as that for 1829, and is decidedly inferior to the *Souvenir*. The editor, Mr Mansel Reynolds, has wisely excluded any of his own verses; but he seems moreover to be an indifferent judge of poetry, and he has, besides, been evidently anxious to have as many titled names as possible in his list of contributors, which was, of itself, enough to knock the poetry of his book on the head. Lords Porchester, Holland, Morpeth, and Nugent, and *Messieurs* the Honourable George Agar Ellis, Charles Phipps, and Henry Liddell, may keep, for aught we know to the contrary, excellent French cooks, and be the most desirable acquaintances in the world; but Mr Mansel Reynolds has committed a grievous fault in af-

lowing either himself or them to be seduced into the belief that they can write poetry. In the *Keepsake* for 1829, Coleridge has a splendid poem; in the *Keepsake* for 1830, he has a silly extempore song of six lines. It was scarcely, however, to be expected that the poetry would be equal to the prose, which, as we have already said, is of a very superior order, and will, along with the embellishments, carry the *Keepsake* over all Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, and America.

*Antiquities of the Jews, carefully compiled from Authentic Sources, and their Customs illustrated from Modern Travels.* By William Brown, D. D. Eskdalemuir. 2d Edition. Waugh and Innes. Edinburgh. 1829. 2 vols. 8vo. Pp. 622 and 686.

A KNOWLEDGE of antiquities is essential to an understanding of national literature. The latter, without the former, is an enigma without the key—a series of references, without the objects and circumstances referred to. Who can read Burns with understanding, without being acquainted with the habits and manners, with the “antiquities,” of the people whose sentiments he expresses? But if this hold true in a living, it is doubly certain in a dead language, or in one, at least, which is dead to the reader. The literature of Greece and Rome can only be made intelligible by a careful and a constant reference to their antiquities. In other words, ere one can understand and feel the import of Livy or Horace, he must have been dipped in the Tiber—he must have been conveyed to Rome, and having unwoven the web of time several centuries back, he must see as the Romans *then* saw, know what the Romans *then* knew, and, what is the most difficult, but most important point of all, he must feel as the Romans *then* felt. “Omne tulit punctum,” says Horace. “He every point hath made to meet,” says his translator, without touching at all upon the *idea* suggested. Before this little sentence can be apprehended, the reader must take a walk into the “Campus Martius,” be present at a meeting of the people by centuries, and observe the scribe or clerk as he dots every vote of every century in his book of reference. “I to the hills will lift mine eyes,” says or sings the Presbyterian worshipper; and he adds to his strain,

“The moon by night thee shall not smite,  
Nor yet the sun by day;”

but before he can fully and feelingly apprehend the meaning of these lines, he must be removed, in imagination, at least, to Judaea, and under *her* day and *her* night, *her* mountain-land, apprehend the expressions made use of. “The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.” So says the prophet Isaiah; and ere his language can be felt in all its force and beauty, the reader must be transported from the west to the east—from the nineteenth century *after*, to the nineteenth century *before*, the Christian era; and must perceive, that to make way for the march of an earthly potentate—a Semiramis or Xerxes—precipices are dug down and hollows filled up, mountains are levelled, and forests and brushwood cleared away. The study, then, of antiquities is, in fact, the study of the people, in all their bearings upon our common nature, in all their modifications under climate, territory, civil institutions, and domestic interests. This knowledge being once acquired, history flows on in an uninterrupted stream, with its motives and events, and poetry possesses the power of deriving interest from a thousand fountains which would otherwise be sealed.

The antiquities of the Jews possess a claim upon our attention of a decidedly superior cast. The authenticity of the more ancient records, the character and bearing

of the people at present, the connexion which their history and literature have with our hopes and fears, our comfort here and our happiness hereafter, together with the more ordinary considerations of an interesting development of human character—all these considerations bear directly and immediately upon the general reader and the devoted Christian; but when professional considerations are taken into account, and an order of men is referred to, whose duty it is to make their fellow-men acquainted with the full import and force of the ancient Jewish writings, it is then that a consideration of high import becomes one of cogency and downright necessity. Were, then, the study of Jewish antiquities really a task rather than a delight, a toil rather than a pleasure, yet still it is a study incumbent upon Christians in general, and doubly so upon ministers in particular; but when the “omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,” above referred to, is taken into account—and we are assured that a more fascinating, as well as improving study, cannot be pointed out—it is then that the inducement is fully vindicated, and we are called upon to recognise, with gratitude and affection, every pen whose aim is to facilitate our acquaintance with so sacred and so elevating a subject.

Under these impressions we approach these two bulky volumes, containing a mass of information and illustration never before brought together, and couched in language the most simple and unassuming possible. It is indeed refreshing and worthy of remark, to observe a country clergyman, in the retirements of a remote and pastoral district, and amidst the useful and successful discharge of every-day duties, still finding leisure and books for the conducting, to a most creditable termination, a work of many years of labour. We are not unacquainted with the features and character of Eskdalemuir, or of that “master spirit” by which its peculiar features are so correctly perceived and felt; nor can we deny ourselves the gratification of thinking that we do, in some degree, appreciate the delight which must have accompanied the study of such a subject in such a spot. Judaea, with its mountains and floods—its precipices, decayed walls, and mighty impressions of the divine hand—may be imagined, without any violence of fancy, out of those towering ridges and rushing streams—those green passes, in particular, and artificial ramparts, which bespeak the power and glory of a people, the marks of whose presence fifteen hundred years have been unable to obliterate. And we look, not without some glimmering of hope, to the same industry and discrimination which have produced this useful work, for a treatise on “Roman Antiquities in Scotland”—a task for which our author's previous studies, his local position, as well as his acquired knowledge, eminently fit him.

From a work of upwards of twelve hundred large and closely-printed octavo pages, it would be inexpedient in a Journal of this character, to attempt extracts. Even an enumeration of the various and well-arranged contents is beyond our limits; but we must say, that the latter portion, containing “the Customs of the Jews,” is peculiarly deserving of attention. In this part, the author has been at great pains, and is exceedingly successful, to illustrate and corroborate the notices of antiquity by those of modern travellers. Hesiod, Homer, Thucydides, and Herodotus, amongst the ancients, flanked by an innumerable list of modern names, come beautifully in corroboration of Isaiah, David, and Solomon. Were we disposed to cavil, we might perhaps find materials in vol. ii. p. 31, where the influence of *Astarte*, the Queen of Heaven, on the weather and the *Tides*, is said to have induced the *Canaanites* to pay her homage; as well as in the fanciful lucubrations from page 412; and in the author's making the upper side of the lower millstone concave, whilst the lower side of the upper was convex—p. 641. But we have no taste for picking chaff from well-cleaned grain—“Ubi plurima nitent, haud ego,” &c. We can most conscientiously recommend Dr Brown's work, as containing what it

pretends to contain—"The Antiquities of the Jews, carefully compiled from authentic sources, and illustrated from modern travels."

*Stories of Waterloo, and other Tales.* Three volumes. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley.

We have read this book with very great pleasure. We were at first rather prejudiced against it by the title, which appeared to us too much of the clap-trap order; but, if it be so, it is not because the author needs to trust for success to any such aid. He is a man of talent;—he has a vivid fancy, a strong perception of character, an excellent stock of humour, and the power of grasping vigorously graver and more passionate themes. We should imagine that this is his first book, for there is a freshness about it, and, in some things, an unpruned exuberance, which to us are particularly agreeable, considering the fashion so prevalent now-a-days of writing novels by steam, or some sort of machinery. We guess him to be an Irishman, for the scene of the greater number of his stories is laid in Ireland. The connecting thread upon which they are strung is ingeniously enough contrived. We are introduced to the 28th regiment, which is quartered, in the year 1815, in an Irish county, south of the Shannon. We become acquainted with the officers, and they tell us their own adventures and stories, which of course vary in their nature according to the character of the narrator. The interval between these stories is filled up with the proceedings of the regiment, which, on the return of Bonaparte from Elba, is ordered to Belgium, and conducts itself gallantly at the battle of Waterloo, of which a spirited account and many interesting anecdotes are given. What we like about our author is, that his imagination never flags, and that, though his *Tales* are numerous, there is no tameness or monotony in them. The first volume contains—My own Adventure—the Detachment—the Adventure of the Captain of Grenadiers—the Route—the Outlaw's Story—the March—Sarsfield—Frank Kennedy—and the Story of Colonel Hilson. Of these some are remarkable for the breadth and raciness of their humour, such as the story of "Frank Kennedy," in which there are several scenes worthy of Fielding, and which might be transferred to the stage with immense effect. And the others are no less remarkable for power and pathos, such, in particular, as "Sarsfield" and "The Story of Colonel Hilson." In the second and third volumes we have some excellent descriptive writing, such as the account of "Napoleon's Return," "The Champs de Mai," and the Battles of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, together with more stories equally strongly marked, whether of a light or serious cast, as those to which we have already alluded. Our especial favourites are, "Maurice MacCarthy" and "Stephen Purcell," both of which are full of thrilling interest; and we do not indeed know any others in the language of the same length which surpass them in strong dramatic power.

The short extract or two, which is all that our space enables us to give, will do no justice to these volumes. They may succeed, however, in conveying to the reader some idea of the author's humour, which, however, is only an inferior part of his talents. The shortest story we can find will best suit our purpose. It is entitled,

THE LITTLE MAJOR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.—"You must know, when I was in the 15th Light Dragoons, I was quartered in Canterbury; and having got some introductory letters, I contrived to make out a pleasant time enough. One of my visiting-houses was old Tronson's, the banker's—devilish agreeable family—four pretty girls—all flirted—painted on velvet—played the harp—sang Italian, and danced as if they had been brought up under D'Egville, in the *corps de ballet*. The old boy kept a man cook, and gave us French Champagne. Now, you know there is no standing this; and Harriette, the second of the beauties, and I agreed to fall in love, which, in due course of time, we effected. Nothing could be better managed than the whole affair. We each selected a confidant, sat for our pictures, inter-

changed them with a passionate note, and made a regular engagement for ever.

"Such was the state of things when the route came; and my troop was ordered to embark for Portugal. Heavens! what a commotion! Harriette was in hysterics; we talked of an elopement, and discussed the propriety of going to Greta; but the d—d hurry to embark prevented us. I could not, you know, take her with me. Woman in a transport! a devilish bore; and nothing was left for it but to exchange vows of eternal fidelity. We did so, and parted—both persuaded that our hearts were reciprocally broken.

"Ah, Mac if you knew what I suffered night and day! Her picture rested in my bosom; and I consumed a pipe of wine in toasting her health, while I was dying of damp and rheumatism. But the recollection of my constant Harriette supported me through all, and particularly so when I was cheered by the report of the snub-nosed surgeon who joined us six months after at Santarem, and assured me, on the faith of a physician, that the dear girl was in the last stage of a consumption.

"Two years passed away, and we were ordered home. O Heavens! what were my feelings when I landed at Portsmouth! I threw myself into a carriage, and started with four horses for Canterbury; I arrived there with a safe neck, and lost not a moment in announcing my return to my constant Harriette.

"The delay of the messenger seemed an eternity; but what were my feelings, when he brought me a perfumed note (to do her justice, she always wrote on lovely letter-paper) and a parcel! The one contained congratulations on my safe arrival, accompanied by assurances of unfeigned regret that I had not reached Canterbury a day sooner, and thus allowed her an opportunity of having her 'dear friend Captain Melcomb' present at her wedding; while the packet was a large assortment of French kid-skins and white ribbon.

"That blessed morning she had bestowed her fair hand on a fat professor of theology from Brazen Nose, who had been just presented to a rich prebend by the bishop, for having proved, beyond a controversy, the divine origin of tithes, in a blue-bound pamphlet. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, a travelling carriage brought me to the window, and, quickly as it passed, I had full time to see *ma belle Harriette* seated beside the thick-winded dignitary. She bowed her white Spanish hat, and six ostrich feathers to me as she rolled off,—to spend, as the papers informed me, 'the honey-moon at the Lakes of Cumberland.' There was a blessed return for two years' exposure to the attacks of rheumatism and French cavalry!"—Vol. II. pp. 43—6.

To this we shall add just one other passage of an equally lively kind:

A RIVAL.—"So far this gallant captain was particularly pleasant; but my horror was inconceivable, when, after a prolonged visit, he entreated with evident embarrassment, to be permitted to speak a few words to Miss Mervyn in the next room. I instantly started on my feet, grasped the general's cane, and, in a sort of frenzy, left the drawing-room, hastened to the shrubbery, and there threw myself on a bench.

"What the devil did the fellow want with Lucy? What else, but to make her an unconnected speech, and an offer of his hand and fortune. Was ever man so miserable as I? Lucy, the only woman that for ten years I could look upon without aversion, that she should be selected by this infernal Lancer! In another week, I might have come to the desperate resolution of asking her to marry, and have succeeded; but this whiskered swordsman would be my ruin. Again I forswore the sex—determined to be off for Galway—rose to order post horses—sat down again, and passed a miserable half hour, till I heard the wheels of that execrable tandem crossing the gravel like a whirlwind.

"Suspense was not endurable. I approached the house, and entered the drawing-room. Lucy was not there. I tried the library—equally unfortunate. I examined the green-house—no Lucy. The dressing-bell rang—the dinner peal succeeded—and Lucy entered the apartment by one door, as the servant announced dinner at another.

"A burning blush dyed her cheek, as her eyes encountered mine. 'All is over!' I mentally ejaculated; and none but the d—d need envy the feelings that conviction carried with it.

"Would I have soup? No.—Fowl? Same reply. Dinner passed—neither ate. She was confused—I miserable;—the doer was laid, and the servants left us.

"A pause—a painful pause of several minutes succeeded. I coughed:—'Captain Hardyman'—and the name came forth as reluctantly as a miser's donative.—'Captain Hardyman is a pleasant kind of—hem!—sort of—' Lucy bowed assent:—'Agreeable conversation—hem! I mean that, before I left the room—' Lucy blushed:—'Suppose, in *tête-à-tête*, the Captain equally entertaining;—a deeper blush.—'Beg pardon—don't wish to be inquisitive.'"

"Poor Lucy appeared struggling to get words.—'Captain Hardyman's request must have appeared very odd; but—' and another blush, and more confusion. At length she managed to inform me that Captain Hardyman had offered his hand, and that she had declined the honour.—Reader! the sequel shall be short;—I forgot wrist, foot, and finger, and found myself muttering something about 'unspeakable misery and eternal love.'—Vol. I. pp. 25–7.

As we have already said, however, it is in the more serious tales that the author's abilities are fully developed, and these we sincerely recommend to the perusal of all admirers of fictitious writing. We shall be glad to hear soon that the author, encouraged by the success of this work, is again in the press; and we hope, for his own sake, that he will not think it necessary to conceal his name from us much longer.

*The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany. No. VIII. September, 1829. London. Black, Young, and Young.*

We have had occasion to speak favourably of the earlier Numbers of this journal, and hope to be called upon to praise those that are to come; but, to be candid, the present one is very indifferent. There is not one of the articles of which we can say that it is marked either by vigour of style and thought, or by thorough acquaintance with the subject it pretenses to treat: and there is one in particular—the review of Bourrienne's *Memoirs*—against which we have a graver charge to bring. That the character of the late Emperor of France should have been misapprehended in this country, while a war almost of extermination was waging betwixt us, was natural and pardonable. But, now that our passions have had time to cool—that the grave has closed over that extraordinary man—that his actions have for years been freely and keenly canvassed by friend and foe, there is no excuse for him who wilfully abides in error. We are not among the indiscriminate worshippers of Napoleon,—we can see dark specks even in the blaze of his brightness,—nay, looking upon his fate in a political point of view, we can acknowledge the necessity of allowing the imprisoned eagle to fret out his existence pecking at the bars of his cage, although we cannot so far pervert our feelings as not to feel sorrow at the sight. But, at the same time, we hold it established, that he was the greatest general the world has seen,—that he had a mind alike penetrating and comprehensive,—that, compared with others whose lot it has been to rule the destinies of mankind, he possessed a fair proportion of the milk of human kindness,—and that, in as far as his own country was concerned, it was he who, out of the discordant chaos into which all parts of the social structure had been cast by the Revolution, re-constructed a permanent and efficacious government. Conscientiously believing, nevertheless, that the endurance of his power, adorned as it was with all these dazzling qualities, would have been prejudicial to the wider interests of Europe, we can rejoice that our cause has triumphed; but we should despise ourselves for ever were we capable of nothing but ungenerous exultation over the fall of such an enemy. It was, therefore, with feelings of the most unqualified disgust that we perused the above-mentioned article. The reviewer premises that he expects the public to be astonished at his opinion of Napoleon; but to a man like him—we wonder who he is—"the astonishment of thoughtlessness, and the sneer of conceit, signify little." He then proceeds to tell us, in good set phrase, that "Napoleon's mind was not the mind

of a great man,"—that "Napoleon Bonaparte had, from his earliest years, determined on a career of infamy,"—that, "in no relation of life, was Napoleon incontinent from baseness,"—that "he was no statesman,"—that "he lacked personal courage,"—that "there was not one particle of patriotism in the gross composition of Napoleon's heart,"—that, "in every condition of life, he manifested the unworthy passion of the miser and the beggar—a love for money." What can be said of nonsense such as this, but that its writer is not only destitute of all feeling of what is great, but even of that petty prudence which teaches a man to be silent when things beyond his comprehension are spoken of? For such a creature, we cannot feel anger, but simple contempt. We regard him as we might a poor snail, that leaves its slimy track on some corner of the grave-stone of the mighty dead of St Helena. Sincerely, however, do we advise the conductors of the *Foreign Review* to let such a contributor drop out of their establishment as speedily as possible. We do not object to toads and similar unclean animals when preserved in spirits and carefully corked up, on the shelves of a museum, but we dislike to see them sprawling upon our tables.

Another fault in the present Number is its small sparing with the *Foreign Quarterly*. The editor may believe us, that there is bad taste and worse policy in this. The good-natured public will not fail to infer that the first of these publications which recommences hostilities, does so because it feels the other getting a-head of it.

The article which we have read with most pleasure is that on Italian comedy, notwithstanding it is the one in which the last-mentioned sin is perpetrated. It contains interesting information on a subject little known in this country. Still, it leaves much to be done. We must also beg leave to dissent from the reviewer when he prefers the tame respectability of Goldoni, to the fantastic but genial originality of Gozzi. The utmost ambition of the former was to introduce the comedy of Molière upon the Venetian stage. He copied his characters, it is true, from nature, but he first learned to look upon nature through a glass which he got from the French dramatist. He was an imitator—an ingenious one, doubtless, and by no means servile—but still an imitator, and full of the coldness and stiffness inseparable from the character. The genius of Gozzi, on the contrary, was self-illuminated,—the fuel that fed its flame was native produce. The writer of the review himself bears testimony to the high talents of some of the performers in the improvisatore style of comedy, upon which Gozzi reared his dramatic structures. Had he looked to the annals of Roman theatricals, he would have found yet more brilliant specimens of the "*Commedia a soggetto*." Gozzi, a man of kindred warmth of feeling, with more extensive knowledge, and more powerful intellect, gave to the rank exuberance of their humour a permanent form. His dramatic world is as extravagant as the Carnival of his own sea-born city. The Emperor of China appears with Harlequin or Pantaloon for a prime minister. The loveliest forms are paired with the most grotesque caricatures. The most beautiful poetry springs from the meanest incident, like a rich moss-rose growing in a cracked flower-pot, or fades into it as the purple clouds of sunset grow grey again with the advance of night. But fantastic as these creatures appear when measured by the standard of reasonable society, they are the products of a master mind, and have a law and a unity of their own. The genius of the author shines every moment over his grotesque creations—it darts its sympathizing or satirical remarks through the whole body of society, sparing neither high nor low, the most sacred nor the most vulgar. Its poetry is warm as the climate, impetuous as the hot blood of her sons. The cause why the bright promise of this new and strictly Italian style of drama has not been fulfilled, lies in the premature dotage into which the nation has fallen. As with people who labour under a temporary derangement,

she has been intrusted to the guardianship of a neighbour; and, in order to make the parallel complete, her kind friends who have undertaken the charge, are employing all the means in their power to render the disease permanent, and thus to secure for themselves the unchallenged administration of her property. It is the way of the world.

*The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick.* Edited by his friend, Henry Vernon. Volume Second. 8vo. Pp. 314. London. James Ridgway, Piccadilly. 1829.

THE first volume of this book was, it seems, favourably received by all our periodical critics, with the single exception of the *London Magazine*. Its praise was far from being sufficiently rapturous to satisfy the author, and he felt himself in the very unpleasant dilemma, in as far as regarded that Magazine, of having no great cause of complaint, but at the same time nothing for which to be thankful. Thus, at least, we translate his suppressed grumbling at the coldness of his judges, and the quantity of their advice, and the eagerness with which he stands up to a sparring match with the above-named dissenting reviewer. This (whatever people may think of it) is all very natural. Young authors have uniformly a craving for excitement; lavish encomium is the kind which is most grateful to them—and failing it, the only welcome alternative is downright abuse, which entitles them to betake themselves to that most delightful of all employments—the *retert us-courteous*. Were we inclined at present to sermonise, we might demonstrate, with the aid of a thousand pithy instances, that this seeming contradiction is, in all stages of society, the predominant feature in the characters of men whom heaven has gifted with an imagination more lively than common. The knights of old were continually either fighting or kissing their mistresses; and we honestly confess that we prefer, at any time, a regular quarrel with an old friend, to a heartless relapse into indifference.

*Revenons à nos moutons*—although we suspect that Wilmot Warwick or Henry Vernon, or (as the lawyers say in their concise phraseology) “one or other, or both of them,” is, like Coriolanus, scarcely a *mouton*, but one of those pugnacious lambs which *has* like bears. Once for all, however, we would advise our young friend to leave tilting with the critics, except in the extreme case when some dirty fellow becomes personal and abusive. That critics contradict each other, we allow; but “so many men, so many minds,” and the author is not expected, like the old man and his son with their ass, to take the advice of all of them. There are, too, (this, however, we speak in the strictest confidence,) some unutterable blockheads in the brotherhood; but “bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him.” Once more, *revenons à nos moutons*.

The author of this book is evidently a man of strong mind and right feeling—one who dares to think for himself, and not unfrequently expresses himself both with vigour and originality. Yet, as a story-teller, (and by far the greater portion of the volume consists of narrative,) he has a great fault—he is, like honest Dogberry, in the fulness of his heart willing to bestow all his tediousness upon us. He sets about his tale in such a lumbering way, that we have sometimes been apt, from the length of the road, to lose all desire to get to the end. The first story, the Monk of Benvenuto, is the least liable to this objection, and exhibits occasional bursts of power. At the end, however, it is too hastily and unsatisfactorily botched up. It is very true, as the author says, that explanations come lamely in at the end of a story; but the answer to this is, that he should not have left them to the end. “The Three Brothers” is tiresome; the story is too apparently got up for the sake of a moral, in itself neither very recondite nor novel. The three sketches entitled “The Boarding-house,” “Death and the Grave,”

and “The Will,” are the most to our taste in the volume. The light sketches of character are happy, and the sentiments inculcated such as we entirely approve of. “Julia,” with its Introduction, and “Sternherst,” are irreproachable in their tendency; but they trespass upon ticklish ground, which would be more safely avoided by the writer whose first object is amusement.

*The Iris: a Literary and Religious Offering.* Edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A. London. Sampson Low, and Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1830. 12mo, pp. 332.

THIS is an Annual of decidedly a religious cast; but it is one, at the same time, well entitled to attention from all classes. The contents, whether in prose or verse, without being brilliant, are highly respectable. The Editor's poetical contributions, which are all of a sacred character, are numerous and good; and he is, in this department, well supported by Mrs Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Alaric Watts, Thomas Pringle, S. C. Hall, and others. Among the most interesting of the prose articles are a paper on the “Character of Nicodemus,” by the late Bishop Heber,—the “Aymstrie Night Bell,” and the “Bath of Isis,” by the Rev. E. Baines,—and “Luke O'Brian,” a tale, by Mrs S. C. Hall. The embellishments are entirely upon sacred subjects, and from ancient masters. This is a novel and interesting feature. It is a delightful thing to see the works of such men as Murillo, Carlo Dolce, Claude, Leonardo Da Vinci, and Ludovico Carracci, well engraved, and ministering to so laudable a purpose as that which the *Iris* is intended to serve. In some instances, the engraving might have been better executed; but in all, the genius of a great painter is distinctly visible. Our chief favourites are Murillo's “Madonna and Child,” Claude's “Flight into Egypt,” Carracci's “Incredulity of St Thomas,” and Carlo Dolce's “Magdalen.” The “Christ raising Lazarus” is either a very poor painting originally, or has been spoiled by the engraver. We do not quote from the *Iris*, not because we could not easily select articles well deserving of the honour, but because it would be an endless task were we to attempt to transfer to our pages the beauties of every Annual.

*The Comic Annual, for 1830.* Edited by Thomas Hood. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

MR HOOD has written almost the whole of this Annual himself, and it is quite an olla-podrida of “whims and oddities.” We have as yet seen only some of the sheets, and abstain from speaking of its literary contents till we have the whole before us. Instead of splendid engravings, George Cruikshank has enriched the volume with upwards of a hundred of his clever and amusing caricatures. They are done in a light and sketchy style, and are, of course, not all of equal merit, but some of them are exceedingly humorous. Among others, we may mention the following, which will convey a pretty good idea of the whole:—I. “A Party of Pleasure,” a wherry turned upside down in the water, with three men and a child clinging like grim death to the keel, their countenances and attitudes expressive of the most dreadful consternation, and in fine contrast with the name of the wherry, which, as appears by the letters painted on the inverted stern, is “The Delight.” II. “Emigration—Meeting a Settler,” a native, evidently, of the Emerald Isle, going out to his morning work with a spade in his hand, somewhere probably in Van Diemen's Land, and coming all at once plump upon an immense lion, who looks at him with that grim expression of countenance which seems to imply that it would have been wiser had the emigrant never left Ireland,—a settler with a vengeance! III. “A Bumper at Parting,” a stage-coach setting off from the court-yard of an inn, and passing under the covered way, against which the heads of the outside passengers

are unexpectedly bumped with most execrable violence, the destination of the coach, as indicated by the writing on the panels, very naturally being *Holyhead*. IV. "Rocket-time at Vauxhall—A Prominent Feature," an endless multitude of faces, both young and old, turned up towards the skies in pursuit of the flight of a rocket, and consequently scarcely a feature of any countenance visible but the nose, of which there appear to be an infinite variety in interminable perspective. V. "A Nursery-maid accustomed to the care of Children," a person of this description busily engaged in a tender *tête-à-tête* with an amorous swain on the banks of a river, while all that is visible of her charge, a nice little boy who had been sailing a boat in the stream, are his legs and feet quivering in the air, while he himself, having tumbled in, is drowning as fast as he can, perfectly unregarded by the amiable nursery-maid "accustomed to the care of children." VI. "Let by-gones be by-gones," a fat gentleman with a portmanteau under his arm, vainly endeavouring to overtake a coach which has set off without him. VII. "A Spent Ball," a family group of fashionably-dressed persons yawning and sleeping in a state of the most perfect exhaustion after the fatigue of the ball and supper they have just been giving to their friends. VIII. "A Constable's Miscellany," a curious collection of queer characters, pick-pockets, drunkards, thieves, and others, under the charge of a constable,—a good pun, and happily executed. The *Comic Annual*, we have no doubt, will be the occasion of many a smile, and perhaps prevent some suicides in the dreary months of November and December.

*The Juvenile Keepsake*. 1830. Edited by Thomas Roscoe. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1830. 12mo, pp. 232.

We have already noticed two Juvenile Annuals—the *New Year's Gift*, and the *Juvenile Forget-me-Not*—both edited by ladies; and we suspect, that in this department of literature, they are more than a match for the lords of the creation. Though the *Juvenile Keepsake* is a very pretty book, we do not think Mr Thomas Roscoe has done so much for it as Mrs Alaric Watts and Mrs S. C. Hall have done for their publications. Neither the embellishments nor the literary matter appear to us to be so judiciously selected as we could have wished. The plates are, on the whole, rather commonplace and uninteresting, and, with a few exceptions, the letter-press is scarcely sufficiently adapted for the amusement of children. Among these exceptions, we must of course include the clever tale, in verse, from the pen of the late Mrs John Hunter, entitled "The Heir of Newton-Buzzard," which was communicated to the Editor by Lady Campbell. We would likewise include the very pleasant tale, from the French of Madame de Genlis, called "The Children's Island." Other articles, too, might easily be mentioned which are above par.

*A Course of the French Language; containing a Dictionary of Pronunciation, and Interlineary Exercises; concluding with an Original Treatise on Punctuation*. By Theodore le Clerc. Edinburgh. A. Stewart. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 430.

We look upon this as a work of great merit. Monsieur le Clerc is well known in Edinburgh as a highly-respectable and successful teacher of the French and Italian languages. The book before us satisfies us, that, with at least the former of these tongues he has a thorough and philosophical acquaintance. His system is founded principally upon the learned grammar of Lemare, and we venture to say, that no similar work has appeared in English in which the genius of the French language may be more successfully studied. The important subject of pronunciation M. le Clerc has placed at once in a novel and simple point of view; whilst, by means of his judiciously selected interlineary exercises, he fixes the rules in the

minds of the pupil, and at the same time presents him with models of all kinds of style. We are glad that a work of this kind should have appeared in Edinburgh, because we think it augurs well of the progress which French education has made among us, and will have the effect of stimulating to still further exertions Monsieur le Clerc's fellow-teachers.

*The Heraldry of Crests, containing upwards of 3500 different Crests, illustrative of those borne by at least 20,000 Families. Accompanied by remarks, Historical and Explanatory, &c. &c.* London. Henry Washbourne. 1829. 12mo.

We believe this to be the best book extant upon British Crests—a branch of the science of Heraldry never held in greater esteem than at present. The volume contains correct engravings not only of the crests borne by every peer and baronet of Great Britain, but by nearly every distinguished family in the kingdom, accompanied by a few historical remarks, a list of terms, and copious indexes of the bearers' names. Our readers are of course well aware, that in heraldry a crest denotes the uppermost part of an armorial bearing, and is a figure placed upon a wreath, coronet, or cap of maintenance, above both helmet and shield. It may be either attached to the coat-of-arms or borne separately, with or without a motto, at the option of the bearer. To the amateur, the artist, and the historian, the Heraldry of Crests is alike interesting; and by them the merit of this handsome volume will be best appreciated.

*The Tower Menagerie; comprising the Natural History of the Animals contained in that Establishment; with Anecdotes of their Character and History. Illustrated with Portraits of each, taken from life, by William Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branston and Wright.* London. Robert Jennings. 1829. 8vo.

This is a very handsome volume. The woodcuts are executed with a great deal of spirit and much more distinctness than usual; and the natural history of the different animals is evidently written by one accurately acquainted with the subject, and in all respects well adapted for the task. Nothing is to be regretted but that the *Tower Menagerie* does not contain more animals, in which case this work, as a system of zoology, would have been more complete.

*The Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science, and Universal Repertory of General Literature. For the Quarter ending at Michaelmas, 1829.* London. H. Flower. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 420.

This is a continuation, under a new name, of the "Extractor," the two first volumes of which we have already had occasion to notice favourably. The editor, having somewhat enlarged his original plan, has thought himself entitled to assume a more sounding name. His selections are as varied and judicious as ever; and, except that he frequently omits to mention the source from which they are taken, we do not know any fault that can be found to them. The work undoubtedly condenses a great mass of information and amusement, and we shall be glad to see it proceed prosperously.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### ANECDOTES OF HIGHLANDERS.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

THE Rev. James M'Queen, one of the ministers of Skye, once told me, that a man of the name of M'Pherson, from the Braes of Lochaber, came to him for the baptism of one of his children. He being a stranger, the minister

enquired his name, connexions, and what parish he had come from; and, in particular, if he had brought a testimonial of his character?

"Huich? A testimoniel? Fat pe she?"

"Why, it is just a written account of the character you have borne; and testified by the minister and elders of the parish."

"Oach, no, Mr M'Queen; she didna brought her."

"But you ought to have done it. What was the reason you did not bring it with you?"

"Because hersell was thoughting she would be as petter without it."

A gentleman of Strathdon said to his maid one night, "Tell Finlay to rise very early to-morrow morning, and go down to Aberdeen for the upholsterer."

"Yes, sir. For the whad did you say, sir?"

"For the upholsterer. He knows him."

"Finlay, you are to rise very early, master says; and you are to call on me to make you a brose, and you are to go down to Aberdeen, and bring home a polsterer."

"A polsterer? What's that?"

"Master says you have seen him, and know what he is like."

"Me seen him? I'll be — if ever I did!"

So, next morning, Finlay comes in to his master very early, with his great-coat and long whip, and says, "Master, must I take a one-horse cart or a two-horse cart for that fulthy bhaist?"

"What beast, you blockhead?"

"Whoy, that viled lubberly bhaist the polsterer."

Mr David Paterson once told me that he saw a black man standing at a door in Glasgow, and a young Highlander from the country, passing by at the time, chanced to cast his eyes on him with a gleam of prodigious interest. Paterson, anticipating some grand sport, drew near, and saw the Highlander come briskly forward, and begin a-feeding the black servant's hands and clothes, muttering to himself all the while, "Aib, Cot a mercy on us all! what is made up for te pawpee here!" At length he began as briskly to handle the Black's face, on which the latter gave him a rude push, and cried, "Stand back, sir!" The young Highlander uttered a loud shriek, and sprung almost to the middle of the street, and then, turning round in utter astonishment, he exclaimed, "Cot's crace! Cot's crace! wha ever saw'd the like of tat? I'll be tamn if I didna thought she was a timber."

The same Mr Paterson once saw another Highlander standing looking at the head of a black man on a tobacconist's sign-board, which head kept constantly moving on springs. Paterson drew near, and began to look with still greater astonishment; on which the Highlander said, "Pray, coot shentlemhan, can you pe telling her if yonter head pelong to one of Cot's crheatures?"

A Highlander from the small isles, who had never been in a church, or heard sermon in his life, came over to a Sacrament on the mainland, and the service being in his native tongue, he paid great attention till the psalm was given out, for he had missed the first one. When the precentor fell a-bawling out, Donald could not comprehend that, and called to some to stop him; but how was he astounded, when the whole congregation fell a-gaping and bawling with all their energy! Donald, conceiving it altogether a fit of madness, of which the precentor was the primary cause, bustled up to him, and gave him a blow on the side of the head, till the book dropped from his hand. "What do you mean, sir?" said the clerk. "Humph! pe you taking tat," said Donald; "for you was te pekinner of tis tamn toohoo!"

An elderly man, from the Braes of Athol, who had never seen either a ship or sea in his life, once chanced

to be crossing from Kinghorn to Leith on a very stormy day, and as the vessel heeled terribly, he ran to the cords and held down with his whole vigour to keep her from upsetting. "For te sake of our livers, shentles, come and hold town!" cried he; "er, if you will nhot pe helping mhe, I'll lhit you all go to the bhotom in one mhement. And you ploughman tere, cannot you kheep te howe of te furr, and no gang ower te crown of te righgs awaw? Heich?" The steersman at this laughing aloud, the Highlander was irritated, and with one of the levers he ran and knocked him down. "Nhow! laugh you nhow?" said he; "and you weel deserve it all, for it was you who put her so mhad, kittling her thail with tat pin."

About thirty years ago, I first visited the Spital of Glenshee, and at that time I never had seen a greater curiosity than the place of worship there. It is a chapel of ease belonging to a parish called Kirkmichael, is built with stone and lime, and the roof is flagged with slate. The door was locked, but both the windows were wide open, without either glass or frame, so that one stepped as easily in at the windows as at the door. There were no seats, but here and there a big stone placed, and, as things of great luxury, there were two or three sticks laid from one of these to another. The floor was literally paved with human bones, and I saw that the dogs had gnawed the ends of many of them by way of amusing themselves in the time of worship. There were also hundreds of human teeth, while in the north-west corner of the chapel there was an open grave, which had stood so for nearly three months. It had been made in the preceding December for a young man who had died in the Braes of Angus, but it came on such a terrible storm that they could not bring the corpse, so they buried him where he was, and left this grave standing ready for the next. When the service was ended, the minister gathered the collection for the poor on the green, in the crown of his hat, and neither men nor women thought of dispersing, but stood in clubs about the chapel, conversing, some of them for upwards of an hour. I have seen many people who appeared to pay more attention to the service, but I never saw any who appeared to enjoy the crack after sermon so much.

I once came to a parish in the west of Ross-shire, in which both the manse and church were thatched with heather, of which the following pleasant anecdote was related to me. It had always been customary there to fine persons guilty of what is fashionably termed a *faux pas*, five groats and a burden of heather. The money went to the support of the poor, and the heather to keep the manse and kirk in thatch, and both were so liberally supplied that the minister unadvisedly doubled the fine. From that day forth there was never one groat more came in to the support of the poor, and the church and manse were both tired to the bare ribs. At length one Sunday, after sermon, the parish beadle made this memorable proclamation:—

"Ho yes! Tis pe to give notice to all concerned, tat from tis tay forth to te end of te world, tere will pe in tis place te coot ould cluch at te coot ould price, te five croat and te purden of heather."

In a short time the manse and church were as well thatched as ever.

The following genuine Highland proclamation was recited to me by one who heard it, and took a copy on the spot:—

"Ho yesh! And a two time, Ho yesh! And a tree time, Ho yesh! Tid ony pody saw a lhitte grey kirsaggle? He was ever te prig of Tes six tays before te mhorn. Wit twa peck of pear mheal; tree peck puffan; tan carched; te score and five squadden, and five hard huishk. If any pody have not sawed him, let them come to my

father's house on the hill of Drumfrahnam, and they will hit their phull for te saiftity of him."

It seems to mean, "Did any person see a little horse, who had crossed the Dee six days ago; on his back three pecks of barley meal, two of pease meal, ten hens, five-and-twenty herrings, and five hard fish." The terms of the reward I do not understand.\*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEAD.

### No. II.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

*By Derwent Conway.*

ANOTHER individual, who is well entitled to be the subject of one of these reminiscences of my boyhood, is Hector Macneil, the well-known Scotch poet, and highly-esteemed author of "Will and Jean, or Scotland's Scalth." What Macneil's personal appearance may have been in the early years to which I shall presently allude, I cannot tell—very different, no doubt, from the figure that now stands before me. My farthest stretch of memory finds him already near the foot of the hill,—and I see him go down—down to his grave. It might be four or five years previous to his death, when I first knew him: his tall and very spare figure was then slightly bent; but less, I think, under the burden of years, than of sorrows; for of these he had his full share. In graving the deep wrinkles that lay upon his hollow cheeks, time had been assisted by anxiety and bitter fancies; and yet, seldom was his countenance seen unenlivened by a smile,—a gleeful, good-humoured smile—not assumed, though little cause had he to smile,—but the offspring of a benevolent mind,—and borrowing, perhaps, some of its radiance from recollections of far-past days, awakened by the hilarity around him. Upon the last day of every year, for some years previous to his death, I regularly met with him at one of those annual meetings of friends and relations, so religiously observed by some. This was a great event in my mind; for it was one of the few occasions upon which I was permitted to go out to dinner; and, being a holiday besides, it was next in importance to New Year's Day, upon which I used to receive a crown to spend as I liked. I distinctly see my mother in her silk gown, and my father with his nicely-powdered hair, and Florentine silk breeches, and silk stockings; and I feel myself in the coach that conveys us; and I see the large blazing fire in the drawing-room, and the ladies seated in a semicircle, and the gentlemen standing in groups talking over the news—and every one impatient for dinner; and then, what a sight to a hungry boy was the groaning table,—the goose—the mince-pie, and the syllabub in that huge crystal dish!

Hector Macneil was always one of the party; and few men enjoyed a good dinner and agreeable society more than he did. I fear, alas! that his table at home was but scantily provided; and that, in his latter days, when he the most needed attention, his company was but little sought; because declining health and poor circumstances had cast a damp over those spirits that, in his earlier days, as I have been told, were wont to "set the table in a roar." But even when I knew him, he was, in company at least, what I would call a jocular old man; an agreeable companion; his conversation sprinkled with anecdote, and moderately seasoned with wit. He then lived up four pair of stairs in James's Square,—not with the comforts around him that his infirmities needed, and his genius merited—and too much neglected by those even who professed to be the patrons of letters. Edinburgh, which has been christened, or which has christened itself, Modern Athens, certainly resembles the ancient city in its too frequent neglect of illustrious citizens. But to

return to the dinner-table. Macneil was always asked for a song, and he always good-humouredly complied; generally breaking forth, with his rough voice and gleeful face, into the well-known Jacobite song, "Whar has you been a' the day, bonnie laddie, Highland laddie." Macneil made several additions and improvements to this song. The last verse is entirely his own composition, and it is assuredly one of the best verses. In the second last verse, the devils eat up the Duke of Cumberland thus:

Then they pat him on a spit  
An' roasted him frae head to feet;  
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,  
An' that's the way they served the Duke.

But Hector Macneil thought, and very justly, that some reason ought to be assigned for using his Royal Highness so ill—no reason having been given throughout the song; and so he added this crowning verse:

The deils themselves could na digest,  
The bloody heart o' this vile beast,—  
Each stomach sickening, loathed it sair,  
FOR A' CULLODEN'S CRIMES WERE THERE.

There are some most admirable points in this verse, though to very delicate ears, it may perhaps seem somewhat coarse. There is, first, the idea of the devils being unable to digest the Duke after they had eaten him: what a morsel must that be which even the very devils loath! Next, we have the *heart* selected, as the part which they were unable to digest—that part, which, in common parlance, is supposed to be the seat of the affections. Then there is the choice of the word *bloody*, which, besides being in agreement with the common notion of a heart, is typical of the blood-thirsty character of the possessor; and lastly, we have in the last line,

For a' Culloden's crimes were there,

a perfect summing-up of the whole story, and a vindication of the proceedings upon the principles of justice; and all this contained in one line of great power, and full of poetry.

I have often, since those days, listened to this song; but never sung with the same effect as Hector Macneil gave to it; peculiarly comic was the expression of his face in singing the line

The deils ne'er saw sic fun before.

Macneil's reputation as a poet, rests mainly upon "Will and Jean," and in some degree upon his songs. His latest poem, "Bygone times and late come changes," is certainly of inferior merit, though it contains many passages of great pith and point. I have heard Macneil sing several of his own songs, which never appeared in print; but I am unable to present the reader with more than a single one of these relics. Macneil was one of a party made to visit Hawthorndean, and after dinner at Roslin, he sang a little ballad, which was greatly admired, but which, he said, was not suited to his hoarse voice; and he afterwards sent a copy of it to a young lady, who sung it in a very pleasing manner. Of the tune I have not the least recollection:—

### SONG.

Come, Jessy, come to the rowan bower,  
When the bonnie sang o' the mavis is ower;  
Come, Jessy, to me, when the sun is takin'  
His nightly rest, and the stars are wakin'.

Lang, lang hae I loo'd ye, though silent I've been,  
But though little ye've heard, oh! muckle ye've seen;  
And maiden, they say, can tell to a tittle,  
Wha loos her weel, and wha loos her little.

When the gloamin is round us, and nane pryin' near,  
I'll whisper saft things in your maidenly ear;  
But a hand link'd in mine, and your breath on my cheek,  
I doubt I'll be blate—for what mair could I seek.

\* The meaning seems to be:—"Let any one who has seen him, come to my father's house, and he will be allowed to eat his fill for the tidings."—Ed.

Yet, come, Jessy, come, my tryst I'll be keepin',  
Wi' the first o' the stars that aboon us is peepin',—  
And, soon come the time, when, in place o' the mirk,  
Our tryst, my dear Jessy, be made in the kirk !

The whole tenor of Macneil's life was altered by one unguarded kiss. He was bred in an extensive mercantile house; and when his apprenticeship was ended, he still continued to reside in his master's family, and by degrees became so valuable an assistant, that there appeared every prospect of his being one day admitted into partnership. His master had married a lady greatly younger than himself, and of extraordinary personal attractions; and young Macneil was upon terms of equal intimacy with the lady as with her husband. It so happened, that upon an evil day, Macneil, who was then scarcely one-and-twenty, was seated upon a garden chair beside the lady while she was reading, and from looking upon the page along with her, his eyes were insensibly withdrawn from it, and fixed upon her face; and, the devil tempting him, as I am bound to believe, he suddenly snatched a kiss. Thus far the story might serve as a counterpart to the story of Rimini; but, unless that "that day they read no more," the resemblance goes no farther. The lady, in virtuous anger, and notwithstanding the protestations of young Macneil that the offence was unpremeditated, acquainted her husband with the audacity of his *protégé*, and the immediate consequence was, the dismissal of Macneil, and a termination to the prospects that were brightening around him. His life was ever afterwards nearly allied to penury; and I have reason to know that he did not leave behind him wherewithal to pay the expenses of his funeral. I was about to finish this reminiscence with the words "Poor Macneil;" but who knows that the pleasure he felt in the composition of "Will and Jean," which, but for that unguarded kiss, might never have been written, did not more than compensate for all the privations he experienced—for many a gloomy solitary hour and sorry dinner?

#### THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

##### AN ANECDOTE.

Or all the mental infirmities of my fellow-beings, there are none that I am less inclined to laugh at, and, in fact, more disposed to respect, than a belief in apparitions and a fear of the supernatural; and one reason is, that although a decided sceptic in those matters, I have never been able entirely to divest myself of the superstitious of my youth; and another, that even at an advanced age, I have been placed in situations, both at home and abroad, where reason,

"That column of true majesty in man,"

has been prostrated, for a time, before what seemed the most appalling realities, and I have experienced all the terrors of my childhood revived with undiminished power—the groundlessness of my fear being only made manifest by some desperate effort of courage, or the most patient subsequent investigation. Despite the march of intellect, rapid as it is, such a belief will always more or less prevail; and I am not sorry that it should; for, besides the poetry of the thing, I have always been of opinion, that it has a beneficial effect at least, if not a religious one, upon the credulous and thoughtless, by impressing upon them, if nothing else will, the absolute certainty of a future state, between which and the present spirits must be considered by them as the messengers and connecting link; and, by consequence, lead them, through their fears, to abstain from many sins in which they might otherwise indulge. Be this as it may, there are many things that occur out of the common course of events, having so much the appearance of the supernatural, that, if not rationally accounted for, will produce the most superstitious effects upon the strongest minds. Out of several instances that have occurred under my own

immediate observation, the following will probably be deemed not uninteresting by the lovers of the mysterious.

Many years ago, I was awakened one night from an unquiet sleep, by a feeling of acute pain, and a disagreeable thrilling throughout my whole frame, with the exception of my forehead, which felt singularly chilly, and as if pressed upon by a dead cold weight. I became strangely alarmed; and remained for several minutes immovable, and at a loss what to think. After several ineffectual attempts to feel whether there was any object of terror near, my hand at length encountered, and fell trembling and powerless upon another hand—a strange, motionless, cold, clammy hand! My flesh crept upon my bones—my hair felt like writhing needles on my head—an icy perspiration started out from every pore of my body. I made a violent attempt to scream; my tongue, however, clove to the roof of my mouth, and, shutting my eyes, I gave myself up to despair. But despair, however it may for a time remain inactive, hath its energies—energies which nothing short of hopelessness can arouse; and mustering my resuscitated powers, I struggled to remove the horrid hand, for I felt it palpably, in all its cold reality, within mine, and, giving a long and piercing shriek, fell exhausted on my pillow and fainted. On coming again to myself, I found my bed surrounded by the whole household, with lights and various weapons of defence; and when, to their hasty enquiries, I shudderingly answered, that a strange and icy hand, the hand of death, was beside me, and had been upon my forehead, an instantaneous roar of laughter burst upon my astonished senses. Starting up, I looked round, and found that a stoppage in the circulation of the blood had deadened my left arm, upon which I had been lying, and that the hand, the awful and mysterious hand that had occasioned all my terror, was my own! W. B. H.

#### THE DRAMA.

We are credibly informed that Braham is upwards of sixty-five, in which case his voice is the next thing to a miracle. In speaking of it, however, we have one difficulty to contend with. For thirty years Braham has by universal consent ranked at the very head of English singers; and if we only put the question,—Is he entitled to this eminence when considered in comparison with others? we shall not hesitate to answer that he is. But another question forces itself upon us, which, we regret to say, we cannot, after the maturest deliberation, answer so satisfactorily. It is this;—granting that Braham is superior to all competitors, is he quite as splendid a singer as it was at all reasonable to expect the last thirty years should have produced in England? To this question we cannot help answering—No,—or, in other words, that we had imagined that the powers of the human voice in some solitary instance, during so long a period, would have developed themselves in a still more remarkable and surpassing degree. Mrs Siddons, John Kemble, and Kean, have done all that we hoped from tragic actors; Munden, Fawcett, Mathews, and others, have left us nothing to wish for in the display of comic humour. But when we hear Braham, though we are of course delighted—astonished, yet we are continually saying to ourselves—Is this *all* the human voice can do? Braham's natural gifts as a singer are great, and by means of indefatigable study, and with the aid of science, he has turned them to the utmost possible advantage. Still there would be no difficulty in pointing out several imperfections against which he has always had to contend. The chief of these is, that all his high notes are on a falsetto pitch, and though in general his fine taste enables him to soften them down wonderfully, they yet inevitably want the full clear sweetness of natural tones, for which, if we are correctly informed, Incledon was conspicuous. We conceive this to be the great cause why we are not perfectly satisfied to see Braham reigning alone upon the throne of song. Were

his treble equal to his tenor, which is the finest we ever heard, we should own ourselves at once one of his most leal and willing subjects. At the same time let it not for a moment be supposed that we desire to undervalue Braham's powers. We are delighted both with his science and his voice; and what we desiderate, is something perhaps too near perfection ever to be realized by mortal organs, and must consequently exist for ever a *beau idéal* in our own fancy.

It is in his bravura songs that Braham chiefly excels. In softer melodies, though he imparts to them a thousand graces, which no one but himself ever thought of, and which are yet totally distinct from superfluous ornament, there is a frequent want of that clear, rich, bell-like intonation often heard in female voices, and which, in our mind, gives to such airs, when coming from the lips of a man, half their charm. Thus, for example, we have heard Moore's beautiful ballad, "O the days are gone," better sung in private, although, we confess, by only one gentleman, who is now dead, than it was sung by Braham on Wednesday evening. Not that Braham did not feel most deeply the sentiment of the song, and in one or two passages gave it a beauty which we did not know before it was capable of possessing, but because there was every new and then a slight huskiness, and a recourse to a falsetto, which jarred upon our feelings. Let us pass, however, to Braham's own peculiar ground,—to such songs as, "Here's to the King, God bless him,"—"The Austrian Trumpet's bold alarms,"—"The Last Words of Marmion,"—or the national melody of "Blue-bonnets over the Border." Here we shall find him reigning supreme. He knows his power, and he sports with it as it were. The delightful energy with which he pours forth, in one breath, a whole volume of tone, which rolls upon the ear like thunder that has been set to music, is at once spirit-stirring and overpowering. Were Braham suddenly to start up among a party of the veriest radicals that ever breathed, universal suffrage men, with their whole souls fixed upon liberty and equality—were he to start up and sing "Here's to the King, God bless him!" every man in the company would by that irresistible spell be metamorphosed into an ultra-royalist. In the "Death of Marmion," how splendidly does he give the words "Charge, Chester, charge!" and when did ever conqueror upon the field of battle, even in his first burst of wild joy, shout out "Victory!" as Braham in this song shouts it to the crowded theatre? The effect is electric; there is not a man who hears it who could not at that moment throw himself headlong upon a host of foes, and die imagining that he had conquered. In "Blue-bonnets over the Border," although we think that in one or two places, instead of the prettinesses introduced by Braham, a manly simplicity would have been better, yet is it utterly impossible ever to forget it after once listening to his enunciation of the line,

"Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow."

Were it only to hear this single line, Braham is entitled to draw crowds every night wherever he may appear throughout all broad Scotland. The song was of course rapturously encored on Wednesday evening; but encoring was not enough, it should have been twice encored. When Sinclair was here he was made to sing three times almost every night, that silly vulgar thing, "Hey the bonny breast-knots;" why should not Braham be called upon for a third repetition of that far nobler and more national song, "The Blue-bonnets over the Border?"—As to Braham's acting, it is enough to say that he is the best singing actor with whom we are acquainted. Minute criticism upon it is of course out of the question. It is in the fervid energy and ever-varying expression of his songs that his power lies. To be properly appreciated, he must be heard. He is a stout, rather short man, and his person is by no means particularly elegant. His features, though their expression is pleasing and intelligent, are

withal somewhat vulgar. But these, with such a man as Braham, are minor considerations.

Miss Phillips, who accompanies Braham, has a sweet, clear voice, but thin, feeble, and of little compass. A great deal of pains has evidently been taken with her, and she labours to do all she can; and what is better, she knows what she should do, though she cannot always accomplish it. Were she to confine herself to simple national airs, either Scotch, English, or Irish, there can be no doubt that she would seldom fail to please; but in attempting to sustain the principal female parts in opera with Mr Braham, she is beyond her depth. Her "Even as the Sun," which Miss Noel used to sing so successfully, and in which she was always encored, was quite ineffective, because her voice wants volume. It strikes us also that Miss Phillips' power of intonation is deficient. She sings too much merely from the mouth and throat; she gives out her notes with too small a quantity of breath. Could she not correct this error? She is pretty, and is a modest, and rather a promising actress.

The Theatre closes this evening till after the November Sacrament. We advise Mr Murray to get a few new scenes painted during the interval;—he needs them.—We agree with several correspondents, that the style in which some of the Edinburgh critics were pleased to speak of Madame Vestris cannot increase our opinion of their independence. But the subject is somewhat stale, and we have no desire to recur to it.

Old Cerberus.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE NEW POETIC MIRROR.

NO. II.—MR T—, M—.

By the *Ettrick Shepherd*.

On the banks of the Liffey I lay,  
And look'd in its waters so bright,  
For oft I had heard lovers say,  
That there, at the noon of the day,  
They could see the stars basking in light.

There, far on a heaven below,  
I saw the light clouds lie at rest;  
And though of a sweet sunny glow,  
They were pure as the first early snow  
As they slept on that sky's lowly breast.

My soul was to softness subdued,  
And in languor I lay and gazed on;  
Some thoughts of delight I pursued  
As the depths of that heaven I view'd,  
But planets or stars I saw none.

At length, there appear'd unto me  
Two bright little stars in the tide,  
They were nigher than stars went to be,  
And sweeter and fairer to see  
Than aught in those heavens beside.

I gazed till my eye-sight grew dim,  
For I almost believed I beheld  
A form so enchantingly slim,  
So lightsome of air and of limb,  
That in nature was never excell'd.

I saw the lips ope with a smile,  
And the breast of the rose was their hue,  
And the twin stars shed blushes the while,  
Enough any heart to beguile  
That ever loved beauty to view.

• Query—Thomas Moore?—Ed.

O stay, lovely vision ! I cried ;  
O stay and depart not away,  
I will quickly be there by thy side,  
For I'll plunge in the depth of the tide  
The form I love dearest to stay.

Just as I made ready to bound,  
In ecstasy none can divine,  
A shriek in my ears did resound,  
And fair arms enclosed me round,  
With a dear grasp I could not untwine.

I turn'd, and the maid of my heart,  
In terror press'd me to her breast ;  
But I kiss'd her, as well was my part,  
And, her fears for my life to divert,  
My love and my vision confess'd.

I said that her form I had seen,  
As she stood on the summit above ;  
That an angel's I thought it had been,  
And her eyes were so bright and so sheen,  
That I ween'd them the twin stars of love.

And whenever these sweet eyes I view,  
Which now I do morning and even,  
I think of the Liffey's bright hue,  
The clouds and the valleys of dew,  
And the stars of that mild lowly heaven.

TO EGERIA.

By Henry G. Bell.

NAY, blame me not, love, should I sometimes seem cold,  
When you find me engaged with my book and my pen ;  
There's a charm in my studies that may not be told,  
A magic that links me with mightier men.

Though dearer to me be the love of thy heart  
Than all my ambition's wild fancies have sought,  
There are moments when even, all dear as thou art,  
Thou art lost in the blaze of some loftier thought.

O ! deeply I ponder, and brightly I dream,  
On all that the soul of man longs most to know ;  
I hang o'er the words, and I burn o'er the theme,  
Where the minds of the dead still undyingly glow.

'Tis my spirit's vocation—my nature's delight—  
From the cares of the world to turn with a smile ;  
And, as others press on for the wrong or the right,  
To sit by the footstool of Knowledge the while.

To sit by her footstool, and list to the words  
Which flow from those lips where philosophy dwells ;  
And sweeter to me than the songs of the birds  
Is the music she breathes, and the truths which she  
tells.

Then blame me not, love, that I cannot recall,  
In moments like these, my far-wandering mind ;  
I am lost in my dreams—I have broken the thrall  
That bound me in chains to the rest of my kind.

But like dove to the ark, or like bee to the flower,  
Like ship to the harbour, or spring to the lea,  
Believe me, the spell will at length lose its power,  
And my soul, re-inspired, will return back to thee !

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A TREATISE on the Law of Prescription in Scotland, by Mark Napier, Esq. advocate, is preparing for publication.

Mrs S. C. Hall, the Editor of the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," announces for early publication a volume for the Young, under the title of "Chronicles of a School Room ; or, Characters in Youth and Age."

Flowers of the Desert, by W. D. Walke, are announced ; also, shortly, the Child of Thought, and other Poems, by the same author.

Tales of my Time, by the Authoress of "Blue Stocking Hall," will appear in a few days.

The Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII., by a Lady, said to have been in the confidence of his Majesty, will be published in a few days.

Lieutenant Hardy's Travels in the Interior of Mexico are on the eve of publication. He has, it appears, explored many parts of that country never yet visited by any traveller.

Parallel Miracles ; or, the Jews and the Gipsies, is announced by Samuel Roberts, who undertakes to prove, that the latter tribe are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians denounced by the Prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

Stories of a Bride, by the Authoress of "The Mummy," are announced for speedy publication.

The following works are in the press :—Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. W. F. Lyte, —Tales of Four Nations, —The Correspondence and Diary of Ralph Thoresby, by the author of the "History of Leeds."

PORTRAIT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—We have seen a very spirited engraving, by Wilson of Edinburgh, of a highly characteristic portrait of Oliver Cromwell, painted by Walker, the fellow-student and contemporary of Jameson, the Scottish Vandeyke. It is decidedly superior to Lely's portrait of the Protector, and cannot fail to give additional interest to the forthcoming volume of Dr Russell's Life of Cromwell, for which work it has been engraved by the proprietors of Constable's Miscellany.

THE SCOTTIISH ACADEMY.—It was generally understood some time ago, that a misunderstanding had taken place between the greater body of the artists belonging to the Royal Institution and its Directors. The consequence was, that twenty-four artists, associates of the Royal Institution, instructed their agent, Henry Cockburn, Esq. advocate, to address a letter to George Watson, Esq., President of the Scottish Academy, intimating their desire to be united with the Academy, and their willingness to subject themselves to all its rules. The Academy, having taken this proposal to consideration, appointed John Hope, Esq. Solicitor-General, as their referee, to confer with Mr Cockburn upon the subject, and it was mutually agreed, that whatever was recommended by these gentlemen should be acceded to by both parties. A copy of their "Award," which has just been printed, and which has been unanimously approved of at a general meeting of the members of the Scottish Academy, has been put into our hands. By this document, we find that Messrs Hope and Cockburn are of opinion that the twenty-four artists who have seceded from the Royal Institution, should be joined to and become members of the Scottish Academy, as at present constituted ; and that as the Academy now unites so many men of the highest genius, of established reputation, and of undoubted energy and perseverance in the cultivation and pursuit of the profession which they have chosen, the building or adaptation of Rooms should be commenced immediately, "on a scale suited to the plan of the Academy, so as thereby to be a pledge to themselves and to the public of the spirit with which the objects of the Academy will be promoted, and of the great and splendid prospects for the cultivation and progress of the Fine Arts, which the union so formed holds out to the public of Scotland." We shall take an early opportunity to state at some length our own views and feelings upon this interesting subject. Meanwhile, we must bestow the highest praise both upon Messrs Hope and Cockburn for the liberal and gentlemanly spirit in which they have entered into the affairs of the Scottish Academy, and upon the Academy itself for its clear perception of, and ready acquiescence in, what was most conducive to the best interests of Scottish Art.

EDINBURGH SURGICAL HOSPITAL.—Till the commencement of the present year, there existed only one Surgical Hospital in Edinburgh. At that period Mr Syme, whose talents are well known to the Medical profession, determined upon instituting a new Surgical Establishment upon a respectable scale. With this view, he took a lease for ten years of Minto House, a large and commodious building, situated in a quiet and healthy part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the University. The first quarterly Report of the new Hospital is now published, and we are glad to perceive by it that its concerns are already in a prosperous condition. A highly respectable body of directors has been appointed, the public has contributed liberally towards the support of the Hospital, the vacancies for house surgeons have been well filled up, more clinical students have applied than could be received, and there is good reason to hope that the College of Surgeons will speedily recognise attendance upon Mr Syme's Hospital as a qualification for obtaining their diploma. During the first three months, seventy patients were admitted, thirty operations were performed, and only two deaths took place. This Establishment has our best wishes, and under its present able superintendence its success seems certain.

**A DIFFICULT POINT.**—We are credibly informed, that the March of Intellect is making progress among the Old Light Burghers, and that a Committee has been actually appointed by that association, to take into serious consideration, whether the reading of the line by the precentor during the singing of the Psalm should not be dispensed with? This practice is considered by some of the members as a very great innovation on the "wisdom of our ancestors," and is likely, we understand, to create as great a schism among them as the Organ Controversy has caused among the Relief Communion.

**NACROLOGY.**—Died at Milan, on the 29th of September, Etienne Dumont, editor and translator of the works of Jeremy Bentham, at the age of seventy. He ranked high among those literary men who gain a reputation by becoming the mouth-pieces and assistants of men of genius. In his youth, he stood in this relation to Mirabeau, and latterly to our great jurist.—Died at Paris, on the 25th of September, J. Rondelet, architect, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He published, in 1753, his "Traité Théorique et Pratique de l'Art de Bâtir." In 1794-5, he was appointed joint director in the erection of the various monuments then executing in France, and had a share in the formation of the Ecole Polytechnique. He was subsequently appointed professor in the school of the Fine Arts. He became latterly quite blind; and in this state the venerable old man might frequently be seen led by his son to the meetings of the Institute.

**EDINBURGH PROFESSIONAL SOCIETY'S CONCERTS.**—We are glad to understand that the Edinburgh Professional Society of Musicians intends giving four Subscription Concerts during the ensuing season. To say merely that this body has done more towards encouraging a taste for instrumental music in Scotland than any other institution in this country, would be saying nothing;—it has, in truth, formed, and diffused a taste, which did not previously exist, and which, without its exertions, would never have existed. Yet, we regret to say, that the receipts of the three sets of Concerts it has already given have not been equal to the expenses. The total expenses consequent on the Concerts of 1826, 1827, and 1828, were L.1475, 11s. 1d.; and the total receipts were only L.1392, leaving a deficiency of L.83, 11s. 1d. The surplus of the receipts of the single Benefit Concert which was given last season was only L.45, so that the Society is still nearly L.40 out of pocket. This is not creditable to the public of Edinburgh; but we sincerely hope that the Society's Subscription Book for the present season will be so well filled up, that their affairs will assume a more prosperous appearance, and the reproach of extending on niggard a patronage to this delightful branch of the fine arts be no longer applicable to the better classes of our townsmen.

**CANOVA.**—CANOVA's group of the Graces has just been purchased by Dr Clarke of Philadelphia, who has made a present of it to the Academy of Fine Arts of that city. The cost of removing this piece of sculpture to its place of destination will not be less than L.500.

**BARON HUMBOLDT.**—Baron de Humboldt, the celebrated German traveller, is at present engaged in an expedition to the Oural Mountains, and Chinese Mongolia, where he and his colleagues are prosecuting their scientific researches. The Baron has inspected the gold and platinum mines of the Oural Mountains, and reports that the working is in full activity. The produce of gold from these mines, in a single year, is 6000 kilogrammes (between 12 and 15,000 lbs.).

**SINGERS AND RACE-HORSES.**—It is a most exquisite compliment that the English nobility pay to the public singers, when they bestow their names upon their favourite horses. The *Newmarket Chronicle* informs us, that at the late meeting, "Caradori was rode by G. Edwards," and the "Sister of Sontag by Arnall." We hope this distinction is not in reserve for Passie, or Mallbran, or any of those whose names are consecrated by genius. The effigies of some of our nobility have ornamented sign-posts extremely well; but the aristocracy may be excused if they omit persons of genius in returning the compliment of the publicans. Race-horses are beautiful creatures; but the enquiry who was the dam of Miss Sontag seems too nice, and the thought of Braham running for a cup too absurd.

**WILKIE.**—In allusion to the compliments which Wilkie paid to his native city—the Modern Athens—at the late civic dinner here, we find the following peevish comment in the *Court Journal*:—"It is a wonder that he did not discover that this all-rivalling city lies beneath a sky which might put that of Naples to the blush—is clothed in an atmosphere which an Arcadian might envy—and is, moreover, inhabited by heroes and hours, whom a Mahometan Elysium itself would be troubled to match. In fact, all these (and every thing else) may possibly 'be found there'—by the 'poetic fancy' to which our admired artist so naively refers them." This sapient critic, we presume, was never out of sight of the smoke of London, and is angry that a man of genius should find any thing to admire beyond the sound of Bow Bells.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—"Romeo and Juliet" has been performed every alternate night since the opening of Covent Garden. Miss Kemble's success increases with each repetition, and her fame as an actress of much genius may now be considered as established. The

first new piece to be produced at this Theatre, is a tragedy by Mr Thomas Wade, author of "Woman's Love." The work possesses attractions of a rather peculiar kind, as the two principal characters, father and daughter, are Jews, and will be represented by Mr Kemble and his daughter. It was at first intended to bring out this piece immediately; but the advice of friends has induced the manager to determine on letting Miss Kemble play *Belshazzara* first. "Venice Preserved" is therefore in preparation, and will be the second play in which Miss Kemble will act.—The petite comedy of the "First of May," which we noticed last Saturday, continues to be played successfully. It is from the pen of Miss J. Hill, sister of Mr Benson Hill, formerly of the Edinburgh Theatre, and authoress of "Holiday Dreams," and other poetical pieces, which have attracted some share of attention.—Mr Lister's tragedy of "Epicharis" seems to be increasing in popularity, chiefly in consequence of the fine acting of Young, who plays *Subrius Flavus*, "the noblest Roman of them all," and of Miss Phillips, who sustains the part of *Epicharis*, a Grecian freedwoman, betrothed to Flavus.—Since the re-opening of the Adelphi, Messrs Matthews and Yates have been exceedingly prosperous, although they have lost the valuable assistance of T. P. Cooke. It is said that they are about to bring over to the Adelphi a huge elephant, whose performances have been attracting immense crowds to the Cirque Olympique at Paris. This will be a novel sort of "star."

—The Haymarket closed last week, after a profitable season.—Jones has not appeared a second time at Covent Garden, and considering his success on his debut, we cannot help thinking this strange. There must be a cause for it behind the curtain.—A Miss Mordaunt has made a successful first appearance at Drury Lane, in the character of *Widow Cheerly*. She is said to possess qualities calculated to make her an excellent actress in genteel comedy.—Kean has been performing to rather indifferent houses at Newcastle.—A provincial paper announces that "it will be impossible to open the Cardiff Theatre this season, the late rains having inundated it to the depth of nearly six feet, and the water being at present above the stage." Managers sometimes boast of exhibiting "real water," but an overflowing house of this description is by no means desirable.—Pasta and Moscheles are to perform at Copenhagen in the course of the ensuing winter.—Braham, who takes his benefit here this evening, proceeds shortly to Dublin.

## WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Oct. 17—Oct. 23.

SAT. *Guy Ransing, & Happiest Day of My Life.*  
 MON. *Siege of Belgrade, & No Song No Supper.*  
 TUES. *Der Freischütz, & The Sleeping Draught.*  
 WED. *The Duenna, and No Song No Supper.*  
 THUR. *Devil's Bridge, & Spectre Bridegroom.*  
 FRI. *Der Freischütz, & The Sleeping Draught.*

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. V. in our next; also, LETTERS FROM PARIS, No. I.; and reviews of Lothian's Historical Atlas, the Jew Exile, and other new works.

We shall be glad to receive one or two more Sketches by the "Officer of H.M.S. *Cambrian*," that we may better judge of the interest they will be likely to possess.—"A Queer Yarn, blow me!" is a spirited tale, but, we regret to say, it is nearly one-half too long for us, and it could not well bear curtailment.—"Thoughts and Scenes, No. I." shall have as early a place as possible;—we shall be glad to hear soon again from their author.—"The Fragment of a Lecture, &c.," though rather too political for our columns, will appear elsewhere. It will give us pleasure to hear again shortly from the same quarter.—Some remarks concerning the very laudable Institutions in Dunbar and Haddington in our next.

"The Song of the Exile," by "W. A." of Glasgow, and "The Bankrupt," by "J. B." of Paisley, shall, if possible, have a place.—The verses by our fair friend, entitled "An Old Maid's Complaint," are clever but unequal. We like the following stanza:

"O give me back the friends I loved,  
 With whom I've wander'd free,  
 When lovers round about me poppy'd  
 Like apples from a tree:  
 We used to sit at night and talk  
 Of their sad knowing ways,  
 And say—'Do you really think it true  
 That all the men wear stays?'"

The lines by our other fair Correspondent "A." though pretty, hardly come up to our standard.—"A Jacobite Relic" scarcely breathes sufficiently the spirit of the olden time.—The Lines "To —" by "G. S." "The Slave," and the "Very Mournful Ditty" from Glasgow, will not suit us.

[No. 50. October 24, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*SCOTTISH ACADEMY  
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By order of the Council,  
WM. NICHOLSON, Secretary.

Edinburgh, Oct. 20, 1829.

## STATUARY.

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Edinburgh, 27th August, 1829.

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

WEEKLY REGISTER OF CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

No. 51.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*True Stories from the History of Ireland.* By John James M'Gregor, author of a "History of the French Revolution," &c. &c. Second Series, containing the Memorabilia of Ireland under the Tudors. One volume, 12mo. Pp. 412. Dublin. William Curry, jun. & Co. 1829.

Unpublished.

THE great object in the education of children is, to store the mind with such facts as afford exercise for their awakening powers of reasoning and reflection,—materials whereon their young feelings and imaginations may work. It is of the utmost importance that the mind be allowed for a while to shoot forth freely. All attempts to inculcate principles, however right in themselves, at a period when the intellect is not sufficiently developed to apprehend them, are dangerous; all attempts to cultivate the sentiments equally so. The former produce the shambling, risqué motions of a go-cart, the latter a nerveless overgrowth; the former freeze up and deaden the mind, the latter make of it the rich juicy shoot of an over-forward season, doomed to be nipped by late frosts, or to wither in the adust heats of summer. Give children something whereon to exercise and evolve their faculties. Let there be something to educate, before you begin educating. The veriest fool of a gardener will tell you, that the seedling must have a stem and branches before you can train it.

It is because we entertain this opinion that we think Sir Walter Scott—and we mean any thing but disrespect to him when we say so—the most proper person alive to write books for children. He has no first principles, and he has no power of reasoning upon or from them; or, if he possess both, he has a most marvellous knack of hiding them. Facts arrest his attention, and remain in his mind by the hold they take upon his feelings and imagination; not, as is the case with some men, according as they are subservient to a theory, or serve to fill up a chain of argument. They arrange themselves in his memory under the categories of relation in time and space, and of similarity alone. His pictures of the workings of the human mind—nay, his larger compositions, in which he represents the state of society at a particular period, are true to nature; for he has a wide range of vision, a keen glance, and just feeling. But he blunders egregiously, or is delivered of the most arrant commonplace, when he attempts to reason about either one or other. In his own sphere, he is a giant, and "we little men walk under his huge legs," like the Lilliputians looking up in wonderment at Captain Gulliver; when he ventures out of it, he is only a common man—perhaps more justly a blind Polyphemus, sublime even in his weakness. There is something amiable in the greatness of this character which fits it admirably for sitting down beside a child, adapting its words and thoughts to his capacity, and, by the gentle warmth of its kindness, expanding the buds of thought within him.

It is no discredit to say of Mr M'Gregor, that his stories are not equal to those of his great prototype. Lea-

ving superior genius altogether out of the question, Sir Walter's traditional lore has been accumulating in his mind since his childhood; it has been revolved by him till it has assumed a finished and compact form; it has been cherished in his bosom till it has inhaled vitality. No wonder, then, that his stories have a stirring life about them which those of men, who, fired by his example, had first to set about collecting their materials, want. The inferiority is scarcely greater than may be traced in some novels of Sir Walter, the materials of which he sought hurriedly in books not very familiar to him, (as his *Anne of Geierstein*,) when compared with his *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, which had lain treasured up in his mind for wellnigh half a century. Mr M'Gregor has nevertheless executed his task with great ability. We could perhaps have wished the book to have a little less of the air of a common history, with its connected series of unimaginative generalities; we could have wished that the thread of narrative had been less prominent, and that the stories it is meant to connect had more frequently a strong and individual interest. There are, however, enough to convey to a child such an impression as it is capable of receiving of the state of society, and the characters of the leading men in Ireland, during the period to which this series refers. As to the spirit in which the work is composed, it is impartial and uncompromising, but tempered with gentleness. We subjoin one or two of the anecdotes which have struck us most forcibly:

AN IRISH CHIEF.—THE EARL OF KILDARE.—"But King Henry (VII.) in the interval, perceived that the Earl was a man of an open temper, and of unrefined and simple manners, rather than a cunning intriguer or dark conspirator; and that the crimes charged against him were only such as were likely to take place in a country so torn by turbulence and faction as Ireland had lately been; he therefore resolved to confront his captive with his adversaries, and thus give him a fair opportunity of defending himself. When the day of trial came, Cragh, Archbishop of Cassel, and Pain, the Bishop of Meath, stood forth as his principal accusers. The Earl at first appeared unable to answer a charge brought against him by the Bishop of Meath, that after Plunkett and his followers had been slain by him in an action near Trim, he followed the Bishop into a church with a drawn sword, and dragged him from his sanctuary. The King, perceiving his noble prisoner perplexed, gave him his choice of any counsel in England, and time to prepare his defence. 'Grant me that,' said the Earl, 'and I will answer to-morrow; but I doubt I shall not be allowed that good fellow I would choose.' The King gave him his hand in assurance that he should, and his Majesty asking him when he would choose his counsellor, 'Never,' cried the Bishop, 'if it be left to his choice.'—'Thou liest, Brallagh bold Bishop,' retorted Kildare angrily; 'as soon as thou wouldst choose to break thy vow of chastity, and that would be within an hour.' The King and his lords were convulsed with laughter at this uncourtly charge against the ecclesiastic, and Henry asked Kildare if he said true? 'By your hand,' replied the Earl, laying hold of the King's hand, 'there is not in London a better mutton-monger (glutton), or a more incontinent person, than yon abbot priest is. I know him well enough, and have three tales to tell your Majesty of him, that I dare swear will make every body present laugh. I will now tell you a tale of this vicious prelate.' Of the

story we have no particulars, but during its narration the King and his counsellors were ready to burst with laughter, while the Earl never changed countenance, but related it with as much unconcern as if he were in the midst of his companions in his own country. When he had concluded, the King, anxious to divert the discourse from the unfortunate Bishop, thus made an object of ridicule, cautioned the Earl to be well advised whom he would choose for his counsellor, for that whoever he should be, he would have enough to do to defend him. 'Marry!' said Kildare, 'I can see no better man in England than your Majesty, and will choose no other.'—'By St Brigid,' said the King, 'it was well chosen; for I thought your tale would not excuse your doings.'—'Do you think I am a fool?' answered the Earl; 'no; I am indeed a man, both in the field and the town.' Henry laughed and said, 'A wiser man might have chosen worse.' A new accusation was now brought forward, that in one of his lawless excursions he had burned the cathedral of Cashel to the ground. 'Spare your evidence,' said Kildare—'I did set fire to the church, for I thought the Archbishop had been in it.' This singular simplicity in pleading a circumstance of aggravation as an apology for his offence, threw an air of ridicule on his prosecutors, which proved highly favourable to the cause of the accused; and when they concluded their charges by exclaiming passionately, 'All Ireland cannot govern this Earl!'—'Well,' replied the King, 'this Earl shall govern all Ireland.'"

**AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.**—"On the 19th of May, 1598, Otterburn, a rebel chieftain, demanded a passage over Stradally-bridge, which being considered as a challenge by Cosby, he resolved to oppose the passage. He accordingly, accompanied by his eldest son Francis, who had lately married a lady of the Hartpole family, took post with his kernes at the bridge, while Dorcas Sidney (Cosby's wife) and her daughter-in-law seated themselves at a window of the abbey to see the fight. The O'Mores soon advanced with great intrepidity, and were resisted with equal bravery, till Sir Alexander Cosby was slain, when his kernes instantly gave way; and Francis, attempting to escape, by leaping over the battlements of the bridge, was in the next moment shot dead. You might expect that the ladies at the window now became frantic with grief at the death of their husbands. But no such thing; the widow of Francis turned to her mother-in-law, and said, with the greatest self-possession, 'Remember, mother, that my father was shot before my husband, and, therefore, the latter became the legal possessor of the estate, and consequently I am entitled to my thirds or dowry.'"

**THE EAGLE TURNED RESTAURATEUR.**—"A tradition prevails, that when O'Sullivan was quitting his retreat in Glengarriff, he consigned the care of his wife and children to a faithful gossip named Gorrane M'Swiney, who had a hut at the foot of the Eagle's precipice, which was so constructed as to elude the vigilance of the English scouts who day and night prowled about these mountains. A single salted salmon was all the provision which M'Swiney had for his honoured charge when they entered his hut, but his ingenuity is said to have devised extraordinary means for their future sustenance. Having perceived an eagle flying to her nest with a hare in her talons, he conceived a plan for supporting the family of his chief with the food intended for the young eaglets. He accordingly, on the following morning, accompanied by his son, a boy about fourteen years old, ascended the mountains, on the summit of which they took post, till they saw the old eagle fly off in pursuit of prey. The elder M'Swiney then tied a rope, made of the fibres of bog fir, round the waist and between the legs of his son, and lowered him down to the nest, where the youth tightened the necks of the young eaglets with straps which he had provided for the purpose, that they might swallow their food with difficulty. This being accomplished, he was safely drawn up, and the father and son kept their station on the top of the precipice, till they witnessed the return of the eagles—one with a rabbit, and the other with a grouse, in its talons. After they had again flown off, young M'Swiney descended a second time, and brought up the game, after having first gutted it, and left the entrails for the young eaglets. In this manner, we are informed, was the family of O'Sullivan supported, by their faithful guardian, during the period of their seclusion in this desolate part of the country."

We had occasion formerly to recommend the first series of these "True Stories," and we can now as conscientiously recommend the second.

*Forget-me-Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-Day Present, for 1860.* Edited by Frederic Shoberl. London. R. Ackermann and Co. 12mo. Pp. 418.

ACKERMANN is the Father of the Annuals,—the leader of all that "gallant company,"—the nucleus round which this Christmas constellation has gathered. We love the morning star, though it be lost in the blaze of noon,—we love the white crocus, though it disappear amid the glories of the ripper year,—we love the venerable master, though his pupil rise to more glaring renown,—and in like manner ought we to love and admire that most tasteful and elegant of publishers, Mr R. Ackermann, who has originated a new series of works hitherto unknown in Great Britain—"made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes." Neither has our first and earliest annual faded away into comparative insignificance, before the surpassing splendour of those which have succeeded. On the contrary, it still fights a good fight, and maintains its place among the best with a becoming consciousness of its own dignity.

The volume for 1830 is now before us. It contains fourteen embellishments, which, though highly respectable, are on the whole surpassed by those of the *Keepsake*, the *Souvenir*, the *Friendship's Offering*, and the *Amulet*. They are arranged in the following order:—I. "The Spanish Princess," painted by Wilkie at Madrid in 1828, a fine picture, in so far as the artist is concerned; but the subject wants interest, seeing that the Princess is by no means beautiful; and, moreover, we are not quite satisfied with the manner in which the work is engraved by R. Graves.—II. A "Vignette Title," very tasteful and appropriate.—III. "Place de Jeanne D'Arc, Rouen," one of those fine Continental street scenes, which Prout paints so well, and Le Keux engraves so beautifully.—IV. "The Flower Girl of Savoy," a sweet picture, by a French artist, though we think the flower girl looks a little too much as if she were a married woman; that is to say, scarcely young and happy enough.—V. "The Land Storm," spirited, but rather clap-trapish, being too full of thunder and lightning, wind and rain.—VI. "The Exile," a scene by Stephanhoff, but not one of his best, the countenances being rather insipid, and the grouping and attitudes not such as to tell the story distinctly.—VII. "The Orphan Family," engraved by Davenport from a painting by Chisholme, and executed in a manner which reflects much credit upon both artists, the lights being very delicately managed, and the figures happily arranged and well conceived.—VIII. "The Tempting Moment," a humorous scene by Collins, representing boys stealing apples from the stall of an old lady who has fallen asleep,—clever, but far inferior to Wilkie, and rather raggedly engraved by H. C. Shenton.—IX. "Undine," engraved from a spirited painting by Retzsch, illustrative of part of a romance by De La Motte Fouqué, and worthy of the artist, whose outline illustrations, both of the poets of his own country and of our Shakespeare, are now so well known and admired.—X. "Greenwich Hospital," a good view, from the Thames, of this noble national institution.—XI. "The Improvisatrice," from a painting by Bone, the worst embellishment in the book, and the nearest thing to a caricature, not to be meant for a caricature, ever seen,—the female figure, intended for the Improvisatrice, looking much more like an old maid with a pain in her stomach, which she is in hopes a dose of salts she has recently taken may remove, than a being in the fervour of poetical composition. It surely must have cost "Delta" some sacrifice of his conscience to puff up the unhappy creature as he has done.—XII. "Death of the Dove," an interesting painting by Stewardson, excellently engraved by W. Fladen.—XIII. "The Shipwreck," and XIV. "The Ghast," both respectable.

The literary contents of the *Forget-me-Not* are neither greatly above nor below par. There are some very good prose tales, and some that are poor enough. We do not

much like the first in the volume, entitled, "A Quarter of an Hour too Soon." It is founded on an absurdity, being an attempt to show that the whole of the hero's distresses in life arose from his being on all occasions a quarter of an hour too soon. Mr Macnish, the author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," has communicated, under the signature of "A Modern Pythagorean," rather a clever story called "The Red Man." It is, however, too much in imitation of Sterne's style, and is too extravagant to be natural. "The Omen," by Mr Galt, is a meagre and unsatisfactory story, scarcely worth telling. "Seeking the Houdy," by the Ettrick Shepherd, is humorous and talented, but almost a little too homely, we should have thought, for an Annual. Of the poetry, by far the ablest and most interesting production is the "Trial of Charles I.," a dramatic scene by Miss Mitford. We regret that we cannot quote the whole, and it would not do to abridge it. Another poetical contribution, more curious than valuable, is a poem by Byron:—"It is the first attempt," says the editor, "of the late Lord Byron's that is known to be extant; and we consider this piece as being the more curious, inasmuch as it displays no dawning of that genius which soon afterwards burst forth with such overpowering splendour. It was inspired by the tender passion, and appears in the shape of verses to the object of his earliest, and perhaps his only real attachment, the 'Mary' whom he has celebrated in many of his poems. It is certified by the lady to whom it was addressed, (Mary Anne Musters,) and is now in the possession of Miss Mary Ann Cursham of Sutton, Nottinghamshire." The verses are as follows:

## LORD BYRON'S FIRST VERSES.

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

- "Adieu to sweet Mary for ever!  
From her I must quickly depart;  
Though the Fates us from each other sever,  
Still her image will dwell in my heart.
- "The flame that within my breast burns  
Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows!  
The love which for Mary I feel  
Is far purer than Cupid bestows!
- "I wish not your peace to disturb,  
I wish not your joys to molest;  
Mistake not my passion for love,  
'Tis your friendship alone I request.
- "Not ten thousand lovers could feel  
The friendship my bosom contains;  
It will ever within my heart dwell,  
While the warm blood flows through my veins.
- "May the Ruler of Heaven look down,  
And my Mary from evil defend!  
May she ne'er know adversity's frown—  
May her happiness ne'er have an end!
- "Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu!  
Farewell! I with anguish repeat—  
For ever I'll think upon you,  
While this heart in my bosom shall beat."

Another literary curiosity which the "Forget-me-Not" contains, is a short poem by Francis Jeffrey, Esq. We have long been aware that Mr Jeffrey, in his leisure moments (which are few and far between), wooed the Muses, and we have heard the story of his having once printed a volume of poems which he afterwards suppressed, and also of his having contemplated publishing several satires in the style of Pope; but we do not recollect having seen any of his verses in print before with his name appended to them. They will be read with interest; and, though rather on a commonplace subject, they place the critic and the lawyer in a pleasing point of view:

## VERSES INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM.

By Francis Jeffrey, Esq.

- "Why write my name 'midst songs and flowers,  
To meet the eye of lady gay?"

I have no voice for lady's bowers—  
For page like this no fitting lay.

"Yet though my heart no more must bound  
At witching call of sprightly joys,  
Mine is the brow that never frown'd  
On laughing lips, or sparkling eyes.

"No—though behind me now is closed  
The youthful paradise of Love,  
Yet can I bless, with soul composed,  
The lingerers in that happy grove!

"Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take!  
Where'er amid its charms you roam,  
Or where, by western hill or lake,  
You brighten a sereper home.

"And while the youthful lover's name  
Here with the sister beauty's blends,  
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim,  
That to their list would add a friend's!"

We do not find much else in the volume that calls for especial notice. There are some good lines by Barry Cornwall, a pretty song by Bayley, two rather dull things by Thomas Hood, and some respectable poetry by Charles Swain, Miss Jewsbury, and Delta. There is also one little piece by Miss Emma Roberts, which we like for its simplicity and natural feeling, and which we shall subjoin:

## SONG.

By Miss Emma Roberts.

- "Upon the Ganges' regal stream  
The sun's bright splendours rest;  
And gorgeously the noontide beam  
Reposes on its breast;  
But, in a small secluded nook,  
Beyond the western sea,  
There rippling glides a narrow brook,  
That's dearer far to me.
- "The lory perches on my hand,  
Caressing to be fed,  
And spreads its plumes at my command,  
And stoops its purple head;  
But where the robin, humble guest,  
Comes flying from the tree,  
Which bears its unpretending nest,  
Alas! I'd rather be.
- "The fire-fly flashes through the sky,  
A meteor swift and bright;  
And the wide space around on high,  
Gleams with the emerald light;  
Though glory tracks that shooting star,  
And bright its splendours shine,  
The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far  
To this sad heart of mine.
- "Throughout the summer year, the flowers,  
In all the flush of bloom,  
Clustering around the forest bowers,  
Exhale their rich perfume.  
The daisy and the primrose pale,  
Though scentless they may be,  
That gem a far far distant vale,  
Are much more prized by me.
- "The lotus opens its chalice,  
Upon the Tank's broad lake,  
Where India's stately palaces  
Their ample mirrors make;  
But reckless of each tower and dome,  
The splendid and the grand,  
I languish for a cottage home  
Within my native land.
- "Benares, 1828."

We shall end this article in a manner much in vogue among the gentler kind of reviewers, by "sincerely recommending the book in question to the notice of our readers."

*Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-Day Present, for Youth of both Sexes, for 1830.* Edited by Frederic Shoberl. London. Ackermann and Co. 12mo. Pp. 274.

We have already reviewed the *Juvenile Forget-me-Not*, edited by Mrs S. C. Hall. That before us is quite a distinct book, though varying in title only by having Ackermann's name prefixed to it. This is awkward, and should have been avoided, if possible. Mrs Hall, in the preface to her volume, thus mentions the subject:—"It gives me pain to allude to the fact, that the success of 'The Juvenile Forget-me-Not' has given rise to a similar publication under a title so nearly the same, that it is more than probable the one will be often mistaken for the other. Fair and honourable competition is at all times beneficial; and if the work to which I allude had received any other name, I should have been the last to complain; but I cannot consider it either fair or honourable to take advantage of that popularity for which the publishers of 'The Juvenile Forget-me-Not' had anxiously and successfully laboured during a period of two years." In the preface to *Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not* no allusion is made to this matter; and as some explanation was certainly called for, we must suppose that silence implies culpability. Had it been even alleged that the title of Mrs Hall's *Juvenile Forget-me-Not* was an infringement on the title of the original *Forget-me-Not*, the argument would have been worth something; but as this is not stated, we must conclude that Mrs Hall's publishers had Ackermann's consent to christen their bantling by the name they gave it, in which case his present interference with that name is harassing and injurious. "Non nobis," however, "tantas componere lites."

*Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not* is an exceedingly elegant little volume; indeed, we suspect the most elegant of all the Juvenile Annuals in external appearance, although we certainly prefer Mrs Hall's embellishments. The stories and poetry too, in *Ackermann*, are good, and well adapted for children, which is the great thing. The "True Story of Web Spinner," by Mary Howitt, is quite delightful. Who is Mary Howitt? She has proved herself, by the Annuals for 1830, to be one of the very cleverest of our female writers, yet we know next to nothing about her. Is she a Quakeress? We see there are a William and a Richard Howitt also, (clever, too, though not so clever as Mary)—are they her brothers, or is one of them her husband? Will any benevolent Christian inform us on these particulars? for we are sorry to say that Mary Howitt's personal history is totally unknown to the literati of Edinburgh; yet she is one who deserves to be known, and who is fast making herself so. This little volume contains also by far the best thing which James Montgomery has contributed to any of the Annuals we have yet seen. Indeed, we were beginning to fear that Montgomery had lost his poetical talents altogether, so entirely did they appear to be frittered away upon the most insignificant subjects, until we met with the gem now before us. It is called "The Snake in the Grass;" but, as we can only give a part of it, we shall entitle it

#### THE BIRD'S NEST.

By James Montgomery.

"She had a secret of her own,  
The little girl of whom we speak,  
O'er which she oft would muse alone,  
Till the blush came across her cheek,  
A rosy cloud that glow'd awhile,  
Then melted in a sunny smile.

"There was so much to charm the eye,  
So much to move delightful thought,  
Awake at night she loved to lie,  
Darkness to her that image brought;  
She marmur'd of it in her dreams,  
Like the low sounds of gurgling streams.

"What secret thus the soul possess'd  
Of one so young and innocent?  
Oh! nothing but a robin's nest,  
O'er which in ecstasy she bent:  
That treasure she herself had found,  
With five brown eggs, upon the ground.

"When first it flash'd upon her sight,  
Bolt flew the dam above her head:  
She stoop'd and almost shriek'd for fright;  
But spying there that little bed,  
With feathers, moss, and horse-hair twined,  
Wonder and gladness fill'd her mind.

"Breathless and beautiful she stood;  
Her ringlets o'er her bosom fell;  
With hand uplift—in attitude,  
As though a pulse would break the spell;  
While through the shade her pale fine face  
Shone like a star amidst the place.

"She stood so silent, staid so long,  
The parent birds forgot their fear:  
Cock-robin soon renew'd his song,  
In notes like dew-drops, trembling clear;  
From spray to spray the shy hen  
Dropt softly on her nest again.

"Then Lucy mark'd her slender bill  
On this side, and on that her tail  
Peer'd on the edge,—while, fix'd and still,  
Two bright black eyes her own assail,  
Which in eye-language seem'd to say,  
'Peep, pretty maiden; then, away!'

"Away, away, at length she crept,  
So pleased, she knew not how she trode,  
Yet light on tottering tip-toe stepp'd,  
As though birds' eggs strew'd all the road;  
Close cradling in her heart's recess,  
The secret of her happiness."

They who are determined not to buy Mrs Hall's *Juvenile Forget-me-Not*, have nothing to do but to ask for *Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not*.

*Lothian's Historical Atlas of Scotland.* 4to. Edinburgh. 1829.—*Lothian's County Atlas of Scotland.* 4to. Edinburgh. 1826-28.

A *COUNTY Atlas of Scotland*, of a convenient size, and at a moderate price, has long been a desideratum. The maps in Mr Lothian's publication, besides that they supply this want, are as accurate as the scale upon which they are projected admits, and are executed with the greatest neatness. His *Historical Atlas* contains several curious relics of antiquity, and is a valuable present to the student of our national history. It serves to throw light on many passages in our older historians, where the author's incorrect notions of Scottish geography render him unintelligible to the reader, who has in his mind's eye a true picture of the relative localities of the country. Entertaining so favourable an opinion of the merits of these two works, we are happy to learn that the enterprise of their publisher is likely to reap its due reward.

The *Historical Atlas* has suggested to us a few remarks connected with the history of map-making, which we shall submit to our readers. It is with no small unwillingness that we feel obliged to commence, by acknowledging that the art or science of map-making is in this country at a much lower grade of perfection than it is on the Continent. The necessities of our trade and navigation have produced many accurate marine charts—perhaps more than are to be found in any other nation—although France and Holland, if not exactly equal to us in this department, are treading close upon our heels;—but in land maps we are miserably deficient: and this is the more unpardonable, because, in respect to all the mechanical aids which go to their construction—good engravers, accurate mathematical instruments, and the like—we are better off than any country in Europe.

A brief retrospect of what has been done towards perfecting the construction of maps, during the last century, will clearly establish the assertion with which we have set out. The earliest maps aspired to do little more than to give an approximating idea of the relative situations and distances of several places. More accurate notions of the longitude and latitude, together with more accurate means of ascertaining them, suggested the mode of projecting a sphere upon a plane surface, and thus of giving greater accuracy to maps. The discovery of America, which gave the first impulse in modern times to the more general study of geography, by turning the attention of Europe for a while almost exclusively to maritime enterprises, was the cause that marine charts were more speedily brought to a degree of perfection than the other class. Voyages were undertaken, observations and soundings made, in all directions, in order to diminish, by the discovery and accurate notation of the hidden dangers of the ocean, the perils of the mariner. In this manner, the outlines of all such countries as were bounded by the sea came to be exactly portrayed. Their interior, however, and the relative situation of inland nations, were more slovenly represented. There was no peril of life and limb to be incurred by ignorance in this respect, and men were content to rest upon the vague information to be attained from casual and ignorant travellers. It did not even once occur to them that more could be effected in land maps than had been in sea charts—the representation of distance and relative situation. They never entertained the idea that any correcter notion of the inequalities of the surface could be conveyed otherwise than by a hieroglyphic similar to that used to denote a town, placed as nearly as might be in the situation of any very conspicuous eminence. Such was the state of map-making all over Europe down to a comparatively late period.

A more extended and scientific inspection of the surface of the earth, has taught us that every portion of land rises gradually from the sea towards some central point—that the mountains are not casual elevations rising in a chain, but partial terminations of this ascent—that they hang together in chains, united by the necessity of an internal organization—and that the courses of rivers are determined by this uniform rising of the land, and the position and direction of the chains of mountains. A knowledge of these peculiar features in every territory is of importance—to the landed proprietor, since upon the elevation of his possessions depend the natural products they are capable of yielding—to the merchant, that he may know the easiest routes of travel—to the military leader, as upon a thorough acquaintance with his ground his whole art depends—to the statesman, as it is his to wield the combined forces of all the three. All the details can be but imperfectly expressed in words, and it became therefore an interesting problem, whether they might not by some means or other be represented on maps. The first plan devised was rude enough. For the old isolated representatives of hills, were substituted links of them placed in the direction of the principal chains of mountains. This was obviously very deficient. The general rise of land which determines the main direction of rivers, and the exposure of the soil, does not always coincide exactly with the mountain ranges, and could not therefore be expressed in this manner. Besides, it was an attempt to unite two irreconcilable ways of representing an object. In a map, we are supposed to take a bird's-eye view of the territory, but on this plan the spectator was placed at the base of the hills, and made to look towards them. Still something was gained, and the ingenuity of many engineers gave to this method a degree of perfection, which, when we take into consideration its utter want of a systematic theory to direct it, is almost inconceivable. The best maps executed in this manner are those constructed by order of the French government during the war in Italy.

The first who substituted a more sufficient method for

this make-shift was Lehmann, latterly a major in the service of Saxony, and director of the royal plan-chamber in Dresden. It is impossible to enter here into an historical account of the progress of his invention;—the result was this. A map is a representation, on a plane surface, of a portion of land, supposed to be extended horizontally beneath the spectator. To a person so situated relatively to the land itself, all those portions of the surface which lay parallel to the horizontal line would appear in a strong light; all those which, forming a declivity, deviated from the horizontal line, and receded from the eye, would appear in shade, and this shade would be more or less intense, in proportion to the angle which the line of declivity formed with the horizontal line. Upon these data Lehmann formed his system. All planes parallel to this horizontal line were left white;—all inclined planes, which formed a greater angle than 45 deg. with the horizontal line, were viewed as perpendiculars, and marked as invisible, by a deep black line;—all inclined planes from 0 deg. to 45 deg. were denoted by different degrees of shade, beginning with a very slight admixture of black, deepening in proportion to the increase of the angle;—all the black strokes, by which the process of shading was effected, were drawn perpendicular to the horizontal line. By this means, a representation of the inequalities of a country, upon a plane surface, was obtained, as exact as could be afforded by a model upon the same scale. The most splendid specimen of Lehmann's talents, and the most satisfactory proof of the practicability and sufficiency of his system, is the map of the kingdom of Saxony, in eight large sheets, taken and projected by him, now engraving at the royal plan-chamber of Dresden.

Lehmann's system has been adopted, with some slight modifications, by the engineers of Prussia and Austria. Of their alterations, we would say, that although perhaps less accurate, they are better adapted for speed in cases of emergency. The French, too, have adopted as much of the system as serves to give their maps a plausible appearance; but as far as we can judge from those we have yet seen, they do not adhere to it with that strictness which is necessary to ensure accuracy. Britain alone remains behind. Her military engineers keep still by the old system, which attempts to unite perspective with plan-drawing. Her surveyors are, in general, men of too confined and desultory education, to be masters of their trade. Those few of them who have attempted to introduce something like the system of Lehmann, have too confused a notion of the principles upon which it rests, to do so to any purpose. The great misfortune with us is, that no person of sufficient education has devoted himself to the construction of maps. With the exception of that constructed under the auspices of government (and which seems to have stuck in the middle) upon the trigonometrical survey, and perhaps one or two others of less importance, all our English maps are published as speculations by some one of the trade. Arrowsmith's are the best, and yet his are almost always copies, sometimes not very correct ones, of some Continental map. The excellence of their engraving is their chief recommendation.

*The Bijou: An Annual of Literature and the Arts.* London, William Pickering. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 288.

THE two embellishments of greatest interest in this Annual (there are only nine altogether) are, "Ada, a Portrait of a Young Lady," from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and "The Bagpiper," by Wilkie. The first is a perfect gem: it is the head of a little girl, five or six years old, who, if she be not Lord Byron's daughter, as the name leads us to hope, ought to be. We have seldom seen in a youthful face so much intelligence, combined with so much infantine simplicity and innocence. Had Lawrence never painted any thing but this, it would have been enough to hand his name down to posterity. As to Wilkie's "Bagpiper," it is of course inimitable. The

weatherbeaten, strongly marked, acute, and truly Highland countenance of the old man, playing one of the favourite airs of his mountain land with all his fingers and with all his soul, is full of the fire and energy of Willie's genius. His piper is just the man to march at the head of the Forty-Second into the field of battle. The glory of old Scotland is in his heart, and he could move up with his bagpipe to a serried phalanx of bayonets, or to the mouth of a cannon. He is the chief's piper, and he might almost be the chief himself. Many a bloody field, and many a merry meeting, has he witnessed. There is a history of something or other in every corner of his face. He is like one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.—The portrait of his Majesty, which serves as the frontispiece, does not charm us much; and that of Mrs Arbuthnot, which, if we mistake not, we have already seen in "La Belle Assemblée," does not strike us as remarkably beautiful. It is odd, but it is nevertheless true, that celebrated beauties never make very fine pictures. What can be more insipid, for example, than the face of Mrs Agar Ellis in the *Keepsake*? and this of Mrs Arbuthnot is just a very good face for an English wife, without being in any way remarkable. The truth is, that beauty does not agree with the atmosphere and the habits of fashion, and that white satin gowns, gold chains, and rings, have little or nothing to do with it.

Few eminent names appear among the contributors to the *Bijou*; and, in looking over the contents, we confess this circumstance was to us quite refreshing. We have been dabbling so much in *Annals* for the last two or three weeks, that we have got heartily tired of "eminent names." Besides, we are satisfied that there are a great number of very clever people whom the world has never heard any thing about; and we flattered ourselves that the editor of the *Bijou*, trusting to his own judgment, was determined to prefer talented things from persons without a name, to stupid things from persons with a very large name. We hoped that he was, in this way, about to "give the world assurance" of an *Annual* that would stand *ponderibus librata suis*, and would trust to no fictitious celebrity whatever. We have been somewhat disappointed, however; for, on perusing the book, we find, that instead of stupid things by well-known people, we are, for the most part, presented with stupid things from unknown people. Thus, we have "The Fisher's Wife, by a young Lady," "Oswald and Leonora," "Lines written under a Butterfly painted in an Album," "Sonnet on Emigration," "Sonnet by the Rev. Alexander Dyce," "Sonnet by Commander Hutchinson," "Sonnet by T. E. R.," "Sonnet by A B C," "Sonnet by X Y Z." This is rather tiresome. One might as soon expect to extract the otter of roses out of a decoction of boiled pebbles, as poetry out of subjects like these. Nevertheless there are, of course, some things a good deal better, among which we class the following little poem:

#### BACHELORS.

"As lone clouds in autumn eves,  
As a tree without its leaves,  
As a shirt without its sleeves,  
Such are bachelors.

"As syllabubs without a head,  
As jokes not laugh'd at when they're said,  
As cucumbers without a bed,  
Such are bachelors.

"As creatures of another sphere,  
As things that have no business here,  
As inconsistencies, 'tis clear,  
Such are bachelors.

"When, lo! as souls in fabled bowers,  
As beings born for happier hours,  
As butterflies on favour'd flowers,  
Such are married men.

"These perform their functions high;  
They bear their fruit and then they die,

And little sprouts come by and by,  
So die married men.

"But, ah! as thistles on the blast  
From every garden bed are cast,  
And fade on dreary wastes at last,  
So die bachelors.

"Then, Thomas, change that grublike skin,  
Your butterfly career begin,  
And fly, and swear that 'tis a sin  
To be a bachelor."

We have no room for further quotations. The volume is a handsome one; and we have no doubt will make a very satisfactory New Year's present.

*Life on Board a Man-of-War; including a Full Account of the Battle of Navarino.* By a British Seaman. Glasgow. Blackie, Fullarton, and Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 194.

THOUGH in some parts a little coarse, this is, on the whole, a clever and amusing book. We have already given our readers an extract from some of the sheets which were sent to us as it was passing through the press, and now that we have the completed work before us, we propose adding, for their entertainment, one or two extracts more. The title-page describes very well the nature of the book, which is a good deal more than can be said for all title-pages. The author has evidently seen what he undertakes to speak about. Though of respectable parentage, he chose to run away when only a lad of seventeen, and voluntarily became a common seaman on board a man-of-war. Soon after his arrival at Liverpool, whither he had come by steam from Glasgow, he got himself entered for his Majesty's ship *Genoa*. He was, however, in the first place, along with a good number of other new hands, sent on board the *Bittern* sloop of war, in order to be broken into his new profession, before he went upon actual service. From the *Bittern* he was draughted to the brig *Reynard*, in which he made a cruise, at the end of which he came into Plymouth Sound, and was at length delivered over to the *Genoa*. In her he sailed, under Captain Bathurst, first to Lisbon, then to Malta, and finally to Navarino, soon after which battle he quitted the service, and returned to Glasgow, his native city. Although, comparatively speaking, the writer is still but a young sailor, it is evident that he is an acute and intelligent observer in his own sphere; and many of the scenes he describes, for graphic accuracy and strength of colouring, would do no discredit even to the pen of Smollett. We look upon his book as giving the same kind of pictures of the naval service, that the memorials of the soldier of the 71st give of a private's military career. In both instances, we are presented with somewhat novel views of human life; and though these are occasionally more repulsive than could be wished, yet whatever is true to nature ought to be known, and, if honestly told, will be read with interest. For our own part, we hesitate not to say, that we have perused the whole of this volume with much entertainment, and, we think, some profit. Without farther comment, we subjoin as much as our space will allow us to extract, beginning with

A SAILOR'S YARN.—"Well, d'ye see, when I was on board the *Barfleur* in the West Indies under old Tommy Harvey, we had a rum time of it; for he was a real tartar. He was none of your wisby-washy old women; for, if a man came before him once, he was as sure of his five shen as he had his biscuit to crack for dinner, and you know that's always sure. Well, as I was saying, the old feller had a quare notion as how the ship's company was in a state of mutiny, tho' there was not a more peaceable set of men in the grand fleet at the time than we were. The master-at-arms was just, d'ye see, the two ends and the middle of a twice laid rotten strand of a bloody rascal,\* and then, d'ye

\* Twice laid is applied to ropes made of old yarns. The two ends and the middle of course comprises the whole. Strand means one of the plies of a rope.

see, he had a lot of fancy men that told him every thing as was done in the ship. No sooner did he know it than you might as well have told a boatswain's mate to keep a secret as him, for aft it went to old Tom directly. Well, as we were lying one night in the Bay of Antigua, a fine calm night it was, the ports all up for the heat, and every one in their hammocks, Jack Gibson as was a messmate of mine happened to go to the birth for a drink of water, his coppers being rather hot, when what did he see but an infernal black cat pitching into it a four pound piece of beef that had been left from dinner. 'Aha!' says Jack, 'have I catched you at last? Go and take a swim after your meal,' said he, 'for the good of your soul!' As he pitched it out the port, the cat made a hell of a splash in the water, and swam towards the shore. Jack went to his hammock, but had scarcely turned in, when the whole ship was in an uproar. D—me, there could not be more noise if the bloody ship had been overboard! They beat to quarters, and every one was there before you would say *trap stick*. The second cutters was called away to pursue the man as they thought was overboard. Now, d'ye see, 'twas two of them superfluous vagabonds that had been skulking in the forechains just over the port where Jack lannched the cat, and they were trying to hear what we were conversing about as we lay in our hammocks; well, d'ye see, shippies, they were just like these two elders you read about in what you call that 'ere book in the Bible; no, it's not in the Bible either; it's a kind of *Pothecary* I thinks they call it, right in midships between the Bible and Testament. Now, d'ye see, them two fellows went aft to old Tom himself, and pitched him the bloodiest twister as ever you heard, about as how they heard two of the men conversing together about delivering up the ship to the French, and that they came to the conclusion that one was to jump over into the water; and, oh! I'm d—d, if I can tell you the half they were going to do! The Admiral ordered them to beat to quarters, and dispatched the cutter, manned and armed, after the cat. When we was at our quarters we was called to muster on the quarter-deck. Old Tom then said he wouldn't muster till they brought the mutinous rascal aboard. We was all waiting, like a parcel of bumboat-men on a pay day. Old Tom's nephew was looking over the quarter through his *bring-em-near*, and turning to old Tom, told him they had just picked up the rascal, and was bringing him aboard. 'Master-at-arms,' said he, 'get a pair of irons to clap the scoundrel in directly.' Jack Ketch, always glad of a job, was off in a twinkling, and quickly brought up a pair of the strongest irons in the ship. Laying them on the deck, the precious rascal stood rubbing his hands, his fingers itching to be putting the shackles round what he thought a man's legs. The boat neared the ship, and soon came alongside. The midddy came on the quarter-deck, with a face like a wet swab or methody parson. 'Have you got him?' said old Tom. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'he is in the boat.' 'Bring him here,' said he, 'and get your irons ready, master-at-arms; clap him on the poop, and to-morrow morning, I'm d—, if I don't see his back-bone!' 'I very much doubt, sir,' said the midddy, 'if you have got a pair of irons in the ship that will fit the gentleman, for he is not very thick about the ankle.' 'Bring him up, bring him up,' said Tom; 'I'll have him on the poop all night, if I should tie him with the mizen top-sail haul-yards myself; but where is he?' 'He is coming, sir,' said the midddy, 'but we will need to carry him up,' said he, 'for the poor fellow is so weak that he can't come out of the boat.' 'Get a whip on the mainyard,' said old Tom, 'and hoist the rascal in.' 'He is here, sir,' said the midddy, advancing on the quarter-deck, and showing the Admiral the black cat, which he carried under his arm! Now, if you'll believe me, old Tom had not a word to throw to a dog, and the whole ship's company was like to split their sides with laughing at him and his spies, and the mutinous cat; but there never was a word about mutiny all the time we was out after that, which was three years and eight months, and the spies and Jack Ketch had the devil's own life of it till we came home!"

To this we shall add some more

ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.—"About half past three o'clock, as near as I could guess, the bight of the main-sheet hung just down before our gun, and in-commoded us in the pointing of it. I was ordered, along with another, to go on deck, and haul in the slack, to keep it out of the road of the musketeers. I can't say I liked this job, for, during the action, a deep impression lay on my

mind that I was safer at my gun than anywhere else; however, go I must. On gaining the main-deck, the scene of carnage and devastation far exceeded what was on the lower deck. Shortly before this, I had heard a dreadful crash, as if the whole ship's side had been stove in, and I now learned that it was occasioned by two marble-shot of 120 pound weight each, striking the main-deck abreast of the main-hatchway. They had knocked two ports into one, and wounded five men, among whom was my dear messmate, Morfiet; but this I did not know at the time. I saw Captain Bathurst coming down the poop ladder, when the tail of his cocked hat was carried away by a splinter from the bulwarks of the ship. He took off the hat, looked at it, and smiled; then coming down on the quarter-deck, which was the most imminently exposed part of the ship, issued his orders with the same calmness as if he had been exercising guns at sea. There was something at once noble and ludicrous in the appearance and situation of the old man, as he proudly walked the quarter-deck, with his drawn sword and shattered hat, amid showers of shot and splinters, insensible apparently to the danger that surrounded him. My companion and I essayed with all our might to haul in the slack of the main-sheet, but could not effect it, the rope being so heavy. The rigging of the ship was torn in pieces, her yards topped up and down, and some of them fore and aft, the lifts shot away, and the quarter-deck so bestrewn with splinters of wood, that it presented the appearance of a carpenter's shop. The Captain came forward to us, and looking up, exclaimed, 'By G—, the Union Jack's shot away! Go aft on the poop, and tell Davy, the signal man, to give me another Union Jack.' I went aft, and found Davy looking out with his glass at the Asia, which was about a cable's length astern of us. The Admiral was standing on the poop-netting, and, with a speaking trumpet, was hailing our ship with 'Genoa, ahoy!'—'Sir Edward,' was the reply of the signal man. 'Send a boat with a hawser to swing my ship's stern clear of a fire-ship that's drifting down upon us.'—'Ay, ay, sir,' said Davy, and was going away, when I told him what the Captain had sent me for. He said he had a Union Jack in his breast, where he had stowed it at the beginning of the action, to be ready for any unlucky accident that might happen, and proceeded to the Captain.

"When I came forward to the place I had left, I saw that the message I had been sent was the means of saving my life, for, during my absence, the hammock netting had been torn completely to pieces with shot, and the poor fellow, Holmes, who came up with me, was stretched on the deck. The Captain was at the gangway, looking into our opponent's vessel. 'Did you bring the Union Jack, Davy?' said he. 'Yes, sir,' replied Davy; and at the same time told him what the Admiral wanted. The Captain snatched the flag out of Davy's hand, and, walking smartly forward, demanded, 'Who would go and nail the British Union Jack to the fore-royal-mast-head?' A good-looking man, of the name of Neil, stepped forward at once, and took it out of the Captain's hand, and, without speaking, began to make the best of his way up the two or three tattered shrouds that were left in the fore-rigging. The Captain then ordered half-a-dozen of the nearest men—among whom I was one—to man a boat and take a hawser for the Asia. Having got over the side into the boat, we sat waiting, while two of the men were occupied in coiling it in. I had here a fine view of the contending fleets, and could see that we had a galling fire to sustain at this time from two line-of-battle ships, one of which, although on fire, still kept up a constant cannonading upon us. The Asia, which was astern of us, had at this time only one large vessel, a liner, and a double-bank frigate, playing upon her. I trembled for the fate of our ship, because I was sure, that if the game continued to be played so unequally, we would stand a chance of coming off second best. I looked aloft to see how Neil had got up with the Union Jack. I saw him clinging with his feet to the royal-mast, and hammering away with a serving mallet. I watched till he got on deck in safety, and could not but admire the cool and determined manner in which he accomplished what he had undertaken. The hawser being coiled in the stern sheets of the boat, we shoved off and proceeded to the Asia. The face of the water was covered with pieces of wreck; masts and yards drifted about on the surface, to which clung hundreds of poor wretches whose vessels had been blown up. Numbers of them imploringly cried upon us, in the Turkish language, a small smattering of which the most of us had picked up at Smyrna. We kept paying out the hawser as we pulled along, but, just as we came within six fathoms of the Asia, our hawser terminated, and

we could not proceed any farther. The crew of the Asia, at the gunroom port, seeing our dilemma, hailed us, and hove a rope's end to make fast to our hawser; but this we could not manage. A man, then, of the name of George Finney, captain of our main-top, seeing there could be no other way of getting it done, jumped into the water and swam the distance between the boat and the flag-ship; the end of a hawser was then put out of the port, and Finney, catching hold of it, swam back to the boat, bearing the end of the heavy rope in one hand, and swimming with the other. We soon made what sailors call a *Carrick bend* of the two ends, and began to pull back for the Genoa. The Admiral appeared on the poop, in a plain blue surtout, and signed, with a handkerchief, for us to make all speed. Scarcely had we gained half-way between the Asia and our own ship, when the former ship's mizen went over the quarter with a crash. We thought the Admiral was involved in the wreck, as we saw him standing at the place not a minute before the mast went over; but we were relieved from this apprehension by his re-appearance on a conspicuous situation. We picked up, on our way back, ten of the poor drowning wretches who were drifting about during the storm of fire and thunder, that made the ancient Island of Sphalactria tremble again. Several of them were Arabs, quite black, but all were Mahometans, as we saw by the lock of hair left on the crown of their heads, by which Mahomet, according to their own belief, lifts them to Paradise.

"Not a shot had struck the boat since we left our own ship, although several pieces of burning wood and showers of burned rice and olives, from the Turkish ships, rained down upon us in plentiful profusion; but as one of our men, called Buckley, was hauling a tall, stout young Moslem out of the water, a shot blew the head of the Turk to pieces, upon which Buckley, turning coolly about, said, 'D— me, did ever you see the like of that?'"

"Cool, however, as a British sailor is in danger, nothing can approach the Turk in this respect. George Finney—mentioned before—had hauled one into the boat, a fine-looking fellow, and elegantly dressed. He was no sooner seated in the bow of the boat, than, taking out a portable apparatus, he began to fill his pipe, which having done, he struck a light from the same convenience, and commenced sending forth, with inconceivable apathy, volumes of smoke from his mouth. 'Do you see that Turkish rascal,' said Finney, who was provoked at this singular instance of indifference. 'Well, since he cares so little for being hauled out of his *Botanic Majesty's* clutches, we'll soon send him where he came from.' So saying, he made a spring forward, and seizing the Turk, who could not understand how he had offended, tumbled him overboard before any one could prevent him. The Turk soon recovered, and got upon a piece of the wreck of one of his own ships, where he was picked up by the Albion's boat. Another instance of Turkish coolness I may mention, which, although it did not happen in our ship, was told me under well-authenticated circumstances. Some of the crew of the French frigate *Alcyone* had picked up a Turk, who, by his dress, appeared to be a person of rank in their navy. When he was brought aboard, he found his arm so shattered, that it would need to undergo amputation; so he made his way down the cockpit ladder with as much ease as if he had not been hurt, and as much dignity as if he had made a prize of the frigate. He pointed to his shattered arm, and made signs to the surgeon that he wanted it off. The surgeon obliged him so far, and having bound up the stump and bandaged it properly, the Turk made his way to the deck, and, plunging into the water, swam to his own vessel that was opposed, along with another, to the very frigate he had been aboard of. He was seen climbing the side with his one arm, but had not been aboard many minutes when it blew up, and he, among others of the crew, in all probability, perished in the explosion."

Many little volumes, far less entitled to success than this, have been successful. We shall be glad to know that the author of "Life on Board a Man-of-War" does not go unrewarded for his lively descriptions and interesting anecdotes.

*The Winter's Wreath, for 1830. A Collection of Original Contributions in Prose and Verse.* London. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Liverpool. George Smith. 12mo. Pp. 384.

This is a Liverpool Annual, and we are pleased to see

so very pretty a book coming out of Liverpool. Many people wonder why no Annual is published either in Dublin or Edinburgh; but we believe the reason to be, that it would be extremely difficult, in either of these towns, to get up the embellishments so elegantly as is done in the metropolis. The example of Liverpool does not disprove the truth of this; for, though the illustrations of the *Winter's Wreath* be highly meritorious, it will scarcely do to compare them with those of the principal London Annuals. It is also evident, that the great mass of the reading public will buy the handsomest book they can get at the price; and though local associations may secure the *Winter's Wreath* a better sale in Liverpool and its neighbourhood than any of its compeers, we are afraid that it will elsewhere enter the market under disadvantages.

Of its twelve embellishments, the three which are engraved by Edinburgh artists appear to us the best. These are, "Sunset on the Welsh Coast," and "Dordt from the Harbour," both engraved by William Miller, and "The Peasant's Grace," by W. H. Lizars, after Jan Stein. We do not say that these paintings could not have been better engraved by London artists, but this we say, that they are exceedingly well engraved, and that there are not many artists, either in London or any where else, who could have done them more justice. The frontispiece to the *Winter's Wreath*, which, according to the rule usually observed in Annuals, ought to have been one of the best things in the volume, disappoints us greatly. It is so wretchedly engraved, that it is impossible to say whether the original painting be an interesting one or not. It represents a female figure—a young lady half buried in fur—whom the editor is pleased to designate "The Idol of Memory;" but we beg leave to say, that if this be his idol, he is rather ill off, for she looks so very uninteresting, that we should be inclined to set her down as a false idol.

As to the letter-press of the *Winter's Wreath*, it is, on the whole, very respectable; but the truth is, we are at this moment so satiated with all the little tid-bits and delicacies of the Annuals, that we have no stomach for swallowing any more of them with a healthy appetite. A single apricot or orange is eat with delight; but spread out a bouquet of rich fruit, and in a very short time the palate becomes cloyed, and the eye looks upon the whole with indifference. This is to be regretted, but such is human nature; and the feeling is of course stronger with us, who, within the last ten days, have had fifteen or sixteen Annuals through our hands, than it can be with those who as yet have had only a peep or two at a stray copy. We think we could now write a receipt for an Annual which would, in no single instance, fail to produce the thing wanted, and by which the whole process would be rendered simple and certain. Let us try;—Take twelve paintings, and get these engraved as well as possible; take from three to four hundred pages of the best wire-wove paper, gilt at the edges; print a title-page, with a pretty motto in the middle of it; write a preface of three or four pages, in which you return your most grateful thanks to all the artists and all the contributors, and declare the book to be the most splendid that ever issued from the press; put in several poems by Mrs Hemans, some verses "written in an album" by James Montgomery, a great quantity of "Stanzas" and "Sonnets to —," and a few prose tales by the "authors of &c. &c. &c.;" have the whole bound in red silk; and you may then safely send your Annual to all the editors, who will be sure to say, that it is one of the most delightful books for a Christmas present they have ever seen.

More seriously, the *Winter's Wreath* is "enriched by contributions"—that, we believe, is an approved phrase—from Mrs Hemans, Mary Howitt, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury, Dr Bowring, Derwent Conway, J. H. Wilsen, W. Roscoe—to whom the work is dedicated—Hartley Coleridge, William Howitt, and others. The selection of anonymous contributions reflects credit on the

taste of the Editor; and, according to the usual style, we suppose we too must conclude by declaring, that the volume will make an excellent Christmas present, which, after all, is our candid opinion.

*The Golden Lyre. Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain.* Edited by John Macray. London. J. D. Haas. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1830.

THE Golden Lyre, we are informed, was undertaken as well from a wish to show the progress of a new and beautiful art, as to supply a volume of agreeable and diversified reading for the student of foreign literature. Both designs are laudable. The contents are beautifully printed in gold, and are very judiciously selected. In English literature we have specimens from Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Cowper, Mrs Hemans, and Rogers. In French, from Casimir Bonjour, Chateaubriand, Delavigne, Delille, Ducis, and Voltaire. In German, from Goethe, Herder, Hermine v. Chezy, Bellstah, Schiller, and Uhland. In Italian, from Chiabrera, Dante, Della Casa, Filicaja, Monti, and Tasso. In Spanish, from Garcilaso, Herrera, Lope de Vega, Maestro Leon, Rioja, and Villegas. The scholar is thus presented with a very tasteful manual of the beauties of modern poetry. It has occurred to us that the effect would be still more splendid were the gold letters to be impressed upon a dark ground, instead of a white glazed paper. Would not dark green, or blue, or even rose colour, contrast well with the gold letter? Be this as it may, there can be little doubt but that, in the present-giving time of the year, this beautiful little volume will meet with numerous purchasers.

*The Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Italy and Switzerland.* From Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. The Literary Department by T. Roscoe, Esq. London. Robert Jennings. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1830.

THE Editor of the *Landscape Annual* explains its nature and design in these words:—"While the galleries of the wealthy, and the cabinets of the curious, have been freely resorted to for the illustration of the various annual publications which, by their beauty and splendour, have formed an era in modern art and literature, it is singular that the more captivating and exquisite scenes which nature herself affords should have been overlooked or neglected. With the view of supplying this deficiency, the *Landscape Annual* has been projected, a publication designed to exhibit a connected series of views, illustrative of the most interesting scenery of Europe. The magnificent mountains and delightful valleys of Switzerland, the banks of the noble Rhine, the rich plains of Lombardy, and the splendid remains of Roman greatness, will furnish inexhaustible sources of graphic embellishment. But it is not merely as a work of art that the *Landscape Annual* prefers its claim to public support. The views will be accompanied with literary illustrations, intended to present not only a vivid and accurate description of the scenes delineated by the artist, but likewise to recall the many interesting recollections which the pages of history, or the records of tradition, can supply." We cannot help thinking that there is something very attractive in this view of the contents of the *Landscape Annual*, and having now seen all the embellishments, which are twenty-six in number, and each more beautiful than the other, we can answer for the manner in which this department of the work will be executed. These embellishments comprise a succession of the most interesting views which occur to the eye of the traveller on his route from Geneva to Rome. Among them we find,—Geneva—Lausanne—Castle of Chillon—Martigny—Milan Cathedral—Lake of Como—Verona—Vincenza—Padua—Petrarch's House at Arqua—The Rialto at Venice—

The Bridge of Sighs—Bologna—Ponte Sisto, Rome—Fish Market, Rome. We reserve our more detailed remarks upon the work till we have an opportunity of perusing the letter-press; but in the mean time we have no hesitation in saying, that, considering there are to be 300 pages of printed matter in addition to twenty-six highly-finished line engravings, and that, in as far as externals are concerned, the work is to be brought out in a style equal to the Keepsake, and is yet to be sold at no higher price than one guinea, it is certainly the *cheapest* of all the Annuals.

*National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the 19th Century. With Memoirs by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. Nos. V. and VI.* London. 1829.

WE have already had occasion to speak of this work in terms of much commendation. The two last Numbers amply support its previous character. No. V. contains portraits, very beautifully engraved on steel, of the Marquis Wellesley—a splendid picture, exquisitely painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence—of Sir Humphry Davy, and Sir Henry Torrens; and No. VI. contains Lord Grant-ham, an amazingly fine-looking man, Bishop Heber, and the Duke of Beaufort. All these are accompanied by Memoirs, written with precision and elegance, by the Rev. Mr Stebbing. And when we consider that each Number thus comprises, in addition to the portraits, about twenty pages of interesting letter-press, and yet sells so low as three shillings the large size, and two shillings the small, our readers will acknowledge that we are doing them a service in again directing their attention to the publication.

*The Scottish Laverock: Original Songs and Poems. Humbly dedicated to the Noblemen and Gentlemen Members of the New Club, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh,* by their very humble and much-devoted servant G. Wilson. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 216.

THIS is a title-page and dedication all in one. However, on turning over the leaf, we find there is another dedication, in which the author modestly remarks,—“I presume not, my Lords and Gentlemen, to say that my feeble efforts should be put in competition with the works of those mighty masters in the art divine of fascinating song, my much-admired and much-honoured countrymen, Burns, Campbell, Scott.” To this we sincerely say “Amen!” Yet there is some coarse humour about Mr G. Wilson, and his book is not altogether destitute of that kind of talent which will find admirers in the meridian of the Lawnmarket.

*Temporis Calendarium; or an Almanack on a New Construction, for the Year of our Lord 1830.* By William Rogerson. Loudon. John Stephens. 12mo. Pp. 48.

THIS is a useful little work upon correct and scientific principles, and altogether free of that wretched superstitious stuff so frequently palmed upon the credulity of the populace by London Almanack-makers. The compiler, Mr Rogerson, has been for some years in the employ of Government, at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and is evidently well qualified for his present task. We observe, by his book, that there are to be six eclipses in the course of the ensuing year, but of these only one will be visible to us,—a total eclipse of the Moon, on Thursday, the 2d of September, when the Moon will pass almost through the centre of the Earth's shadow, and the total obscuration will of course be of long continuance.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

LOCAL INSTITUTIONS FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT  
OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE DUNDEE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION—DUNDEE CHARITY  
SCHOOL SOCIETY—HADDINGTON SCHOOL OF ARTS—EAST  
LOTHIAN MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE exertions which the working classes are now universally making throughout the country, to provide for themselves facilities in acquiring scientific instruction, is a striking and important feature of the times in which we live. Exertions so truly laudable cannot fail to be viewed with delight by all well-regulated minds, and have of course experienced, from the higher and better educated ranks, every encouragement and assistance. As the consequence of this generous co-operation, a Mechanics' Institution, or School of Arts, has sprung up in almost every considerable town in the kingdom,—the more populous villages have their book-clubs and reading-rooms, and some of them have also lectures,—and, even in the most remote inland districts, we now frequently find central libraries, with detached village branches, upon the itinerating plan—a plan which has been so successfully acted upon for the last twelve years, in the county of Haddington, in particular, under the superintendence of a single benevolent individual—Mr Samuel Brown. These central and itinerating libraries are peculiarly productive of an intercourse among the working classes, though living at considerable distances from each other; and they are admirably calculated, also, to pave the way for the formation of clubs for reading and conversation, as well as for Friendly Societies and Savings Banks, the utility of which, if conducted upon correct principles, cannot be disputed. The ball, having thus got its first impulse, continues to increase and to roll on rapidly. To a collection of well-chosen books, is added a reading-room, or hall, provided with maps, instruments, and some of the select periodicals of the day. Private classes in arithmetic, practical geometry, and sometimes geography, are taught, in the leisure hours of the evening, to apprentices and others, by the better-educated journeymen mechanics, who, in their turn, marshal themselves under the superintendence, gratuitous or otherwise, of a properly-qualified teacher, by whom they are instructed in elementary geometry, algebra, and probably a few of the easier branches of natural and mechanical philosophy.

As to the effect of such Institutions upon the political character of their members, "It is not easy to conceive," in the words of the Reverend Mr Hall of Leicester, "in what manner instructing men in their duties can prompt them to neglect those duties, or how that enlargement of reason, which enables them to comprehend the true grounds of authority and the obligations to obedience, should indispose them to obey." "Nothing, in reality, renders legitimate government so insecure as extreme ignorance in the people. It is this which renders them an easy prey to seduction, makes them the victims of prejudices and false alarms, and so ferocious withal, that their interference, in a time of public commotion, is more to be dreaded than the eruption of a volcano." With regard to morality and religion, it is evident that these depend for their very existence on the cultivation of the mind; and the argument, which was at one time attempted to be deduced from a perversion of the poet's aphorism,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"

is now universally exploded. The trouble which is supposed to attend the undertaking is another reason which prevents many people from engaging in forming these societies. That there will be a little trouble at the outset must of course be allowed; but, as soon as the simplicity of the plan for giving practical effect to the Institution is properly understood, the rest is mere amusement, and of the most rational and agreeable kind. We do not see

why every county, or even every presbytery, should not have its Mechanics' Institution or School of Arts, its central library, and its itinerating branches.

We have been induced more especially to advert to this subject at present, by having had the Reports, Prospectuses, and Proceedings of several of these excellent societies which now exist in East Lothian, recently laid before us. We do not mean to go into the particulars of their present condition or future prospects; but simply to express our satisfaction at the success and spirit with which they seem to be carried on, and to recommend the detail of their arrangements for general imitation in all counties where a similar laudable desire to advance the best interests of the working-classes has not yet so decidedly manifested itself.\* We cannot do better than add to these brief remarks the following observations on local institutions, of perhaps a more sacred character, yet of a nature nearly allied to those to which we refer, by the Right Hon. Charles Grant. They have never before appeared in print, and we know them to have been written out from the dictation of that gifted and amiable man. Though naturally hurried and imperfect, they are not unworthy the splendid imagination which produced the finest prize poem Cambridge ever saw:

"I am always glad to see the appointment of local institutions, because they furnish a practical refutation of the charge so often made against the supporters of institutions on a more large and general scale, that while their benevolence is active in distant countries, and in respect to foreign nations, they are apt to neglect the interests of those of their own countrymen nearer home. This charge is as unsound in argument as untrue in statement. I appeal to the fact, that Great Britain is at this moment covered with local institutions, which have sprung up since the formation of those great societies which extend to the whole world. The remark of the poet—

Who that from Alpine heights, his labouring eye  
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey  
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave,  
— will turn his gaze

To mark the windings of a scanty rill  
That murmurs at his feet?

however just as to the prospects of nature, is not applicable to the efforts of Christian benevolence, which, inspired throughout by the same motives, must in every place be equally operative.

"If ever there was a period in which it became the friends of religious education peculiarly to exert themselves, this is the period. By the increasing knowledge diffused among all ranks, and the rapid and progressive facility of communication between all parts of the country, a new order of things is opened—new wants—new impulses—new desires—new arts—new temptations—and, I fear, new crimes. The increase of knowledge, and the improvement of the people, cannot fail to be matters of congratulation, because they cannot fail to conduce to the happiness of the people and the benefit of the empire, provided only, that with all this secular knowledge is united the knowledge that flows from a celestial source—that amidst every other wisdom, heavenly wisdom should not be forgotten. While this earthly, but not unhallowed radiance, is streaming over the mass of the people,

'Let heaven above its portals wide display,  
And break upon them in a flood of day!'

"Most excellent are those institutions which administer to the wants and sufferings of our fellow-creatures. They have their praise and their high reward. But institutions which extend to more than temporal necessities are clothed with a still higher character. If, like them, they

\* It is proper to mention that, in the above remarks, we have availed ourselves, to a considerable extent, of what has been communicated to us by Mr Robert Watson of Westburn, who appears to take an active and liberal interest in this subject.

are built on the abatement of our condition, they are, unlike them, built also on the loftiness of our hopes and the splendour of our destinies. Whatever in the others is good or attractive, is comprehended in these, and adorned and exalted by new and more finished excellencies. These meet man in every exigency of his condition, either as the victim of sorrow or the child of hope—the slave of death, or the heir of immortality. These other institutions are indeed excellent, as strengthening all the relations and charities of life. Truly admirable are those relations which bind man to man; but still more admirable are those relations which bind man to his Maker. However interesting are the emotions which lead us to heal the sick and relieve the distressed, much more affecting are the sympathies which soothe the troubled conscience—which rescue guilt from the undying worm, and speak peace to the departing spirit."

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

## No. I.

[We are happy to have it in our power to intimate, that we have made arrangements which enable us to promise our readers a continuance of these letters from time to time. We make no doubt that their contents will be found of general interest.—*ED. LIT. JOUR.*]

In the present political ferment, the stiff small voices of art and literature, to which alone of late years I have listened, are entirely overpowered. You in England must think, when you peruse our journals, that the painter has thrown aside his brush, and the tailor his needle, to add their most sweet voices to the cry which has been raised from one end of France to the other against the ministry. You are mistaken. Beneath this bawling torrent the ordinary current of life flows on unvexed. The literature of France, like that of all Europe, has, it is true, acquired a tinge of politics more piquant than beautiful; but setting this apart, and a few Tom-fooleries of a timid and suspicious administration, the artist and the man of letters go on as before.

A good deal of attention has been excited by the exhibition of the works of the young artists who have competed this year for the prizes awarded by the Academy of the Fine Arts in the Institute of France. The journals had discussed with considerable heat their respective merits; and it had been officially announced, that Madame la Duchesse de Berri had left the Tuileries on the second of October, at half past one o'clock precisely, in order to visit the exhibition. In short, what with the real interest of the occasion, what with the tickling of public curiosity by such small talk as above alluded to, and what with the natural love of the French for any public exhibition, the annual public session of the Academy, held on Saturday the third of October, was most crowdedly attended. The ceremonies of the day commenced with the performance of a musical overture, part of an opera composed by M. Bailly, one of the royal pensioners, which he had produced at Venice with considerable success. It was extremely well executed by a band, consisting of the *élite* of the orchestras of the French and Italian opera. The piece was of itself well enough, although the author seems rather deficient in variety, and at times no ways disinclined to substitute noise for harmony. Some connoisseurs near where I stood looked unutterable things at each other, and muttered (if I caught their meaning correctly) something about plagiarism. As soon as the music ceased, a pompous-looking gentleman, with a portfolio beneath his arm, claimed the attention of the assembly. "M. Quatremère de Quincy!" colloquized a young coxcomb who stood beside me; "l'inevitable secrétaire perpétuel!" The secretary's present business was to deliver an historical sketch of the life and works of Houdon, a statuarius of some eminence, who died about a year ago at an advanced age. I should gladly tell you something of this artist, but as the orator really gave us no information concerning him, it is impossible to gratify you. M. Gar-

nier next presented himself with the report on the works of the royal pensioners in the French Academy at Rome. The report stated, that the painters had failed this year in sending the requisite contributions; but apologized for them, on the score that they had undertaken works too arduous to admit of their being finished within the limited period, and promised ample compensation next year. A study of Marius at Mistrum, by Norblin, and another of the Soldier performing the Rites of Sepulture to Pompey, by Feron, were mentioned with approbation. The department of sculpture afforded greater scope for commendation. Praises were lavished, in particular, upon a Mercury by Duret, which was said to be alike remarkable for truth and grace. But the great store of eulogiums was reserved for the school of architecture, which indeed seems, by what I learn from Rome, to be the most distinguished department of the French Academy, and to produce the most promising architects of Europe. The report being finished, M. Quatremère de Quincy proceeded to distribute the prizes; and this part of the ceremony was accompanied with repeated flourish of trumpets, and concluded (excuse the bull) with an overture by Barberousse. The cantata by Prevost, which had gained the musical prize, was then sung by Madame Dabadie with all her impassioned power. Thus terminated one of the most pleasing public exhibitions at which I ever remember to have been present.

On Tuesday the 6th, mass was celebrated in all the colleges of Paris, preparatory to opening, with due solemnity, the University Session. I do not know whether you are aware that there is but one University in France, comprehending all the colleges and lycées wherever situated, and placed immediately under the direction of a minister, "le Grand-maitre de l'Université," who manages its affairs, with the advice and assistance of a "Conseil royal d'instruction publique." This was an institution of Bonaparte, who sought to give a kind of military organization to every thing. At the return of the Bourbons, the office of Grand-maitre was for a while abolished, but it has since been restored, the council having been found not to work so well without its president. This idea, of uniting every institution for education throughout the kingdom into one great body, was praised at the time as a master-stroke of genius; but the French are now beginning to complain of it as a great monopoly, and fruitful inlet to favouritism. A worse fault may be found with it. It has encouraged the establishment, in different districts, of academies for one branch of education only—here one for law, there one for divinity or medicine. Now, perhaps the greatest benefit of spreading universities through the country is, that they bring together a great number of young men, all engaged in scientific pursuits, who mutually kindle each other's ardour; while, by constantly coming in collision with others of different professions, they escape that pedantic partiality to one particular kind of mental culture, which is so apt to warp him who devotes himself exclusively to one branch of study. There is also a fear at present, that the new ministry will endeavour to subordinate the University to priestly influence. And of all classes of the priesthood, the Jesuits are watched with the most jealous eye. Every elevation of a member of that body to an office in any academy or lyceum, is immediately caught up and retailed with the most invidious comments. Nay, the motions of the order in foreign states are noted and recorded. And truly there do appear evidences of reviving bustle and energy among the Reverend Fathers, that might at one time have given just cause for alarm. But their day is over. Their union and organization is the same as ever, their spirit is unchanged, and the talents of many of the brethren are of the very highest order; but society has changed. That social fabric, and those feelings, in and upon which their tactics were calculated to operate, have disappeared, and with these their power. Like Archimedes, they are unable to move the world, from the want of a standing-

place.—The most distinguished literary men connected with the University are, MM. Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain. The former is distinguished for his extensive knowledge of ancient and modern systems of philosophy, and his eloquent elucidations of them; the other two are equally esteemed, the first as an historian, the other for his literary attainments.

A letter has been received from the *beave d'Arcet*, dated Tripoli in Syria, June 1829. The object of his visit to that town, where the plague is at present raging, was to make some experiments on the effect of chlorine on the virus of the plague. He and his companions procured the garments of six people who had died of the disease, stained with the blood and matter which had exuded from their sores;—these were immersed for sixteen hours in a solution of chlorate of soda, at five degrees of Guy Lussac's chloromètre. Each of the associates put on one of the dresses as soon as dried, slept in it, and wore it for eighteen hours. At the time of d'Arcet's writing, eight days had elapsed since the experiment, and not the least accident had followed. They proposed next to try the efficacy of internal applications of the chlorate of soda to persons labouring under the disease. The writer concludes by expressing a hope, that he may be able to succeed in persuading the Turks to use this medicine, founded on their having already so far relaxed in their principles of fatalism, that they begin to follow the example of the Europeans in observing quarantine. The devotion to the cause of humanity, exemplified in the intrepid conduct of these French physicians, requires no comment.

There are few new publications. A work, entitled "*Clement XIV., and Carlo Bertinazzi, or Correspondence between a Pope and a Player,*" is announced. A translation of your late townswoman, Mrs Brunton's *Self-Control*, has been executed by the fair translator of Professor Wilson's *Margaret Lyndsay*, and favourably received. "*Le Cabinet de Lecture,*" a new Literary Journal, contains a translation of an ode of Horace, attributed to Louis XVIII. Alexis Dumesnil is about to publish a history of the last thirty years.

In my next, I shall give you some account of the present state of the Drama here.

Paris, October 12, 1829.

#### MUSIC.—BRAHAM.

BRAHAM, though he has been, we believe, thirty years on the stage, is, at this moment, in the zenith of his fame, and in the fullest possession of all his powers. He still retains the youthfulness of his appearance; and his voice has, in the highest degree, all its marvellous qualities. He still breathes those notes of bewitching softness which dissolve his hearers in pleasure and tenderness; and still pours forth those volumes of sound, which, as it were, fill the very air around us. His command over this most miraculous organ strikes us as being even more entire than it ever was. The perfect facility and absence of all effort with which he makes it obey every impulse of feeling, and embody every conception of genius, give a charm to every thing he does, which is felt by every hearer. In respect to taste, he is, if not unrivalled, at least not surpassed, by the most exquisite singers of the Italian school. This assertion may at first sight appear strange, when it is considered how much Braham has been blamed for singing in bad taste; we hold it, nevertheless, to be perfectly correct. Braham's school is exclusively Italian—his education was Italian—and, in his youth, he sang with a degree of distinction which was never accorded to any other *travotante* performer except Mrs Billington, at the principal theatres in Italy. Even now, nine-tenths of all his singing is purely Italian. No Italian ever surpassed him in the consummate skill with which he manages his voice—in his masterly *portamento*, nor in the delicacy and grace of his embellishments. These beauties are exhibited in every song he sings; but

unfortunately he often more than neutralizes their effect by a gariab and vulgar piece of extravagance at the end of his song, calculated and intended to produce a shout of stupid ecstasy from the most ignorant part of his audience. Braham himself, we believe, has said that he sings in this way, against his better judgment, because he finds he cannot otherwise please an English audience. On the other hand, it has been said that Braham himself has created that bad taste to which he is now obliged to yield—that he has evoked a spirit which he feels himself compelled to obey. We are rather inclined to think that Braham's own account of the matter is the more correct one; though perhaps he might have chosen the better part if he had at first resisted the influence of bad taste to which he must now continue to yield. Be all this as it may, however, the bad parts of Braham's singing form but an inconsiderable fraction when compared with its beauties; and they who dwell with such earnestness on the spots of this sun seem to have eyes too weak to perceive and enjoy its splendour.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### LINES ABOUT LOVE AND SUCH-LIKE NONSENSE.

WHAT a quantity of nonsense people prattle about love,  
And poets make it constantly the rhyming word to dove;  
But if you'll just look round about and see how things  
go on,

You'll find the simple truth to be, that Jessie marries  
John,

And that they live together in a middling sort of way,  
Not knowing sometimes very well how they should kill  
the day;

Unless the husband be a man of business and dispatch,  
In which case he'll have little time to think about his  
match;

And his wife will sit at home and play on her piano-  
forte

Such airs as "Tanti palpiti," "Non plu," or "Cruda  
sorte;"

Or else her friends will call to speak about her husband's  
merits,

And when they go, they'll sigh and say—"Poor thing!  
she's in low spirits!"—

"I wonder if he treats her well?"—"I hate these fickle  
fellows!"—

"I hope that nothing I have said will make his poor wife  
jealous."

At five the gentleman comes home, quite fagged and rather  
hungry,

And finds his lady drown'd in tears, or looking sour and  
angry;

He can't be bother'd with her sulks, and so he takes his  
dinner;

But such a meal can only make the man who eats it  
thinner.

Good Lord! it is a dreary thing to lead a life like this,  
And hear a thousand babblers, too, pronounce it full of  
bliss!

There's no such thing in all the world as love without  
alloy;

Man's heart is but a broken reed, and woman but a toy—  
A toy we break as children do, to see what it contains,  
And the knowledge that it is destroy'd rewards us for our  
pains.

Give me, give me a lonely life, like Robinson Crusoe,  
A cat and parrot for my friends, and for my *belle* a bow,  
I'm sick of all the cant about the human face divine,—  
I'm sick of sentimental trash, spun out in many a line,  
By cream-faced lads or silly girls, who write for Maga-  
zines,

Although not one among them knows what real passion  
means.

A daily ducking in a pond would do them all some good,  
'Twould make them much more rational, and cool their  
feverish blood.

In this life, sow what'er you will, full many a tare you'll  
reap,

So give false fancy to the wind, and look before you leap.  
H. G. B.

## A FRAGMENT.

I'll never have the laughing eye I had long, long ago,  
When light within gave all without a rich and sunny  
glow;

I cannot smile as once I smiled in early long-lost years—  
Ah, me! my eye is sad with thought, ne'er beams but  
through my tears!

I'll never have the merry voice, that told in every tone  
How in my breast the tide of joy was gushing wildly on;  
I cannot sing, as once I sung, of hopes that brightly glow;  
I cannot feel as I have felt in youth, long, long ago!

I'll never have the happy heart, that, bounding glad and  
free,  
Soar'd like the eagle from the cliff, high tow'ring o'er the  
sea—

Upborne on fancy's wildest wing,—alas! how short the  
flight;

My heart is chain'd by sorrow now,—the world has  
proved its might!

GERTRAUDE.

## SONNET.

*Extracted from "Words and Wild-flowers;" by the late  
Mr Alexander Balfour, Author of "Campbell, or the  
Scottish Probationer," "Characters omitted in Crabbe's  
Parish Register," &c. &c. about to be Published.*

## TO THE LAUREL.

Bewitching tree! what magic in thy name!

Yet what thy secret and seductive charms,  
To lure the great in song, the brave in arms,  
Who deem thy verdant wreath the badge of fame,—  
And while they listen to her loud acclaim,

Life's purple tide with quicker motion warms?  
Full oft, alas! the Hero and the Bard,  
Find thee their only meed—their sole reward;

And like the rainbow in a summer shower,  
Or gaudy poppy, of fugacious bloom,  
'Tis thine to flourish for a transient hour,  
Then, wither'd, sink in dark oblivion's womb;—  
Thy greenest leaves, thy rich perennial flower,  
Bud in thy votary's life, but blossom on his tomb.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

CAPTAIN MIGNAN announces, for immediate publication, his  
Travels in Chaldæa, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad,  
Hillah, and Babylon, performed on foot in the year 1827, with Ob-  
servations on the Sites and Remains of Babel, Seleucia, and Ctes-  
phion. The work is expected to throw much new light on the ac-  
counts of former travellers, particularly Buckingham, Keppel, Rich,  
and Major Rennell. The author has been enabled to append many  
valuable notes, as well as translations of numerous curious Arabic  
inscriptions, which have hitherto been inaccessible to the public.

There is preparing for publication, Amara's Natural History of  
Paraguay, translated into English from the original Spanish, with a  
Life of the Author, and copious explanatory notes, by Perceval Hun-  
ter, Esq. in five volumes 8vo.

There will be published, early in December, in one volume 8vo,  
Weeds and Wildflowers, by the late Mr Alexander Balfour. This  
volume is to be a selection from the manuscripts, both in prose and

verse, which Mr Balfour left behind him. It is to be edited by a sur-  
viving literary friend, who will also furnish a Biographical Memoir of  
the author. The profits of the publication will go to Mr Balfour's  
family; and, as we are satisfied the work will possess much merit, we  
trust that its success will be proportionate.

The forthcoming second series of Sir William Gell's *Pompeiana*,  
which we have already announced, will describe every thing worthy  
of notice which the more recent excavations at Pompeii have laid  
open. Among these may be mentioned the Forum, the Temples of  
Jupiter, of Mercury, of Venus, and of Fortune, the Therma, the  
Pantheon, and innumerable private houses. The publisher promises  
that the engravings will be still superior to those of the first series.  
The work is to be completed in about twelve parts, a part to be pub-  
lished every two months.

A complete edition, in one volume, of Mrs Ramsbottom's amusing  
Letters, which appeared in the *John Bull*, is announced.

Messrs Colburn & Bentley are preparing for publication the *Travels*  
of M. Caillé to Timbuctoo.

Mr C. Blais, the principal dancer at the King's Theatre, has near-  
ly ready for publication, the *Art of Dancing*, accompanied by six-  
teen engravings, illustrating upwards of sixty positions.

THE BORDERERS.—We understand, that though a very large im-  
pression of Mr Cooper's new novel, *The Borderers*, was printed to  
supply the expected demand, yet so great was the public curiosity  
excited by the announcement of a new work by this distinguished  
novelist, that almost the whole edition was required on the very  
first day of publication.

DE BOURBONNE'S MEMOIRS.—This work, which has been late-  
ly published, is an interesting one, and contains much curious, ori-  
ginal, and important information regarding Napoleon. On looking  
over it, however, we find a Voltaire-like sneer, which is quite at va-  
riance with the general good sense of the work. The author is speak-  
ing of the massacre at Jaffa, and observes, in reference to Sir Walter  
Scott's *Life of Napoleon*,—"It was after the siege of Jaffa that the  
plague began to manifest itself with the most intense violence. In  
the country about Syria, we lost, by the contagion, from seven to  
eight hundred men. Sir Walter Scott says, that divine vengeance,  
in the shape of the plague, pursued us for the massacre. Did it  
never occur to the romantic historian, that Providence might have  
found it much more simple to prevent the massacre, than to ravage  
it?" Of course, the Frenchman thinks this a complete *settler*, as  
Cruikshanks would say!

FINE ARTS IN EDINBURGH.—Some discussion has taken place re-  
garding the best situation for Campbell's statue of the Earl of Hope-  
toun. It is said to be the wish of those gentlemen who have taken  
an active part in promoting its erection, that it should be placed in  
Charlotte Square. The artist himself is reported to have made  
strong representations in favour of the front of the Register House.  
If this be true, he has shown a quick eye for selecting the very best  
situation the city offers. It has been objected to him that there is  
not sufficient space in front of the building for his statue: but a  
very slight alteration on the outer-stair would remove this difficulty.  
It has, moreover, been objected, that Lord Hopetoun was no lawyer,  
as if one of that learned profession alone was entitled to stand senti-  
nel before the building where the evidences, upon whose preserva-  
tion the rights of every Scottish nobleman and gentleman depend,  
are deposited, along with the Treaty of Union—the Magna Charta of  
our country. The only feasible ground for refusing this situation to  
Mr Campbell is, that it ought to be reserved for the statue of the  
King. Reverting to the other locality which has been brought under  
discussion—Charlotte Square—it appears to us the next best situa-  
tion. We are not certain, however, how far the placing of Mr  
Campbell's work there will enhance the beauty of that exquisite  
piece of architecture, St George's Church, which always reminds us  
of an inverted punch-bowl set upon a writing desk. The square  
basement of the church is already too low for the cupola set upon it,  
and when seen past a statue so elevated as that of the Earl of Hope-  
toun, must look more diminutive still. Perhaps some wiseacre may  
discover, that as the Earl was not a clergyman, it is unfitting to place  
him in front of the church. Be this matter, however, determined as  
it may, we would protest, in the name of good taste, against the idea  
which it seems in agitation, of placing a line of statues along  
George Street, one at the head of each crossing, like videttes of the  
Edinburgh Yeomanry Troop on the outlook for the approach of a  
radical mob.—Wilkie exhibited to his friends, during his stay among  
us, some highly-finished sketches, as well of the pictures now in pos-  
session of his Majesty, as of subjects which he proposes to paint  
hereafter. That which seems to have given most general satisfac-  
tion is a picture of Napoleon and the Pope at Fontainebleau. Both  
are excellent likenesses, and the characters of both are strongly ex-  
pressed and contrasted. The self-concentrated, lively deportment of  
the Emperor is finely set off against the deprecatory look of the Pope,  
who appears as if, being hard-pressed to something which it would be  
dangerous in his situation to refuse, he was making an unavailing

attempt to change the subject. We are glad to see that our rulers have done themselves the honour to present Wilkie with the freedom of the city.—Etty has announced to the Scottish Academy that he has a picture nearly ready for their exhibition. Our readers will remember that when this body purchased his *Judith*, they at the same time bargained with him for the completion of his original design, the two wing-pieces of which that picture was the centre. The work which he is now on the eve of finishing is, we believe, that which represents *Judith* setting out on her hazardous enterprise. It is square, ten feet by ten; and report speaks of it as one of Etty's most successful exertions.—Macdonald has thrown himself tooth and nail upon another arduous but noble subject—*The Iliad*. We love the enthusiastic devotion with which this artist follows out his profession; and could wish to see similar examples more frequent.—Equal to him in enthusiasm at least, and of late years much improved as a landscape painter, is J. F. Williams, who has just returned from the north of England, with a cargo of hills and waters, English cottages, clouds, and sunsets, Solway shrimping-fishers, with baskets and nets, sufficient to fill an exhibition of his own.—Angus Fletcher is busied with a bust of the Duke of Argyll—a fine subject.—We regret to hear rumours of further disagreement among our artists. We know that occasional misunderstandings are unavoidable among such a number; but we shall keep our eye upon them, and if we find that the bickerings originate in any instance in a selfish disregard to the interests of the body, we shall let the offending party hear of it, although he be our best and most intimate friend.

**SWAN'S VIEWS ON THE CLYDE.**—We have seen the first twelve Parts of this work, which is a cheap and prettily executed publication. No river affords scope for nobler and more varied views than the Clyde, which has been appropriately termed the Rhine of Scotland.

**ELOCUTION.**—We observe that Messrs Roberts & Wilson are about to give a series of Lectures and Readings in the Hopetoun Rooms. From the abilities which both these gentlemen possess, we have no doubt that their mutual exertions will gain for them extensive encouragement.—We observe, also, that Mr Jones has returned from London, and has recommenced his classes for Elocution. We hope he will also perform some of his favourite parts at our Theatre in the course of the season.

**NEW MUSIC.**—Three new songs, with symphonies and piano-forte accompaniments, have been recently put into our hands, all of which we would recommend to the notice of our fair friends. The first is, "Away, Love, away," a ballad, sung with unbounded applause by Miss Tunstall, at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, in the new and admired Drama of *Aloyse*,—both the words and music by the authoress of that piece. The second is, "The Song of the Sisters, from the Poem of *Fallory*," by Charles Doyne Silvery, Esq.—the music composed, and dedicated to Lady Coutts Trotter, by Mrs Orme. And the third is a "Bohemian Melody, sung at the Argyll Rooms; by Charles N. Weiss,—the words by Henry G. Bell, Esq." The musical talents of the authoress of *Aloyse* are already well known; those of Mrs Orme deserve to be better known; and Weiss is a voluminous and successful composer, and is at present engaged in preparing an Opera for one of the London Theatres.

**MECHANICS' LITERARY SOCIETY.**—We observe that some of the Mechanics of Edinburgh have commenced a Society, to be called The Edinburgh Discursive and Literary Society, the object of which is to promote mental improvement, and to encourage the members to write Essays on given subjects, or to produce miscellaneous literary sketches. If judiciously conducted, this society may be of use; but we cannot approve of its discussing "doubtful questions on morality," such discussions never producing any beneficial result.

**NEW CLUB AT GLASGOW.**—We understand that a Club, whose meetings will only be annual, is at present forming in Glasgow under favourable auspices. It is to comprise those alone who have travelled on the Continent, and who know how pleasant a thing it is to spend some weeks in Paris. There is to be an annual dinner, which shall recall the forgotten glories of a banquet at *Very's*, or "Les trois Fierres Provençaux."

**THE ANNUALS.**—A considerable part of our space has been devoted for the last three weeks to the *Annals*, all of which it was necessary to notice. We have now, however, got through the most of them, and we may safely say that we have had the start of all our contemporaries. The *Keepers*, of which we gave a full account in our last, has not yet been reviewed even in London.

**MATRIMONIAL DISQUALIFICATION.**—A French gentleman lately refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with a young man in every other way unexceptionable, because the intended bridegroom wore spectacles. The young people rebelled, and the short-sighted gentleman ultimately obtained the lady's hand, to the great distress of his father-in-law.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—Covent-Garden is going on prosperously. Miss Kemble is still the lion in the London theatrical world. Mrs Siddons, accompanied by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has been to see her niece play *Julius*, and of course declared herself delighted. The

performers have presented Miss Kemble with a costly bracelet, as a testimonial of their obligations to her; and a venerable nobleman is said to have sent her a draught for a hundred guineas—a less delicate compliment. Prince Leopold has transmitted L.200, and the Duke of Buccleuch L.100, to the fund in aid of the theatre. A new melo-dramatic piece, called "The Robber's Wife," in which Miss Ellen Tree plays the heroine, has been produced with success; and another new piece, called "The Life of Shakspeare," in which Mr C. Kemble was to play *Shakspeare*, was announced for Thursday last.—At Drury-Lane Miss Mordaunt has played *Letitia Hardy* with applause; and a melo-dramatic spectacle, called "The Greek Family," has been unequivocally damned.—At the Adelphi the popular novelty is a comic burlesque, called "Love Laughs at Bailiffs," in which Mathews sustains the part of a musical and poetical bailiff, and sings a cento of street ballads with a voice and manner appropriate to each, beginning with "Cherry Ripe," and ending with "Charlie is my Darling."—Of young Ireland a literary friend writes to us in these terms:—"I heard Incledon the other evening in 'Love in a Village.' I did not like him at all. To use an elegant simile, he sung as if he had a potato in his mouth. Besides, he is *beau-ty*, if you know what that means, and trends the stage very ill."—Concerning the late Musical Festival at Birmingham, a friend writes to us thus:—"The principal singers were Malibran, a splendid creature, Miss Paton, whom I admire much, Fanny Ayton, who is sadly fallen off, and Mrs Knvyett a very sweet singer; Braham, whom I have often heard to greater advantage, De Costa, Vaughan, Knvyett, and Bellamy. Lindley led, and there was also a *Signor de Beviot*, who played solos on the violin in a most exquisite manner. But above all was Malibran Garcia. Her father was a Spaniard and her mother an Italian; she possesses the peculiar characteristics of both countries, with a voice which seems to belong to no country, but to be sky-born. I am told the Cockneys, instead of Malibran, call her 'Molly Brown!'"—We observe that Pasta, who is still in Italy, is to receive L.1500 for six weeks' performances at Verona during the Carnival.—We observe that the *Court Journal* finds fault with "the Edinburgh critics" for comparing Braham's voice to that of Catalani. Now, this is not fair; there are blockheads in Edinburgh as well as in London, but the *Court Journal* should have said, "an Edinburgh critic;" not "the Edinburgh critics."—*Apologies* of Braham, we are glad to understand that he is not so old as our friend Camassus seemed to hint last Saturday. We are informed that his age does not exceed fifty-four.—Mackay is taking advantage of the short vacation here to play his best parts to the Dumfries people, with whom he is a great favourite. Pritchard, we believe, has gone to Glasgow. Miss Clarke has also made her *début* there. A Glasgow critic in the *Chronicle* says, that "she has a rich mellow voice." Miss Smithson has likewise been playing with Seymour's company. A friend, on whose judgment we place considerable reliance, writes to us concerning her:—"She is a clever but unequal actress. Her figure is fine; but her voice eternally dwindles into the lip of a hoyden when she wishes to be tender, and soars to the rant of a virago when she is heroic. Her manner, in like fashion, is a see-saw betwixt grace and maudlin languishment, violence and French grimaces. *She will not do in Edinburgh.*"

#### THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES.—OCT. 24.

SAT. *The Castle of Andalusia*, & *The Waterman*.

Theatre closed the rest of the week.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS, No. V. is unavoidably postponed till our next—"Hoety and his Poems," by the author of "Amster Fair,"—"Thoughts and Scenes,"—and the "Picture Gallery, No. 1." are in type, and will appear as speedily as possible.

On second thoughts, we must decline reviewing the "Jew Exile," which appears to have been published upwards of a year. The author, however, seems to be a man of some genius.—The review of the "Course de Littérature Française" will appear, if possible, in our next—"What's in a Name?" though clever, is not exactly to our taste.—"A Sketch among the Mountains" in our next. We have directed attention to the literary matter mentioned by the author in his letter, and he will hear concerning it.—We have sent "Proteus" packet to the Publishers; we would hint to him that he "cannot serve two masters."—"F. H." is putting himself to a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

"Bessy's Wooing," and the Lines by "S. S." of Glasgow shall have a place.—We regret that the clever poem, "Written a short time before the conclusion of the peace between the Russians and Turks," is of too political a character for our pages.—The Stanza on "An Old Apple Tree" will not suit us.—If we can produce any thing worthy of the subject, we shall have much pleasure in complying with the request of our fair correspondents.—"A Tall Lady."

[No. 51, October 31, 1839.]

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

OR,

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No. 52.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1829.

PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.—*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials.*  
Part III. Edinburgh. William Tait. November,  
1829. 4to.

MR PITCAIRN'S industry and research increase with the interest of his materials. This new Part of his work far surpasses in importance those which have preceded it. Among other things, it contains much valuable matter in the form of arguments respecting the relevancy of libels and the competency of jurors, which throw light on the notions entertained on these heads about the end of the 16th century; also, a curious notice of an early trial and condemnation for duelling without a license; and several witch trials, in one of which we think we observe a refreshing evidence of the progress of rational opinions—the parties throughout being only accused of *pretending* to skill in witchcraft. That, however, which gives Mr Pitcairn's labours their chief value, is the very complete collection of documents bearing upon the Gowrie Conspiracy, with a considerable part of which he presents us in this Number. We have been politely favoured with a perusal of that part which still remains unpublished, and have thus been enabled to take a view of the whole transaction more extensive and complete than we were ever able to take before. The result we have much pleasure in now submitting to our readers, and feel fully confident, that though this article may exceed our usual limits, its interest will be found sufficient to atone for its length.

The documents connected with the Gowrie Conspiracy may be divided into three classes:—I. The dittays of the persons brought to trial; the depositions of the witnesses examined by the Lords of Articles; and the record of the investigation conducted before the magistrates of Perth. These form a rich body of authentic information respecting the whole overt acts of the Earl of Gowrie and his followers.—II. The dittay and confession of Sprutt; Logan of Restalrig's letters; and two letters of the Earl of Gowrie.—Illustrative of the characters and previous steps of the actors in the conspiracy.—III. A large collection of contemporary narratives, orations, and correspondence, calculated to throw light on the views which different parties and individuals took of the event at the time. We shall make use of all of these in the remarks we have now to offer respecting the probable objects of the conspirators; to the right understanding of which, however, it will be necessary to prefix a narrative of the principal incidents which occurred during the eventful day of the Gowrie Conspiracy.

Early on the morning of the 5th of August 1600, Alexander, Master of Ruthven, with only two followers, Andrew Henderson and Andrew Ruthven, rode from Perth to Falkland, where King James was at that time residing. He arrived there about seven o'clock, and stopping at a house in the vicinity of the palace, sent Henderson forward to learn the motions of the King. His messenger returned quickly with the intelligence, that his majesty was just departing for the chase. Ruthven

proceeded immediately to the palace, where he met James in front of the stables. They spoke together for about a quarter of an hour. None of the attendants overheard the discourse, but it was evident from the King's laying his hand on the Master's shoulder, and clapping his back, that the matter of it pleased him. The hunt rode on, and Ruthven joined the train; first, however, dispatching Henderson to inform his brother that his Majesty was coming to Perth with a few attendants, and to desire him to cause dinner to be prepared. A buck was slain about ten o'clock, when the King desired the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar to accompany him to Perth, to speak with the Earl of Gowrie. The Master of Ruthven now dispatched his other attendant to give the Earl notice of the King's approach; and immediately afterwards James and he set off at a rate that threw behind the royal attendants, who lost some time in changing horses. When the Duke of Lennox overtook them, the King, with great glee, told him that he was riding to Perth to get a *pose* (treasure.) He then asked the Duke's opinion of Alexander Ruthven, which proving favourable, he proceeded to repeat the story which that young nobleman had told him, of his having the previous evening surprised a man with a large sum of money on his person. The Duke expressed his opinion of the improbability of the tale, and some suspicion of Ruthven's purpose; upon which the King desired him to follow when he and Ruthven should leave the hall—an order which he repeated after his arrival in the Earl of Gowrie's house.

Meantime, Henderson, on his arrival at Perth, found the elder Ruthven in his chamber, speaking upon business with two gentlemen. Gowrie drew him aside the moment he entered, and asked whether he brought any letter or message from his brother. On learning that the King was coming, he took the messenger into his cabinet, and enquired anxiously in what manner the Master had been received, and what persons were in attendance upon his Majesty. Returning to the chamber, he made an apology to the two gentlemen, and dismissed them. Henderson then went to his own house. When he returned, in about an hour, the Earl desired him to arm himself, as he had to apprehend a Highlander in the Shoe-gate. The Master of the household being unwell, the duty of carrying up the Earl's dinner devolved upon Henderson. He performed this service about half past twelve; and afterwards waited upon the Earl and some friends who were dining with him. They had just eaten down when Andrew Ruthven entered, and whispered something in the Earl's ear, who, however, seemed to give no heed. As the second course was about to be set upon the table, the Master of Ruthven, who had left the King about a mile from Perth, and rode on before, entered and announced his Majesty's approach. This was the first intelligence given to the inhabitants of Gowrie-house of the King's visit, for Gowrie had kept not only his coming, but also the Master's visit to Falkland, a profound secret. The Earl and his visitors, with their attendants, and some of the citizens among whom the news had spread, went out to meet the King.

The street in which Gowrie-house formerly stood runs

north and south, and parallel to the Tay. The house was on the side next the river, built so as to form three sides of a square, the fourth side, that which abutted on the street, being formed by a wall, through which the entry into the interior court, or close, was by a gate. The scene of the subsequent events was the south side of the square. The interior of this part of the edifice contained, in the first story, a dining-room, looking out upon the river, a hall in the centre, and a room at the further end looking out upon the street, each of them occupying the whole breadth of the building, and opening into each other. The second story consisted of a gallery occupying the space of the dining-room and hall below, and at the street end of this gallery, a chamber, in the north-west corner of which was a circular closet, formed by a turret which overhung the outer wall, in which were two long narrow windows, the one looking towards the spy-tower, (a strong tower built over one of the city-gates,) the other looking out upon the court, but visible from the street before the gate. The access to the hall and gallery was by a large turnpike stair in the south-east corner of the court. The hall likewise communicated with the garden, which lay between the house and the river, by a door opposite to that which opened from the turnpike, and an outward stair. The access to the chamber in which was the round closet, was either through the gallery, or by means of a smaller turnpike (called the black turnpike) which stood half-way betwixt the principal one and the street.

The unexpected arrival of the King caused a considerable commotion in Gowrie's establishment. Craighelt, the master of the household, was obliged to leave his sick bed, and bestir himself. Messengers were dispatched through Perth to seek, not for meat, for of that there seems to have been plenty, but for some delicacy fit to be set upon the royal table. The bailies and other dignitaries of Perth, as also some noblemen who were resident in the town, came pouring in, some to pay their respects to his Majesty, others to stare at the courtiers. Amid all this confusion, somewhat more than an hour elapsed before the repast was ready. To judge by the King's narrative, and the eloquent orations of Mr Patrick Galloway, this neglect on the part of the Earl seems to have been regarded as not the least criminal part of his conduct. And with justice: for his Royal Highness had been riding hard since seven o'clock, and it was past two before he could get a morsel, which, when it did come, bore evident marks of being hastily slubbered up.

As soon as the King was set down to dinner, the Earl sent for Andrew Henderson, whom he conducted up to the gallery, where the Master was waiting for them. After some short conversation, during which Gowrie told Henderson to do any thing his brother bade him, the younger Ruthven locked this attendant into the little round closet within the gallery chamber, and left him there. Henderson began now, according to his own account, to suspect that something wrong was in agitation, and set himself to pray, in great perturbation of mind. Meanwhile, the Earl of Gowrie returned to take his place behind the chair of his royal guest. When the King had dined, and Lennox, Mar, and the other noblemen in waiting, had retired from the dining-room to the hall to dine in their turn, Alexander Ruthven came and whispered to the King, to find some means of getting rid of his brother the Earl, from whom he had all along pretended great anxiety to keep the story of the found treasure a secret. The King filled a bumper, and, drinking it off, desired Gowrie to carry his pledge to the noblemen in the hall. While they were busy returning the health, the King and the Master passed quietly through the hall, and ascended the great stair which led to the gallery. They did not, however, pass altogether unobserved, and some of the royal train made mien to follow them, but were repelled by Ruthven, who alleged the King's wish to be alone. From the gallery they passed into the chamber at the end

of it, and the door of this room Ruthven appears to have locked behind him.

When the noblemen had dined, they enquired after their master, but were informed by Gowrie that he had retired, and wished to be private. The Earl immediately called for the keys of the garden, whither he was followed by Lennox and a part of the royal train; whilst Mar, with the rest, remained in the house. John Ramsay, a favourite page of the King, says in his deposition, that, on rising from table, he had agreed to take charge of a hawk for one of the servants, in order to allow the man to go to dinner. He seems, while thus engaged, to have missed Gowrie's explanation of the King's absence, for he sought his Majesty in the dining-room, in the garden, and afterwards in the gallery. He had never before seen this gallery, which is said—we know not upon what authority—to have been richly adorned with paintings by the Earl's father, and he stayed some time admiring it. On coming down stairs, he found the whole of the King's attendants hurrying towards the outer gate, and was told by Thomas Cranstone, one of the Earl's servants, that the King had rode on before. Ramsay, on hearing this, ran to the stable where his horse was. Lennox and Mar, who had also heard the report of the King's departure, asked the porter, as they were passing the gate, whether the King were indeed forth. The man replied in the negative. Gowrie checked him with considerable harshness, and affirmed that the King had passed out by the back gate. "That is impossible, my lord," answered the porter, "for it is locked, and the key is in my pocket." Gowrie, somewhat confused, said he would return and learn the truth of the matter. He came back almost instantly, affirming positively that the King had ridden out by the back gate. The greater part of the company were now assembled on the High Street, in front of the house, waiting for their horses, and discussing how they were to seek the King. At this moment, the King's voice was heard, crying—"I am murdered! Treason! My Lord of Mar, help! help!" Lennox and Mar, with their attendants, rushed through the gateway into the court, and up the principal stair. Sir Thomas Erskyne and his brother, James, seized the Earl of Gowrie, exclaiming, "Traitor! this is thy deed!" Some of the Earl's servants rescued their master, who was, however, thrown down in the scuffle, and refused admittance to the inner court. On recovering his feet, he retired a short way, then drawing his sword and dagger, he cried, "I will be in my own house, or die by the way."

During these proceedings, the King had found himself rather critically circumstanced. Alexander Ruthven, having locked the door of the gallery chamber, led the way to the round closet. James was not a little astonished when, instead of the captive he expected, he saw a man armed at all points except his head. He was more astonished when the Master, putting on his hat, drew the man's dagger, and presented it to his breast, saying, "Sir, you must be my prisoner! Remember my father's death!" James attempted to remonstrate, but was interrupted with "Hold your tongue, sir, or by Christ you shall die!" But here Henderson wrenched the dagger from Ruthven's hand, and the King, then resuming his remonstrances, was answered that his life was not what was sought. The Master even took off his hat, when the King, who, amid all his perturbation, forgot not his princely demeanour, reminded him of the impropriety of wearing it in his presence. He then requested James to give him his word not to open the window, nor call for assistance, whilst he went to bring his brother, the Earl, who was to determine what farther should be done. Ruthven then left the closet, locking the door behind him; but, according to Henderson's belief, went no farther than the next room. This is more than probable; for, by the nearest calculation, Ramsay must have been at that time still in the gallery. The Master re-entered, therefore, almost instantly, and telling the King there was now but one course left, pro-

duced a garter, with which he attempted to bind his Majesty's hands. James freed his left with a violent exertion, exclaiming, "I am a free Prince, man! I will not be bound!" Ruthven, without answering, seized him by the throat with one hand, while he thrust the other into his mouth, to prevent his crying. In the struggle which ensued, the King was driven against the window which overlooked the court, and, at that moment, Henderson thrust his arm over the Master's shoulder and pushed up the window, which afforded the King an opportunity of calling for assistance. The Master, thereupon, said to Henderson, "Is there no help in thee? Thou wilt cause us all to die!" and tremblingly, between excitement and exertion, he attempted to draw his sword. The King, perceiving his intent, laid hold of his hand; and thus clasped in a death-wrestle, they reeled out of the closet into the chamber. The King had got Ruthven's head under his arm; whilst Ruthven, finding himself held down almost upon his knees, was pressing upwards with his hand against the King's face, when, at this critical moment, John Ramsay, the page, who had heard from the street the King's cry for help, and who had got before Mar and Lennox, by running up the black turnpike formerly mentioned, while they took the principal staircase, rushed against the door of the chamber and burst it open. The King panted out, when he saw his page, "Fy! strike him low! he has secret armour on." At which Ramsay, casting from him the hawk which still sat upon his hand, drew his dagger and stabbed the Master. The next moment, the King, exerting all his strength, threw him from him down stairs. Ramsay ran to a window, and called upon Sir Thomas Erskyne, and one or two who were with him, to come up the turnpike. Erskyne was first, and as Ruthven staggered past him on the stair, wounded and bleeding, he desired those who followed to strike the traitor. This was done, and the young man fell, crying, "Alas! I had not the wye of it."

The King was safe for the meantime, but there was still cause for alarm. Only four of his attendants had reached him; and he was uncertain whether the incessant attempts of Mar and Lennox's party to break open the door by which the chamber communicated with the gallery, were made by friend or foe. At this moment the alarm bell rang out, and the din of the gathering citizens, who were as likely, for any thing the King knew, to side with their provost, Gowrie, as with himself, was heard from the town. There was, besides, a still more immediate danger.

Gowrie, whom we left attempting to force his way into the house, was met at the gate by the news that his brother had fallen. Violet Ruthven, and other women belonging to the family, were already wailing his death, screaming their curses up to the King's party in the chamber, and mixing their shrill execrations with the fierce din which shook the city. The Earl, seconded by Cranstone, one of his attendants, forced his way to the foot of the black turnpike, at which spot lay the Master's body. "Whom have we here?" said the retainer, for the face was turned downwards. "Up the stair!" was Gowrie's brief and stern reply. Cranstone, going up before his master, found, on rushing into the chamber, the swords of Sir Thomas Erskyne, and Herries, the King's physician, drawn against him. They were holding a parley in this threatening attitude when Gowrie entered, and was instantly attacked by Ramsay. The Earl fell after a smart contest. Ramsay immediately turned upon Cranstone, who had proved fully a match for the other two, and having wounded him severely, forced him finally to retreat.

All this time they who were with the Duke of Lennox had kept battering at the gallery-door of the chamber with hammers, but in vain. The partition was constructed of boards, and as the whole wall gave way equally before the blows, the door could not be forced. The party with the King, on the other hand, were afraid to open, lest they

should thus give admission to enemies. A servant was at last dispatched round by the turnpike, who assured his Majesty that it was the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar who were so clamorous for admission. The hammers were then handed through below the door, and the bolts speedily displaced. When these noblemen were admitted, they found the King unharmed, amid his brave deliverers. The door, however, which entered from the turnpike, had been closed upon a body of Gowrie's retainers, who were calling for their master, and striking through below the door with their pikes and halberds. The clamour from the town continued, and the voices from the court were divided,—part calling for the King, part for their provost, the Earl of Gowrie. Affairs, however, soon took a more decided turn. They who assaulted the door grew tired of their ineffectual efforts, and withdrew; and almost at the same moment the voices of Bailies Ray and Young were heard from the street, calling to know if the King were safe, and announcing that they were there, with the loyal burghesses of Perth, for his defence. The King gratified them by showing himself at the window, requesting them to still the tumult. At the command of the magistrates the crowd became silent, and gradually dispersed. In the course of a few hours, peace was so completely re-established, that the King and his company were able to take horse for Falkland.

This bird's-eye view of the occurrences of the fifth of August will be found correct in the main. Although some details have been necessarily omitted, they are sufficient to establish a preconceived scheme between the brothers against the King, but of what nature, and to what purpose, it would be difficult, without further evidence, to say. Of all the people that day assembled in Gowrie's house, not one seems to have been in the secret. Henderson, to whom an important share in the execution of the attempt had been assigned, was kept in ignorance to the last moment, and then he counteracted, instead of furthering their views. Even with regard to Cranstone, the most busy propagator of the rumour of the King's departure, it is uncertain whether he may not have spread the report in consequence of the asseverations of his master; and we have his solemn declaration at a time when he thought himself upon his death-bed, that he had no previous knowledge of the plot. The two Ruthvens of Freeland, Eviot, and Hugh Moncreiff, who took the most active share in endeavouring to stir the citizens up to mutiny to revenge the Earl and his brother, may have been actuated, for any evidence we have to the contrary, solely by the feelings of reckless and devoted retainers, upon seeing their masters fall in an affray whose origin and cause they knew not. To this evidence, partly negative, and partly positive, may be added the deposition of William Rynd, who said, when examined at Falkland, that he had heard the Earl declare,—“He was not a wise man, who, having intended the execution of a high and dangerous purpose, should communicate the same to any but himself; because, keeping it to himself, it could not be discovered nor disappointed.” Moreover, it does not sufficiently appear, from the deportment of the Master, that they aimed at the King's life. He spoke only of making him prisoner, and grasped his sword only when the King had made his attendants aware of his situation. At the same time, it was nowhere discovered that any measures had been taken for removing the royal prisoner to a place of security; and to keep him in a place so open to observation as Gowrie-house, was out of the question. Without some other evidence, therefore, than that to which we have as yet been turning our attention, we can scarcely look upon these transactions otherwise than as a fantastic dream, which is coherent in all its parts, and the absurdity of which is only apparent when we reflect how irreconcilable it is with the waking world around us.

The letters of Logan of Restalrig throw some further light upon the subject, though not so much as could be

wished. Of their authenticity little doubt can be entertained, when we consider the number and respectability of the witnesses who swore positively to their being in Logan's handwriting. It appears from these letters that Gowrie and Logan had agreed in some plot against the King. It appears, also, that Logan was in correspondence with some third person who had assented to the enterprise. It would almost seem, from Logan's third letter, that this person resided at Falkland: "If I kan noch win to Falkland the first nycht, I sall be tymellie in St Johnestoun on the morne." And it is almost certain from the fifth letter, that he was so situated as to have oral communication with Gowrie the Master of Ruthven: "Pray his lo. be quik, and bid M. A. remember on the sport he tald me." It does not appear, however, that any definite plan had been resolved upon. The sea excursion, which Mr Lawson, in his History of the Gowrie Conspiracy, supposes to have been contemplated with the design of conveying James to Fast Castle, was only meant to afford facilities for a meeting of the conspirators with a view to deliberation. Logan's fifth letter is dated as late as the last day of July, and yet it does not appear that the writer knew at that time of the Perth project. Taking these facts in conjunction with the hair-brained character of Gowrie's attempt, it seems highly probable, that although some scheme might be in agitation with Logan, and perhaps some other conspirators, the outrage of the fifth of August was the rash and premature undertaking of two hot-blooded fantastical young men, who probably wished to distinguish themselves above the rest of their associates in the plot.

The very scanty information that we possess respecting the character and previous habits of these two brothers, is quite in accordance with this view of the matter, and goes a good way to corroborate it. They are allowed, on all hands, to have been men of graceful exterior, of winning manners, well advanced in the studies of the times, brave, and masters of their weapons. It is not necessary surely to prove at this time of day, how compatible all these qualifications are with a rash and headlong temper, completely subject to the control of the imagination—a turn of mind bordering upon frenzy. A man of quick perception, warm feeling, and ungoverned fancy, is, of all others, the most fascinating, when the world goes smoothly; but he is of all others the most liable, having no guiding reason, to err most extravagantly in the serious business of life: being "unstable as water," he is easily irritated and lashed into madness by adverse circumstances. How much Gowrie was the dupe of his imagination, is evident from the fondness with which he clung to the delusions of the cabala, natural magic, and astrology. Armed (according to his own belief) with powers beyond the common race of man, doomed by his stars to achieve greatness, he laughed at danger, and was ready to neglect the calculations of worldly prudence alike in his aims, and the means by which he sought their attainment. The true state of his brother's mind is portrayed, incidentally, by Logan, in his first letter:—"Bot incase ye and M. A. R. forgader, because he is somqath consety, for Godis sailk be very var with his rakelese toyls of Padoa; for he tald me ane of the strangest taillis of ane nobill man of Padoa that ever I hard in my lyf, resembling the lyk purpose." This suggests at once the very picture of a young and hot-blooded man, whose brain had been distracted, during his residence in Italy, with that country's numerous legends of wild vengeance. Two such characters, brooding conjointly over real or fancied wrongs, were capable of projecting schemes, against which the most daring would remonstrate; and, irritated by the coldness of their friends, were, no doubt, induced to undertake the execution alone and almost unassisted.

It only remains to enquire what was the object which Gowrie proposed to himself, in his mad and treasonable attempt, and upon whose seconding he was to depend, suppose his design had succeeded? These two enquiries

are inseparably connected, and have been rendered more interesting, by a late attempt to implicate the Presbyterian party in the Earl's guilt. We are not a little astonished that such an attempt should have been made at this late period, when we recollect, that notwithstanding all the ill odour in which the Presbyterian clergymen stood at court, not one of the thousand idle rumours to which Gowrie's enterprise gave birth tried to direct suspicion towards them. The sole grounds upon which such an accusation can rest for support, are the facts,—That Gowrie's father was a leader among the Presbyterians, and his son strictly educated in that faith; that shortly after his arrival in Italy, he wrote one letter to a Presbyterian minister; and that some of the Edinburgh clergymen manifested considerable obstinacy in throwing discredit upon the reality of the conspiracy. The two former are of themselves so weak, that we pass them over, the more willingly, that we shall immediately point out the motives from which Gowrie acted, and the sort of assistance upon which he really relied. The conduct of the clergymen admits of an easy explanation. James, whose perception was nearly as acute as his character was weak, was fully sensible of the ridicule to which he had exposed himself, by allowing his desire of money to lead him into so shallow a device as Ruthven's. In addition to this, he wished, upon all occasions, to appear as much of the hero as possible. The consequence was, that his edition of the story was so dressed up, as to render it inconsistent, first, with his well-known character; secondly, with the most distant possibility of his having been deceived with the Master's pretences; and, thirdly, with the depositions of the witnesses. Inconsistencies so startling were sufficient to justify some preliminary scepticism; and if ever there was an occasion, where it was allowable openly to call a king's word in question, it was when James demanded, not merely that his party should hypocritically profess a belief which they did not entertain, but that they should, daringly and blasphemously, mix up this falsehood in the solemn services of devotion. A short time, however, was sufficient to convince the most incredulous of the truth of the conspiracy, stripped of the adventitious circumstances which the King linked with it; and the obstinate recusancy of Bruce the clergyman is sufficiently accounted for, by James's insisting upon prescribing the manner in which he was to treat the matter, and by that individual's overstrained notions of the guilt incurred by a minister, who allowed any one to dictate to him concerning the mode in which he was to conduct public worship.

But Gowrie relied upon the support of no faction, religious or political. His sole motive seems to have been a fantastic idea of the duty incumbent upon him to revenge his father's death. He is reported, on one occasion, when some one directed his attention to a person who had been employed as an agent against his father, to have said, "*Aquila non capit muscas*." Ruthven, also, expressly declared to the King, when he held him prisoner in the cloest, that his only object was to obtain revenge for the death of his father. The letters of Logan (except in one solitary instance, where a scheme of aggrandisement is darkly hinted at, and that as something quite irrelevant to the purpose they had on hand) harp on this string alone, proving that Gowrie and his friends seek only "for the revange of that cawse." The only members of the conspiracy who are known to us, are men likely enough to engage in such a cause, but most unlikely to be either leaders or followers in a union, where the parties were bound together by an attachment to certain political principles. The three conspirators are, the Earl and his brother, such as we have already described them, and Logan of Restalrig, a broken man—a retainer and partisan of Bothwell—a maintainer of thieves and sorners—a man who expressly objects to communicating their project to one who he fears "vill dissuade us fra ovr purpose w<sup>t</sup> ressource of religion, *quik I can never*

abyd." And if any more evidence were required, to show how little Gowrie relied upon the Presbyterians, we might allude to his anxiety, that Logan should sound his brother Lord Home—a Catholic.

In short, every thing leads us to the opinion we have already announced, that the Ruthvens were instigated to their enterprise by feelings of private revenge alone, and that they did not seek to make any political party subservient to their purposes. It is to this isolated nature of their undertaking—its utter want of connexion with the political movements of the period—that we attribute the circumstance of its history having so long remained unknown, and are satisfied that much of that history must ever remain a riddle. It is with it, as with the adventures of the Iron Mask, and that whole class of events which seem political, merely because they befall persons who rank high in the state. They generally appear more mysterious than they really are, because, if no chance unveils them at the time, they stand too far apart from all other transactions, to receive any reflected light from them.

*The Family Library. No. VII. The Natural History of Insects. Volume first, pp. 313. London. John Murray, 1829.*

THE publisher of the Family Library is (we speak it with reverence) like a man who has an immense store of information, and is in an immense hurry to utter it all, so does not wait to finish one subject before he begins another, but taking up half-a-dozen at once, weaves them all into one variegated chain of discourse. Like Caesar, who could at one moment keep the fingers of four secretaries panting after him in vain,—or like a dear friend of our own, of happy memory, who could in one and the same breath, tell a sturdy capitalist the price of stocks, groan out to some yellow Nabob a remark on the liver complaint, and rehearse to an elderly lady a fragment of last Sunday's sermon, with a downward and austere drag of one extremity of his mouth, while the other was puckered up and sliding out an arch compliment to his blushing cousin,—so Mr Murray pushes into your hand a history of Painters, and before you know what you are about, crams after it a history of the nation who were forbid to "make unto themselves the likeness of any thing in Heaven above or earth beneath,"—then tosses you a history of Napoleon Bonaparte, and while you are busy catching it, he all at once darts a history of Insects at your unguarded knowledge-box.

Somebody or other published not long ago "The Romance of History." It is a pity he paid so little attention to the history of insects, for theirs is a page in the great volume, which, when traced by such a sympathizing hand as the author of the little volume now before us, outdoes every other in wild and varied interest. We are hurried in these pages from the calm creations of the architect, to the stormy workings of the marshalled host; and again from the fierce wars to the faithful loves which moralize the song. This is no exaggeration, as we shall speedily prove by a few stories, which if told of two-legged "human mortals," would each have been of themselves sufficient to have given interest to an "historical novel." Take first a trait of maternal affection in that most amiable and fascinating creature the spider:

"A spider, to be met with under clods of earth, may frequently be seen to carry a silken globe full of eggs, fixed to its body. The tenacity of affection exhibited towards this, its sole treasure, is truly touching; nothing, not even its life, is valued in comparison with this little globe. If an attempt be made to deprive it of this valued deposit, it strenuously resists: take it away entirely, and the insect remains motionless and rooted to the spot, stupified and melancholy; restore it, and you restore the animal to life; it eagerly seizes it, and runs off to place it in a securer spot.

"Bonnel threw one of those spiders, to whose abdomen the bag of eggs was attached, into the den of the ant-lion.

The animal, as if aware of its danger, instantly took to flight, but not quickly enough to prevent the ant-lion from seizing the bag of eggs between its formidable pincers; the mother made every effort to withdraw herself from her dangerous foe, and in her struggles, the bag became loosened, and was retained by her enemy. Instead, however, of saving her own life, which she could easily have done by running off, she instantly turned and seized the bag between her jaws, and struggled to retain her lost treasure; the enormous strength of the ant-lion was too great for her power, even though stimulated by the full force of maternal instinct, and the eggs were consequently drawn under the sand; she retained her hold, and rather than relinquish that, without which life was a burden, she suffered herself to be buried alive with her progeny. It was now that Bonnel compassionated her fate, and rescued her from the jaws of death, but he could not restore to her the bag of eggs so tenaciously held by the ant-lion. She lingered at the spot where the eggs were buried, regardless alike of her own danger and the efforts of Bonnel to remove her from her enemy, by pushing her off with a piece of twig."

The following duel between two bees reminds us strongly of the single combat between Burley and Bothwell; nor is the non-chalant attitude of the victor unlike Dandy Dinmont singing "Johnny Cope" over the prostrate body of Dirk Hatteraick:

"On those fine spring days, in which the sun is beautiful and warm, duels may often be seen to take place between two inhabitants of the same hive. In some cases, the quarrel seems to have begun within, and the combatants may be seen coming out of the gates eager 'for blows.' Sometimes a bee, peaceably settled on the outside of the hive, or walking about, is rudely jostled by another ('do you bite your thumb at me, sir?') and then the attack commences, each endeavouring to obtain the most advantageous position. They turn, pirouette, throttle each other; and such is their bitter earnestness, that Reaumur has been enabled to come near enough to observe them with a lens without causing a separation. After rolling about in the dust, the victor watching the time when its enemy uncovers his body, by elongating it, in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings and expires. A bee cannot be killed so suddenly, except by crushing, as by the sting of another bee. Sometimes the stronger insect produces the death of the vanquished by squeezing its chest. After this feat has been done, the victorious bee constantly remains, says Reaumur, near his victim, standing on his four front legs, and rubbing the two posterior ones together."

We feel strongly tempted to lay before our readers some account of the wars and Olympic games of the ants: but being in a sentimental mood at present, we prefer quoting the description of the preparations made by the females of that industrious race for entering upon the duties of matronhood. And by our hopes of a good wife we swear it, these gentle creatures seem to tear off their wings, the badge of maidenhood, with less reluctance, than a girl of mortal strain lays aside the gay dress in which she has flirted with a hundred beaux, to put on the plain household garb, and sit down the unsolicited wife of an honest man:

"The females which escape are destined to found new colonies, and at first do all the work of neuters; in this particular resembling the mother wasp: but prior to their constructing a new habitation, they make themselves voluntary prisoners, by throwing off their wings. So extraordinary a dismemberment requires to be supported by the testimony of an eye-witness. Accordingly Huber, who made the experiment, states, 'that having induced an ant to mount a straw, he placed it on a table sprinkled with a little earth, and covered it with a glass bell: scarcely did she perceive the earth which covered the bottom of her abode, when she extended her wings, with some effort bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and producing so many singular contortions, that her four wings fell off at the same moment in his presence. After this change, she reposed, brushed her corselet, traversed the ground, evidently seeking for a place of shelter.'"

For the benefit of those who love to trace nations gradually advancing in civilization through the hunting

pastoral, and agricultural stages, it may be interesting to know, that the ants have attained to the second :

"The ants keep and feed certain other insects, from which they extract a sweet and nutritious liquid, in the same manner as we obtain milk from cows. There are two species of insects from which the ant tribe abstract this juice—the aphides, or plant-lice, and the gall insects. In the proper season, any person, who may choose to be at the pains of watching their proceedings, may see, as Linnaeus says, the ants ascending trees that they may milk their cows, the aphides. The substance which is here called milk is a saccharine fluid, which these insects secrete; it is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, and issues in limpid drops from the body of the insect, by two little tubes placed, one on each side, just above the abdomen. When no ants happen to be at hand to receive this treasure, the insects eject it to a distance, by a jerking motion which, at regular intervals, they give their bodies. When the ants, however, are in attendance, they carefully watch the emission of this precious fluid, and immediately suck it down. The ants not only consume this fluid when voluntarily ejected by the aphides, but, what is still more surprising, they know how to make them yield it at pleasure; or, in other terms, to milk them. On this occasion, the antennae of the ants discharge the same functions as the fingers of a milk-maid: with these organs moved very rapidly, they pat the abdomen of an aphide first on one side and then on the other; a little drop of the much-coveted juice immediately issues forth, which the ant eagerly conveys to its mouth."

But this is not all :

"The yellow ants collect a large herd of a kind of aphid, which derives its nutriment from the roots of grass and other plants. These milch kine they remove from their native plants, and domesticate in their habitations, affording, as Huber justly observes, an example of almost human industry and sagacity. On turning up the nest of the yellow ant, this naturalist saw one day a variety of aphides either wandering about in the different chambers, or attached to the roots of plants, which penetrated into the interior. The ants appeared to be extremely jealous of their stock of cattle; they followed them about, and caressed them, whenever they wished for the honeyed juice, which the aphids never refused to yield. On the slightest appearance of danger, they took them up in their mouths, and gently removed them to a more sheltered and secure spot. They dispute with other ants for them, and, in short, watch them as keenly as any pastoral people would guard the herds which form wealth."

By the Goddesses! were we not the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal, we could wish to be an insect!

Seriously speaking, however, this is an excellent book of its kind, and admirably fitted to make part of a family library. Its style is neat and unostentatious. There is prefixed to it a general description of the structure and characteristics of insects, sufficient to serve as an introduction to entomology. The body of the work contains a great fund of solid information regarding these curious creatures, and the warmth and interest with which it is communicated, though to some they may seem overstrained, are the very features of the book which recommend it to us, as they must have a strong effect in exciting a love of study in the young mind. We could have wished that more attention had been paid to classification, which, without taking from the book one jot of its interest, would have greatly enhanced its value, by making it an introduction to systematic knowledge. But be this as it may, the work is well worthy the attention and patronage of all parents.

*Scottish Communion Service.* By the Rev. A. G. Carstairs, minister of Anstruther, Wester. Edinburgh. John Anderson, jun. 1829.

It has been said of Sermons generally, that they admit of less originality than any other species of composition. The preacher comments on passages which have been illustrated before, or he labours to establish truths which we already believe, and to recommend a particular line of conduct which we have long known to be

right, and of which we have often revolved all the advantages. From the preacher, therefore, it is argued, we cannot expect to hear much that is new; and to the iteration of what we already know, however important these truths may be, we always listen with diminished interest, and not unfrequently with listlessness, or even with impatience. All this may be admitted without derogation from the praise of the preacher, and the utility of preaching, since it is not less important to remind, than to instruct, us of our duty; nor less difficult to combat the passions successfully, than to convince the understanding. In printed discourses, however, other excellences will be required, since they are necessarily deprived of those adventitious circumstances which give interest to a spoken exhortation. Even if intended exclusively for the family fireside on a Sabbath evening, we expect to find in them more novelty of arrangement, more elegance of composition, and a closer train of reasoning, than might be necessary or proper for the pulpit. And it is only when we have good reason to believe that they may nevertheless be generally useful, that we feel ourselves called upon to suspend strict criticism, and excuse mediocrity, in a volume of sermons.

We had lately occasion to remark, in reviewing a work on much the same plan with that now before us, that we did not think the publication of Communion Services either necessary or desirable. If translated into a foreign language, Mr Carstairs' book might indeed command a partial circulation among those who are ignorant of the usages of our church, but we fear there is little chance of its becoming very popular at home. The young divine needs no formula for an exercise so plain and so familiar to him; and the Christian layman cannot, either with his family or in his closet, enter into the proper spirit of discourses which are addressed immediately, and intended, we may say, exclusively, for those who are just about to take into their hands the symbols of the atoning sacrifice. Of the important truths, and the very texts which must constitute the principal part of a communion service, what Christian is ignorant,—or who requires even to be reminded of those remarkable passages, save at a time when they derive almost miraculous energy from the presence of the consecrated elements of communion? Besides, the author of such a volume is little more than its editor, for it will necessarily contain much that is not particular to him, but common to every minister in the church.

Such are our objections to this volume, or rather to such works in general. But we should be doing justice neither to Mr Carstairs' merits, nor to our own feelings, did we stop here. We do not see how his task could have been executed more judiciously than he has done it. His style is both chaste and elegant; and in the six discourses which this volume contains, we find a variety of illustration, a force of application, and a fervour of devotion, which are well calculated to impress us with a good opinion of the author's talents and principles. He is apparently a scholar, and evidently a man of taste; and should he again appear before the public in a literary capacity, we shall take up his volume with no small degree of prepossession in its favour.

*Political Economy. An Enquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth.* By Samuel Read. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author; and sold by Oliver and Boyd. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 398.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, that science which professes to investigate the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, could not arrive at any perfection in a state of society, where the natural course of things was interrupted and constrained by factitious enactments. Its laws had not their free course under the Roman republic, which, though free itself, lived upon the plunder of other states; and still less had they their free course

under the empire. They had not their free course under the feudal system, which gradually grew up out of the anarchy and confusion consequent upon the downfall of the empire; and which, in fact, was no civil system—but an uncontrolled and organised army, permanently encamped in Europe, and arbitrarily appropriating the products of honest industry. These laws did not even begin to operate till about the sixteenth century, when the insubordination of powerful vassals had shaken the feudal fabric, and wealth and knowledge in the hands of the middle class had fairly thrown down some of its fortifications. It was not till after the Reformation that the individual began to count for something, and that governments, feeling the old pillars of their power falling away from beneath them, began to look round for other defences. Schemes of finance on the one hand, and projects for increasing national and personal wealth on the other, came now to be discussed, and with interest. The science of Political Economy is coeval with the new order of things, and has kept pace with its progress. Italy, while it was free, and then England and Holland, were the first countries in which such speculations were entered upon. The Feudal System had never taken deep root in Italy; and in the other two nations it had met with the rudest shocks. In all of these countries, we find early discussions on monopolies, the freedom of the sea, and financial operations. There is much that is valuable in their old works on this subject; but in all of them the question is treated partially, without reference to general principles, or its bearing upon cognate subjects. These states, as they were the freest, were also the most flourishing, in Europe; and it is not in the day of success that man is disposed to take far-reaching views into futurity. It is the unfortunate, who, in order to avoid still greater depression, looks anxiously about, and lays deep schemes.

It was about the close of the seventeenth century, and in Scotland—at that time impoverished by a long-continued state of anarchy, and deeply sensible of its poverty from its intimate connexion with a proud and opulent neighbour—that the first scientific attempt was made to ascertain the generative principle of national wealth. The person who undertook this task was Paterson, the planner of the Bank of England, and projector of the Darien Scheme. We may, on some other occasion, return to the consideration of his works, and their effects upon the subsequent commercial enterprise of Scotland; at present, the thread of our narrative forces us to attend to a man of much more questionable genius, and much more equivocal character. Law of Laurieston, a person of sanguine disposition, but of a clear calculating head, had early turned his attention to speculations on the commerce of money. He had extended and corrected his notions on the subject, by all the information he could obtain from the goldsmiths of Edinburgh, who then conducted all the comparatively limited money transactions of Scotland; and he had published a work on the subject about the time of the Union. Obligated to fly the country by the unhappy consequences of a duel, he arrived in France at a period when the disordered state of its finances had made its rulers ready to catch at any chance of retrieving themselves. Law's ideas on the subject were consonant to his character—the plan he proposes for restoring the shattered circumstances of France being nothing else than gambling on a large scale; but the case was urgent, and it was adopted. It is not our part to enquire curiously how much of the failure which ensued was owing to radical defects in the scheme, and how much to the childish avarice of the government—it is enough that the bubble burst, leaving the French with a taste for financial speculations, and an overpowering necessity for prosecuting them.

Having thus got to France, and our object being with the science alone, we pass unnoticed mere practical finances, however acute, to come to Quesnay and Gournay, two philosophers, who, much about the same time, con-

structed comprehensive systems of political economy. They differed in some slight degree, but not more than was to be expected in two inventors of a science, arriving at nearly the same conclusions from different starting-places. Gournay had been educated as a merchant, while Quesnay's life had been almost exclusively spent among the agricultural part of the community. The systems of both are, doubtless, deficient; but they have the merit of being the first who viewed the science in all its extent—as comprehending at once the question respecting the source of national wealth, and that respecting the most efficacious way of making it available for the legitimate ends of government.

Through the intercourse kept up between the literati of this country and those of France, the progress which Political Economy made there was laid before the inhabitants of Great Britain in detached essays, and particularly by Tucker and Hume. But Sir James Stewart Denham and Dr Adam Smith (both of them nearly about the same time) were the first who gave complete views of the science. Sir James's work is by no means destitute of merit; but the superior genius and originality of the "Wealth of Nations" threw it so completely into the shade, that it is now scarcely ever mentioned. Smith's work went wellnigh to exhaust the subject. He established the great source of wealth to be labour, aided and perfected by the division of labour, the accumulation of capital, and the invention of machinery. He established the laws by which the wealth thus produced was divided among the community; and made a bold guess at the proportions. He defined value and price, and nearly exhausted the subject of the nature and effects of a circulating medium. If he did not originate, he carried far towards its solution, the question respecting the requisites of a standard of value, the possibility of a perfect standard, and the best substitute. In the finance department, he threw a great deal of light on the hitherto obscure question, what were the means least oppressive for the subject, and most available for raising the necessary supplies for government. In addition to all this, he rendered the intricate question of public credit much more manageable.

From the time of Adam Smith to Malthus, little was done, except to give a better arrangement to his materials, and occasionally more distinctness to the enunciation of his doctrines; or to lop off certain redundancies in the way of metaphysical discussions and statistical details, which at times obscured and retarded the progress of his argument. Malthus has distinguished himself in the science mainly by his having been the first to suggest the new and generally received theory of rent, and by his disquisitions on the principles of population. The originality of his views on this latter subject has been with justice called in question; and the value of his application of them to questions of general politics, is more than doubtful; but there can be no question of the service he has rendered to political economy, by making the investigation an integral part of that science. The good he has done, by his attempt to introduce definitions into the science is more ambiguous. Definitions are of use in mathematical science, where any deficiency of expression may be checked to the eye; but in those sciences which treat of abstract conceptions, not palpable to the senses, they lead astray from the truth of nature, by substituting the arbitrary conceptions of an individual. The merits of Ricardo consist chiefly in his having corrected several inaccuracies of his predecessors, in his having communicated more precision to the several doctrines, and in his having given a more strictly logical connexion to the whole.

Thus, then, the science stands at present. It has been objected to it by some, that it lowers the tone of the intellect, and accustoms it to a narrow-minded and mechanical way of viewing great national questions. This objection proceeds upon a misconception of the science. It

confines itself to the discussion of the origin, distribution, and availability of a nation's wealth. Without correct ideas on these points, a legislator blunders in the dark. He, on the other hand, who would regulate the whole of a nation's concerns on an acquaintance with these matters alone, betrays his ignorance of other and equally essential branches of knowledge. But who would reject a valuable medicine because a quack has occasionally done harm by prescribing it where it was inapplicable? It has been further objected to this science, that there is not one of its principles which is not at present warmly controverted. This uncertainty, however, is not to be sought in the science itself, but in the confused heads of those who write and talk about it. In these blessed days of press-freedom, every body writes, and almost every body prints. It cannot fail, therefore, that, on a subject of such immediate interest, many who have but a smattering of the matter, and many who have not even that, must have their say. But the haziness and inconsistency of their conceptions must not be attributed to the science, of which it is but justice to form our notions by taking it as it stands in the works of its masters. Lastly, it has been objected, that many of the most plausible and seemingly most firmly-established principles of political economy have failed as soon as an attempt was made to put them into practice. The answer to this is, that, changed though the social system of Europe be since the Reformation, many of the old institutions are still influentially alive; and that this renders impossible the full application of the economical doctrines. The mere practical man, who would seek to bring them into operation in all their extent, betrays thereby his ignorance of the actual state of society. He forgets, as Locksby would say, to allow for the wind.

In this notice we have omitted many meritorious labourers in the field of political economy, either because they confined their attention to some isolated question, or because they were useful merely as *redactors*. To have mentioned them all, would have extended our sketch to an undue length. We have been induced to take the retrospect, as the best method of placing us in a situation to judge of the value of the work whose title stands at the head of the article—a task to which we now proceed.

Mr Read prefaces his labours with a complaint of the indefinite and uncertain nature of the science as it at present stands—an allegation which we have already shown to be without foundation. The possible limits of the science are already almost completely investigated, and what has been ascertained, is by the better class of writers clearly and explicitly stated. But assuming for a moment that Mr Read's view of the matter is correct, let us see what remedy he proposes. "Political Economy has been hitherto designated as the science which treats of the production and distribution of wealth, and it has been totally overlooked that this includes the demonstration of right to wealth. It is here, therefore, for the first time, treated as an investigation concerning right to wealth, (or property;) and this innovation, while it gives a more important and a more definite object to the science, presents it under a new and totally different aspect from that in which it has hitherto appeared, and causes it to assume an entirely new shape." The assertion contained in the passage in *italics* is incorrect. The necessity of a previous knowledge of the abstract doctrines of right to property, in order to a thorough understanding of the discussions of Political Economy, has been admitted by every writer on the subject, from Quesnay downwards. But this knowledge must be derived from the study of rational jurisprudence; and we see no benefit to be obtained from confounding two sciences, which, however they may bear upon and mutually illustrate each other, are essentially distinct.

Let us proceed, however, to look not at what our author has promised, but what he has really performed. His work is divided into two books. In the first, he treats of the origin of wealth, and the natural grounds of

right to it; in the second, of the distribution of wealth among individuals, and between them and the government. There is nothing very new in this arrangement; nor is there any thing very new in the internal arrangements of these two grand divisions, except that in the first book he postpones the consideration of the right to wealth till after the investigation of its origin, instead of assuming it to be already understood, as has been done by other Economists—a matter in regard to which we have already expressed our opinion. In the rest of the first book, and in the whole of the second, he has strictly observed the arrangement now generally adopted.

With regard to the manner in which Mr Read has executed his task, we find in the first part of the work a great deal of unnecessary redundancy—as, for example, in his definition of wealth, which, with its illustrations, extends to eleven pages, and contains nothing that has not been already said both better and more briefly. He is also apt to pass into digressions quite irrelevant to the subject in hand, and which materially retard the progress of the investigation. The second book is almost entirely taken up with controversy, which we can by no means approve of in an institutional work. It misleads the mind from the object immediately in hand, by diverting it from the consideration of broad and general principles, and breaking down its attention among a thousand petty details. Nor do we think that he treats Messrs Ricardo and Malthus with that courtesy which the talents and high rank of these gentlemen in the science demand, be their doctrines right or wrong. Nor are they to be confuted by statements of alleged statistical facts, in support of which no evidence is produced.

On the whole, this is the work of a man of great natural shrewdness, who might be able to discuss some isolated question with spirit and success, but who is by no means adequate to the task of a systematic and exhaustive investigation. His arrangement is not new, nor have we found one new principle established in the whole of it. Even his vaunted enquiry into the origin of the right to property is not brought to bear upon the subsequent disquisitions. Throughout the book we find the most acute remarks placed in immediate conjunction with the most laughable puerilities. It is an example at once of the necessity of training a mind from childhood to systematic investigation, in order to ensure success in science; and of the insufficiency of what is generally called "strong common sense" for this purpose, when unsupported by more comprehensive and penetrating intellectual powers.

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*The Waverley Novels.* New Edition. Vols. Five and Six. *The Antiquary.* Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. 1829.

WE are not among those who make it a rule to pick out all the notes and new matter which appear in these volumes, and transfer them to our pages. We have no taste for thus licking the paws of a literary lion; and, though we had, we are strongly inclined to suspect that the circulation of these volumes exceeds even that of the *LITERARY JOURNAL*, so that the task would be comparatively profitless. The work goes on steadily, and is always handsomely printed and neatly illustrated; though we think that some of the frontispieces might be better than they are.

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*The Log-Book, or Journal of a Voyage betwixt Leith and London.* Leith. R. W. Hume. 1830.

THIS is an amusing enough collection of odds and ends, besides comprising some information which will be useful to the voyager. We think we could glance over this Log-Book when lying sea-sick in our berth, and disposed to read nothing else. Steam is destroying the romance of the sea, but there is still something poetical in the movements of a Leith and London smack.

We have brought thee the mantle which Jeffrey wore,  
But which, yielding to thee, he now wears no more ;  
The mantle he loved when old Ross was Dean,  
When his JOURNAL was fresh, and his wits were keen,

LIKE THE EDITOR'S IN HIS SLIPPERS !

We have brought thee a ringlet of Byron's hair,  
For ever within thy bosom to wear ;  
For a kindred soul hast thou to him,  
And he often talks with the Seraphim

OF THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS !

We have brought thee a pen with which Junius wrote  
Many a letter of pith and note,  
Sharp as a needle, and hard as steel ;  
For Junius, God wot, was a spunky chiel,

LIKE THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS !

We have brought thee a bump from Sir Walter's skull,  
Of the very best kind of brains quite full ;  
And just to give thee a taste of their quality,  
We'll add this bump to the Ideality

OF THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS !

We have brought thee a kiss from the loveliest lip  
That it ever was given to man to sip ;  
A kiss from a maiden of noble blood,  
To reward for his love of sweet womanhood

THE EDITOR IN HIS SLIPPERS !

We have brought thee a bag of thy native air,  
That blew mild the mountain's flowery hair ;  
'Twill give thee to breathe, when you pull the string,  
All the rosy sweetness of early spring,

GREAT EDITOR IN THY SLIPPERS !

We have brought thee a bottle from that pure fount  
Which gleams at the foot of the Muses' Mount ;  
'Twas almost dry,—but we gather'd for thee  
The last of the water of Castalie,

POET EDITOR IN THY SLIPPERS !

Arise ! arise ! and receive each gift !  
And who shall his head so proudly lift,  
As he whose works are all eternal,  
Emblem'd in thy Athenian JOURNAL,

GREAT EDITOR IN THY SLIPPERS ?

[At the conclusion of the Song, the Editor raises himself in his bed—looks round with an expression of returning recollection—flings off the bed-clothes—rises—pours a bottle of Port into a silver goblet, and drinks it off at a draught—dons a splendid dressing-gown—then goes to the marble pedestal—removes the glass-case, and puts on his SLIPPERS.

Author of Waverley. Huzza ! huzza ! he is himself again !

Ed. of Edin. Review. Huzza ! huzza !

Mr Macdonald. Huzza ! huzza !

Peter. Huzza ! huzza !

Author of Waverley. Let us go forth immediately, and communicate the joyful intelligence to the thousands who are waiting without.

[*Exeunt Author of Waverley, Original Editor of Edin. Review, Mr Macdonald, and Peter, tumultuously. In a few minutes a shout of joy is heard so loud, that it resembles a thunder-storm concentrated into one peal. The Editor smiles, and having taken a glass of Maraschino, and a biscuit, he goes out, and is heard slowly descending to his Study. Scene closes.*

Most beloved reader ! we speak to thee once more in our own person. The above scene was committed to writing by one of those who took an active share in it, and we have no doubt that it is entirely accurate in all

its details ; but it will be at once perceived that it is impossible for us to vouch for this from personal knowledge. The cause of the very dreadful state to which we were reduced for several days, was an accident of rather an appalling nature which overtook us. It is just about a fortnight since, that, after wandering through the delightful parks of Allanton, and admiring what the genius of transplantation, and the taste of Sir Henry Stewart, have there done, we crossed the country to Lanark, and for the first time visited the Falls of Clyde. The night had been stormy, and the river was a good deal swollen ; but the morning broke out blue and beautiful. Having traversed the grounds of Lady Mary Ross, and arrived at the highest Fall, which is Bonington Linn, we walked up to the brink of the foaming precipice, and looked over. Do not suppose for a moment that our head grew giddy ; our head never grows giddy. But suddenly we felt the edge of the rock giving way, and the effort we made to regain a firmer footing loosened it altogether. Down we went into the cataract ! The sounds of the words, *whizz ! swash ! swump ! hiss ! frore ! snore ! gore !* convey a faint idea of the sensation created by the rush of waters into our soul. Down we went through the rapid stream ; tumbling and rolling like a piece of broken cork, yet not insensible. When we happened for a moment to get upon our back, we recollect distinctly that there glanced by us, with the rapidity of lightning, high rugged rocks, overhung with mountain-ash and fir, and brushwood, and far far above a momentary glimpse of sky flashing like a shattered mirror. Then over we went again upon our face, and water, mixed with pebbles and sand, rushed into our mouth and eyes ; and in our agony we tried to give utterance to some human sound, and once or twice we sent forth a deafening roar that echoed up the precipices and frightened the birds out of their nests. But in vain ! Away we went by the woods of Corehouse ; and just as we tumbled over Cora Linn, we recognised Lord Corehouse and a party of ladies, all smirking and smiling, who had come to the old mill to take a look at the Fall. They did not observe us, and away we flew over the Linn, and the shock nearly put an end to us. We remember nothing distinctly that followed for a long while ; yet we have a faint recollection of floating past the mills at New Lanark, and wishing we had been born a spinner. We had recovered our senses a little by the time we came to the Bridge, and were surprised to find a kind of dreamy and almost pleasing drowsiness stealing over us. The water flows smoothly from the Bridge to the Fall of Stonebyers ; but as our strength was no longer sufficient to contend with the current, gentle as it was, we resigned ourselves to our fate, whilst, by some strange hallucination, our situation began to appear almost agreeable. We fear that some may doubt the truth of our assertion, when we state, that as we floated down between the bridge and Stonebyers, we actually composed a sonnet, the words of which we have now forgot, although we are still certain of the fact. From the moment we rolled over Stonebyers Fall, recollection forsook us entirely, and we remember nothing that happened for many days afterwards, till we started up as if from the grave, and found ourselves in our own bedchamber. We are informed that we were picked up, and carried to Hamilton, where we lay for dead for some time ; but that as vital heat never forsook our body, our friends would not despair. They had us conveyed to our own house ; and there, by their indefatigable attention, as we verily believe, and not by any supernatural agency, as is generally surmised, we have been finally restored to our wonted health. This is the sum and substance of our recent adventure ; and having now dwelt long enough on what concerns ourselves alone, we are anxious to dedicate the whole of our renewed vigour (and we feel at this moment stronger than ever we did in our lives) to the cause of our country, or, in other words, to the best interests of our readers and contributors. To business, therefore.

What an accumulated mass of papers! Let us dive into them at once, and make such a selection from them as will astonish the editors of the *Annals*, and prove that we could, at a week's notice, produce a volume equal in interest to the best of them. This, we solemnly protest, is the simple truth; and we shall establish it to the complete satisfaction of every reader who will favour us with an hour of his time. Our resources grow upon us every day, and appear to be inexhaustible. Notwithstanding the quantity and quality of the prose and verse we are about to subjoin, we are obliged to withhold more than one-half of the articles we had laid aside for the present occasion; and we beg to state to many authors who may feel disappointed, that we have the greatest respect for their talents, and that we hope to make room for them another time.

The piece with which we commence our selections is a poem by Alexander MacLaggan, whose history and circumstances are already known to our readers. It is, in our estimation, not only the best poem which he has yet produced, but one which would do no discredit to the *Etrick Shepherd* himself; and we hereby ask him if he thinks it would? We knew the *Shepherd* too well, not to be certain that he rejoices in genius wherever it may spring up; and if he does not read the following lines with pleasure, he could never have been the author of "*Kilmeny*."

LOVE'S EVENING SONG.

By Alexander MacLaggan.

Night's finger hath prest down the eyelids of day,  
And over his breast thrown a mantle of gray;—  
I'll out to the fields, and my lonely way  
Shall be lighted by fancy's burning ray,  
And, Oh! might I hear my own love say,—  
"Sing on, sing on, I'll bless thy strain,"—  
My heart would re-echo most willingly,  
"Amen, sweet spirit, amen!"

I seek the green bank where the streamlet flows,  
The home of the blue-bell and wild primrose;  
Where the glittering spray from the fountain springs,  
And twines round the branches like silver strings,  
Or falls again through the yellow moon's rays,  
Like rich drops of gold—a thousand ways.  
I come in thy presence, thou bright new moon!  
To spend nature's night, but true love's noon;  
To stretch me out on the flowery earth,  
And to christen with tears the young buds' birth.

Oh! surely, ye heavens! some being of light  
Is descending to earth in this calm, calm night,  
Bearing balm, and bliss from a holy sphere,  
To cheer the hearts that are sorrowing here,  
Gently alighting upon each breast  
It knew on earth and loved the best;  
That its strength be renew'd, its sleep be rest,  
Its thoughts be pure, and its dreams be blest.

Spirit of brightness! on me alight,  
For the thirst of my soul would gladly sip  
The dew that is shed from thy downy wing;  
Then breathe, sweet spirit, Oh! breathe on my lip,  
And teach me the thoughts of my soul to sing,  
For my words must be warm'd at a holy flame  
Ere I venture to name my true-love's name!  
I speak it not to the worldly throng,  
I sing it not in the festive song,

But when clasp'd in the arms of the solemn wood,  
In the calm of morn and the stillness of even,  
I tell to the ear of solitude  
The name that goes up with my prayers to heaven.

Come, Echo! come, Echo! but not from the caves  
Where gloom ever broods and the wild wind raves,  
Come not in the gusts that sweep over the graves,  
In the rear of the storm or the dash of the waves;

But softly, gently rise from the earth,

As full as the heave of a maiden's breast,  
When the first sigh of love is starting to birth,  
And sweetly disturbing her bosom's rest;  
Softly, gently, rise from the bed  
Where the young May gowan hath laid its head,  
Hath laid its head, and slept all night,  
With a dewy heart so pure and bright—  
Come with its breath, and the tinge of its blush,  
Come with its smile when the skies grow flush,  
Come, and I'll tell thee the secret way  
Thou must go to my love with my lowly lay;—  
Onward, on, through the silent grove,  
Where the tangled branches are interwove;  
Onward, on, where the moon's gold beam  
Is painting heaven upon the stream;  
Through flowery paths still onward, on,  
Till you meet my love as you meet the sun—  
A being too bright to look proud upon!  
But her gentle feet will as softly pass,  
As the shade of a cloud on the sleeping grass;  
And the soul-fed blue of her lovely eye  
Is as dark as the depths of the cloudless sky,  
And as full of magic mystery!  
And, more than all, her breath is sweet  
As the blended odours you love to meet,  
When you stir at morn the blooming bowers,  
And awake the air that sleeps round the flowers.  
Then tell her, Echo, my whisper'd vow,  
I cannot breathe it so well as thou,  
Oh! tell her all I am feeling now!

Let Mr MacLaggan, who has not concluded his fifth lustum, go on steadily, and we have the best hopes of him.

Our next communication is from the *ultima Thule* of Lerwick, and not even from Lerwick, but from a still remoter spot, to which Lerwick is the nearest post-town. It is delightful to think, that even into these *penitus orbe diviso* districts, the *LITERARY JOURNAL* extends its vivifying and benignant influence. Our correspondent thus writes:—"Sir, I possess not a book in the world—but my Bible; and, from one end of the year to the other, seldom procure the loan of one. I am shut up from the world, and know only the names, and that but of a few, of the authors, anthologies, and publications of the day. My hand shakes, and my eyes are dim,—not from age, but from sickness and misfortune. That one under such circumstances should think of becoming a contributor to the *EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL*, is folly indeed! What tempts me to trouble you, I cannot say. If you are a choleric man, you will be apt to get into a passion even in your *SLEEPERS*; but I hope for gentler things, though I am not so sanguine as to think that you will really publish my humble compositions." Here is, at once, the painful romance of a poet's fate, and the diffidence of a poet's nature. *All* the verses which accompanied this letter are excellent. We regret that we have room for only two specimens of the talents of one who seems destined to blush unknown and unseen. They are such as cannot fail to excite an interest in the author:

THE DYING GIRL'S SONG.

The morning light shall dawn,  
When I am safe at rest;  
They shall seek me through the flowery lawn,  
And on the mountain's breast,  
By the ocean-shore, and the rushing river;  
But find me, never!

The evening shades shall close,  
And the dews of midnight fall;  
And the sighing winds sink to repose,  
By the murmuring waterfall;  
And the stars in beauty, and beyond number,  
Beam where I slumber!

This is the last dark night  
Of sorrow, and of pain!  
The eyes fast closing on the light,  
Shall never weep again!  
And sighing and pain—and sin and sorrow,  
Find no to-morrow!

ECHO.

*From an Icelandic Tale.*

Upon the snowy mountain-tops,  
The summer sun is brightly shining,  
And round the ancient lava rocks,  
The green, and crimson moss is twining;  
Come to the misty waterfalls,  
The silent brooks, and murmuring rills;  
Come to the place where Echo calls—  
Her dwelling is among the hills.  
Sweet, sportive nymph! who lives unseen,  
Mocking the wild-bird's melody;  
In thy deep glens and pastures green,  
Fain would I spend my hours with thee!  
The breath of heaven, in balmy sighs,  
Fanning the lonely flowerets sleeping;—  
The soft dews from the moonlight skies  
Upon their folded bosoms weeping;  
The misty dawn, in silver grey,—  
The golden morn, in beamy brightness,—  
Pouring the living streams of day  
Upon the Yokul's snowy whiteness,—  
These meet the eye,—and on the ear  
Sweet songs of birds—and murmuring water;  
And then that airy harp, we hear,  
Of thine, the desert's viewless daughter.  
Nymph of the hills! thy wild harp take,  
Echo the desert's voices over;  
Then, oh! a sweeter music wake—  
And breathe the name of Lelia's lover!

We return from the Shetland Islands to Stockbridge, Edinburgh, and are happy to say that that portion of the Modern Athens may lay claim to the merit of having given birth to the following simple and pretty ballad:

JEANIE GRAHAM.—A BALLAD.

The moonlight is sleeping on lofty Bonair,  
The sheep's in the fauld, and the deer in his lair,  
But I canna rest for my heart is frae hame,  
And awa' ower the muirlands to young Jeanie Graham.

O, gin ye e'er saw this sweet may's hazel ee,  
Wi' its glintings o' gladness an' glameury,  
Ye wad think that the levin had shot through your frame,  
As ye drank the love glance o' the young Jeanie Graham.

Jeanie Graham has a voice like the lark i' the clud,  
Jeanie Graham has a cheek like the bonnie rose-bud,  
Jeanie Graham has a neck like the snaw on the hill,  
An' a bosom that's purer an' levelier still.

Like sunshine to slimmer, or flowers to the bee,  
Like rest to the wearie, or light to the ee,  
See sweet to my soul is that dear lassie's name,  
My kind-hearted fair-bosom'd blythe Jeanie Graham.

Jeanie Graham has a step like the roe on the steep,  
Jeanie Graham has a heart that I gladly wad keep,  
Jeanie Graham has a waist that I fendly wad span,  
Gin the pauky young cutty wad ca' me gudeman.

Oh! would she look kindly, and would she agree  
To share cloud, an' sunshine o' fortune wi' me,  
She wad lighten my heart—she wad gladden my hame,  
And be queen o' them baith, my beloved Jeanie Graham!  
W. W.

Looking round from our Editorial elevation upon the numerous principalities and powers which do us homage

and pay us tribute, we find that Inverness has laid the following offering at our feet—the production of an able and well-informed man:

## A SKETCH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

In travelling through a fine country, or gazing upon a magnificent landscape, some particular spot generally challenges the observation of the spectator—some sunny sheltered nook, or glimpse of solitary beauty, or sequestered happiness—which lives in the memory “like the lost Pleiad seen no more below,” when all the surrounding objects have been obscured or obliterated by time and distance. In rambling lately through part of Ross-shire, I was somewhat similarly impressed by a scene almost wholly destitute of external attractions, unless these may be said to consist in rudeness, silence, and solitude. A wilder spot can scarcely be imagined. Bleak heathery mountains, perpetually hooded by mist or snow—a rapid leafless burn, brawling among the channelled rocks, and emptying itself into a small lake or tarn, ungraced by tree or bush—one solitary hut in ruins, though inhabited—and a low-roofed decent church rising at a short distance among the wilds, compose the features of the sombre landscape. Yet even here are objects for feeling and imagination to expand in, for these bare hills and moors have their tale to tell. The single solitary hut was but lately one of eight habitations that stood upon a plot of greensward—about half an acre—that, sheltered by the high hills, opened upon the lake. The cottagers jointly rented a farm in the vicinity, and bred a few sheep and cattle for the southern markets. They had also laboured hard to be able to purchase a boat, in which they occasionally ventured out to the herring-fishing in a neighbouring loch; and thus, from land and water, about forty souls, the denizens, young and old, of the little glen, reaped a scanty, precarious living. One of those accidents, however, to which mountainous regions are exposed, has broken up the humble colony, and denuded the spot of its only traces of cultivation. One fine Sunday in August last, as the cottagers were returning from church, they saw a sad and fearful spectacle: The burn, which in summer is scarcely perceptible, excepting by the track of green verdure that marks its course along the heath, had swollen to the height of a torrent, and was hurling destruction on all that impeded its progress. A waterspout had fallen among the higher hills and springs from which the burn is fed, and was rushing down to the loch with irresistible strength and velocity. A small stone bridge that spanned the crags above the green where the burn debouches, for some time offered resistance to the torrent, but at length was forced to yield. Trees, shrubs, straw, the debris of the flood, soon filled the arch, and prepared the downfall of the bridge. It fell, as many more elaborate structures have recently fallen under similar circumstances, and the passage of the stream was blocked up by the fast-descending mass of stones and rubbish. A new channel was thus dug out by the torrent—it ploughed its way through the little sylvan green, and out of the eight cottages one only was left standing. Beds, chairs, tables, a cradle or two, and even the well-worn leaves of the Gaelic Bible—all, in short, that served to furnish these simple dwellings, was speedily swept into the agitated waters of the loch. Happily no lives were lost. Most of the families, as I have stated, had been attending church, and the few persons who remained behind had clambered out of reach of the torrent. The walls of the ruined cottages still remain, and a fine old ash-tree or two wave over the spot. Not a vestige of the green is left. The whole was either washed off into the lake, or covered with stones and shingle.

I was so touched by this silent, solitary scene of ruin, that I lingered for some time beside it, and before pursuing my journey, made a visit to the minister, whose manse is about a hundred yards distant. He received me with kindness, and informed me that collections had

been made in his own and the neighbouring churches for the benefit of the poor people, and that he was in hopes they would ultimately regain the means of livelihood in the same place. I was at a loss to conceive why a church had been built so recently by the Parliamentary Commissioners, in a spot which, for miles around, presented only to the eye one human habitation, but the worthy pastor said his congregation usually consisted of above a hundred and fifty persons. Among the hills and dells are scattered numerous huts, which, though scarcely distinguishable from the heath, send forth duly every Sabbath morn their inmates, young and old, to join in "public worship." Many of the cottars walk above twenty miles in going to and from their church, and are rarely deterred by rain or tempest from undertaking their pious task. The minister described his widely-scattered flock as strictly devout, and exemplary in the discharge of their respective duties. Their poverty and seclusion exempt them from the flowery snares of pleasure, and the storms and vicissitudes of the climate press more closely upon their minds their absolute dependence upon Him, who alone can still the raging of the tempest, and who measures out the waters in the hollow of his hand.

R.

Leaving this secluded Highland glen to repose in the happiness of its smuggled whisky and *peat reek*, we travel to the Lowlands as fast as possible; and stopping at Dalkeith, we meet with a poet who might rank beside Hogg and Cunningham, could he always write ballads so full of nature and pathos as

## THE BRENT-BROW'D LASSIE O' THE HILL.

"What makes ye sab an' greet me sair,  
An' hing your head the live-lang day?  
Fie, Jeanie! be yoursell again,  
An' let the man-sworn reiver gae!

"Ye downa bide to do a turn;  
Your cockernony's aye aje;  
Your wheel stands idle i' the ha',—  
That's no the gate things used to be.

"The neighbours, whispering, mark the change,  
An' fertile that ye look me ill;  
Sooth! nane wad tak ye now to be  
The brent-brow'd lassie o' the hill!"

She's raised her snaw-white hands to heaven,  
While burning tears fell dreeping down;  
She's pray'd fause love might be forgiven,  
An' that the earth might hide her soon.

"An' how," said she to her sister Ann,  
Wha stood fast weeping by her side;  
"Oh! how can I be blithe, Annie,  
Since I can ne'er be Jamie's bride?"

"An' now that I'm forsaken, lass,  
Oh, what for should I buak me braw?  
Or what for care though neighbours jeer,  
An' slight me ane an' a'?"

"A could dead weight lies on my heart,  
Sair, sair, I lang now to be free!  
Though the warld baak bright in God's fair light,  
It's a dreary warld to me!"

"But, Jeanie, think on our mother's tears,  
That fa' for you baith night an' day;  
An' look on our poor auld father's cheek,  
Whar sorrow, like a worm, doth prey!

"Yestreen, when he took the holy book,  
An' bent his feeble knees in prayer,  
Ye heard how, at the throne o' Grace,  
He pour'd his heart out for ye there!"

As sunbeam on a wintry sky,  
A light upon her wan face fell;  
The thought of her auld parent's grief  
Hath moved her like a wizard's spell.

An' slowly rose she from her bed,  
An' dried her bruckit een me sair;  
Synne enooded she her silken locks,  
An' said that she wad grieve nae mair.

But the sigh wad come, an' the tear wad start,  
Alas! she couldna weel tell how!  
For the grief at her heart it wadna part,  
An' she spak' nae a word the hail day through!

They saw her wasting frae the earth,  
Like a bonny snaw-wreath, silently;  
Now she's aff to heaven, to dwell wi' her God,  
In the blissfu' bowers o' eternity!

In a more vigorous and impassioned strain are the following verses, to which we willingly give a place:

## FORGET ME NOT.

By John Mackay Wilson.

Mindest thou, when scarcely breathing,  
As upon my bosom weeping,  
And thy virgin vow bequeathing,  
While the dusky gloaming creeping  
Slowly, dimly, over, round us,  
In a holy transport bound us,  
(Still the sound my soul rejoices,  
Sweet as heaven's youngest voices,  
Thou didst sigh—Forget me not.

Doest thou wander by the river  
Wed to hallow'd recollection?  
Think of scenes now fled for ever!  
Living, glowing, retrospection!  
Big with rapture! rich in blessing!  
Holy—dear beyond expressing!  
Then, as memory cons them over,  
Back recall thy absent lover,  
And forget me not!

Listen not to idle railing,  
Nor defend when foes accuse me;  
I despise their low assailing,  
Slander now can but amuse me.  
If I've drain'd the cup of pleasure,  
In each mixture, every measure;  
He who trembles to avow it,  
Nature never form'd a poet!  
Then forget me not.

Worn with care, and study lonely,  
If I mix'd with mirth and gladness,  
Still I loved, and loved thee only!  
Loved! till men have deem'd it madness.  
Then thy spirit hever'd o'er me,  
From the smiles of others bore me;  
Fancy heard thy raven tresses—  
Laughing eye that spoke caresses,  
Say—Forget me not.

Forget thee!—No! thou dearest, never!  
Through each change of joy or grieving,  
Faithful once, and faithful ever,  
Shalt thou find me. Let deceiving  
With eternal blight assail me,  
Should I use it—should I fall me  
To redeem the pledge I've given  
Both in sight of men and heaven!  
Till then—forget me not.

Like that skilful master of the lyre, Timotheus, we now pass at once to a different and more lively measure;

And gloomy thought—and gloomier word—  
In that stern gathering were heard ;  
They knew that flight and strife were vain,  
With yonder brother of the main :  
But they swore to stand together yet,  
Till the last plank beneath them split.

It was a summer night—the moon  
Sail'd through the glorious skies of June ;  
The wind had sigh'd itself to rest  
On the old ocean's icy breast :  
It was *too* calm. Oh ! for the gush  
Of tempests, and the black wave's rush !

The vessels met,—the shot and shell  
In red and random ruin fell ;  
The shout—the groan—the mutter'd prayer—  
The blasphemy of fierce despair—  
The splintering yards, and shattering ship,  
Woke the wild echoes of the deep.

I saw the pirate on the poop—  
The calmest of that reckless troop ;  
Unwounded yet—though quick and hot  
Around him flash'd the incessant shot ;  
Pale, but unmoved in glance or brow,  
He look'd upon the strife below.

The gun is silenced—hand to hand,  
Glanced cutlass, pike, and boarding brand ;  
Upon the pirate deck the strife  
Was not for victory, but life :  
Hopeless and faint, but desperate stood  
The wrecks of that bold brotherhood.

The war is o'er—the pirates break—  
And British warriors crowd the deck ;  
The magazine is fired—'tis done—  
A flash—a thunder-burst—a moan—  
A yell upon the shuddering sea—  
And the black smoke closed heavily.

'Tis done :—the sea is sleeping now,  
With scarce a wrinkle on its brow ;  
But still the gurgled death-cry falls  
On the hush'd ear at intervals,  
With splash of shreds, that burst had sent  
Far up into the firmament !

M.

Let us go back once more to the hours of our boyhood, and contrast the mightier projects of the present day with the varying hopes and fears which agitated our bosoms then. They are hours which every one delights to recall, and the associations connected with which, the annexed little sketch may perhaps awaken :

THE TRUANT.—A REMINISCENCE OF SCHOOL DAYS.

"For he hath been a truant in the law."

Henry VI.

The roll had just been called over in the school at H—, when it was discovered that William Gordon, an incorrigible truant, had, for the twentieth time, taken leave of absence, and absconded from his daily labours. William was a boy of talent, and when it suited him, his studies gave him little or no trouble, having a ready conception, and a retentive memory ; but his ruling foible, like some of the great ones of the present day, was *absenteeism* ; he was, moreover, rather passionate, and far from being a favourite with his schoolfellows. The master, a severe man, but an excellent teacher, as was his wont on such occasions, ordered out six chosen ones to go in search of the deserter. I was one of the happy number ;—we received our instructions, and away we went. It was on a morning in the lovely month of June, with a clear sunshine, and almost cloudless sky, excepting a few fleecy clouds flying before the light breeze, which served to correct, in the most agreeable manner, the in-

tense heat of the noonday sun. We bounded through the suburbs of our little town, and soon found ourselves wandering down a country road of great beauty, finely wooded on either side, with mossy banks, and a clear stream rippling along under the shade of the rich foliage. We thought of the hum of voices which we had left behind, the black sliding board, Playfair's Euclid, and Hutton's Mathematics, and a loud shout evinced the pleasure with which we left them all ;—not that we were careless, however,—far from it,—we had an honourable desire of emulation within us, and more than one of the party had carried off medals, books, and penknives, as evidence of not having been behind when the annual day of trial and tribulation came. But the glorious prospect of a ramble for the best part of the day through a beautiful country, had pleasures for us far beyond what either Euclid or Hutton could ever afford. On we went, "over bank and over brae," in search of the fellow whom we had the extreme pleasure of being sent after, clearing hedges, ditches, dykes, and burns, when they happened to come in our way, which was seldom the case, as we generally made that kind of work to ourselves. On we sallied, in the plenitude of health and happiness, perfectly careless about meeting with the object of our search, yet resolute to take him *vi et armis*, if he should come across our path. The beauty of the day heightened our natural flow of spirits, and in the words of the laughter-loving Hood, we strode joyfully along,

"Turning on earth,  
All things to mirth,  
As boyhood only can."

About two hours after first setting out, our advanced guard of three came up with the culprit, walking quietly along in the direction of his father's farm-stead, and busily engaged in reading Robinson Crusoe, that spirit-stirring narrative, so dear to the memory of boyhood, the romance of which has lately been almost rendered null and void, by one John Howell's Life of one Alexander Selkirk, about whom we don't care the value of a pin, and of whom every true lover of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday would wish to hear and know nothing. William first turned his eyes to the farm, about half a mile distant, and made up his mind that running for it would not do, as he knew, to his oft-tried experience, that we were all pretty fleet of foot ; he therefore faced about, and enquired (seemingly quite ignorant of our mission) what we wanted with him ; and before we could return an answer to his question, he drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and swore loudly and fiercely, that he would stab the very first of us who should presume to lay hands on him ! Immediately after this bravado, our rear-guard made their appearance, debouching, as military men would say, from under a high thorn hedge. One of them, Charles by name, a big, strong-boned fellow, went up and told the deserter, now trembling with fear and rage, that it was of no use to look big, but just to let himself be escorted to school in a regular manner, without any affray. At this moment, William sprang at Charles, and aimed a stroke with the knife at his breast ; happily it struck a large metal button, and glancing aside, without doing much mischief, the force of the mistaken blow brought Master William headlong to the ground. We disarmed him *instantly*, and, fastening the runaway by the wrist to Charles, commenced our march homewards, narrowly escaping a chance of rescue from some young boors, who did not relish the idea of seeing the "Master's Son" lugged along like a thief. We repelled the attack, however, by a hearty *bicker*, and, resuming our walk, got to the village without farther interruption.

The school was just breaking up, and the beautiful sentence, "Take your hats," had just been uttered, when we entered with the truant. "Back to your seats !" roared the pedagogue ;—the deserted forms were filled in a moment, and all eyes were turned on us and our charge as

we walked to the top of the school-room, where there was a space raised above the usual level of the flooring. As a preliminary, the master delivered to the culprit a long and laboured harangue on the evils of being absent without leave, or, in other words, of playing the truant, said a great deal about his duty to himself and his parents, and concluded with a general admonition to the whole school. He then proceeded to the most striking part of his duty, namely, the bestowing on Master William, by the aid of the "three-tailed bashaw," a round dozen of mementos on the palms of both hands, which he bore with sullen fortitude, and did not appear to shrink in the least from the punishment. We kept silence on the "knife" part of the business, or he would most likely have been favoured with another dozen. As it was, we thought, in the goodness of our hearts, that he had *quantum suff.* The school once more broke up, and thus ended one of our eventful days. William never got the better of his bad trick, and at last was ejected from the community, and sent home to his sorrowing parents as incurable.

Since those careless days, time has made many alterations; years have gone by, and changed the bright dreams of youth into the sober realities of manhood. Not a few of the once happy schoolfellows have gone into strange countries; some have entered into the hurry and bustle of business; one or two are village surgeons and country clergymen; and, alas! some have got to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," far beyond our sympathy and all our vain regrets. Out of the coterie, I am almost left *solus cum sola*; and when I think of all this,

"No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye  
To cast a look behind."

F.

All the world knows, or ought to know, our very active and intelligent Publishers in the western metropolis, Messrs Robertson & Atkinson. By the latter of these gentlemen—the very Mæcenas of Glasgow—we are favoured with the following graceful effusion:

LINES TO MY SISTER, WITH A BOOK, IN RETURN FOR A  
PRESENT FROM HER.

By Thomas Atkinson.

O! how shall love be paid but with itself?  
For kindness owneth not a meaner coin!  
What are to it the yellow heaps of pelf,  
Or diamonds risen radiant from the mine?  
Love is no usurer, but is well content  
In re-producing,—loving to be spent!

Then but with what thou hadst, dear one, before,  
Shall I repay thee—sister of my heart,  
For girlish fondness, which I value more  
That we in circumstance are far apart;  
I loved thee ere I knew thy love was mine,  
Although its current flow'd, and show'd no sign

But since a symbol of thy love has come  
From forth the patient labour of thy hand;  
And of thy work of months I see the sum  
In a fair gift before me smiling stand,  
Can I do less than of my labours, too,  
Think that a portion is thy well-earn'd due?

Then, Margaret sweet, be thine the storied page  
A brother penn'd, for he will happier live,  
If it, to one of thy yet gulleless age  
Can rouse an interest, or a pleasure give;—  
Thy fair white fingers wove thy valued gift—  
I spin my thoughts—perhaps with less of thrift!

What a quantity of verses are written, which, for want of a better title, are called by their authors "Songs," but which have as much of the song in them as Newton's "Principia!" The song we are about to subjoin is not liable to this objection, but is evidently well adapted for

music, and we recommend it to the especial attention of Mr Finlay Dun, or any composer of talent:

#### SONG OF THE EXILE.

By William Anderson, of the Glasgow Courier.

Banish'd for ever!  
From the scene of my birth,  
For ever! for ever!  
From all I loved dearest, and cherish'd on earth,  
From the smile of my friends, and the home of their  
hearth,  
To come again never!

Banish'd for ever!  
From hope and from home,  
For ever! for ever!  
Away in the desert of distance to roam,  
Like a ship tempest-tost on the wild sea-wave's foam,  
To land again never!

Banish'd for ever!  
When all dreams have gone by,  
For ever! for ever!  
The gladness of earth, and the brightness of sky,  
There's no fear but to live, and no hope but to die—  
To feel again never!

Banish'd for ever!  
It is madness to me,  
For ever! for ever!  
To think of the land I shall ne'er again see,  
Of the days that have been, and the days that will be—  
That thought leaves me never!

Banish'd for ever!  
Dear land of my birth,  
We sever! we sever!  
An exile from all I love dearest on earth,  
From peace and contentment, from pleasure and mirth,  
For ever! for ever!

What have we here? The reader shall see the whole, and judge for himself:

#### ONE OF THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND LETTERS WE RECEIVE WEEKLY.

Mr Editor, I am entirely of your Modat correspondent's opinion, who seems to think there is something terrible in the name of Editor. At all events, there is something in the Notices to Correspondents, especially when glanced over by an expectant contributor, which causes a rapid gush of blood from the cheek down into the ventricles of the heart, whence it is again expelled with a kind of palpitating motion, which causes a tremulous beat of every pulse from the digital arteries of the toes to the basilar artery of the brain. Often have I asked myself the question,—“What the dunces are we afraid for?” But as often as I cast my eye to the last leaf of the *Literary Journal*, there I see cause enough for fear. The poor correspondent is either set about his business with a marked bit of satire, such as ‘B.’s Fragment’ is reduced to fragments.—“S. L. is good enough to say we shall hear from him soon in a different style;—we fervently hope so.”—“We have particularly to request of ‘Y. A. and his brother rhymesters, not ‘a little piece,’ but a little peace.” Or by a downright rebuff, such as, “We can give ‘R. U.’ no encouragement;” or “‘A. B.’ and ‘Beta’ are inadmissible.” Or there is the insignificant notice, as “‘Y. H.’ is very well, as poetry goes.”—“‘M.’ of Glasgow will not suit us.” Or, lastly, comes the polite and feeling rejection, “Margaret of Glasgow contains some good lines; but, as a whole, is incomplete.”—“We regret the pleasing verses of ‘W.’ occupy so much space; but if we have room, they shall be inserted;”—or, “There is a considerable degree of feeling and genius in the lines entitled, ‘I love thee only.’” Now, Mr Editor, these words were

applied to me, *long long ago*, in the ninth Number of your first volume; and not being altogether a rebuff positive, I have once more worked myself to the same pitch as your Moffat friend, and herewith "send you a scrawl," with no fictitious signature, lest it should seem, as Hotspur says, "As if I would deny my name." I only pray to Heaven you may have your Slippers on when you receive this, and am your obedient servant,

D. MACASKILL.

Who Mr D. MacAskill is we are most profoundly ignorant, and the lines he sent us formerly, which we were pleased to say indicated "a considerable degree of feeling and genius," we have entirely forgotten; but it will be gratifying to Mr D. MacAskill to know, that we can say precisely the same thing of the lines he has last sent us, and that we are so well pleased with them, that we intend rendering them immortal, by giving them a place in the JOURNAL. Here they are:

#### THE DEPARTED.

I mind me that I saw thy bier borne silently along,  
I follow'd, too, yet knew not where, amidst the mournful throng;

I saw myself in sable robes, with white crape round my arm,

I miss'd thee then, thy smile, thy kiss, with fond love ever warm.

I sought for thee amid the throng—thy form ne'er met my eyes;

I ask'd for thee, no answer gain'd, save bosom-bursting sighs;

I sought for thee where laughing streams, and birds of beauty sing,  
And where the sunny butterfly sails past on gaudy wings.

I sought thee by the forest shades, the summer sparkling lake,

And where the trembling harebell springs in beauty on the brake;—

They told me, after many days, that thou wert sick, wert dead,

That the funeral chant was o'er thee sung,—the green turf o'er thee spread.

My footsteps sought thy place of rest, thy dark and sunless tomb,

The singing of wild birds is there, around thee roses bloom;

How brightly green the dew-deck'd turf where all thy beauties sleep,

Thy breast is shaded softly by the darkling willow's sweep.

I think of thee in dark midnight—in golden-tinted morn,  
I see thee in my dreams as when my light heart I have borne,

And wander'd by the waters blue in childhood's laughing hours,

To wreath for thee the pearly sweets of Lomond's sunny bowers.

But lone and sad I wander now, and must feel ever thus;  
Where smiles are miss'd we used to prize, there is no home for us;

Why do I roam? It is to quench a burning of the breast;  
And though 'tis sore to wander thus, yet still I cannot rest.

From Montrose, Paisley, and Aberdeen, we have communications to which we should be glad to give a place, but they must stand over for the present. Our Montrose correspondent says,—“Sir, In looking over your literary House of Commons, which I do once a-week, I find members or representatives from almost every county, town, and village of Scotland, with the exception of the

Braes of Angus and the town of Montrose. I am sorry for this; at the same time, I cannot blame the Muses for preferring the south and west of Edinburgh to the north of the Tay; for, I verily believe, that were Parnassus to be placed in the vicinity of the Gramplaine, the one side of it would soon be waving with Georgian oats, the other covered with black cattle, and the whole surrounded with a beautiful rampart of spinning-mills.” We hope this is not quite correct; and, indeed, judging by the circulation of the LITERARY JOURNAL over the Braes of Angus and in Montrose, it is impossible that it can be so.

One poem still remains to which we are desirous of giving a place. It is by our old acquaintance, the Author of “Vallery;”—what has become of his “Eldred of Erin?”

#### LINES TO MY SISTER.

By Charles Doyme Sillery.

There was a time when hope and joy  
Fill'd every glowing sense;

When I, a young and passionate boy,  
Loved thee and innocence,

My Sister!  
Loved thee and innocence.

I love thee still—and loving thee,  
Love innocence for ever!

For, howsoever changed I be,  
Thy heart can alter never,

My Sister!  
Thy heart can alter never.

One cradle was our infant bed,  
One house our early home,  
And oft through flowery fields I've led  
Thy heedless steps to roam,

My Sister!  
Thy heedless steps to roam.

Deem not that I can e'er forget  
Our childhood's happy hours,  
When every path in which we met  
Seem'd strew'd with gems and flowers,

My Sister!  
Seem'd strew'd with gems and flowers.

Time may grow old,—this world decay;  
And at our Maker's will

The heavens themselves may pass away,  
But I shall love thee still,

My Sister!  
But I shall love thee still.

Blood of my blood, breath of my breath,  
Thou'rt all on earth to me!

Nor time, nor clime, nor life, nor death,  
Can shake my love for thee,

My Sister!  
Can shake my love for thee.

We must pass over about a cart-load of complimentary addresses to ourselves, of which, however, the following six lines may serve as a specimen:

“Hail, greatest Luminary in the earth!

Where had such a bright star its birth?

Muse! I would fancy he was born

High in heaven, on the wings of the morn.

When he speaks, all he says is sense,—

When he sings, it is at the Nightingale's expense.”

But although obliged to pass over those divine productions, there is a prose letter which we consider it our duty to lay before the world, and which we have no doubt will be read with intense interest by many who feel exactly as the author does:

## QUESTIONINGS CONCERNING THE GREAT SECRET.

Mr Editor, who art thou? what art thou? and where hast thou thy local habitation? Art thou a man, Mr Editor, like unto other men? Does thy bosom flow with the milk of human kindness? or art thou formed of sterner stuff? Dost thou locate "within a mile of Edinburgh town?" or owl it away in the Heart of Mid-Lothian? In the crowded street or the lonely walk, art thou ever to be seen? Where the young and the gay assemble, art thou among them, though not of them? Might one get a peep of thy singular physiognomy in pit or box of the theatre? or see the twinkle of thy Argus' eyes in the mazes of the dance? By what tokens, mysterious personage, mayest thou be known? Hast thou a short face like the Spectator? a peach-coloured coat like Goldy? a rumbling walk like Johnson? or a crutch like thy Ambrosian brother, Christopher? Art thou a stout gentleman? Perhaps thou art the Stout Gentleman? Art thou bearded like the pard? and thy hair, does it stand up like the bristly boar or fretful porcupine? Canst thou discuss thy tumbler like an Ettrick Shepherd? or bolt thy Burgundy with the smack of a Jeffrey? Readeest thou ever the pages of a Blair? or dost thou find thy sermons in stones? Writest thou in the broad sunshine of heavenly day? or dost thou enlighten mankind at the expense of the midnight gas? Art thou thoroughly acquainted with things past, present, and to come? and canst thou tell to a certainty what should be done with India, Ireland, and the corn laws? Knowest thou the politics of the city of palaces? and art thou master of the small squabbles that disturb and amuse her thousand citizens? Dost thou ever dip into a dock commission, or dive into the mysteriousness of a western pier? Art thou an old man, Mr Editor? Have thy feet descended into the vale of years? or canst thou still sport a light fantastic toe? Art thou a pleasant man, Mr Editor? thou who art the cause of so much pleasure to others? Art thou a happy man, Mr Editor? Have the bleak storms of adversity never howled around thy home? Hast thou always sat beneath thy own vine and fig-tree, without any man being able to make thee afraid? or art thou a lone one in this working-day-world, with none to cheer thee, and none whom thou canst cheer? Wilt thou bend thy wearied steps to our lowly-thatched cottage, for we would share with thee this ebbing bowl, and send thee on thy way rejoicing? What! no answer? Like Glendower, have we called thee from the vasty deep, but no response has come? Thou mighty unknown, who art thou? wilt thou not speak? O! for some kindly Meadowbank to withdraw the veil! Yet trust not to thy imagined security! We may pursue a phantom and follow a shade, but the time shall come when thou shalt be discovered! Thou mayest enfold thyself more closely in thy editorial mantle, but nothing will save thee! The very shoemaker, who, out of the common leather fashioned thy spell-bound "Slippers," will rise up to testify against thee!

"Come what will, or come what may,  
Time and the hour wear out the roughest day."

R. G.

That our personal identity should ever be discovered, as hinted towards the conclusion of the above letter, is the next thing to an impossibility. As to the person being known who had the honour of making our SLIPPERS in some moment of inspiration, this is an idle vaunt, for he has, many a long year ago, gone down into the grave. The answers we could give to many of the questions which our correspondent puts to us, would be of the most thrilling interest. But these answers must not be given. For the present the veil has been withdrawn long enough; and though, like the setting sun, we are able to say, *nous reviendrons*, yet, for several weeks to come, the only proof of our personal existence shall be, that splendid but unembodied emanation, the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, which shall burst upon the world

hebdomadally in more brilliant beauty than ever. For ourselves, like the sorceress in the "Descent of Odin," we retire again into the mysteriousness of our nature,

"And our weary eyes we close,—  
Leave us—leave us—to repose."

## THE DRAMA.

THE Theatre opened for the winter season on Tuesday evening. Four new performers have been added to the list of the *corps dramatique*. The first, in point of importance, is Miss Jarman. What we have long wanted on our stage is an actress to play the principal line of parts both in comedy and tragedy. We say "what we have long wanted," because though we entertain the highest sense of the distinguished abilities of Mrs Henry Siddons, we do not think that of late years she has been altogether able for the fatigues of the *premier rôle*. Even were her health perfectly restored, she is now well entitled to lie upon her oars, and to appear only occasionally in her favourite characters, in many of which she is probably superior to all her contemporaries. In this state of matters Mr Murray has acted wisely, though somewhat tardily, in looking out for an assistant and successor to his sister. And we say at once, and with confidence, that in choosing Miss Jarman, he has fixed upon the very person whom we should have wished him to select. Miss Jarman is already well known both on the London boards and in the provinces, and if she is not positively a great actress, she is, unquestionably, the next thing to it. We do not talk unadvisedly;—we are well aware that there are others who have been more successful in the metropolis, but we do not happen to have any very great respect for metropolitan taste. What Miss Phillips may be, we cannot exactly say, never having seen her; but we have great doubts that she is superior to Miss Jarman. As to Ellen Tree and F. H. Kelly, they are both of them inferior to her. Miss Ellen Tree is a fine woman, but only a second-rate actress, because she wants *head* to be a first-rate. Miss F. H. Kelly is altogether a Cockney imposition. Even in her vaunted part of *Juliet*, we should no more think of comparing her with Miss Jarman, than we should think of comparing William Thomson the fishmonger with Romeo. We say, therefore, that, with the exception, we presume, of Miss Kemble, we have now got in our company one of the best actresses on the stage,—no more than we are entitled to, yet not what every manager would have had the good sense to have procured. We have this week seen Miss Jarman in four of her characters,—*Juliana*, in the Honey Moon,—*Jane Shore*,—*Ella Rosenberg*,—and *Rosalind*. This is quite a sufficient variety to fix our opinion of her talents. Her *Juliana* is, from beginning to end, a chaste, spirited, and natural piece of acting. It is, moreover, the acting of a lady, and of one whose heart is in her profession; of one, too, who has judgment enough to understand her author for herself, without being drilled into him, or made to get him by rote like a parrot. She is the best *Juliana* we have seen. Her *Jane Shore*, especially in the last act, was full of tragic power, and, though nothing can be more disgusting than this play altogether, and more particularly the catastrophe, where a young and beautiful woman is made to die upon the stage, of the vulgarest of all calamities, sheer starvation,—Miss Jarman, nevertheless, redeemed her author by her delicate execution of the part, whilst several particulars of her acting, such as her mode of begging a morsel of bread from *Alicia*, and her sudden burst of agony on discovering her injured husband, stamped her at once to be a woman of genius. *Ella Rosenberg* is entirely a melo-dramatic part, and unworthy of Miss Jarman, though she, of course, did it all justice. *Rosalind* used to be considered Miss Foote's crack character—and perhaps it is; but it was never sustained by that lady so ably as it was by Miss Jarman on Thursday evening.—Having thus expressed so favourable

an opinion, both of the quality and the variety of Miss Jarman's abilities, we need only add, that her person, though considerably above the middle height, is light and elegant, and that her face is to us much more interesting than if it were simply beautiful, for it is full of animation and intelligence, her features admitting of a great diversity of expression. In short, we hesitate not to predict, that as soon as Miss Jarman comes to be a little better known as a permanent member of our company, no one will rank higher in the good graces of the Edinburgh public.

Of Mr Hooper we can scarcely yet speak with the same decision. He is an addition of some consequence, but he will never supply the place of Jones. He is a man apparently of middle life, and not quite so fresh and vigorous as he has been. He is a terrible imitator of Charles Kemble, and is in fact a kind of second-hand edition of that actor. He has an easy good-natured manner, however, which carries him through his parts pleasantly enough, and on the whole we rather like him. We leave ourselves at liberty to modify our opinion when we have seen more of him.—Miss Pincott, from the English Opera House, has a pretty face, and a modest manner. We think she will improve upon us.—Of Mrs Evans, formerly Miss Glover, we may say very nearly the same thing, with this addition, that we have heard her sing a song or two with considerable taste and feeling.

The company is now well strengthened, and all ought to go on smoothly; but we have still a few faults to find. We do not see any new scenery, although some of the woods, in particular, are falling to pieces. We hope that this is to be attributed to the delay of the painters, and not to the manager. The trees at present exhibited ought to be hissed off the stage, and then cut down for fuel; they are old, and yellow, and rotten, and spectral. Let us have five or six fresh scenes, in the name of heaven!—The supernumeraries are as ill-dressed, shabby-looking fellows as usual. It is not like Mr Murray's well-known habits of neatness to tolerate this. His guards for attending people to execution force the audience to laugh in the most pathetic places; and his servants in livery who come into the drawing-room to deliver letters, look like Irish pensioners on half-pay. "Oh reform it altogether!" It is fair to remark that, as if in contrast to these tag-rag-and-bobtail, we see an evident improvement in the fancy dresses of different members of the company, Pritchard and Montague Stanley taking the lead in this department.—We are not quite satisfied with the manner in which Hart is used. We think he is kept too much back. He is a greatly superior singer to Larkins. His voice, it may be said, though rich and mellow, wants compass; but this has yet to be proved; let him be tried.—Why is the *corps de ballet* that we had at the Caledonian Theatre not here? We humbly venture to suggest, that Védi is a better dancer than Miss Fairbrother; and Mr Murray might surely have had her as soon as Seymour of Glasgow.

©D Cæterbus.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THE Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, are announced for immediate publication. The private papers of an individual so famed in American Annals, and so closely connected with our own country, cannot fail to excite much interest. The work is to be edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, and will contain letters from many of the most remarkable persons in Europe and America, among whom are Franklin, Washington, Adams, Madison, La Fayette, Paul Jones, Thomas Paine, &c.

Sir Edmund Temple announces for immediate publication, an account of his Travels in South America.

A Story of Actual Life, under some singular aspects, is about to be submitted to the curiosity of the general reader, in a work entitled Adventures of an Irish Gentleman.

The Young Lady's Book may be expected immediately. This work is not an Annual, and will be found to differ essentially from the whole class of literary gifts usually presented to young ladies, being a complete manual of elegant recreations, exercises, and pur-

suits. The volume will be richly bound in silk, and will contain upwards of 700 engravings.

We have seen a specimen of the Zoological Keepsake, which is to contain upwards of thirty engravings on wood, spiritedly executed by Thomas Landseer and Cruikshanks. The work will comprise much zoological information, and a number of amusing anecdotes.

The Musical Gem for 1830, dedicated to the Duchess of Kent, and edited by W. Ball, will consist of choice and various lyrical compositions, vocal and instrumental, from writers and professors of acknowledged talent, including Weigl, Beethoven, Weber, Bozza, Dumois, Barnett, Walter Turnbull, Lady William Lennox, and Madame Malibran Garcia.

The Literary Blue-Book, or Kalendar of Literature and the Arts, for 1830, is nearly ready. It contains lists, with their names and addresses, of eminent living Authors, Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, Musical Composers, Musical Performers, Teachers of Languages, and others.

The Wine-drinker's Manual, containing the history, manufacture, and management of Spanish, French, Rhenish, Italian, Madeira, Cape, and British Wines, and miscellaneous information, peculiarly acceptable to the *Bon Vivant*.

We understand that a new periodical is about to be commenced in Dumfries, to be entitled the Literary Gleaner, or Cabinet of Amusing and Instructive Knowledge. A Number is to be published every month; and if the selections are made judiciously, cannot fail to be interesting.

The History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, during the Sixteenth Century, by Thomas M'Crie, D.D., will be published on the 21st of this month.

On the same day will be published, Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814, by the Author of Cyril Thornton. In 3 vols. 12mo. Illustrated by 14 Plates.

The Boosebol Tracts, being Narratives relating to the Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, with Notes, by the Editor, J. Hughes, Esq. A.M., illustrated with Engravings from original Drawings, will be published about Christmas.

The Greek Grammar of Dr Frederick Thiersh, translated from the German, with brief Remarks, by Professor Sandford, is nearly ready.

The Rev. Alexander Fleming, A.M. of Neilston, has made considerable progress in revising a new Edition of Pardovan's Collections concerning the Church of Scotland: in which will be incorporated the History, Jurisdiction, and Forms of the several Church Jurisdictions, together with the Civil Decisions relative to the Rights and Patrimony of the Established Church and her Clergy.

We understand that Professor Napier is to commence next March a new, improved, and cheap edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The price of each Part is to be six shillings, to be published monthly, and to be completed in twenty volumes quarto. Six editions of this work have already appeared, together with a Supplement in six volumes, which was completed in 1824.

Mr Abernethy is about to publish the Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Surgery, which he has been accustomed to deliver at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The Authors of Caleb Williams and of the O'Hara Tales, have each a new novel in preparation. The latter is to be called, we believe, Trials Past By.

Mr W. Long Wellesley has nearly ready, a History of the Court of Chancery, its Abuses and Reforms.

The British Naturalist; or, an Account of the Appearances and Habits of the more remarkable Living Productions of Britain and the British Seas, is announced.

The Memoirs of Bolívar, including the Secret History of the Revolution, will speedily be published.

Random Records, from the pen of George Colman the younger, are in a forward state. This work embraces the recollections of a long life, characterised by intercourse with many distinguished public characters.

CHIT-CHAT FOR THE DILETTANTI.—The Magistrates, with a laudable wish that the Burgess Clerk of Mr Wilkie should not be altogether unworthy of the artist, entrusted the execution of it to Mr Forrester, lithographic-drawer, who has amply justified their confidence in him. The arrangement of the text deserves to be viewed as a work of art, and is certainly a fine specimen of line composition. Mr F. is well known as an accurate drawer of *fac-similes*, and we had lately occasion to notice the mastery over his art displayed in his lithographic engraving of a drawing from Macdonald's statues. We hope soon to see him turn his talents to account in some higher walk of art than he has yet attempted.—By a letter lately received from Allan, we find he is now in Venice. We regret to add that he is still much afflicted with the weakness of his eyes.—The receipts of the Scottish Academy, during the whole period of their last exhibition, somewhat exceeded L.900. We hope this will impress upon them the propriety of sacrificing all minor and personal differences, and holding fast together. They have every prospect of being able, by their united ef-

forts, to raise a fund, (without any sacrifice being made by a single individual among them,) which may be applied to the benefit both of art and artists. A separation now, besides destroying this prospect, will almost infallibly bring along with it, as matters stand, a discontinuance of exhibitions in this city, and that event cannot fail to draw after it a marked diminution in the interest which the Edinburgh public are beginning to take in the productions of art.—That valuable institution the Drawing Academy, founded and maintained by the Board of Trustees, for initiating our young artists into the principles of classical taste, opens again on the 16th instant. Leuder has been appointed to succeed Allan as drawing-master.—Steele, the young sculptor, whose busts, exhibited last spring, were esteemed indicative of talent, is at present studying in Rome. Our little band of Edinburgh artists, though rich in opening talent, is of such limited numbers, that we can watch with a personal interest over every one of them.

**THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.**—The classes, with one or two exceptions, commenced yesterday. It is impossible to say as yet whether the attendance will be greater or less this session than it was last. The university commission, which we were preparing to rank with "the lost Pleiad seen no more below," has recently given signs of returning animation, by sending to press a certain brief report, with appendices. It is proposed, as an interim regulation, to do away with the Junior Greek and Humanity classes. Some modification is also contemplated of the order of attendance upon the other classes. The Logic is to be postponed to the third year; the Moral and Natural Philosophy classes to be taken together in the fourth. We understand also that it is in contemplation to institute a Professorship of Modern Languages. As we have some remarks to offer on the subject, which is an important one, and shall devote one or more papers to its consideration, we shall remain silent at present.

**UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT BY ROBERT BURNS.**—About sixteen years ago, there resided at Mauchline, a Mr Robert Morrison, cabinet-maker. He was a great orator of Burns, and it was in Mr Morrison's house that the poet usually spent the "mids o' the day" on Sunday. It was in this house also that he wrote his celebrated Address to a Haggis, after partaking liberally of that dish, as prepared by Mrs Morrison. There has lately been put into our hands, a detached verse, written by Burns, and presented by him to Mr or Mrs Morrison. It was much prized by them as a relic of the bard, and is certainly curious, as it seems to be a fragment of a poem which he never gave to the world, on the interesting subject of his Highland Mary. It is in a different measure from his only two compositions addressed to her, and therefore cannot have been meant as an addition either to "Ye banks and braes and streams around," or to the lines beginning, "O, Mary, dear departed shade!" The verse is as follows, and the reader may rely on its authenticity:—

"No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,  
And smile on the moon's dimpled face on the wave,  
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,  
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave!"

**CHIT-CHAT FROM GLASGOW.**—We have had a row with the *corps de ballet* and the Manager, but it has been made up, and Veda and the rest are dancing to us again. Braham—it was a spirited speculation to bring him here—has put us all in good humour, and drawn very crowded houses. Mr Turnbull, of Ayr, a promising musical composer, has engaged him to sing a night in Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Ayr.—Recitations are quite the rage here. A series of splendid ones, under very distinguished patronage, were given the other evening before 300 people; the receipts went towards defraying the expense of procuring medals, which are to be struck, in commemoration of the triumph of the citizens of Glasgow, in establishing their right to a path on the banks of the Clyde. Mr Mayne, whose genius you appear to think highly of, is about to give Readings, in which all the pieces are his own, and many of them are very beautiful.

**A GENUINE HO YES! NOT GIVEN BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.** *Kenmore*, — (date uncertain).—A a ne time ho yes! and a twa time ho yes! and a tree time ho yes! To a' them wha hae gotten the spoke (English), no persons at no time after nor before, will pu peats nor howk heather on my Lord Prestalappin's moss, or my Lordship to pe surely will prougt them before her to be peahet and syne hangt; and gin she'll come back, till pe waur done till her nor a' tat.

**EDINBURGH SOUTHERN ACADEMY.**—This new Academy opened a short time ago in Buccleugh Place. It has a twofold object,—1st, To supply the Southern Districts with a substitute for the High School; and 2d, To present, under one roof, all the requisite branches of Elementary Education, whether classical or general. The Academy thus aspires to be the first Institution which offers to a parent his choice whether his children shall be trained with a view to a professional or to a mercantile life, or to both. If a classical education is required, instruction is given by the classical master in Greek, Latin, English Literature, and ancient Geography, to which is added writing and arithmetic. If a purely mercantile or general training be the object, the pupils have an opportunity of acquiring drawing, writing, book-keeping, arithmetic, geography, mathe-

tics, natural philosophy, French, English literature, and English composition. Many advantages certainly result from this plan of optional education; and, from what we know of the talents of the teachers, we do not doubt that the object aimed at will be successfully executed.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—"The Early Days of Shakspeare" has been very successfully received at Covent Garden. Charles Kemble is said to be a capital Shakspeare. Is there not something preposterous in introducing great poets on the stage,—men whose leading characteristic, in contradistinction to the great warrior, is that they did not act, but *thought*?—The little piece called "No," which was originally brought out here, has been received with applause at Drury-Lane. We believe it is an adaptation from the French by one of the Miss Siddons's.—Fanny Kemble's success continues undiminished. The receipts of the house are said to be at least L.600 every night she performs, yet she has never appeared in any part but one. We fear this over-degree of enthusiasm may not last.—A drama called, "The Rose of Ettrick," has been performed with good approbation at the Adelphi. We wonder if it is by Lynch, who once brought out a piece with a similar name here.—Alfred de Vigny's translation of "Othello" has been eminently successful at the *Theatre Francaise* in Paris.—A new opera by Bishop, founded upon a French piece, is in rehearsal at Covent Garden.—It is mentioned that some of the unengaged performers have taken the West London Theatre, and are about to open it. Among them are, Dowton, Vining, Melrose, Mrs Waylett, Mrs Davison, Mrs H. Corri, and Miss L. Jarman (who is she?)—Some of our performers venture upon strange tricks in the country. Pritchard, Denham, and Mrs Nicol, were starting it a few days ago in Bas's company in Dundee. In "Guy Mannering," Pritchard undertook the part of *Mag Merriker*, and in "Rob Roy" Denham played *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*!—We observe the *Weekly Journal* of Wednesday last takes the merit of correcting a mistake into which we were led regarding Braham's age; this was somewhat unnecessary, seeing we had ourselves made the correction on the Saturday previous.—We are glad to understand that Miss Kemble is positively to visit us this season.—The reason, we believe, why Jones did not accept of an engagement in London, which, we are informed, was offered to him on very liberal terms, is that he had made arrangements with his pupils here which rendered it absolutely necessary that he should return to Edinburgh.—Miss Paton makes her first appearance here these five years, this evening, as *Rosine*, in the "Barber of Seville."

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Nov. 3.—Nov. 6.

TUES. *The Honeymoon, & The Weathercock.*  
WED. *Jane Shore, William Thomson, & Ella Rosenberg.*  
THURS. *As You Like It, & William Thomson.*  
FRI. *Romeo and Juliet, & Charles XII.*

#### TO OUR READERS.

It will be perceived that the present Number contains an additional half-sheet of literary matter. During the continuance of the publishing season we shall occasionally extend our space in a similar manner. We shall also give this year, as we did last, a CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which, from the contributions we can command for it, we are pretty confident, will be found worthy the best attention of those who take an interest in our labours. Our success increases daily, and we are determined to continue to deserve it.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY interesting articles still unavoidably stand over, among which is the review of Bishop Gleig's Pastoral Charge.

We have much pleasure in announcing that our next Number will contain an unpublished Letter of Robert Burns, with some interesting matter concerning him;—also some unpublished verses by the poet, Finlay.

The notices of remarkable Scottish criminals of the last century do not appear to us important enough to warrant publication; but we dare say the author could furnish us with other traditional notices which would be valuable.—The notice of Kitchener in our next—"Ramblings among the Hebrides" is under consideration.—The Editor of the *Literary Gleaner* shall hear from us.—"F. H." will find a letter from "Lorma" at our Publisher's, which, as he has waxed rather insolent, we advise him to read, and learn modesty.

We shall peruse with attention, and give an opinion on, the manuscript Poem of John Nevey of Forfar.—The Translations from the *Canzonero General* please us, and one or two of them shall have a place.—On second thoughts, the last communication from "S. S." of Glasgow does not appear to us quite so good as usual.—The "Lines written on a visit to the Glen of Campsie," and the verses by "Alcinoe," though pretty, do not quite come up to our standard.

The musical composer of the name of Wess, mentioned in our last, is a celebrated flute-player, and also the inventor of a new species of flute, as well as a voluminous composer.

[No. 52. November 7, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.*

## DR DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE, &amp;c.

Just published,  
By HENRY COLBURN, and RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington Street, London; BELL and BRADFUTE, Edinburgh; and JOHN CUMMING, Dublin.

**PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE of DR DODDRIDGE**, illustrative of various Particulars in his Life hitherto unknown, with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, and a Sketch of the Ecclesiastical History of the times in which he lived. Edited, from the Originals, by his Great-Grandson, JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo, with a Portrait.

2. **STORIES of WATERLOO**, and other Tales. 3 vols. post 8vo.

3. **TRAVELS in CHALDEA**, &c. By Captain MIERAN, of the Hon. East India Company's Service. 8vo, Plates. And in a few days,

4. **DR CALAMY'S HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of his OWN LIFE**, with some Reflections on the Times in which he lived, from 1671 to 1781, now first published from the Original MS. In 2 vols. 8vo, with a Portrait.

5. **TALES of MY TIME**. By the Author of "Blue Stocking Hall." 5 vols.

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Just published,  
By JOHN ANDERSON, Jun. 55, North Bridge Street, Edinburgh; and Sold by SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, London.

1. **THE SCOTTISH COMMUNION-SERVICE**, with the PUBLIC SERVICES for the Fast-Day, Saturday, Monday, before and after Communion, by the Rev. A. G. CARSTAIR, of Anstruther Wester. 12mo, 5s. 6d.

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No. 53.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1829.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Travels in Chaldæa, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon, performed on foot in 1827. With Observations on the sites and remains of Babylon, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon.* By Capt. Robert Mignan, of the Hon. East India Company's Service. One vol. 8vo. Pp. 334. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829.

THE author of this work is so modest in his pretensions, that he would be a hard-hearted critic indeed who could treat him with severity. Nor are the works of travellers, except in such cases as those of Humboldt, the French Saverus, and some other professedly scientific men, to be tried by the same standard that is applied to other literary productions. Every authentic piece of information from a distant and imperfectly-known country is valuable, inasmuch as it may serve to correct or extend our previous knowledge of it: and every traveller who quietly and sensibly tells the story of what he has himself seen, is worthy of attention.

Of Captain Mignan's antiquarian researches, we are inclined to think that they contain several important corrections of the statements of his predecessors. With regard, however, to the subject which he treats most in detail—the ruins of Babylon—we are still disposed to rest more confidently upon the statements of the late Mr Rich, because that gentleman's observations and measurements were made at more leisure, and with a more complete apparatus, than Captain Mignan could command, and more especially because they were made without a view to any preconceived theory. This, however, is a discussion upon which we do not at present intend to enter. We proceed to lay before our readers a summary of the information scattered through the volume before us respecting the present state of the plains of Shinar—the scene of the earliest human civilisation of which we possess any records—the scene of the fiercest conflicts between the various successive aspirants to the domination of the world—the scene of the triumphant grandeur of the Assyrian, the Mede, and the Persian—the scene of Alexander's death, and of Haroun Alraschid's splendour.

Our author's excursion led from Bussorah, along the Shut-ul-Arab, as the natives term the river formed by the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates, to Koote; thence along the Tigris, here called the Dialah, to Bagdad; and thence to Hillah, a town situated among the ruins of ancient Babylon. The whole district which he traversed is a vast plain, varied with slight undulations, intersected by the Tigris and Euphrates, by some streams of less magnitude, and by a great number of canals. From the rapidity of the two principal rivers, the angle of its inclination to the plane of the sea must be considerable. During the winter season, a great part of the district is under water, and even during the dry season most of the hollows continue pools or marshes. The soil on the rising grounds, on the contrary, which consists of a mixture of hard clay and sand, is baked by the heat to

the consistency of a sun-dried brick. From the upper parts of the plain, the traveller along the Tigris sees the mountains of Persia, but at such a distance, that after a journey of many days their relative position seems still the same, awakening an impression in his mind that he is spell-bound, and talking onwards without making any progress.

The whole extent of the plain offers scarcely one moderate-sized tree to the passenger's eye. Thick and extensive groves of brushwood are, however, plentiful, rising somewhat above the height of a man. The neighbourhood of cities and villages is generally enlivened by plantations of the date palm. The marshy pieces of ground are clad even in summer with green herbage, reeds, and bulrushes. In the dry parts either bare soil is exposed, or it is thinly covered with a short sere herbage, withered thistles, and a prickly shrub called the camel's thorn. Some of the brushwood forests are haunted by lions and other beasts of prey. The banks of the rivers are inhabited by flocks of buffaloes. The light gazelle bounds over the open plain. The pelican, and a number of smaller birds, none of them remarkable either for plumage or song, are frequently to be met with. The finest kind of hawks used in hunting the antelope are found in this district. The excessive heat to which the inhabitants are exposed during the day, renders the body extremely sensible to the diminished temperature which succeeds at sunset. The clearness of the atmosphere overhead, gives a lustre to the heavenly bodies unknown in more northern latitudes. But the vapours which load the horizon cause the sun to appear, for some time after his rising and before his setting, a dull red mass, unsurrounded by rays.

The greater part of the country is subject to the Pasha of Bagdad. He appoints the governors of the smaller towns: each of whom farms his district at a certain annual rental, and is left to repay himself as he best may, by squeezing money out of those subjected to him. The authority exercised by each of those magistrates in his immediate vicinity, and a standing army kept on foot by the Pasha, are the only guarantees for the preservation of civil order. When to the evident inadequacy of such a defective organization, we add, that Irak-Arabi (as it is termed) is a frontier province, and recall to the reader's mind the weakness and confusion at present existing in the Ottoman government, we need scarcely add, that the traveller is rather insecure both as regards his person and property.

The population may be divided into two great classes—the inhabitants of the cities and villages, and the inhabitants of the plains. It is among the former only that we are to look for traces of regulated society, commerce, and industry. They consist of a mixture of Turks, Armenians, Jews, and a populace of domesticated descendants of the native tribes. The frame-work of society is nearly the same as is to be met with in all the dependencies of the Turkish Empire. Their commerce extends little beyond the exporting the raw produce of their country, and receiving the manufactured goods of other countries in return. It is chiefly conducted by means of cava-

vans which traverse the desert, at stated intervals, to Aleppo and other mercantile depots. There is also some trifling commercial intercourse between Bussorah and Bagdad by water carriage. It consists principally of Indian manufactures brought from Calcutta and the Malabar coast, by ships of five hundred tons burden; about eight of which trade up the Persian Gulf annually under the English flag, and several under Arab and Persian colours. The camel is the chief instrument of the land carriage. The roads are in a state of nature, except where a bridge of boats has been stretched across some of the principal rivers. The vessels on the Tigris are constructed of reeds and willows thickly coated with bitumen; the prow is the broadest part of the boat, being extremely unwieldy and bluff, and the whole as clumsy as possible.

The industry of the country is almost exclusively agricultural; and even that is confined to the neighbourhood of cities. The cultivation of the ground is rude; but the return, owing to the fertility of the soil, and the kindliness of the climate, exuberant. One of their methods of supplying the want of moisture is ingenious enough. The camel's thorn (*hedysarum alfagi*) abounds everywhere. The Arabs divide the stem of the plant in spring near the root; a single seed of the water-melon is then inserted in the fissure, and the earth replaced about the stem of the thorn. The seed becomes a parasite; and the nutritive matter, which the brittle, succulent roots of the melon are ill adapted to collect, is abundantly supplied by the deeper-searching and tougher fibres of the root of the camel's thorn. Two other sorts of industry, altogether peculiar to this country, are, the quarrying of bricks from the numerous mounds which mark the site of former cities, and the search after coins, and other antiquities, which the wealthy Turks and Armenians purchase to dispose of to Europeans. Both of these give employment to numbers.

Beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the cities, the laws of the government are respected only where its ministers are personally present to enforce them. The migratory tribes regulate themselves by their own laws, and constitute a different, and, in a great measure, independent nation. This juxtaposition of two different and unmixing races of men, however strange to those who are accustomed only to European institutions, is nothing uncommon in the East. In Persia, for example, the labourers and the commercial part of the nation, together with their priests, and the attendants of the court, have been domiciled in cities; while those tribes which furnish the warriors of the nation continue to live under the tents of their forefathers, and, in a great measure, to be a law unto themselves.

The external appearance of the Arab is not very inviting. In the encampment of an opulent tribe, which is frequently surrounded as far as the eye can reach with their flocks, may be found men and women, children, horses, mules, dogs, and asses, huddled together in groups beneath their long goat-hair tents. They are, in general, dirty, and in rags. Captain Mignan tells us, that he on one occasion saw the process of slaughtering a sheep, and preparing it for food. The animal's entrails and hoofs, dipped once or twice into water, were devoured raw; the rest of the animal, unflayed and unshorn, was put into a vessel, and half boiled, after which they drank the soup, and voraciously devoured the half-warmed carcass. In passing through their tents, our author was occasionally exposed to annoyance by their eager curiosity; in other respects they were civil enough. The Desert Arabs, in particular, are a haughty and warlike race. They are not only excellent horsemen, but manoeuvre, when collected into a troop, with considerable dexterity. One of them, who served Captain Mignan as a guard from Bagdad to Hillah, seemed impressed with the belief, that his single presence was as effective a protection as the united strength of a whole caravan. Our traveller insinuates, however, that they are not fond of giving battle, unless

with a tolerably secure prospect of success. What seems rather a disadvantage, considering their mode of life, is, that they are almost all of them short-sighted; and few of them can bear to fix their gaze steadily upon any object for a length of time. They have some rude manufactures among them, which afford them employment when confined to their tents. Captain Mignan saw them busy making a coarse kind of cloth from the wool of their sheep. They first spin it into yarn, winding the threads round small stones; these they hang on a stick, fixed in a horizontal position between some shrubs or trees, to form a woof; then passing other threads alternately between these, they thus weave the cloth which they wear. The chief employment of the men, however, is the chase, or levying an arbitrary impost upon such travellers and caravans as pass through the district where their flocks feed. They lately attacked the caravan from Bagdad to Aleppo, before it had well cleared the suburbs of the former city. Captain Mignan seems inclined to attribute their increased audacity to a retrograde movement of the province in civilisation. Perhaps it might as justly be attributed to the late troubles of the empire, which have somewhat loosened the bonds of government.

The Arabs are withal a merry race, with a keen relish for drollery, and endued with a power over their features that is shown off in the richest exhibitions of grimace. When they halt at night, they amuse themselves with songs and interminable stories. Their melodies are simple, and not a little monotonous: the subject of their songs are brief exhortations to behave bravely. They dance, too; and when on a march, they have an extempore fashion of securing instrumental music. A kettle covered with an empty oil-skin bag serves for a drum. The harmony of the instrument is heightened by the clapping of hands, and a loud chorus of a peculiar strain. One person at a time comes forward and dances, keeping up a constant wriggling motion with his feet, hands, breast, and shoulders, until his gestures become too fatiguing to be continued. Their superstition is extreme. Nor is this to be wondered at. Their religion has received into its creed every wild tale of supernatural power that the fertile East has produced. Ignorant though they be, they know that they tread upon the ruins of primeval empires. The ghosts of the various superstitions which have encountered and shattered each other in this border land of two great divisions of the human race, hover chillily over them. When the moon shines down on the shapeless mounds, the only remnants of ancient Babylon, the half-barbarous natives draw shuddering closely together, and hear in the breeze that moans around their tents, the evil spirits wailing over the times when they were worshipped in the land.

Besides the observations made on the journey, the narration of which fills the greater part of his book, Captain Mignan has given us some interesting historical and geographical details respecting Bussorah, from native writers. The plates, too, which accompany the work, afford a better idea of the objects represented than any description could. The map of Chaldaea and Babylon, however, is particularly inaccurate: to say nothing of the egregious blunder of appending to it a scale of distances, according to which, Hillah (among the ruins of Babylon) is not three miles distant from Bagdad. But of the work itself we have pleasure in recommending an attentive perusal.

*The Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, A History of the Lyre, and other Poems.* By L. E. L., author of the *Improvvisatrice*, the *Troubadour*, and the *Golden Violet*. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, & Co. 1829. Pp. 307.

We have a liking for Miss Landon, because she possesses genius, and because she is anxious to turn that genius to as much account as possible. It is for this very reason that we do not choose to pass over her faults in silence

or to bestow upon her that injudicious and indiscriminate praise to which a few of her own personal friends have, perhaps sincerely, but certainly erroneously, imagined she was entitled. An ardent, or we might say, an impassioned temperament, lies at the foundation of Miss Landon's poetical powers. Such a foundation is not a bad one, but it requires to be skillfully built upon. In the present day, the poetry of feeling—that poetry which speaks to the senses and to the heart—has attained to much eminence; but we suspect it has arrived at the culminating point, and, having served its purpose, is destined speedily to lose its temporary popularity. In making this remark, we allude, of course, not to that poetry in which we find strong feelings mingled with strong thoughts, but to that more unsubstantial species of composition in which a stimulus is given to the affections and the passions by the mere force of continual appeals to the softer part of our nature, without any very good and ostensible cause being shown why such appeals should be made. The eye gazes with delight upon the gorgeous colours of the summer evening clouds, but were these gay pageants to remain for ever, it would soon turn away from them with indifference, to rest upon the softer loveliness of the blue expanse. So it is with much modern poetry. It is too luscious,—too full of gaudy colouring,—too much adapted for certain dreamy and sickly states of the mind,—and too little in unison with the real state of things in this sublunary sphere. In the prince of all our poets—Shakespeare—where shall we find any such specimens of Eastern voluptuousness and morbid sensibility as have of late teemed from the press?

It is somewhat remarkable that, in this respect, the march of poetry has been entirely in the opposite direction to that of prose. The palling sentimental trash which, towards the conclusion of last century, formed the staple commodity of all our circulating libraries, has given place to the more rational historical novels of Sir Walter Scott and others, or to the very slight tincture of romance which characterizes the straight-forward transactions of a tale of fashionable life. But with poetry, the case is widely different. Pope has been laid upon the shelf, and Moore has taken his place upon the table. Sense has been sacrificed to sound; and the head has been allowed to lie fallow, while the heart has been called upon to produce a crop of feelings upon all occasions, and at a moment's warning. Byron, the master-spirit of modern times, is greatly to be blamed for this rush towards so palpable an extreme in the poetical world. But in his case, the diseased egotism of his tortured mind is scarcely offensive, because it makes us more intimately acquainted with the secrets of his mighty nature. A similar display of selfish sorrow coming from the lips of smaller persons ceases to be any thing but ludicrous, for it only gives them a resemblance to the frog in the fable. If Byron himself has too little abstract thought in his works, and too much *palaver* about his own feelings, and if this is pardoned simply because his talents carried it through, and because there was a stern sincerity in the intensity with which he preyed upon himself, there is surely no reason why they who are anxious to imitate his beauties should also involve themselves with his faults.

These observations have a reference to Miss Landon. She has good, strong feelings, and without them nobody can write poetry; but she does not make a good, healthy use of them. She allows them to run into a channel of affectation; and often, when she thinks she is pathetic, she is simply unnatural. It may perhaps startle Miss Landon to be accused of affectation; but of affectation we most distinctly do accuse her. In her preface to the present volume, she tells us, that with regard to the frequent application of her works to herself, considering that she sometimes portrayed love unrequited, then betrayed, and again destroyed by death, the conclusions are not quite logically drawn, as the same mind cannot have suffered such varied modes of misery. "However, if I

must have an unhappy passion," she adds, perhaps a little too flippantly, "I can only console myself with my own perfect unconsciousness of so great a misfortune." Now, this being the case, we ask at once, why ever speak in the first person, when you discourse concerning unhappy passions? If you know nothing about them practically, yet strive to give the reader the impression that you do, depend upon it, you will make numerous mistakes, for you are writing about what you do not thoroughly understand. If you wish to make others weep, you must have wept first yourself. If you have been crossed in love, then you may harp upon these crosses with some chance of doing it naturally; but if you have never been crossed in love, and if truth to nature be above all other requisites in poetry, then, for Heaven's sake, strike into some different strain. In like manner, if you have never met with any very severe misfortunes, and are, on the whole, a lively, good-natured sort of girl, as we believe you to be, why should you for ever be lamenting over miseries which do not exist? Byron was a gloomy man, and it was therefore all very proper that his poetry should be gloomy; but if you are not gloomy, then assume a tone more in unison with the ordinary feelings of humanity, and also with your own dispositions, else a heartless affectation will pervade every thing you write—affectation of the very worst kind, that which attempts to excite sympathy for imaginary sorrows, and to raise a belief, like a cunning mendicant, that you are in a much more desolate condition than you ever were, or ever will be. Poetry does not consist in such tricks as these. Yet Miss Landon is continually pouring out such sentiments as the following:

— "My days are past  
Among the cold, the careless, and the false.  
What part have I in them, or they in me?"

Or,

— "We do too much regard  
Others' opinions, but neglect their feelings;  
Thrice happy if such order were reversed."

Or,

"I'm weary, weary: day-dreams, years,  
I've seen alike depart,  
And sullen care and discontent  
Hang brooding o'er my heart."

Now, not to speak it profanely, not one word of this is true. Miss Landon does not pass her days among "the cold, the careless, and the false;" sullen care and discontent do not hang "brooding o'er her heart;" and she does not, nor does any one else, pay too much regard to the opinions of others, to the neglect of their feelings; for opinions are exactly what we ought to pay regard to, in opposition to feelings. But this is not all. Miss Landon is also very fond of indulging in such reflections as these:

"The worthlessness of common praise,  
The dry rot of the mind,  
By which its temple secretly,  
But fast, is undermined—  
Alas! the praise given to the ear,  
Ne'er was, nor e'er can be, sincere,  
And does but waste away the mind  
On which it preys:—In vain  
Would they, in whom its poison lurks,  
A worthier state attain—  
Indifference—proud, immortal aim—  
Had aye the demigods of fame."

This is terribly morbid; and if Miss Landon thinks it fine writing, she is quite mistaken. It is not true to nature, and therefore bad. A kind of suspicion, that she is too apt to fall into this vein, seems to cross the mind of the authoress occasionally; and in one of these better moods, she says of herself, with great justice—at least we suppose she alludes to herself—

— "I have fed  
Perhaps too much upon the lotus fruits

Imagination yields,—fruits which unfit  
The palate for the more substantial food  
Of our own land—reality."

This is exactly what we are aiming at. We wish to inculcate that all poetry must rest upon reality, not less than imagination, and that Miss Landon, and many of her school, place far too little store by the former. Be fervent, be fanciful, be pathetic, but, above all, be *real*—be true to yourself, and your own nature, and the world around you. If you paint woe, let it be woe which actually exists,—not your own blue-devilism. This may impose for a time, but the healthy part of the public will soon discover the deceit, and, instead of weeping by your bed-side, will laugh at the ingenious pretences by which you have contrived to enter yourself upon the doctor's sick-list.

We wish to rouse Miss Landon, therefore, to something more manly, and honest, and substantial. She is worth taking this trouble with, because there are stamina in her. Let her cease to whine so much about love—unrequited love, and white roses, and drooping violets, and pale young men who die nobody knows why; let her study history, and passing from her dreamy land of blue skies and broken vows, let her watch the active and actual developement of human passion in all stages and spheres of life, and she will come then to find that men and women, such as they are, have been, and will always be, afford far higher materials for poetry than the maudlin creations of a love-sick brain. We have good hopes, that as Miss Landon gets older, she will see the propriety of attending to this advice; in which case she will cease to sing merely for boys and tender girls, she will become far less of a mannerist, and she will take a better grasp of her subject, and give more individuality to her conceptions.

Yet, with all her faults, we like Miss Landon, as we said at the outset. She is full of enthusiasm, and has a good deal, as we have also said, of that *je ne sais quoi*, commonly called genius. One can never be very angry with her, and she writes at times with great earnestness and truth. It is needless to particularise the contents of the volume before us. Its leading features very much resemble those of its predecessors, although we think, on the whole, it is superior to any of them. "The Venetian Bracelet," "The Lost Pleiad," "A History of the Lyre," and "The Ancestress," are tales simple in incident, but prettily told, and full of many sweet, delicate, and feminine sentiments. The "Poetical Portraits" and "Miscellaneous Poems" are unequal, some being very good, and others so poor that they should have been left out altogether. Miss Landon does not seem to have yet quite learned the secret of how to improve a book by abridging it. Without farther preface, we shall select a few passages from her volume, which we offer as favourable specimens of her abilities. We begin, as in duty bound, with something on the subject of love:

"Love, what a mystery thou art!—how strange  
Thy constancy, yet still more so thy change!  
How the same love, born in the self-same hour,  
Holds over different hearts such different power;  
How the same feeling, lighted in the breast,  
Makes one so wretched, and makes one so blest;  
How one will keep the dream of passion, born  
In youth, with all the freshness of its morn;  
How from another will their image fade!  
Far deeper records on the sand are made.  
—Why hast thou separate being? why not die  
At once in both, and not leave one to sigh,  
To weep, to rave, to struggle with the chains  
Pride would fling off, but memory retains?  
There are remembrances that will not vanish,—  
Thoughts of the past we would, but cannot, banish:  
As if to show how impotent mere will,  
We loathe the pang, and yet must suffer still;  
For who is there will say he can forget?  
It is a power no science teaches yet.  
Oh, love! how sacred thy least words should be,  
When on them hangs such abject misery!"—Pp. 36-8.

Upon the same theme, which appears to absorb so much of Miss Landon's attention, we have the following pretty passage:

"Then came the wanderings long and lonely,  
As if the world held them—them only;  
The gather'd flower, which is to bear  
Some gentle secret, whisper'd there;  
The seat beneath the forest tree;  
The breathless silence, which, to love,  
Is all that eloquence can be;  
The looks, ten thousand words above;  
The fond, deep gaze, till the fix'd eye  
Casts each on each a mingled dye;  
The interest round each little word,  
Though scarcely said, and scarcely heard—  
Little love asks of language aid,  
For never yet hath vow been made  
In that young hour, when love is new;  
He feels at first so deep, so true,  
A promise is a useless token,  
When neither dreams it can be broken.  
Alas! vows are his after sign!  
We prop the tree in its decline!  
The ghosts that haunt a parting hour,  
With all of grief, and nought of power;  
A chain half sunder'd in the making,  
The plighted vows already breaking;  
From such dreams all too soon we wake,  
For, like the moonlight on the lake,  
One passing cloud, one waving bough,  
The silver light, what is it now?"—Pp. 74-5.

The following lines upon the poet's fate are still more to our taste. The most popular of our living bards (whoever that may be) need not have been ashamed of writing them:

"Trace the young poet's fate:  
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,  
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,  
To find him fame and fortune, as if life  
Were like a fairy-tale. His song has led  
The way before him: flatteries fill his ear,  
His presence courted, and his words are caught;  
And he seems happy in so many friends.  
What marvel if he somewhat over-rate  
His talents and his state? These scenes soon change—  
The vain, who sought to mix their name with his;  
The curious, who but live for some new sight;  
The idle,—all these have been gratified,  
And now, neglect stings even more than scorn.  
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly,  
For that it was not dreamt of; worldliness  
Has crept upon his spirit unaware;  
Vanity craves for its accustomed food;  
He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made  
His feelings poetry; and discontent  
Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no more  
Its early music:—social life is fill'd  
With doubts and vain aspirings; solitude,  
When the imagination is dethroned,  
Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do  
But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die!"—P. 106-6.

Of the minor poems, the most spirited and vigorous is one with rather an obscure title; we subjoin the greater part of it:

#### LINES OF LIFE.

"Well, read my cheek and watch my eye—  
Too strictly school'd are they,  
One secret of my soul to show,  
One hidden thought betray.  
I never knew the time my heart  
Look'd freely from my brow;  
It once was check'd by timidity,  
'Tis taught by caution now.  
I live among the cold, the false,  
And I must seem like them;  
And such I am, for I am false  
As those I most condemn.  
I teach my lip its sweetest smile,  
My tongue its softest tone:  
I borrow others' likeness, till  
Almost I lose my own.

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve,  
 Whatever I would say ;  
 In social life, all, like the blind,  
 Must learn to feel their way.  
 I check my thoughts, like curbed steeds  
 That struggle with the rein ;  
 I bid my feelings sleep, like wrecks  
 In the unfathom'd main.  
 I hear them speak of love, the deep,  
 The true, and mock the name,—  
 Mock at all high and early truth ;  
 And I too do the same.  
 I hear them tell some touching tale,  
 I swallow down the tear ;  
 I hear them name some generous deed,  
 And I have learnt to sneer.  
 I hear the spiritual, the kind,  
 The pure, but named in mirth ;  
 Till all of good, ay, even hope  
 Seems exiled from our earth.  
 And one fear, withering ridicule  
 Is all that I can dread ;  
 A sword hung by a single hair  
 Forever o'er the head.  
 We bow to a most servile faith,  
 In a most servile fear.  
 While none among us dares so say  
 What none will choose to hear.  
 And if we dream of loftier thoughts,  
 In weakness they are gone ;  
 And indolence and vanity  
 Rivet our fetters on.  
 Surely I was not born for this !  
 I feel a loftier mood  
 Of generous impulse, high resolve,  
 Steal o'er my solitude !  
 I gaze upon the thousand stars  
 That fill the midnight sky,  
 And wish, so passionately wish,  
 A light like theirs on high.  
 I have such eagerness of hope  
 To benefit my kind ;  
 And feel as if immortal power  
 Were given to my mind.  
 Oh ! not myself—for what am I ?  
 The worthless and the weak,  
 Where every thought of self should raise  
 A blush to burn my cheek ;  
 But song has touch'd my lips with fire,  
 And made my heart a shrine  
 For what, although alloy'd, debased,  
 Is in itself divine."—P. 265-72.

We once more beg to assure Miss Landon that we have the most friendly feelings towards her, and that though it would have been easy for us to have dwelt at greater length upon the beauties of her productions, we have preferred enlarging rather upon their defects, in the hope that, by correcting these, she will enable us, ere long, to bestow upon her less qualified commendation than our conscience would permit of at present. We pluck a plume or two from her, only that she may the sooner obtain new and stronger feathers to her wings.

*The Constitution of the Scotch Episcopal Church, concisely stated, in a Charge, delivered in August, 1839, to the Clergy of the Episcopal Communion of Brechin.* By the Right Reverend George Gleig, LL.D., F.R.S.E., and F.S.S.A., their Bishop. Stirling: Printed for C. J. G. and F. Rivington, London ; and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

In this Presbyterian country, it may be necessary to inform our readers, that by the word "Charge," is meant an address delivered by a Bishop to the clergy under his superintendence ; explaining to them the grounds of their duty as ministers of the gospel, and pressing upon their consciences the numerous motives which ought to induce them to perform it. Were the moderator of one of our presbyteries a permanent office-bearer, and invested with certain powers which such an appointment would almost necessarily create or attract to it, we should better under-

stand what is meant by the practice which prevails in the sister-church, of one clergyman addressing others on points of doctrine and professional obligation.

The author of the short discourse now before us has been long known to the literary world, as a person of no ordinary acquirements, both as a divine and as a philosopher. The able articles which he contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which work he was some time the Editor, extended his reputation to all parts of Europe, and will preserve the remembrance of his name to many future generations. Metaphysics, Theology, and some other treatises not less learned, and perhaps still more ingenious in the structure of their argument, established the character of Dr Gleig as a writer of the first class, and prepared the world for the several volumes which he has since published on Biblical criticism, Scriptural antiquities, and on the professional education of a divine.

This tract, addressed to the Episcopal clergy in the district of Brechin, sets forth, in language remarkable for perspicuity and vigour, the constitution of a church according to the prelatical model ; the principles of which, we regret to hear, on an authority so unquestionable, seem not so well understood at present among the Episcopalians of Scotland as they were twenty years ago. What may be the cause of this falling-off in point of intellect or docility, we are not told, and it would not become us to conjecture ; but we can take upon us to assert, that those who read this "Charge" with the proper disposition to be instructed, will no longer be ranked among the ignorant members of a communion, which, considering its pretensions to principle, ought, above all others, to eschew the hazard of perishing for lack of knowledge. For example, the Bishop tells us that,

"To every attentive reader of the New Testament, it must be obvious, that the earliest preachers of the gospel, whether denominated *Apostles* or *Evangelists*, as soon as they had converted to the faith a company of believers, who might at one time, and in one place, associate together for the participation of all the institutions and ordinances of the Christian Church, ordained *Presbyters*, called by our translators *Elders*, by whom these ordinances might be administered. The Apostle, however, or Evangelist, who laid the foundation of any particular church, retained in his own hands the government of that church, till he found a man, such as St Paul found in Timothy and in Titus, who might be intrusted with authority to free him from the burden of taking care of all the churches of which he had laid the foundation ; and such a man, when advanced to the highest order of the ministers of Christ, and placed over a company of Presbyters and believing Christians, as the Pastor and Overseer of them all, constituted that company a regular church, or branch of the Catholic Church of Christ. The first churches were generally planted in the cities of the Roman empire ; and the office of their Pastor and Overseer was to instruct them more fully than they had hitherto been in the doctrines of the gospel—to administer all the ordinances of Christ—and to enforce obedience to his laws, by the excommunication of all such as should be obstinately impious or immoral. The Pastor and Overseer appears to have been styled, indifferently, the *Apostle*, (which our translators have, on one occasion, improperly rendered the *Messenger*), the *Angel*, or the *Bishop* of the church over which he presided ; or, when he was classed with other ministers inferior to himself, they were all denominated *Priests* or *Presbyters*, as had been the practice likewise with respect to the Jewish priests of different orders under the Mosaic dispensation."

"To the *Apostle*, *Angel*, or *Bishop* of the city, was assigned the office of converting to the faith the inhabitants of all the adjacent country, including often several villages, over which the authority of a civil magistrate extended ; and as soon as the Bishop found persons qualified for the office, he admitted them to the order of Deacons or of Priests, and sent them out, from time to time, as occasion required, to preach the gospel, and administer the sacraments of Christ to those who lived at a distance too great to permit them to attend regularly his own ministrations. He continued, however, to be himself the Pastor of the whole district ; and the Presbyters and Deacons, who, at that early period, lived with him in the city, as in a kind of college, were nothing

more than his missionaries or curates, acting by his authority, without which they had no right either to preach the gospel, or to administer the sacraments, within the district under his superintendence. The Presbyters, indeed, sat with the Bishop, as his counsellors, in what was called—not a *Synod*—but the *Consistory*; and gave to him their advice respecting the best mode of administering the affairs of his district—answering to what we now call a *Diocese*, but which was then called in Greek, *episcopatus*. The Presbyters, however, had no *authoritative* vote in the Consistory; and as the Deacons were not permitted even to sit with the Bishop and Presbyters, they, of course, never gave an opinion but when they were asked.”

“Such was the constitution of what is now called a *Diocese*, before Christianity became the established religion of the empire; and it suffered no important change for many years after the several dioceses were divided into what we now call *Parishes*, and a minister permanently settled in each of them. The Bishop still continued the chief Pastor of the whole diocese, the parish ministers officiating under him, by his authority, and as accountable to him for their conduct in the pastoral cure with which he had intrusted them. Upon this principle it is, that the Church of England, at this day, styles the Bishops, in one of her prayers, the *shepherds* of God’s flock; and in another, begs our Heavenly Father to ‘give grace to all Bishops and *Curates*,’ including certainly under the term *Curates*, all who, under the Bishop, have the cure of souls.”

“As the Bishop was in the Primitive Church the Pastor of the whole diocese, he had at least as great need of counsel, after the diocese was divided into parishes, as he had when all his clergy lived with him in the city; and, therefore, until he was provided with a permanent Council—resembling the Dean and Chapter of more modern cathedrals—he was accustomed, from time to time, to summon the parish ministers, or a committee of them, to meet him in a Consistory, not only that he might enquire into the state of their several congregations, and the progress of the gospel around them, but also that he might receive their opinions and advice, together with the reasons on which their opinions were founded, respecting any new regulation proposed to be introduced into the discipline or worship of the diocese. In deciding that question, if the Presbyters should be unanimous, in giving an opinion in direct opposition to the judgment of the Bishop, he must have been a self-sufficient and very arrogant man, if he introduced his novelty into the diocese, without previously consulting his comprovincial colleagues; though there cannot be a doubt, but that, by the constitution of the church, he had authority to do so. On the other hand, had the Presbyters called with one voice for any change of the worship or discipline of the church within the diocese, their voices would have been of no avail, if opposed by the Bishop; because it was by authority derived from him that they had any right to officiate within the diocese. If, indeed, they considered themselves as aggrieved, or the church as injured, by what they would, of course, call their diocesan’s obstinacy, they might appeal from his judgment to a Provincial or National Synod, of which the decision was always deemed final; but, till that sentence should be pronounced, they were in duty bound to obey their Bishop in all things as they had hitherto done.

“That, even in the very earliest age of the church, appeals were made from the disputes or decisions of one church, to the Apostles or Bishops of other churches met in Synod, is rendered indisputable by what we read in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; and every one must perceive, that the calling together of such Synods, occasionally, was, in that age, more particularly necessary to preserve the unity of the church, which is everywhere represented in the New Testament, as one body, of which Christ is the head. The Bishop of the chief city of the province had, generally, the privilege of convoking such Synods, and of presiding in them when met; but though the Presbyters often sat with the Bishops in Synod, and reasoned on the subjects that were under discussion, there is not on record a single Synod in the Primitive Church, in which the Presbyters appear to have given a judicial or legislative vote. They frequently, indeed, expressed their acquiescence in the decision of the Synod, as the Deacons, and even the laity who were present, sometimes did; but the decision itself was the decision of the Bishops alone.”

Bishop Gleig next proceeds to apply his general principles to the particular case of the communion over which he presides; a part of his task, which, as it has a refer-

ence to certain matters of detail, does not admit of a convenient analysis. We can perceive, however, from the cautions which are administered, and the insinuations which are conveyed, that there is nothing perfect under the sun; and that even an Episcopal church, if it were to meet frequently for business, would exhibit some symptoms of that frailty incident to human nature which has, ever since the world began, prevented men from being ‘of one mind in a house.’ He concludes by saying,

“I am aware, that, by some who may hear, or perhaps read this discourse, I shall be contemptuously called a high churchman; but ‘to be a high churchman, in the only sense which the word can be allowed to bear, as applicable to any in the present day,’ and more especially to any in our church—I say, with a prelate” in whose footsteps I should be proud to tread, even at a distance, ‘God forbid that this should cease to be my public pretension, my pride, my glory.’ I trust, however, that I may appeal to you, my brethren, to bear witness, that my firm belief in the apostolical origin of the three orders of Bishop, Priest, and Deacon, has never made me a tyrannical or troublesome Overseer of those who are placed under my pastoral superintendence, though I have never failed, and I trust never shall fail, to maintain, with the utmost of my poor abilities, the rights of my own order, as well as the rights of theirs.”

We take not upon us ‘to determine whether or not Bishop Gleig belongs to the order of churchmen, with whom he appears so willing to suffer the martyrdom of public opinion; but we have no difficulty in asserting, that he belongs to that class of reasoners whose judgment will always be received with respect, and whose arguments will lead even those to think whom they do not fully convince. Did we belong to the communion of which the Bishop is a member, we should be inclined to take our place on that particular side, if there be more than one, which he adorns with so much learning and talent.

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*Four Years in Southern Africa.* By Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 308.

THIS is a very pleasant piece of desultory reading,—somewhat superficial, but nevertheless affording frequent snatches of information, which may be turned to good account. The author resided first at the Cape, and afterwards at Graham’s Town, the capital of Albany, seven hundred miles to the north-east of the Cape, whence he frequently crossed the frontiers of the colony, and made various excursions into Kafferland. The contents of his work are principally extracted from letters which he wrote to his brother during his residence in this part of the world. The style is easy, and the descriptions of manners and scenery are often spirited; but there is a want of scientific knowledge, and of any regular design in the book. It is rather a piece of pleasant gossip concerning the Dutch settlers and the savage aborigines, than a work of grave authority and important instruction. Instead, therefore, of examining its materials with the nice eye of a critic, we prefer gleaming a few of those passages which pleased us on perusal, and which will not lose any of their interest by being detached from the context. Our extracts will, moreover, enable our readers to form a fair opinion of Mr Rose’s merits as a writer:

LUXURIES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.—“Now, though all the subjects of interest I have been describing are rather of the savage order, you are by no means to infer that we are ‘out of humanity’s reach,’ or wholly deprived of communication with the polished world. No: we hear every nine days from Cape Town, the African seat of government, learning and science—laugh if you will—and we receive the English newspapers, and read the advertisements of Warren’s blacking, and Charles Wright’s vinous wines, and the mysterious hints of changes in the Ministry, and the announcement of a new Premier, who is dead before his long-sought-for dignity is known in Africa. Then we have

• Bishop Horley.

Walter Scott's last work, which has ceased to be his last before we get it; for where do they not reach? and sometimes the novel of a day comes, heaven knows how, among us. Think of reading Almack's in a place where, when a ball is given—no common event—the silk-stockinged ankle is exhibited in its descent from an ox waggon, and the beasts are turned out to graze around until the dance is over! Believe not, then, that I find this remote spot dull, though it is the fashion to pity those who are banished to it; for, to me it unites varied sources of interest, all speaking of a new and unsettled state of society, an approximation of the artificial refinements of life, with the fresh, free, bold habits of the savage robber."—Pp. 68-9.

**PROOFS OF A KAFFER GIRL'S LOVE.**—"There was one young and finely-formed girl in the group, with her wild expressive eyes, and beautiful teeth, on whom I flatter myself with having made an impression. Her mode of showing it was singular:—She picked some vermin from the hairy side of her carosse, and offered them to me; and, on my exhibiting some symptoms of disgust, laughed most heartily at my fastidiousness, and put one in her mouth, to show that it was good. It was the first mark of attachment which I had received since I left Cape Town, and I was affected accordingly; and had but the refinement of sentiment been added to so touching a proof of love—had she but sang,

'I give thee all, I can no more,  
Though poor the offering be,'

I know not what the consequences might have been."

**A KAFFER CHIEF.**—"The Kaffers, among whom we had passed the night, are the nearest to our frontier line, and bear the character of great plunderers, and even among the tribes are considered desperate, and called the Murderers. Enno, their chief, is a singular old man, to whom I afterwards paid another visit, and was interested by some peculiarities characteristic of the mingled simplicity, cunning, and feeling of the savage.

"In an excursion that I made with the Landrost of Albany into Kafferland, our first night's halt was near this tribe, and we were in consequence honoured with the Chief's company, and with that of his principal followers, some crouching down in the tent, while others choked up the entrance with their tall forms. We were dining, and food was given to Enno, who, I observed, always distributed a portion of it to his followers. On receiving a potato, and his being told that he might have them in his own country with very little trouble, he slowly and calmly answered, 'I am very old, too old to learn new things; but I will take every thing that you will give me.' We laughed, and told him that it was a very clever answer. 'Yes, I have lived a long time in the world, and have learned cunning,' was his reply.

"The manner in which he tried to procure a present was amusing. 'It was not for the sake of the present, but that it would be asked of him by others whether the Landrost had passed through his country; and on his answering, Yes, they would enquire what present he had received; and when he should say None, they would naturally reply, Then you must have behaved ill to him, for he is very generous.' He was a strange being, and possessed more talent than any Kaffer I ever saw, his words coming from him very slowly and innocently, while there was a slight twinkle in his small sunken eye that belied his lips. I saw a white Kaffer among Enno's tribe, a hideous being, daubed with red clay; and, on enquiry, found that it was the son of the Chief; and heard that, on Enno's being teased about his colour, and hints thrown out of unfair play on the part of his wife, he laughed it off, and asked if they had never known a black cow have a white calf. One more anecdote, and I have done with him. He was at the Landrost's house, and, in order to see its effect upon him, a lady was seated at the piano playing a simple air, (and seldom has it been my chance to hear any one who played so sweetly,) when the old man, who was listening intently, suddenly stopped her, saying, 'That is enough; it reminds me of the loss of my child; and it tells me I should go home and cry.' The child to whom he alluded, and to whose death Enno often recurs, was shot on some occasion by the Cape Corps.

"Nothing can be in stronger contrast, than the wondering savage that is sometimes seen in our towns, surrounded by all that is strange, by a thousand things that speak to him of his hopeless inferiority; and the same being in his own beautiful country, where his energies and his knowledge are fully equal to every circumstance that can occur."—Pp. 90-3.

**HOTTENTOT WOMEN.**—"I believe that when the English

flocked to see the Hottentot woman, of whom so decent an exhibition was made, the greater part thought that she was a phenomenon in her own country, and were by no means aware that the females of a whole people scarcely yielded to her in any point of beauty. This strange formation comes on after they have borne children, for their figures, while young, are frequently remarkably fine; the form of their necks, shoulders, and arms, being generally good: their walk, too, is easy and elastic, and some of the movements of their dances, in which they twist beneath each other's arms, their steps keeping time to their voices, would do credit to a ball-room. They possess a very quick and accurate ear for music, and sing the hymns they learn at the Missionary Institutions very sweetly. In Italy or Spain, were their voices borne on the evening breeze in the Hymn to the Virgin, the sentimental traveller would be in ecstasies; but to admire creatures with noses and mouths so peculiar, would betray a sad want of taste."—Pp. 102, 103.

**A NIGHT-SCENE IN CAFRARIA.**—"There was no moon, but the stars shone in brightness and in beauty on a dark-blue sky. I listened, and at times caught wild, remote sounds—the nameless sounds of night. Who that has passed a night in savage solitudes, has not felt how distinct its sounds are from those of day, has not discovered a voice and a language in the night-wind as it moaned by, different from the rush of any sound on which the sun ever shone,—like spirit-warnings from the past? I listened, and could imagine, in the distant booming hollow noises, that hundreds of elephants were crossing the hills, and again all was still as death; and then would come the wild melancholy howl of the wolf, and its short whoop, the next nearer than the first, and then, by sending a brighter flame from the fire, all again would be hushed; and then the stillness was interrupted by the croak of the night-raven as it sailed down the ravine, catching the scent of the dead elephant; that ceased, and I heaped more dry wood upon the fire, until it threw up its bright flame gleaming with an indistinct and lurid light on the surrounding bushes. Then came a strange noise, as of some animal that was approaching us: it came nearer, and roused my little companion, who said it was the hyena with its hideous laugh and chatter—the most wild, unnatural sound that breaks the silence of night in these tremendous solitudes. The morning-star rose over the dark brow of the mountain—the first signs of day followed. We took our guns and lighted sticks from the fire, and left our bivouac, rather anxious to join our companions, and to break a fast of nearly four-and-twenty hours."—Pp. 226-8.

**A TRAVELLER'S FEELINGS.**—"I looked back from the last hill from which it was visible, on Wesleyville, with its humble white cottages crowning the gentle slope, and shaded by their bright mimoses; on its fields and gardens that lay near the stream, whose waters flowed so calmly and coolly beneath the trees; and I thought that I had never beheld a scene so calculated for rest and happiness. Such are the thoughts that arise on viewing many a spot which we are borne quickly past on life's swift current, and on which we look back with regret and longings. To destroy the phantasy, it would only be necessary to grant the wish; for we are then quickly made to feel—

'How ill the scene that offers rest,  
And heart that cannot rest, agree.'

The feeling was but of a moment; and when I looked forward, I was ready to exclaim, 'No; I would not exchange the excitement of my present situation, with that airy outline of beautiful mountains, and those dusky wild groups around me, for all that life could offer of refinement and tranquillity.'"—P. 159.

This book is well adapted for those who wish to obtain some notion of the customs and manners of Southern Africa, without any close study or much intellectual exertion.

*The Life of a Midshipman; a Tale founded on Facts; and intended to correct an injudicious predilection in Boys for the Life of a Sailor.* London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 264.

We are well pleased with the design of this work, the more especially as we think something of the kind was needed to counteract the many books of an opposite tendency which have issued from the press of this country, and which have too often had the effect of inducing boys

of an ardent temperament and lively imagination, to sacrifice their happiness for life, in pursuit of a phantom which they had been rashly led to believe was to be found only on the deck of a man-of-war. There are, no doubt, persons to whom *the sea* is, of all others, the most suitable and delightful of professions; but there are many others who devote themselves to it on the slenderest and most childish motives. By some early and accidental association of ideas, happiness is united with this peculiar mode of life, and a choice is made before reason or experience can possibly have suggested a cause for judicious preference. The author of the work before us informs us in his preface, that he is himself a sufferer from the error against which it is his object to guard his youthful reader. "I was caught," he says, "by the specious allurements of the profession; my mind fixed solely on its pleasures, without waiting to scrutinize the pains which accompany them; in an unguarded moment I entered on board a ship of war, and though forty years of my life have been spent in the service, I have not, to this hour, grown inured or reconciled to the annoyances which betrayed themselves after the first forty hours I spent on board;—so much for a hasty attachment to a pursuit for which, by nature, I was never intended." To this he judiciously adds,—“To my young friends for whom this little work is designed, I have but one word to say. I do not, by any means, wish to *depreciate* the life of a sailor in your estimation; I merely wish to show it to you as it is, and leave it for you to form your own estimates of its advantages. It combines many allurements with numerous privations; but so does almost every other pursuit in life; and if you are prepared to take the bitter with the sweet, and know accurately the proportion they bear to each other before you make your election, I have little doubt but your choice will be a happy one, and my object will be fully attained.” In furtherance of this object, we are presented with a “round unvarnished tale,” simply and prettily told. There is no exaggeration, no scenes of imaginary distress; the whole is a picture of what occurs every day; and, whilst we conceive that a perusal of this book will divert the thoughts of many young persons from a profession for which they were never intended, it will not prevent one truly hardy and adventurous spirit from braving the dangers and the glories of the sea.

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*Cours de Littérature Française.* Par M. Villemain. A Paris.—*Villemain's Course of French Literature.* 1829.

EVERY nation, in judging of its own literary productions, or of those of other countries, will be found to form a different estimate of their value from that formed by its neighbours. Each has a standard of excellence which is essentially and distinctly its own. It is true, progressions and changes take place in this standard; but still the national differences remain. In general, the opinion formed by a country of its own literature, is higher than that entertained of it by other countries. While Shakspeare's immortal genius was applauded to the echo in England, Voltaire, the chief critic, and the dramatic idol, of France, talked of "Hamlet" as "one of those monstrous farces that the English call tragedies," and wondered "that" it could be tolerated in a country that had produced Cato! But France now judges more wisely of our Drama, and borrows largely from it. Collision of opinion is favourable to truth, and we are, therefore, at all times anxious to pay due attention to the criticisms of foreigners upon our more distinguished authors. It is with this view that we beg to introduce M. Villemain to our readers. He is at present held in high estimation in Paris, where he delivers lectures on *Belles Lettres*, a selection from which he has now published. The short extracts we are about to make exhibit views of two of our most celebrated historians somewhat different from

the opinions which generally prevail in this country; but appear to us to contain much truth, though the influence of French literature over that of England is too much exaggerated when it is remarked of English historians generally,—“I see in the English historical school the impress of Montesquieu and Voltaire: both that philosophical liberty, and that superior reasoning, of which they set the example. Robertson himself, the wise, the religious Robertson, as well as the sceptical and lively Hume, steadily follow the path of Montesquieu and Voltaire.”

After sketching the moral and intellectual qualities required by an historian, M. Villemain asks,—“Has Hume realized this type which I have endeavoured to trace? Far from it. His reasoning is elevated; his understanding full of sagacity; his style elegant and pure; but almost none of the higher qualities of the mind are found in his work. He has no ardent zeal for accuracy: he is easily satisfied. You will often find material errors. This sometimes arises from his having a contempt for his subject. Neither do we always find in Hume a sufficient love of humanity or of liberty.” Regarding the manner in which Hume has arranged his work, M. Villemain says, that, following Voltaire, he has “broken it down too much into parts, dividing into chapters human life, and the existence of nations; throwing on one side the arts, commerce, literature, and the sciences, under all forms, and then placing on the other men and events.” He instances, in support of this charge, the chapters at the end of the reigns of Elizabeth and of James. To Hume's style, our author objects that it is uniform throughout, in barbarous and in civilized times, and holds up his countrymen, Chateaubriand, in his romance of *René*, and a young writer, Thiery, in his history of the Normans, as having avoided this defect. We confess we regard this criticism as over-refined. We do not see what good would arise from an author's adapting his style to the various epochs of history; and the works referred to by M. Villemain by no means support his objection, as they both treat of ancient times alone, and do not embrace a variety of epochs.

“There is a certain neutral tone,” says our author, “in the writings of both Hume and Robertson. Imagination is the quality which was wanting in these otherwise superior men. They were both indebted to study and natural intelligence, but were not assisted by the actual presence of great events.” Alluding to the introduction to Charles the Fifth, he says, “It would seem that the historian had forgotten this very simple truth, that in order to be brief, he should be characteristic; that if he says little, that little should have something striking that would live in remembrance. If you suppress many circumstances, preserve others with something so lively or singular about them that the mind will never lose hold of them. Robertson, on the contrary, tells us, that a certain barbarous people, the invaders of civilised Europe, had in a high degree a passion for fanaticism and war. This is what he puts in his narrative; but the characters of this wild ferocity, the very singular picture of a camp of barbarians—the multitude pressing round the bard of the Forest, singing warlike verses; their old men and children weeping because they could not follow their sons or their parents to the battle—all this Robertson throws into his notes: this is what is wanting in the body of his work.” M. Villemain is also of opinion, that Robertson's account of Luther is particularly tame. After noticing the way in which Luther is made to speak by the historian, he remarks, “If Luther spoke thus, he was a very reasonable and very calm man; how then did he agitate so violently the minds of men? Luther is made to speak as Robertson himself would have done. Can it be believed that we are presented with the real character of Luther, after it has been corrected as Ducis corrected Shakspeare,—after it has been reduced into forms academically designed? It is thus that unfaithfulness arises from the

misfortune of the historian not having enough of imagination and passion."

These extracts will suffice as a specimen of M. Villain's manner of criticism. There is much freedom of thought throughout the work. The style is somewhat rhetorical, but is distinguished by considerable clearness and precision; the lectures are enlivened by occasional anecdotes of eminent men, and we can recommend them to our readers with confidence.

*Epicharis, an Historical Tragedy.* By the Author of Granby. Represented for the first time at Drury-Lane Theatre, October 14th, 1829. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829.

We have been disappointed in this tragedy;—it is cold, and meagre, and unpoetical. There is no strong interest attached to the plot, no fine perception of human nature in the delineation of any of the characters, and no lofty or impassioned thoughts, clothed in vigorous and animated language, in the whole play. It is a dull, tame piece of respectable mediocrity, clearly proving, that though Mr Lister may write a tolerably successful novel, which, we believe, "Granby" was, he is altogether unfit to tread in the footsteps of the tragic muse. Besides, he has either chosen a bad subject, or else he has spoiled it by his mode of handling it. We take little or no interest in any of the persons of his drama; and instead of the catastrophe being naturally evolved from the previous events, which ought to rise, one out of another, like a flight of steps, the different acts are clumsily tacked together, and the fourth and fifth would be quite as intelligible, though the preceding three were left out altogether. The whole looks ill-digested, or rather the product of a mind incapable of taking a clear and comprehensive view of the subject. From the use made of Volunius Proculus, in the second act, we are naturally led to believe, that he is to be an important person in the conduct of the plot; but instead of this, we never meet with him again after the first scene of the third act; and the interest is ultimately made to turn upon quite a different point from that to which it is directed at the outset. This is very unskilful; and the truth is, there is no plot at all in the piece. There is a conspiracy formed against Nero; and, with the exception of Sabrius Flavius, all the conspirators are actuated by unworthy motives. Flavius is attached to Epicharis, a Greek freedwoman, and to her he communicates the conspiracy. Through her imprudence, it reaches the ear of Nero, and the natural consequence is, that Sabrius and his friends are condemned to death, only the author is pleased to take the three last acts to get them all dispatched. The death of most of them is rather a relief to the reader. At the very conclusion, Flavius is ordered to execution, upon which Epicharis, who had been previously rather severely handled by the Emperor, swallows poison, and dies so instantaneously thereupon, that we conclude it must have been Prussic acid. It is evident that there is here no scope for variety of action; and without variety of action, a tragedy is a dead letter. We have, instead, long consultations by the conspirators, which generally end in nothing; and then we have long complaints by Sabrius Flavius; and the consequence is, that the business of the play creeps on, and the reader sleeps by the way. Yet "Epicharis" has been acted successfully; and this shows two things,—1st, That there need not be a great deal of intrinsic talent in a play to make it go down with a mixed audience; and, 2d, That there was never a more favourable opening for dramatic writers than at present, since every possible encouragement is held out to them, that they may rescue, if possible, the stage from the stigma which has of late years been attaching to it. We feel strongly convinced, that the day is not far distant when some dramatic writers will appear worthy to sustain our ancient reputation in this department of literature; and when they do, the tragedy of "Epicharis" will never more be heard of.

*Transactions of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth.* Vol. I. 4to. Perth: Printed by R. Morrison, for the Society. 1827.

AUTHORS and publishers are such a busy generation, that we feel ourselves sufficiently tasked, in our character of newsmen of the literary world, to keep up with the helter-skelter race of novelty; and can seldom indulge in that pleasing leisure, which would allow us to cast a glance backwards on old favourites, and, under the inspiration of their society, compile retrospective reviews. In order to become the subject of one of these, a book must be decidedly interesting, and must, moreover, be placed, by some lucky chance, into our hands at the right moment. This has been the fate of the first, and, as yet, the only volume of the Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society's Transactions, which we were under the necessity of consulting for the elucidation of some obscure matters in the depositions of the witnesses in the prosecutions for accessions to the Gowrie Conspiracy—a necessity which has brought to our notice a very creditable product of the literary garden of Scotland, over every shoot of which it is our most immediate and pleasing task to keep watch.

This society was instituted on the 16th of December, 1784, at the suggestion, and by the active exertions, of Mr Scott, then senior minister of Perth. Its original plan restricted the exertions of its members to investigating the History, and preserving the Antiquities and Records of Scotland generally, and more particularly of the district with which it was immediately connected. As soon as the plan became generally known, a number of distinguished antiquarians and literary characters wrote to the society, expressing their approbation and wish to co-operate in its views. This general sympathy encouraged the body to extend its original plan; and it assumed, in consequence, the name, which it still bears, of the "Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth." About the beginning of the year 1786, the funds of the society were found to have accumulated sufficiently to admit of the purchase of some books as the commencement of a library. During the turbulent period which elapsed from 1792 to 1802, the society seemed to be in abeyance. In the latter year it began to revive; and in the year 1806, a charter and seal of cause was obtained from the magistrates of Perth. Up to the year 1818, the museum and library of the society were kept in a closet adjoining the Perth Public Library. They were then removed to an apartment in the same building, and, in 1819, proper cases were fitted up for their preservation. Owing to the want of such repositories, many manuscripts and other valuable donations previously presented to the society have been lost; but since that period, they have been most carefully preserved, and have increased rapidly, both in number and value. In 1822, the subscribers to a monument proposed to be erected to the memory of Thomas Hay Minshull of Glenalmond, offered to construct that building so as to contain halls for the Public Library of the city and the Museum of the Literary and Antiquarian Society, provided the two institutions would raise funds for fitting up the interior of their respective halls. The offer was accepted; and the hall of the society was opened for the first time on the 2d June, 1824. Its collection of books, natural curiosities, and works of art, is daily increasing; and the society, with a liberality worthy of imitation, keep a person who attends at the Museum an hour every day, for the purpose of showing it gratuitously to strangers.

The volume of the Society's Transactions, which now lies upon our table, is a satisfactory proof of the importance and interest of the subjects which engage its attention, and, at the same time, of the talents and perseverance which its members bring to the performance of their respective tasks. The first part contains some of the most interesting historical communications made to the Society: the second, the catalogue of the Museum. Among

the former are "Copies of papers relative to a Translation of the University of St Andrews to Perth in 1697-8," which throw light both on that unsuccessful attempt to arrange the sites of our academical institutions more commodiously for the wants of the country, and also on the original foundation of the University; "Summary of the evidence on the Gowrie Conspiracy, with plans of Gowrie House," an able paper, to which both we and Mr J. P. Lawson are much indebted; and "The History of Scottish Affairs, particularly during the reign of Charles I., by Mr James Wilson, burgher of Dumfries," respecting the author of which we are very desirous to obtain some information. The contents of the Museum are:—I. The Library, a small, but valuable, collection of good solid books, chiefly relating to historical and antiquarian subjects.—II. Medals and coins—Grecian, few—Roman, pretty complete—English and Scottish, increasing. The collection is arranged chronologically. We are rather astonished that the Library contains no copy of Anderson's *Diplomata Scotie*, a valuable work, particularly as regards the history of Scottish coins.—III. Natural History. The specimens in this department are not yet sufficiently numerous to admit of scientific arrangement. The cabinet of minerals, arranged according to the system of Professor Jameson, might, however, be easily made the nucleus of a valuable mineralogical collection. The situation of Perth, too, is favourable for such an undertaking. But no member of the society seems as yet to have devoted much attention to this subject.—IV. Antiquities and Curiosities—rather deficient.

Perth boasts of several inhabitants not unknown in the literary and scientific world, and we are glad to see their names in the list of the society's members. We look with an eye of interest on all such institutions, regarding them as admirably calculated for keeping awake those habits of intellectual exertion, which are so apt to become dormant in those whose fortune has allotted to them a provincial residence. The capital of every country must always be the mart and centre of literary enterprise; but it needs constant fresh supplies from the country, and the more widely the spirit is diffused, the more valuable these supplies will prove.

*Stories of a Bride.* By the Author of the Mummy. In 3 vols. 8vo. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1829. Pp. 307, 322, and 296.

THE heroine of this work commences it by relating her own history. She is the daughter of a rich and somewhat fanciful nobleman, who, having at first neglected her education entirely, and afterwards secured her a very superficial breeding under the superintendence of a fashionable sister, dies, and leaves her to her state, and the importunities of lovers. Under the *chaperonage* of her aunt, she wheels from the town to the country, from England to the Continent, from the Continent to England, and back again to the Continent, until she at length settles for a time at Vienna. There she manages to fall in love, and captivate a handsome, clever, and extremely affected English nobleman. After their marriage, she insists that the marriage jaunt shall be taken in Hungary. They have scarcely entered the country, when they encounter a mysterious sort of a beggar, who, in return for their generosity, bestows upon them a bundle of his compositions. Some days after, Milord breaks his leg, in consequence of an overturn of the carriage; and during his convalescence, his bride reads to him the beggar's MSS. They consist of three Tales.—The Mystic, the Rational, and the Treasure Seeker. The Mystic is the story of a young enthusiastic student, son of an influential burgher of Trieste, whose mystical notions expose him to the seductions of the Carbonari; who is consequently implicated, in a frustrated attempt of that body to make themselves masters of Trieste, and throw off the Austrian yoke; and who, by this unlucky connexion,

draws ruin on himself and his father's house. The Rational is a young nobleman, whose principles verge upon Atheism and Materialism, but who is convicted of a certain lurking unphilosophical weakness, by a stratagem of his pretty cousin, and pays her for the lesson by marrying her. The Treasure Seeker contains the romantic adventures of a Hungarian nobleman, which serve to introduce and display some of the characteristics of a class of men, who, in the distant valleys of the Carpathian mountains, devote themselves to the search of treasures, which they believe to have been hid there by the followers of Attila.

*The Housekeeper's Ledger; a Plain and Easy Plan of keeping Accurate Accounts of the Expenses of House-keeping, &c. &c.* By William Kitchiner, M.D. London. Whittaker & Co. 1829.

DR KITCHINER did much in his time, and in his own way, for literature, as is attested by the variety of his incubations, and the peculiar talent displayed in each. Among them we may particularly mention his *National, Loyal, and Sea Songs*—his *Instructions in Singing*—his *Economy of the Eyes, Spectacles, Telescopes, and Opera-glasses*—and his *Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life*. Alas! his instructions in this last department served him but little, for he died in the prime of manhood. The Scriptures say, "There is a time appointed for all men to die;" and Shakspeare says, Death "will seize the Doctor too;" accordingly, Death did seize the Doctor. Not, however, until he had given us, in addition to the works already mentioned, his *Cook's Oracle*—his *Traveller's Oracle*—his *Housekeeper's Oracle*—and his *Housekeeper's Ledger*. Whatever his subject may be, the Doctor always writes practically, and *con amore*. For his enthusiastic love of sea-songs and national music we should place him beside Charles Dibdin; for wholesome rules regarding eating, drinking, and sleeping, we should rank him with Cornaro; for knowledge of eye-glasses, we should class him with Adie, the optician; for his acquaintance with culinary matters, we should place him with Meg Dods and Mrs Dalgairns on one hand, and Ude, Jarrin, and Glasse, on the other; for his strict attention to morality, we should have no hesitation to lay him on the same shelf with Dr Blair himself; and for a *je ne sais quoi* sort of dry humour which runs through his books, we should remark that "*Il est unique en son genre*."

But our business at present is more immediately with the *Housekeeper's Ledger*,—a work which we recommend to all new-married ladies who are anxious to be initiated into the many mysteries of housekeeping, and likewise to housekeepers of every description. The contents, exclusive of the Ledger part of the work, are classed under the following amusing heads:—The Elements of Domestic Economy—Memorial in behalf of Supper against Dinner—The 'Tis Buts, (a curious poem,) set to music—Old Exactly's Method—Hints on Economy, by Messrs Managewell, Justenough, and Makeitdo—Tom Thrifty on the Pleasure of Early Rising—Excellent Rule of Admiral Ever-ready, and Tom Thrifty's Maxims. The Account of Housekeeping at the end of the volume for every day, week, and month of the year, is calculated to be highly useful. There are also Abstracts of Expenses, Tables of Wages, Receipts, &c., which make the whole complete, and will, no doubt, be turned to good account by those who purchase the work, as the Belfast men say, for the ensuing year.

*Composition and Punctuation familiarly explained, for those who have neglected the study of Grammar.* By Justin Brenan. London. Eppingham Wilson. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 144.

WE have read this little book with much satisfaction. Something of the kind has been long wanted, and the

want is now very ingeniously supplied. "My object," says the author, "is to instruct those who know how to read and write, but who are unacquainted with grammar. I propose, strange as it may appear, to show such persons how they may compose sentences, of which they may not at least be ashamed, and how they may express meaning intelligibly, without exciting a laugh at their expense." This object Mr Brennan has attained in a simple and agreeable manner, and we therefore confidently recommend his book to those whose early education has been neglected, and who are now afraid to enter upon all the difficulties of grammar. We shall ourselves present copies of it to several mechanics and others in whose progress we take an interest. We think it right, however, to mention, that we hold different opinions from Mr Brennan regarding the usefulness of the *semi-comma*, the importance of the *dash*, and the proper application, in several instances, of *will* and *shall*.

*Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 87th Regiment. Written by Himself. 3 vols. Second Edition. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.*

We noticed the first edition of this work at some length, and with the praise which it deserved. An impression of 1000 copies has been since sold, and a second edition called for. We are not surprised at this, for it is an interesting and well-written book. Some additions have been made, and, in particular, "Hints to Young Subalterns," to which, and to the observations on the pernicious effects of corporal punishment in the British army, we would especially direct attention.

*Letters on the Herring Fishing in the Moray Frith. By the Author of "Poems written in the leisure hours of a Journeyman Mason." Inverness. 1829. Pp. 50.*

In the note accompanying the copy of these letters, with which we have been favoured, the author says:—"Allow me to present you with the enclosed pamphlet on the Herring Fishing. With several faults, his discovery of which encourages the author to hope that he may one day write more correctly, it has the merit of containing some information, which, perhaps, lay beyond the reach of the mere literary man, and some remarks on character, which could only be made in a peculiar and unusual point of observation. The circumstance of its being the first work on the Herring Fishing which has been written by one practically acquainted with the art of catching herrings, may give it a kind of claim to half a page of your interesting Journal." To this just appreciation of the merits of the pamphlet we have only to add, that were herring fishing more of a literary subject, we could very easily show that these letters contain a great deal of excellent sense, and much practical information. The style, too, is remarkably vigorous and chaste.

*Recueil de Phrases utiles aux Etrangers Voyageant en Angleterre. Nouvelle Edition, corrigée et augmentée. A Londres. Chez Samuel Leigh. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 193.*

This is a useful work, both for Frenchmen and those who are studying French. It is a work, too, which is not a mere servile imitation of former *Recueils*, but is carefully adapted to the present state of society and amusements in England. "Les Editeurs ont tâché de se mettre à la place du voyageur lui-même à son arrivée; ils se sont pénétrés des ses besoins, de ses idées, et de ses désirs." What more could a foreigner wish?

*La Colombe et Le Ver Luisant; deux Contes traduits de L'Allemand. Suivis Des Enfants dans le Bois, Ballade traduite de L'Anglais. A l'usage des Jeunes élèves de M. Schöenberg. Aberdeen. 1829. 12mo, pp. 58.*

This is a very nice little school-book, and very prettily executed. The stories from the German are interesting, and well translated. The poetical French version of "The Babes in the Wood" is also simple and pretty.

## THE DRAMA.

We conceive nothing to be more tiresome than to make remarks upon an actor or actress, which, with some slight modifications, have been made at least fifty thousand times before. The sum of all that can be said of Miss Paton, (the name by which Lady William Lennox is known on the stage) is, that for the last seven or eight years, she has been the best female vocalist on the English boards, that she is very much liked in Edinburgh, that she draws crowded houses, that she is encored in most of her songs, and that the manager has very wisely extended her engagement for another week. No doubt a few people may perhaps ask—that miserable few who have never had an opportunity of hearing her—what is her precise style of singing? This is a question more easily asked than answered. It is impossible to explain very distinctly the peculiarities of any voice whatever. We may remark, however, generally, that whilst the leading feature of Miss Paton's voice certainly is, that it is an exquisite *soprano*, it possesses, at the same time, so much compass and flexibility, that it appears to be no less at home both in *contralto* and *mezza voce* passages. Her style is full of polish, and is remarkable for lady-like delicacy, grace, and sweetness of execution, more perhaps than for grandeur or originality of conception. It has been generally remarked, that Miss Paton did not sing so well on the first night of her appearance here as she has done since, and this has been erroneously attributed to ill health. We know the real cause to have been simply her agitation on again coming before an Edinburgh audience, after an absence of five years. So much did she feel this, that she could scarcely get through at all with her first song, "Una voce poco fa," a song in which she has so often elicited thunders of applause. It is to us a delightful thing to perceive so much unaffected modesty and simple natural feeling in one who has been so long accustomed to all the honours which the stage can confer, and who has shone, and still shines no less conspicuously in the higher walks of private life. We shall not follow Miss Paton through all her songs; there is something more or less delightful in every one of them, and we hope that when she leaves us, no long interval will elapse before she again visits her native city.

If it is meant that Mr Larkin is to sustain all the first male parts in opera, we beg to state that the arrangement does not please us. When Thorne was here, it was the general opinion that he was not quite good enough for the line he undertook. Now Larkin is much inferior to Thorne. His style is more vulgar, and his notes are much more harsh. His voice has perhaps more compass than Hart's, but in the lower tones it is not nearly so rich and mellow. As a second singer, we should not object to Larkin, for he is on the whole better than Collier, but to have him palmed upon us as a first singer is particularly annoying. Thorne's place is still to be filled up, and as we have a good deal of opera in our Theatre, the sooner the manager looks about him the better. We should like also to know exactly what Hart can do? Why should he not be put into a part some night where he may have an opportunity of exerting all his powers.

Edw Herbertus.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A SONG.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

Row on, row on, thou cauldrie wave—  
 Weel may you fume, and growl, and grumble—  
 Weel may you to the tempest rave,  
 And down your briny mountains tumble;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made cauld  
 Of firmest friend and fondest lover,  
 Who lie in thy dark bosom pall'd,  
 The garish green wave rolling over.

Upon thy waste of waters wide,  
 Though ray'd in a' the dyes o' heaven,  
 I never turn my looks aside,  
 But my poor heart wi' grief is riven;  
 For then on aye that loe'd me weel  
 My heart will evermair be turning;  
 An' oh! 'tis grievous aye to feel  
 That there is nought for me but mourning.

For whether he's alive or dead,  
 In distant lands for maiden sighing,  
 A captive into alavery led,  
 Or in thy beds of amber lying,  
 I cannot tell—I only know  
 I loved him dearly, and forewarn'd him;  
 I gave him thee in pain and woe,  
 And thou hast never more return'd him.

Still thou row'st on with sullen roar—  
 A broken heart to thee is nothing;  
 Thou only lov'st to lash the shore,  
 And jabber out thy thunder, frothing.  
 Thy still small voice send to this creek,  
 The wavy field of waters over;  
 Oh! Spirit of the Ocean, speak!  
 And tell me where thou hold'st my love!  
*Mount-Benger.*

## EDINBURGH REVISITED.

I was a lad, a chubby lad,  
 A curly-pated lad,  
 When one forenoon I bade adieu  
 To all the friends I had,  
 And sail'd for India, with a heart  
 Half merry and half sad.

We cross'd the Line, and round the Cape  
 We held our stormy way;  
 We toas'd beneath a tropic night,  
 Burn'd 'neath a tropic day,  
 And not till five long months were past,  
 Cast anchor off Bombay.

For many a year in Indian land  
 I broll'd and toll'd full sore;  
 But finding I was getting rich,  
 My lot I quietly bore,  
 Still looking forward to the time  
 I should return once more.

At last it came, though not until  
 The bloom of youth was flown,  
 And till, when looking at my face,  
 It hardly seem'd my own;  
 My eye was dim, my brow was bald,  
 My cheek was whity-brown.

"There's not a man in Edinburgh,"  
 Thus to myself I said,  
 "Will know me now, for more than half  
 Of my old friends are dead,

And they who still remain will be  
 As stiff and cold as lead."

With heavy purse, but heavier heart,  
 I slowly travell'd home;  
 And when at length I caught a glimpse  
 Of high St Giles's dome,  
 How freshly back into my heart  
 Old thoughts began to come!

"And shall I find thee still the same,  
 Though friends be changed or lost,  
 Auld Reekie! whom my soul held dear  
 On Coromandel's coast?  
 Thou hast not, queen of many a hill,  
 Like me been tempest-tost!"

Alas! my native town was changed;  
 I scarcely knew the place,  
 For only here and there I caught  
 The melancholy grace  
 Of some remember'd feature still  
 Unalter'd on its face!

Perchance 'twas fairer than before,  
 Yet not so dear to me;  
 Why had they stolen my childhood's haunts  
 When I was o'er the sea?  
 Why was there nought but stone and lime  
 Where green fields used to be?

The Calton-hill was all cut up,  
 The High-street all cut down,  
 A churchyard was let out in shops,\*  
 The old "Nor' Loch" was gone;  
 And many a country road was now  
 A street within the town!

Even Arthur's Seat look'd different now,  
 For they had pruned the Crags,  
 And all the fine irregular rocks,  
 That, like the horns on stage,  
 Once jutted out, had gone to fill  
 The civic money-bags.

From every venerable place  
 Patrician pride had fled;  
 In courts where nobles used to dwell  
 Trade rear'd her noisy head;  
 And Fashion to a newer bride  
 At the West End was wed.

The grass grew green in George's Square,  
 The Meadows were deserted;  
 The house where Walter Scott was born  
 Look'd old and broken-hearted;  
 The order of all things to me  
 Seem'd grievously inverted.

As for my friends, there scarce was one,—  
 A lonely man am I;  
 And often when I see the stream  
 Of busy life flow by,  
 All glittering in the smiles of hope,—  
 A tear-drop dims my eye.

O! could I ever be again  
 A curly-pated lad,  
 I would not leave my native land  
 For all Allahabad;  
 It is domestic love, not gold,  
 That makes the bosom glad.

H. G. B.

\* Part of the Calton-hill burying-ground was removed in 1813 to make way for the Waterloo Bridge.

## STANZAS TO A POET.

O! WHAT a weary longing fills me now,  
To meet once more the heaven of thy bright face!  
To gaze, though but a moment, on that brow,  
Where Genius holds her queenly dwelling-place;  
Methinks, as shadows with the morn depart,  
So light might dawn upon my darken'd heart.

The wavy tresses of thy radiant hair—  
How oft they flash upon my busy dream!  
Now brightly—wildly floating to the air,  
Now sailing, tangled down some moonlit stream;  
Ah! round those locks, is not a halo shed,  
Each worth a world, that deck a Poet's head!

But, oh! more glorious still—more bright by far  
Than all that beams on earth, or gems the heaven—  
Blue as the dome where shines the evening star—  
Now flashing fire—now soft as light of even—  
Can I not read in thy soul-radiant eye  
Thy spirit's might—man's immortality!

'Tis night—and musing by my lattice lone,  
I watch the silent solemn hours away;  
While swift as streams my wild'ring thoughts gush on,  
And burning tears flow fast and wild as they;—  
Ah! restless Memory, in thy spectre train,  
I weep lost joys, and live the past again!

And where art thou at this hush'd holy hour?—  
Gazing, perchance, upon the cold sad moon,  
Now lost in clouds that break in thund'ring show'rs,  
Now blazing forth in all her splendour's noon;  
Where art thou, poet-spirit! wild and free?  
O! fain my soul would commune now with thee!

Perchance thou wanderest on the mountain cliff  
Alone with God beneath th' eternal sky,  
While far in ocean's waste, a lonely skiff  
Rocks to the night-wind's mournful melody;  
And lightning fancies through thy soul are hurld,  
To break forth soon in glory o'er the world!

Hark! the wild music of the midnight air;  
Hark! autumn's leaves sweep rustling o'er the lea,  
Night is the time to prove the heart in prayer,  
And now shall rise my orisons for thee!  
His spirit whom the seas and skies obey,  
Rides on the storm: to Him for thee I pray.

GERTRUDE.

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We observe that a History of Maritime Discovery, in two volumes, is to form an early portion of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military establishment, has in the press, *Researches into the Nature and Affinity of ancient and Hindoo Mythology*.

*Times of Trial*, being a brief Narrative of the Progress of the Reformation, and of the Sufferings of the Reformers, by Mary Anne Kelly, author of the *Favourite of Nature*, is in the press.

Professor Dunbar of Edinburgh, and Mr E. H. Barker of Thetford, are preparing for publication, in the course of the winter, an edition of Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon, of which the basis will be the second edition, published at Boston, United States, in the present year, by John Pickering, Esq. who has translated the Latin, and enriched the work with additions from various lexicographical and critical sources. They intend to make many alterations in the work, to supply numerous deficiencies, to add examples and authorities from the Greek Classics, to accommodate it as far as possible to the present state of Greek Literature, and to render it useful, not merely to the Tyro, but to those also who are studying the higher authorities. They intend likewise to add an English and Greek Lexicon, in which a number of Phrases will be introduced for the benefit of those who write Greek Exercises and Theses.

The Lives of the Italian Poets, by the Reverend Henry Stebbing, M.A. are preparing for publication.

**PHILOLOGY.**—A teacher of the Italian language at Paris has announced a grammar, in which he proposes facilitating the acquisition of his native language by deducing its idioms from peculiarities in the national constitution and character. We should think this plan more likely to confuse than illuminate a beginner.—The Philologists at Bonn have just published a new number of their edition of the *Byzantine Historians*—the second volume of the works of Syncellus and Nicephorus. There are still three volumes in the press, which they propose publishing before the end of the year. Constantinus Porphyrogenitus, vol. ii.—Nicephorus Gregoras, vol. ii.—and fragments of a number of writers, the bulk of whose works have perished. This last volume will contain some fragments lately brought to light by the research of Professor Mai.

**NEW MUSIC.**—A very beautiful Persian air has just been published by Miss Stark, with symphonies and accompaniments, both for the piano-forte and guitar, together with words written expressly for the air by Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq. The melody is full of tenderness and beauty, and the guitar accompaniment, in particular, reflects the highest credit upon Miss Stark's musical taste. The words also are simple and pleasing, and well adapted to the music.

**ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.**—"It is reported," says the *Atlas* of this week, "that Mr Allan Cunningham has purchased one of the newspapers in the south of Scotland, and proposes to take upon himself the Editorship of the paper." This report is erroneous in so far, that the copyright of the *Dumfriess Journal*—the paper alluded to—sold for £300 more than Mr Cunningham offered.

**CHIT-CHAT FROM GLASGOW.**—The gay season has commenced here. A great deal of dancing is going on under the superintendence of those "masters of the bow," Cunningham and Lyon. An excellent new set of quadrilles, by M'Fadyen, a young and promising composer, has been published. The Ballet Company have been whisking it every night to rather empty benches.—Braham is to be here in January, to give two concerts on his own account.—The Fine Arts are flourishing among us. The Exhibition is about to close, after a great many purchases have been effected. Swan's Views on the River Clyde are going on well; and he is about to issue proposals for illustrating, in a similar style, the Lakes of Scotland. He is also engaged just now in engraving an excellent likeness of our old friend Weekes, and a beautiful view of our new Exchange.—Mr Brown has also ready another volume of his Palaces, and has put into the engraver's hands finished drawings of all the rest of these remains of Scotland's regal pride.—Mr Mayne has issued his programme, which, from its modesty, as well as from Mr M.'s genius, who is to recite his own compositions, will surely collect an audience, in spite of the hackneyed nature of recitations.—No new works have been published here since the clever volume—"Life on board a Man-of-War," which is the production of a lad, a veritable seaman, who is now a stereotype printer. His name is M'Pherson. Mr Whytlaw, the very tasteful Editor of the *Casquet*, looked over his manuscript, but made very few alterations.—A new Periodical, called *The Thistle*, has been started. It is an odd melange of Literature, Police Reports, and Dramatic Criticism.—The Author of the Lament of the Wandering Jew has in the press—*Exodus*, or the Curse of Egypt, a Scripture Sketch, and other Poems.—Mr Dugald Moore, another Glasgow poet, announces the Tenth Plague, or Egypt's First-born Smitten.—The only other thing I have to tell you is, that I know, on the best authority, the sale of the LITERARY JOURNAL here not only sustains itself, but increases.

**WILKIE'S LATEST WORK.**—A London contemporary informs us, that Wilkie has nearly completed his historical painting on the national subject of the visit of George IV. to the Palace of Holyrood. It contains several portraits of exquisite truth and finish; among others, those of the Dukes of Argyll and Hamilton, in the Highland garb. The grouping is excellent, the conception spirited and characteristic, and appears intended to embody the cordial greeting contained in the ballad—"Carle, now the King's come!" written at the time by Sir Walter Scott, who himself figures in one of the most prominent groups of the picture.

**NEW DIORAMA.**—Daguerre is preparing a new subject, which, if we may trust the reports we hear from Paris, is likely to prove his masterpiece. It is intended to represent the commencement of the deluge. The subject strikes us as a happy one; only we fear that motion is indispensable in the representation of a scene where the human interest preponderates to such a degree. The Parisian journals tell us "qu'il sera frissonner les plus braves."

**REV. DAVID DICKSON.**—There is a portrait of this reverend gentleman in the *Evangelical Magazine* for November; but the likeness is not the most faithful in the world, and we deem it a lucky chance that his name happens to be engraved underneath the portrait, otherwise his friends would have some difficulty in recognising him. It is somewhat curious that the names of the painter and engraver for this magazine should be Wildman and Blood!

**THE ANNUALS.**—In the last number of that excellent family periodical, *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, conducted by Mr S. C. Hall, the editor of the "Amulet," there is some curious information respecting "The Annuals." It seems that the enormous sum of £90,000 is actually put in circulation by the publication of these books. Westley, the bookbinder in Friars Commons, has no less than 250 men at work; and it is calculated that 3000 people are kept in employment for two or three months by the Annuals alone.

**EDITORIAL WARFARE.**—The Editors of two of the Edinburgh newspapers have gone to loggerheads; and rather a curious duel has been fought, of which we suspect the parties concerned have not yet heard the last, for the London and provincial Editors are apt to wax rather waggish upon these occasions. For our own part, we prefer pursuing the even tenor of our way, without meddling with these bold and bloody deeds.

**THE LITERATURE OF THE LATE FLOODS.**—Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, a literary baronet of the north country, is busily engaged in recording the devastations of the autumnal floods in that district, measuring and calculating the extent of the individual losses, and chronicling all the anecdotes and traits of character to which they gave rise. As the interest attaching to such narratives is in some degree evanescent, Sir Thomas should remember the advice of Macbeth, " 'Twere best 'twere well done, and done quickly." We regret to learn that Mr Fraser of Relfig, Inverness-shire, the accomplished traveller, and able author of the "Kumliabah," has lost above £500 by these disastrous floods.

**MUSICAL NOTATION.**—The Greeks and Romans expressed the notes in music by letters of the alphabet, which they placed above the text; and their duration was indicated by the length of the syllables above which they were written. Guido Aretinus, a Benedictine Monk of a cloister in the district of Ferrara, invented the system of linear notation, and the practice of singing the notes with the syllables ut, re, mi, &c., about the year 1028. The idea of marking the different duration of the notes by the form of the points employed, originated with John de Murs, a Parisian doctor, who flourished during the first half of the 14th century. Guido arranged a gamut of twenty-two diatonic notes, which he composed of seven hexachords. He chose for the syllables on which his scholars were to exercise the gamut—ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, the initial syllables of the first six lines of a hymn to St John, which was then in frequent use. This new system of notation was shortly after introduced at Bremen, by Bishop Herman, to whom it was communicated by the inventor.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF ACKERMANN'S JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

London, Nov. 6, 1829.

SIR,—The number of your Journal for October 31st, has just been put into my hands. I there find, in your review of Ackermann's *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, some remarks which seem to demand an explanation from me as editor of that work; and indeed, were it not given, you might have some ground to "suppose that silence implies culpability." I hope, however, to convince you that your conclusions are not less erroneous than the premises on which they are founded.—I take it for granted that you will not dispute my friend Ackermann's right to the title *Forget-Me-Not*. You must be aware, too, of the success of the work to which he gave that title before any publication resembling our present *Annuals* existed. Speculating upon this success, a bookseller thought fit to usurp this title in the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, not only without Ackermann's consent, but without giving the slightest intimation of his intention. The consequence was, that many purchased that work under the impression that it was Ackermann's publication; and some, still more uninformed on such matters, bought it instead of his original *Forget-Me-Not*. He, naturally enough, felt himself aggrieved, and intimated as much to Mr Hall, who, on his own behalf, and that of Mrs H., merely disclaimed any participation in the choice of the title. Ackermann at length determined to apply the only remedy in his power, and to give to the world a work with *his own title*, and stamped with *his own name*, to prevent the possibility of its being mistaken for the other. A ridiculous threat of proceedings in Chancery was thrown out to deter him from his purpose, and, as that had no effect, his conduct is now publicly proclaimed to be neither "fair nor honourable," and, indeed, to be "unjustifiable." For my part, I conceived it to be such as to need no apology; and I can assure you, that had there appeared to me, in this interference, any thing in the least degree "harassing and injurious," or "unfair and dishonourable," you should not have seen my name coupled with it. At any rate, with the lady's prerogative of scolding, I shall not interfere; and whether the public impeachment of my friend proceeds from Mrs Hall or her publishers, it only furnishes one more proof of the truth of the remark, that when a person has done you an injury, however patiently you may endure it, you must expect it to be followed up by slander

and abuse.—Without meaning to criticise your criticism, I shall just observe, that Wilkie's opinion of the manner in which Graves has performed his part in the plate of "The Spanish Princess," differs so widely from yours, that he has, in consequence of the talent there displayed by that artist, engaged him to work exclusively for himself.—I wish I could satisfy your enquiries respecting the Howitts of Nottingham. All I know of them, excepting from their published contributions in the *Annuals*, is, that William is the husband of Marys and brother of Richard. They belong to the Society of Friends, and are, I believe, engaged in trade. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you please of this communication, or of any part of it, and if printed, to affix or not the name of Sir, yours, most obediently,

F. SHORRELL.

[The remarks to which the above letter refers, occur in No. 51 of the *LITERARY JOURNAL*. They were dictated by no feeling but a desire to do justice to all parties, and with the same feeling we insert Mr Shorrell's letter precisely as we have received it. For Mrs Hall, however, we beg to say, that we believe her to be a lady who would, upon no occasion whatever, exercise any "prerogative of scolding." As to the manner in which Wilkie's painting of the "Spanish Princess" is engraved, we are inclined to think that the impression we saw was not one of the best, and that Graves is entitled to more praise than we were at first disposed to allow him, though we are still of opinion that the work might have been better executed.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

**Theatrical Gossip.**—At Drury Lane, a new comic piece called "Snakes in the Grass," has been successfully produced. It is written by Mr Buckstone, an actor.—Nothing very new has been going on at Covent Garden.—Matthews and Yates have produced another clever trifle at the Adelphi, called "The Bold Dragoon."—Some discussion has taken place in the London papers, 1st, concerning the proper pronounciation of the word *Rome*, which Young still calls *Room*, in opposition to what is now the established use and wont; and 2d, as to the proper spelling and pronounciation of the word *Shakespeare*, which his own autograph, preserved in Doctor's Commons, proves should be spelt as we have now written it, and which, in good society, is now invariably pronounced as if there were an *e* after the *k*—notwithstanding the attempt which has been recently made at Covent Garden by Charles Kemble and others to pronounce it *Shaspeare*, perhaps the original way, but altered by modern usage.—Dowton, probably the purest and most natural comedian living, is about to perform at the Coburg Theatre.—Kean, junior, and Miss F. H. Kelly are going to play at Amsterdam.—Morton's comedy of "The Dramatist," has been translated into Spanish, and has had a run of fifty nights at Madrid.—We are informed that Macready will appear here as soon as Miss Paton leaves us. Miss Paton is to be in Glasgow for three nights.—A new piece, called "The Robber's Bride," has this week been transferred with success to our boards from London. Miss Jarman plays the heroine.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Nov. 7.—Nov. 13.

SAT. *Barber of Seville*, & *William Thompson*.  
MON. *Guy Mannering*, & *Do*.  
TUES. *Bride of Lammermoor*, *Do*, & *The Robber's Wife*.  
WED. *Love in a Village*, & *Do*.  
THURS. *Lord of the Manor*, & *Do*.  
FRI. *The Merchant of Venice*, & *The Robber's Wife*.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS pour in upon us so thickly that it is difficult for us even to read them all, much less to give them all a place. Communications from many of our most esteemed Correspondents are at this moment in types, which, for some weeks back, we have vainly endeavoured to find room for. During the present influx of new works, we are obliged to limit the space we allot to miscellaneous literature. The articles, however, both in prose and verse, by the Ettrick Shepherd, William Tennant, Esq., Dr Gillespie, and Dr Memes, shall appear at our very earliest convenience.

"Scenes from the Portfolio of a Traveller,"—"Letters from India,"—"The Legend of the Rival Giants," and "Anecdotes," we over for early insertion.—We shall not be able to find room for the "Rambles among the Hebrides,"—"Caledonia Aonia," and the communication from Mrs Grant, Duthill, are under consideration.—"Extracts from my unpublished Life," he for the author at our Publishers.—A Notice of the "Ant" in our next.—We shall attend to the subject mentioned by our friend in Dundee, and will write to him.

The Verses to "Ailsa Craig" and "To Alston," shall have a place.—The Lines by "Bernard," and by "P." of Glasgow, will not suit us.—We advise "J. S." and "Z. Z." of Glasgow, to give up rhyming.

The materials for a very interesting notice of some unpublished remains of Robert Burns have so much increased upon our hands, that we find it necessary to postpone our article concerning them till next Saturday. The unpublished verses of the poet Finlay shall also be given in our next.

[No. 53. November 14, 1829.]

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No. 54.

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WITH LETTERS CONCERNING IT.

We have always considered Mr Lockhart's Life of Burns as a book of great interest, and of well-deserved popularity. Whether it is *all* we could wish, it is needless now to enquire. It is certainly the work of a man of genius,—of a clear and correct thinker,—of an acute judge of character,—of a talented, and, what is better, of an honest writer. There is no clap-trap about the volume,—no affectation,—no attempt at fine feeling and overstrained sentiment. Justice is done to Burns, because he is treated, not as an object of stupid worship, but as a human being, whom it was impossible not to admire and love in spite of all his faults. Due allowance is made for the circumstances in which he was placed, and the impassioned temperament which was inherent in him; whilst the causes which drew from him at times strains

"Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,"  
are delicately touched on and sufficiently explained.

With so much in its favour, we do not wonder that Mr Lockhart's book is about to arrive at a third edition. We have been favoured with a sight of his manuscript corrections and additions to this new impression. They are numerous and valuable, and have evidently been made with much care, and at considerable cost of time and labour. Their most interesting feature, of course, consists in the new and hitherto unpublished relics of Burns which he has been able to add, a considerable portion of which we shall now transfer to our pages. Before doing so, however, we are happy to have it in our power to supply Mr Lockhart with an unpublished poem by Burns, which has escaped his research, and which, we think, will form an interesting addition to his work when it arrives at a fourth edition. At page 209 of the third edition, Mr Lockhart quotes from the Edinburgh Literary Journal (vol. I. p. 82) an anecdote of Burns, which, though given anonymously, we may now mention is from the able pen of our contributor, Dr Gillespie. The verses we are about to subjoin are not less valuable. A fortnight ago, we gave one stanza of an unpublished poem concerning Highland Mary, which came into our possession through the kindness of an intelligent correspondent in the West country, and the authenticity of which we clearly established by the facts we then mentioned. We have since received, through Mr Lewis Smith of Aberdeen, a complete copy of this poem, which it appears has been in the possession of a gentleman of that town for some years. The stanza we formerly printed is the third, and differs from the version already published only in one word, or rather in one letter of a word, which we shall mark. Before presenting the lines, we shall first quote Mr Lockhart's account of the poet's connexion with Highland Mary, which will serve to illustrate them, and form an appropriate introduction:

"How many lesser romances of this order were evolved and completed during his residence at Mossgiel, it is need-

less to enquire; that they were many, his songs prove, for in those days he wrote no love-songs on imaginary heroines. *Mary Morison—Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows—On Cessnock bank there lives a lass—* belong to this period; and there are three or four inspired by Mary Campbell—the object of by far the deepest passion that Burns ever knew, and which he has accordingly immortalized in the noblest of his elegiacs. In introducing to Mr Thomson's notice the song—

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?—  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across the Atlantic's roar?"

Burns says, 'In my early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took this farewell of a dear girl; and afterwards, in a note on—

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
The Castle o' Montgomerie;  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumble;  
There summer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there they longest tarry,  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary,'

he adds,—'After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness; and Mr Cromek, speaking of the same 'day of parting love,' gives, though without mentioning his authority, some farther particulars which no one would willingly believe to be apocryphal. 'This adieu,' says that zealous enquirer into the details of Burns's story, 'was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to impose awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook—they laved their hands in the limpid stream—and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again.' It is proper to add, that Mr Cromek's story, which even Allan Cunningham was disposed to receive with suspicion, has recently been confirmed very strongly by the accidental discovery of a Bible, presented by Burns to *Mary Campbell*, in the possession of her still surviving sister at Ardrossan. Upon the boards of the first volume is inscribed, in Burns's handwriting,—'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord.—*Levit. chap. xix. v. 12.*' On the second volume,—'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.—*St Matth. chap. v. 33.*' And, on a blank leaf of either,—'Robert Burns, Mossgiel,'—with his mason mark."

"That noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven*, was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell. But Mr Cromek has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more precise edition of the history.

According to her, Burns spent that day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

'Thou lingering star, with lessening ray  
That lovest to greet the early morn,  
Again thou unherald in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O, Mary! dear departed shade,  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?' &c.

The following simple and touching verses refer to the approaching separation of the lovers. They ought immediately to be set to music, and are well calculated to take their place among the popular songs of their lamented author:

#### VERSES,

*By Robert Burns, when about to leave Scotland.*

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,  
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,  
What woes wring my heart while intensely surveying  
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wall,  
E'er ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;  
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,  
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,  
And smile at the moon's *crimped*\* face in the wave;  
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,  
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,  
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;  
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,  
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

We may here mention, that we are aware of the existence, and have perused, in his own handwriting, one other unpublished poem by Burns. It is addressed to Clarinda, and was lately in the possession of Mr Syme of Dumfries. It is not, however, one of the poet's most successful efforts. Mr Lockhart has likewise recovered an interesting poetical epistle, by Burns, which has never before been given to the public, and which will form not the least valuable addition to his new volume. He thus introduces it to the notice of his readers:

"It was at this time, (1787), I believe, that Burns indited a lively copy of verses, which have never yet been printed, and which I find introduced with the following memorandum, in a small collection of MSS., sent by the post to Lady H. Don. 'Mr Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetical epistle to a young lady, his daughter. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows:—

"MADAM,—

"Wi' braw new branks in ralek's pride,  
And eke a braw new brechan,  
My Pegasus I'm got astride,  
And up Parnassus pechin;

\* In the version of this stanza already published, this word is printed *crimped*. We prefer *crimped*, as more expressive and less commonplace.—Ed.

Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,  
The daited beastie stammers;  
Then up he gets, and off he sets,  
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

"I doubtna, lass, that weel-kenn'd name  
May cost a pair o' blushes;  
I am nae stranger to your fame,  
Nor his warm-urged wishes.  
Your bonnie face, sae mild and sweet,  
His honest heart enamours;  
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,  
Tho' waird on Willie Chalmers.

"Auld Truth herself might swear ye're fair,  
And Honour safely back her,  
And Modesty assume your air,  
And ne'er a sne mistak' her:  
And sic twa love-inspiring een,  
Might fire even holy Palmers;  
Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been  
To honest Willie Chalmers.

"I doubtna Fortune may you shore,  
Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,  
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,  
And band upon his breastie;  
But oh! what signifies to you  
His lexicons and grammars;  
The feeling heart's the royal blue,  
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

"Some gey'n' glowrin' countra laird  
May warde for your favour;  
May claw his lug, and stralk his board,  
And host up some palaver.  
My bonny mald, before ye wed  
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,  
Seek Heaven for help, and bareft skelp  
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

"Forgive the Bard! My fond regard  
For aye that shares my bosom,  
Inspires my muse to gie in his dues,  
For de'il a hair I reese him.  
May powers aboon unite you soon,  
And fructify your amours,—  
And every year come in mair dear  
To you and Willie Chalmers."

To Mr James Burns, of Montrose, the poet's cousin, Mr Lockhart has been indebted for five unpublished letters of Burns. Two of these we shall extract. The first was written in 1789, just after his marriage and establishment at Elliesland. Considering the circumstances which led to his union with Miss Jean Armour, and the scandalous stories which were circulated at the time, it cannot fail to be read with much interest:

"(Elliesland, 9th Feb. 1789.)—Why I did not write you long ago, is what, even on the rack, I could not answer. If you can in your mind form an idea of indolence, dissipation, hurry, cares, change of country, entering on untried scenes of life—all combined, you will save me the trouble of a blushing apology. It could not be want of regard for a man for whom I had a high esteem before I knew him—an esteem which has much increased since I did know him; and, this caveat entered, I shall plead guilty to any other indictment with which you shall please to charge me.

"After I parted from you, for many months my life was one continued scene of dissipation. Here, at last, I am become stationary, and have taken a farm, and—a wife. The farm lies beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, a large river that runs by Dumfries, and falls into the Solway Frith. I have gotten a lease of my farm as long as I pleased; but how it may turn out is just a guess, as it is yet to improve and enclose, &c.; however, I have good hopes of my bargain on the whole.

"My wife is my Jean, with whose story you are partly acquainted. I found I had a much-loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery among my hands, and I durst not trifle with so sacred a deposit. Indeed, I have not any reason to repent the step I have taken, as I have attached myself to a very good wife, and have shaken myself loose of a very bad falling.

"I have found my book a very profitable business, and with the profits of it have begun life pretty decently. Should Fortune not favour me in farming, as I have no great faith in her fickle ladyship, I have provided myself in another resource, which, however some folks may affect to despise it, is still a comfortable shift in the day of misfortune. In the heyday of my fame, a gentleman, whose name at least I dare say you know, as his estate lies somewhere near Dundee, Mr Graham of Fintry, one of the Commissioners of Excise, offered me the commission of an Excise-officer. I thought it prudent to accept the offer; and accordingly, I took my instructions, and have my commission by me. Whether I may ever do duty, or be a penny the better for it, is what I do not know; but I have the comfortable assurance, that, come whatever ill fate will, I can, on my simple petition to the Excise-Board, get into employ."

The other letter is of a later date, and of a more melancholy nature. It was written to Mr Burnes shortly before the poet's death, when he was alike oppressed by sickness, poverty, and the pride of independence:

"My dearest Cousin,—When you offered me money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher, to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? O, James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg! The worst of it is, my health was coming about finely. You know, and my physician assures me, that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease; guess, then, my horrors since this business began. If I had it settled, I would be, I think, quite well in a manner. How shall I use this language to you? O, do not disappoint me! but strong necessity's curst command! I have been thinking over and over my brother's affairs, and I fear I must cut him up; but on this I will correspond at another time, particularly as I shall want your advice. Forgive me for once more mentioning, *by return of post*. Save me from the horrors of a jail! My compliments to my friend James, and to all the rest. I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible, I dare not look it over again. Farewell!"

"R. B.  
"July 12th, 1796."

In addition to these relics of one so dear to his native country, and so much admired everywhere, Mr Lockhart has collected a good number of new anecdotes concerning him, some of which he has given in a cluster, and others are scattered up and down the volume. We have gleaned the most of these, and shall now place them all in juxtaposition for the benefit of our readers:

#### ANECDOTES OF ROBERT BURNS.

"It may naturally excite some surprise, that of the convivial conversation of so distinguished a convivialist, so few specimens have been preserved in the memoirs of his life. The truth seems to be, that those of his companions who chose to have the best memory for such things, happened also to have the keenest relish for his wit and his humour when exhibited in their coarser phases. Among a heap of MSS. memoranda with which I have been favoured, I find but little that one could venture to present in print; and the following specimens of that little must, for the present, suffice."

"A gentleman who had recently returned from the East Indies, where he had made a large fortune, which he showed no great alacrity about spending, was of opinion, it seems, one day, that his company had had enough of wine, rather sooner than they came to that conclusion: he offered another bottle in feeble and hesitating terms, and remained dallying with the corkscrew, as if in hopes that some one would interfere and prevent further effusion of Bourdeaux. 'Sir,' said Burns, losing temper, and betraying in his mood something of the old rusticity—'Sir, you have been in Asia, and for aught I know, on the Mount of Moriah, and you seem to hang over your *tappi-hen* as remorsefully as Abraham did over his son Isaac—Come, sir, to the sacrifice!'"

"At another party, the society had suffered considerably from the prosing of a certain well-known provincial *Bore* of the first magnitude; and Burns, as much as any of them, although, overawed, as it would seem, by the rank of the nuisance, he had not only submitted, but condescended to applaud. The Grandee being suddenly summoned to ano-

ther company in the same tavern, Burns immediately addressed himself to the chair, and demanded a bumper. The president thought he was about to dedicate his toast to the distinguished absentee: 'I give,' said the Bard, 'I give you the health, gentlemen all,—of the waiter that called my Lord — out of the room.'

"He often made extempore rhymes the vehicle of his sarcasm: thus, for example, having heard a person, of no very elevated rank, talk loud and long of some aristocratic festivities in which he had the honour to mingle, Burns, when he was called upon for his song, chanted some verses, of which one has been preserved:—

'Of lordly acquaintance you boast,  
And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,  
Yet an insect's an insect at most,  
Though it crawl on the curl of a queen.'

"I believe I have already alluded to Burns's custom of carrying a diamond pencil with him in all his wanderings, and constantly embellishing inn-windows and so forth with his epigrams. On one occasion, being storm-stayed at Lammington, in Clydesdale, he went to church; and the indignant beadle, after the congregation dispersed, invited the attention of the clergyman to this stanza on the window by which the noticeable stranger had been sitting:

'As could a wind as ever blew;  
A could kirk, and in't but few;  
As could a minister's ever saw;  
Ye'se a' be het or I come back.'

"Sir Walter Scott possesses a tumbler, on which are the following verses, written by Burns on the arrival of a friend, Mr W. Stewart, factor to a gentleman of Nithsdale. The landlady being very wroth at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass, a gentleman present appeased her, by paying down a shilling, and carried off the relic.

'You're welcome, Willie Stewart,  
You're welcome, Willie Stewart;  
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,  
That's half sae welcome's thou art.'

'Come, bumpers high, express your joy,  
The bowl we maun renew it;  
The tappit-hen gas bring her ben,  
To welcome Willie Stewart.'

'May foes be strang, and friends be slack,  
Ilk action may be rue it;  
May woman on him turn her back,  
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart.'

"Since we are among such matters, perhaps some readers will smile to hear, that Burns very often wrote his name on his books thus—'Robert Burns, Poet;' and that Allan Cunningham remembers a favourite *collic* at Elliesland having the same inscription on his collar.

"Even to the ladies, when he suspected them of wishing to make a show of him, he could not help administering a little of his village discipline. A certain stately peccress sent to invite him, without, as he fancied, having sufficiently cultivated his acquaintance beforehand, to her assembly. 'Mr Burns,' answered the bard, 'will do himself the honour of waiting on the — of —, provided her ladyship will invite also the learned pig.' Such an animal was then exhibiting in the Grassmarket."

"One of the Dumfries volunteers thought fit to affect particular civility to Burns, and *inter alia* seduced him one day into his house, where a bottle of champagne was produced, and a small collection of arms submitted to the bard's inspection. Burns well knew the gentleman's recent hostility, and appreciated the motives of his courtesy. 'Do tell me, Mr Burns,' said he, 'what do you think of this pair of pistols?'—'Why,' said Burns, after considering them with all the gravity of a half-tipsy connoisseur—'I think I may safely say for your pistols what nobody would say for the great majority of mankind—they're a credit to their maker.'

"I may mention here, that during the later years of his life, his favourite book, the usual companion of his solitary rambles, was Cowper's Task. It is pleasing to know that these illustrious contemporaries, in spite of the widely different circumstances under which their talents were developed, and the, at first sight, opposite sets of opinions which their works express, did justice to each other. No English writer of the time eulogised Burns more generously than Cowper. And in truth they had much in common,

'The stamp and clear impression of good sense;'

the love of simplicity; the love of nature; sympathy with the poor; humour; pathos; satire; warm and manly hearts; the pride, the independence, and the melancholy of genius. Some readers may be surprised to find two such names placed together otherwise than by way of contrast. Let it not be forgotten, that Cowper had done little more than building bird-cages and rabbit-hutches, at the age when the grave closed on Burns."

Our readers will now perceive that Mr Lockhart has not trifled with his new edition, but that it is a *bona fide* enlargement and improvement of the two which have preceded. As such, it will meet with a ready sale wherever the name of Burns is held in the estimation it deserves.

Passing from this subject to one not less interesting and intimately connected with it, we have no small pleasure in being the first to announce the existence of a genuine and original portrait of Burns, which has hitherto remained altogether unknown, but which there is every reason to believe is a still more striking likeness than the only portrait of him with which the public has been yet made acquainted—that, namely, which was taken by Nasmyth. The new portrait was painted by the late Peter Taylor, an artist of considerable celebrity at the time Burns made his first appearance in Edinburgh in the year 1786. Mr Taylor was then a very young man, but was looked upon by competent judges as destined soon to rise to the very head of his profession as a portrait-painter. Buchan, Bonnar, and Nasmyth, were his contemporaries, and entertained the highest respect for his abilities. He fell into bad health, and was ordered to the south of France, where he died at an early age. He was of an enterprising spirit, possessed of fine taste, and celebrated for the accuracy of his likenesses. It is recorded of him, as a collateral circumstance, that he was the first who introduced the wax-cloth manufactory into Scotland. Taylor and Burns were very intimate, the latter often visiting the artist and his wife. We have it on the authority of Mr William Taylor, merchant in Leith, the present possessor of the portrait, that on one occasion, when Burns was at the painter's house, Taylor said to him,—"Robie, if you'll sit to have your picture drawn, I will do it." The poet agreed, and the picture, after a good number of sittings, was completed. It is a reminiscence of the Etrick Shepherd, that upon one occasion, when calling on Mrs Taylor, along with Gilbert Burns, she informed them that Burns used to come pretty frequently to breakfast, on which occasions the picture in question was produced. The portrait, it appears, never went out of the artist's hands, and upon his death became the property of his widow. She had an extraordinary regard for it, and would scarcely permit any one to see it, much less to borrow it. Once, however, she allowed it to go out of her custody for a short time, on the earnest application of the Earl of Buchan, who, about sixteen or eighteen years ago, was anxious to show it to the late Duchess of Gordon. His Lordship afterwards offered forty guineas for the loan of it a second time; but Mrs Taylor, having been displeased by his keeping it a day or two longer than he bargained for before, refused to listen to any terms. All applications from other quarters for permission to have it copied or engraved were uniformly negatived. In 1828, Mrs Taylor bequeathed the portrait to her relative Mr William Taylor, of Leith.

Our readers will do us the justice to believe that we state these facts thus minutely, from a full conviction of their fidelity. The portrait does not come to us from the hands of any professional picture-dealer, in which case, aware as we are of the practices of such people, we should have looked upon it with more suspicion. We have ourselves seen it, and as far as our opinion goes, can safely pronounce it an exceedingly interesting, well-painted, and delicately-finished portrait, in a fine state of preservation. It is a cabinet picture, and is what painters call a two-third likeness. The hat, of a broad-brimmed clerical shape, similar to that which the poet wears

in Nasmyth's sketch, given as a vignette in Lockhart's Life, is on the head, and casts a partial shade over the countenance. The colouring is soft and harmonious; and as to the likeness, means have been taken to obtain the opinions of those persons best qualified to judge, and their sentiments are decisive upon the point. We have seen letters from Sir Walter Scott, Mr Syme of Dumfries, Mr Peter Hill, Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Mr David Bridges, junior, Mrs Burns, Mrs Maclellan (Clarinda), Mrs Janet Thomson (formerly Miss Jess Lewers), and Miss Dunlop, all of whom agree in speaking of this portrait as amazingly like the original. Sir Walter Scott expresses himself in these terms:

"Sir,—I was much gratified by the sight of the portrait of Robert Burns. I saw the distinguished poet only once, and that many years since, and being a bad marker of likenesses and recollector of faces, I should in an ordinary case have hesitated to offer an opinion upon the resemblance, especially as I make no pretension to judge of the Fine Arts. But Burns was so remarkable a man, that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday; and I could not hesitate to recognise this portrait as a striking resemblance of the Poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole exhibition. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 14th Nov. 1839.

"P. S.—I will accept of the inscription which you tell me the Proprietors intend putting to the engraving, as a great honour."

The postscript refers to the intention to dedicate the Portrait, when engraved, to Sir Walter Scott. In like manner Mrs Burns says,—"I am requested to give my opinion regarding the Portrait of my late husband, painted by P. Taylor. I was not aware that another original portrait had been taken but the one in my possession by Nasmyth. After seeing this one, I have no hesitation in stating my belief that it is original. The likeness to the upper part of the face is very striking."—The letter from Clarinda is still stronger. We subjoin it:

"Sir,—I return you the fine portrait of Burns, taken from the life by the late Mr Peter Taylor, his early friend. In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of the poet I have ever seen; and I say this with the more confidence having a most perfect recollection of his appearance. With best thanks for your polite attention in calling to show it to me, and your obliging present of the second edition of the Life, I remain, sir, your obliged servant,

"AGNES MACLEHOSSE.

"Edinburgh, 14, Calton Hill, 28th October, 1828."

After perusing such testimonials in favour of this portrait, our readers will be glad to learn that it has at length been put into the hands of Horsburgh, one of the best of our Edinburgh engravers, and very little inferior to some of the best in London. He will require about six months to do it full justice; and as soon as it is ready, it is to be published by Messrs Constable & Co. For our own parts, we sincerely rejoice that a treasure of this kind should thus be brought to light; for, by tending to perpetuate that feeling of individuality which we are ever anxious to attach to the illustrious dead, it cannot fail to give to the genius of Burns a more lasting and endearing dwelling place in our bosoms.

*Memoirs of the Life and Times of David De Foe; containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions upon a variety of Important Matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical.* By Walter Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 3 vols. 8vo. Pp. 482, 527, and 685. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

The greater part of these volumes is filled with reviews

of De Foe's works, chronologically arranged; accompanied with such notices of the politics of the day as the author has thought were necessary, in order to explain the origin and aim of each. Some original letters of De Foe are inserted, for the authenticity of two of which the vouchers seem to us scarcely sufficient. The personal anecdotes of De Foe, which Mr Wilson and his predecessors have been able to rescue from oblivion, are, though interesting, not quite so numerous as we could have wished; for a complete account of that restless spirit, his associates, and their domestic habits, would be one of the most welcome and instructive chapters in a history of English manners. We proceed to share what we have learned concerning him with our readers, and shall also subjoin a brief sketch of his literary character—giving (cavillers may say) "our store of little to that which hath too much."

Daniel de Foe was born in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, London, in the year 1661. His ancestors seem to have been substantial English yeomen; his father had settled in the metropolis, and embraced the profession of a butcher. The family were non-conformists, and, at the time of Daniel's birth, attended on the ministry of Dr Samuel Annesley, an ejected Presbyterian divine, of whom he has drawn a most pleasing character. The old gentleman, who was in easy circumstances, gave his son a tolerable education. He was placed, in his fourteenth year, at a private academy at Newington Green. There were, at that period, many such institutions among the Dissenters, who had recently been driven to establish them, on their being refused admission to the Universities, and who counted among their number many men who had highly distinguished themselves at Oxford and Cambridge. The master of the academy to which De Foe was sent, was among the most celebrated of their teachers; but the chief benefit which his pupil seems to have derived from him, if, indeed, he had not inherited it from nature, was a habit of continuous and universal reading.

De Foe was, of course, educated in the Puritan tenets, and his writings evince that they adhered to him to the last. At the same time, if we can place any reliance upon his reminiscences of his boyish years, he was early distinguished by those sallies of an untamed spirit through the restraints of sectarian discipline, which we find to be invariably a characteristic of every Dissenter who has raised himself above his fellows. He reverts, even in age, with pleasure to the recollection of his boxing feasts; and one anecdote he tells, which is peculiarly characteristic. During the Popery panic under Charles II., several of the honest Dissenters, fearful that it might soon become unlawful to possess a copy of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, set about copying the Bible in shorthand. To this task young De Foe applied himself likewise, and "worked," he tells us, "like a horse, till he had written out the whole Pentateuch, when he grew so tired, that he was willing to risk the rest." This is just what we see in every boy, from whom any thing is to be hoped in future life;—the passionate enthusiasm prompting him to undertakings, the tedium of which can only be endured by the matured patience of manhood—the gradual cooling of his zeal, and light-hearted reversion to the joyous idleness of youth.

Our author, who, like all men of true republican principles, is very anxious to prove that his hero was a gentleman, and educated for one of the learned professions, seems rather to have failed in this attempt. There is no proof that his parents ever entertained any such ambitious views respecting him; nor will the circumstance of his boasting in after life that he understood several languages, which he might have picked up in his commercial voyages, supply the want of evidence, and the strong presumptions to the contrary, arising out of the style and matter of his writings. Let him, however, have been originally intended for what he would, it is certain that he commenced business early in life as a hose-factor,

which Mr Wilson, in his anxiety to prove that he never was a hosier, defines to be an intermediate agent between the manufacturer and dealer in stockings. Later in life, he became a merchant-adventurer; and in that capacity is understood to have made several voyages to Spain, France, and perhaps the Netherlands. He afterwards conducted, with considerable profit, a tillery in Essex, the first attempt to introduce that manufacture into Britain, but which was ruined by his confinement to Newgate for one of his political offences. Subsequently to this event, he seems to have supported himself by his literary labours, aided, at two brief intervals, by a small pension from the Crown. A speculative disposition led him into serious embarrassments, from which he afterwards retrieved himself. He appears originally to have inherited some landed property; and a short time before his death he was in possession of a country estate, and a snug villa at Stoke-Newington. He joined the Duke of Monmouth in his ill-fated invasion, and appears to have retained to the last his belief in the legitimacy of that rash young man, and consequently of the validity of his claims to the crown. He was more than once consulted by King William, and seems to have enjoyed the favour of Queen Mary. During the reign of Queen Anne, he was protected and employed by both the rival statesmen, Godolphin and Harley. He was several times dispatched by the latter in secret missions, and was an accredited agent of the government at Edinburgh during the transactions by which the incorporating Union of England and Scotland was effected.

We have already noticed his steady adherence through life to the principles and communion in which he was educated. He retained to the last a pious abhorrence of the theatres; and regarded May-poles as so completely simultaneous in local and temporal existence with the two great bug-bears of his life, Toryism and Prelacy, as to render it difficult to determine whether they were the cause or the consequence of these evils. These two trifles, however, set apart, De Foe was neither a narrow-minded nor a gloomy man. In his early life he seems to have paid considerable attention to his dress, and was a frequent, as well as a welcome visitant at the city feasts. In politics and in polemics, he held the even tenor of his way, unshackled by the party with which he generally acted. And we have the testimony of an enemy in favour of his clear head, courage, honesty, and independence. In the latter part of his life, he seems, in the intervals of sickness, to have sought refuge from domestic annoyances in the management of his garden. His faculties, notwithstanding an attack of apoplexy, remained entire till his death; although, perhaps, a little tinged by the querulousness of age, and the passion for money which seems to gain upon men exactly at the time when they are about to cease to need it. He was married, but to whom is not known: he had sons and daughters, whom we know only by name. He died on the 24th of April, 1731. This is nearly all that is known of the author of Robinson Crusoe, a work which exercises, or perhaps, we should rather say, *exercised*, a wider sway over British intellect than any book except the Bible.

De Foe was one of the best authors of a class which, so far as we know, has existed only in England, and even there only since the Revolution. The essence of their being is democracy, not as existing for itself, but as called into active and fierce exertion by the opposing claims of the privileged classes. This character could be found nowhere else, for in no other country is the citizen of such weight as with us, except in America, and there he has no aristocracy to come into collision with him. De Foe was one of the first of this class, as he still remains the best specimen of it. Since his day there has never been wanting some one to fill his place with more or less ability. Among the numerous competitors in this line, whom we at present possess, the great Coryphæus is undoubtedly William Cobbett, a man equal to De Foe in

his natural and graphic details, and, perhaps, as much his superior in native vigour, as he falls short of him in honesty and consistency. We look upon this class of writers as the organs and representatives of the British democracy; and while we see and confess how dangerous they have often proved, we confess that we have a sneaking kindness for them, and are proud to acknowledge them as countrymen. Their style has little polish; but perhaps, from their want of classical education, has genuine English freshness about it, which we often miss in the writings of more accomplished authors. Every thought bears the impress of the society amid which they have grown up,—is tinged not only with the peculiarities of their nation, but of their *caste*. They see every thing from one point of view, and through one medium. We are not to look to them for comprehensive and statesman-like views; but they discuss any single question that comes within their reach with shrewdness and sagacity,—they turn it on every side, they anatomize it, they exhaust it. They finish their business in a workmanlike manner. They often see things that more scientific speculators overlook in the pride of their learning. They will succeed at times by a lucky hit in unloosing a knot about which the most delicate and dexterous fingers have puzzled in vain. Their power, however, is bounded—it is resistive, not creative. They are useful when, “sitting at the fireside, they talk of what is done in the Capitol.” They keep alive the broad sturdy spirit of our populace, and convey their biting jeers to the ears of their rulers. They are prompt critics on public transactions, and keep public men on the alert. But woe to the country, when, in the clashing of embittered factions, power comes to be lodged in their hands.

We find all the excellences of this class, with a very small portion of their errors, in De Foe's political writings. It is true, we do not look upon him as the faultless monster which Mr Wilson, taking him at his own word, has represented him; but considering him as a demagogue, which he undoubtedly was, and reflecting, too, on the fierce, petty, brawling characters among which he lived, we say that he had fewer faults than any man of his occupation mentioned in history. It is certainly as a political author that we are to consider De Foe during by far the greater portion of his career; for it was not until late in life that he began the composition of those varied and delightful works of fiction upon which his fame now entirely rests. The De Foe of his contemporaries, and our De Foe, are two entirely different persons. The former is a busy, bustling, bold, and uncompromising disputant; the latter is the unknown author of some of the most peculiar and charming works in our language. This fact, it may be premised, goes far to extenuate the injustice of Pope and Swift to De Foe. We can excuse their blindness to the merits of a mere political antagonist; had he been earlier known to them as the author of Robinson Crusoe, the task would have been more difficult.

It would be doing injustice to De Foe to omit mentioning his “Scandal Club,” a department of a paper published twice a-week, which was conducted, and almost entirely composed by him, during a period of nine years. The Scandal Club consists of a collection of remarks on men and manners, which seems to have suggested to Steele the idea of his Tatlers. They are interesting in this point of view, and many of them are not unworthy of De Foe's ingenious successor, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire. A re-publication of this portion of the periodical (eight volumes of which are in the possession of a friend of the author now before us) would make a neat and not a very bulky book, would be an acceptable present to the lovers of this branch of literature, an addition to the history of English literature, and a piece of justice to the memory of Daniel De Foe.

We now come to De Foe's works of fiction; but what we would say on this score has been so much better said

by Charles Lamb, in a communication to the author of these volumes, that we borrow his words:

“In the appearances of truth, in all the incidents and conversations that occur in them, they exceed any works of fiction that I am acquainted with. It is perfect illusion. The author never appears in these self-narratives, (for so they ought to be called, or rather autobiographies,) but the narrator strains us down to an implicit belief in every thing he says. There is all the minute detail of a log-book in it. Dates are punctually pressed upon the memory—facts are repeated over and over in varying phrases, till you cannot choose but believe them. It is like reading evidence in a court of justice. So anxious the story-teller seems that the truth should be clearly comprehended, that when he has told us a matter of fact, or a motive, in a line or two further down he repeats it, with his favourite figure of speech, *I say*, so and so, though he had made it abundantly plain before. This is in imitation of the common people's way of speaking, or rather of the way in which they are addressed by a master or mistress, who wishes to impress something upon their memories, and has a wonderful effect upon matter-of-fact readers. Indeed, it is to such principally that he writes. His style is everywhere beautiful, but plain and homely. *Robinson Crusoe* is delightful to all ranks and classes; but it is easy to see that it is written in a phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower conditions of readers. Hence it is a special favourite with seafaring men, poor boys, servant maids, &c. His novels are capital kitchen-reading, while they are worthy, from their interest, to find a shelf in the libraries of the wealthiest and the most learned. His passion for matter-of-fact narrative sometimes betrayed him into a long relation of common incidents, which might happen to any man, and have no interest beyond the intense appearance of truth in them to recommend them. The whole latter half, or two-thirds of ‘Colonel Jack,’ is of this description. The beginning of *Colonel Jack* is the most affecting natural picture of a young thief that was ever drawn. His losing the stolen money in the hollow tree, and finding it again when in despair, and the being in equal distress at not knowing how to dispose of it, and several similar touches in the early history of the Colonel, evince a deep knowledge of human nature; and putting out of question the superior romantic interest of the latter, in my mind very much exceeds *Crusoe*. *Roxana* (first edition) is the next in interest, though he left out the best part of it in subsequent editions, from a foolish hypercriticism of his friend Southernne. But *Moll Flanders*, the account of the *Plague*, &c. &c., are all of one family, and have the same stamp of character.”

*Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America; including the United States, Canada, the shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in search of a North-west Passage; with Observations on Emigration.* By Hugh Murray, Esq., F.R.S.E. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, & Co. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. Pp. 530 and 556.

We are inclined to flatter ourselves that we improved upon the practice of our predecessors, when we laid it down as a rule, always to read a book before we reviewed it. The advantages accruing to the public and to the author, from this new and original plan, are too obvious to need explanation. As to the waste of time which it not unfrequently occasions to the reviewer, that is another matter. Our steadfastness, we confess, has more than once been put to a sore trial, but we have still religiously adhered to our resolution. We never see a very large book, however, without trembling, for we are aware of the task we have to perform; and if the road be a rough or a dull one, Heaven knows, our situation is not one of the most enviable. To Mr Hugh Murray we owe our best thanks. His book, though a large one, in compliance with the comprehensive nature of his subject, is, nevertheless, one which we have gone through with as much facility and pleasure as if it had been a small duodecimo. This is partly to be attributed to the interesting materials of which it is composed, and partly to the able manner in which those materials are arranged.

It is utterly impossible that we can pretend to give any thing but a very general idea of the merits of a work

consisting of eleven hundred pages of royal octavo. They who are acquainted with Mr Murray's "Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa and Asia," will more easily understand the nature of the present work, which is of a similar kind. In few words, we may describe it as a book which presents a distinct, impartial, and highly interesting narrative of the gradual progress made by the European occupants of North America, from the date of its first discovery, down to the present day. And in this narrative is comprehended a detailed account of the numerous voyages which have been made in search of a north-west passage; together with a full view of the physical geography, political system, moral and social condition, industry and commerce of the United States, Canada, and British America. There are few subjects more worthy of engrossing the attention, and of calling forth the talents of a writer. "The series of bold adventure by which the coasts of North America were discovered and its colonies founded; the daring attempts to find a Northern Passage by its Arctic shores; the unparalleled growth and extending power of the United States; with the openings which America affords to our emigrant population,—all these circumstances conspire to render that continent an object of peculiar interest." Our author has spared neither research nor labour in his anxiety to execute faithfully the task he has undertaken. The number of works he has consulted is immense; and the store of reading he has brought to his aid would have been enough for many men's lifetimes. Neither does he ever get confused or dull. His style is full of animation, and he has the art of selecting those details which are at once the most important and the most interesting.

Mr Murray commences with two introductory chapters,—the first on supposed early discoveries of America, all of which he clearly shows to have been imaginary,—and the second on the origin of the inhabitants of America, in which he takes the same view of the question as Robertson, making it at all events highly probable that the barbarous tribes, who gradually extended themselves to the north-eastern extremity of Asia, passed by means of the Fox and Aleutian chain of islands from one continent to the other. Mr Murray next proceeds to treat of the discovery and colonization of North America. He arranges his chapters under the following heads:—Early Voyages to the American coast—Spanish Expeditions into Florida—French Expeditions into Florida—Discovery and Settlement of Virginia—Discovery and Settlement of New England—Settlement of the other Colonies—Settlement of the French in Canada and Louisiana—The American Indians—America before and after the Revolution—Settlement of the Western Territory—Discoveries in the Regions beyond the Mississippi. All these chapters are full of diversified adventure by flood and field, and present more instances of the romance of real life than are to be met with in any other page of the world's history. From Ponce de Leon and the two Cabots, down to Captains Ross, Parry, and Franklin, America has exercised the most powerful influence in calling forth the energies, and modifying the destinies, of Europeans. No man can be considered a philosophical student of human nature who does not make himself thoroughly acquainted with this most memorable portion of the annals of his species.

In his second volume, Mr Murray presents us with a minute and graphic account of the various voyages for the discovery of a north-west passage to India; and he concludes his labours with a full analysis and summary of the contents of all the most valuable and recent Travels in North America, thus affording a complete and satisfactory view of its present state. In one word, this is a work which teems with important information, and from which more real profit may be derived than from a whole cart-load of the ephemeral productions of the day.

We have but little space left for extracts, nor could

any series of extracts do justice to the work. That the reader, however, may not go without one specimen of Mr Murray's lively and vigorous style of narrative, we shall quote a passage almost at random. We have opened the book at the adventures of Captain Smith, an early voyager to Virginia, and among these we find the following narrative:

#### NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

"Smith had now reason to consider his career as drawing to a close. In fact, he had been tied to a tree, and a circle formed for the purpose of shooting him, when, calling for their chief, Opechankanough, he exhibited to him an ivory compass-dial, and explaining to him its application to the movement of the heavenly bodies, entranced him and his attendants with astonishment and admiration. On a signal made by the Chief with the compass, all the bows and arrows were laid down, and Smith was led, carefully guarded, to their capital. He was then led from town to town, and exhibited to the women and children, who crowded to see him, and received him with strange yells and dances. Every day there was set down to him as much bread and venison as would have dined twenty men; but as no one sat down with him, and there was no corresponding mark of kindness, Smith began to dread that they were fattening for the purpose of eating him. This was not exactly the case; yet it is true that such festal entertainment was often the prelude to the most fatal purpose. At length, when he had been sufficiently fed about, three days were employed in making a most dire conjuration over him. The chief performer was a grim figure, having his face painted black with coal and oil, and numerous stuffed skins of snakes and weasels fastened by the tail to the crown of the head, and hanging down frightfully over the face and shoulders. He was seconded by others, whom white eyes, and red stripes mingled with the black, rendered still more hideous. They intermingled circles of meal and corn with bundles of sticks, interpreting that the meal was the Indian country, the corn the sea, and the sticks England; and this was all to discover whether he intended them well or ill. The result does not appear to have been stated to Smith; but he was soon led before Powhatan, the greatest lord of all this part of Virginia—the English even call him Emperor. Powhatan arrayed himself in his utmost pomp on this solemn occasion. He had invested himself in a large robe of racoon skins, from which all the tails were hanging. Behind him stood two long rows of men, and behind them two of women, all with their faces and shoulders painted red, their heads bedecked with white down, and a chain of white beads round their necks. One of the queens presented Smith with a towel to wash his hands, another with a bundle of feathers to dry them. The fatal moment was now approaching. Two large stoves were placed before Powhatan, to which Smith, by the united efforts of the attendants, was forcibly dragged, his head laid on one of them, and the mighty club raised, a few blows from which was to terminate his life. But a very unexpected interposition now took place. Pocahontas, the favourite daughter of Powhatan, forgetful of her barbarous birth and name, was seized with those emotions of tender pity which make the ornament of her sex. She ran up to her father, and pathetically pleaded for the life of the stranger. When all entreaties were lost on that stern and savage potentate, she hastened to Smith, snatched his head in her arms, and laid her own on his, declaring that the first blow must fall upon her. The heart even of a savage father was at last melted, and Powhatan granted to his favourite daughter the life of Smith. At first it was arranged that he should amuse the father and daughter by making bells, beads, and other curious European fabrics. A different course, however, was soon resolved upon. Smith was placed alone in a large house beside a fire, when presently he heard from without a most frightful and doleful noise, and Powhatan rushed in, with two hundred attendants, having their faces blacked, and disguised in every frightful form that their fury could devise. Smith thought his last hour was again at hand, but Powhatan told him that these were the signs of peace and friendship, and that he should be sent back to Jame's Town, on the sole condition of transmitting two culverines and a millstone."—Vol. I. p. 213-5.

We have only further to add, that the work is elegantly printed, and is illustrated by an excellent map of North America.

*Scots Law Chronicle.* Volume First. Edinburgh. Stirling and Kenney. November, 1829.

We announced the appearance of the first Number of this publication, stating, at the same time, our opinion, that such a work was a desideratum in Scotland, and might, if properly conducted, be rendered an important engine. The seventh Number, just published, concludes the first volume; and, on looking over the whole of the contents, we are inclined to think that it has succeeded to a considerable extent. The principles of the gentlemen who conduct the work are diametrically opposite to those which we entertain in matters of jurisprudence; and on this account, and because we see no use in entering upon a discussion, which could neither be amusing to the greater part of our readers, nor exhausted in such space as we could afford it, we leave them untouched. At the same time, free discussion is always useful, and the range of subjects embraced by the *Scots Law Chronicle* is wide and important. It contains papers, in some of which will be found really valuable information, on matters not very generally known. We may instance an article in the present Number on the customs of York; and the articles on the laws of Scotland and England—both on their present condition and their antiquities, embracing either wide and comprehensive views, or descending to a useful minuteness of detail. The papers are, in general, characterised by vigour of diction, although in some of them we meet with a coarseness of expression we could wish to see avoided. Wherever matters of practice are treated, we commonly discover the hand of the old practitioner;—where matters of theory, and subjects which require more extensive learning are discussed, we more frequently perceive a deficiency. To one very praiseworthy feature of the work we would, in particular, direct attention,—the monthly reports of proceedings in the Supreme Courts of Scotland. They are condensed, and they are published at short and regular intervals. They have thus the advantage over the Decisions, as published by the Collectors of the Faculty of Advocates, who are not particularly famed for punctuality; and they have the advantage over those published under the auspices of two learned advocates, who have allowed their work to expand into a fearful minuteness of detail, forming an equally oppressive tax on the time of the reader and the pocket of the purchaser. We observe, also, that the *Scots Law Chronicle Reports* have a paging of their own, and may be had separately.

For the more correct information of some outrageous reformer, who, in the last Number, vilifies the practice of wearing a wig, and lauds the present Dean of Faculty for abandoning it, we beg to state the important fact, that *Mr Jeffrey does wear a wig*. We think it is bad taste for the author of the article to which we allude to attack this prescriptive ornament of the legal head, seeing that both of the *Law Chronicle's* learned reporters wear wigs—and very good wigs too.

*The Ant. A Periodical Paper, published in Glasgow during the Years 1826 and 1827. In two series, original and select. New Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Glasgow. Robertson and Atkinson. 1829.*

This is a lively, pleasant little work, full of variety and good-humour. The selections from the fugitive literature of the day are tasteful and judicious; and its original matter, which is for the most part from the pen of its editor, Mr Atkinson, is sprightly and amusing, including some interesting topographical papers, and a pleasant chronicle of the chit-chat of St Mungo's capital during the period of publication. We shall find room for one extract, which is entitled

#### MORE MISERIES.

"The Reverend Mr Beresford, fifteen years ago, astonished mankind by a catalogue and classification of the miseries to which they were subject. Up till the time of this

Linneus of wretchedness, the world had no idea of the extent of its sufferings:—It had not entered into the mind of man to conceive the number and variety of his pains and complication of his annoyances; and until Timothy Testy had held up his glass to show the age and body of the time their form and pressure, was Human Life, in any of its sept-trillion varieties, aware of the full extent or gross amount of its miseries. Perhaps we ought rather to say of the nature and variety—for, alas! of the full extent it is only Campbell's Last Man, in the time of Byron's Darkness, who will be able to say that he may write *Finis* to their mighty catalogue. How any, so very obvious as those described, or hinted at, in the following addendum to Testy's enumeration, escaped the acuteness of his suffering perceptions, or were not noed by his admirable scent after the wretched, is just one of those accountable things that you may speculate for ever upon, and yet never be able to explain, unless, like us, you—

"Groan 1st. In endeavouring to discern one of the five spots at present on the sun's disc, which The Herald tells us are each three times bigger than the earth, plant the thinnest outer edge of your thinnest dress shoe, which a few days of polishing on a burning pavement has worn to the tenuity of a Medallion wafer, on one of the Macadam crystal-shaped knobs, which gem the carriage walk round our green.—P. S. The foot, of course, to be in the shoe, and nothing but superannuated silk hose between you and the penetration of the whinstone.

"Groan 2d. Having a rusty iron hoop trundled against your nankeen trowers, by an urchin too young to admonish, much less to thrash.

"Groan 3d. Continuing an important conversation with a perfect stranger, instead of your friend, who has accidentally stopped to look at a print-shop window.

"Groan 4th. The unpleasant sensation you feel on driving your nose against a blind man's forehead, having exclaimed, 'Damme, can't you see?' and receiving his answer in the negative.

"Groan 5th. Searching your pocket some time for an article which you cannot find, but in its stead find a tremendous hole.

"Groan 6th. Skating in summer on the pavement, instead of ice, on a piece of orange-peel, instead of skates.

"Groan 7th. Having been deluged with rain during a short pleasure excursion into the country, to perceive every symptom of settled weather exhibit itself, from the 'rise of the glass,' to the blowing of dust in at your bedroom window—on the morning of your return to business.

"Groan 8th. Having sent a letter, by a private hand, to a friend, from a remote watering-place, stating that you have drawn upon him for £25, which on putting itself into a coat pocket, fifteen days after, discovers your letter very safely deposited there. Your draft is, in the meantime, embellished in a fearful scrawl with what, you are informed, means 'no effects.'

"Groan 9th. Being told that there is an article in a paper which it nearly concerns you to see before departing with the mail, and waiting till the last blast of its horn upon a person in a coffee-room, who has said, 'In one moment, sir,' for a quarter of an hour.

"Groan 10th. Receiving a favour from a stranger gentleman, such as the loan of a top-coat, as you are about to start on the roof of a stage-coach on a cold morning, when you relied on an inside place, and forgetting to ask his address that you may return it and your thanks together.

"Groan 11th. Discovering that you have carried in your pocket for thirteen miles, the wrong volume of the 'Traveller's Guide,' and stumbling upon a description of Tweed-side, when you want to know in what direction you ought to travel to Tyndrum—and your dinner.

"Groan 12th. Having reserved no second copy of a sonnet to your mistress, which cost you as many hours' hard work as there are lines in that species of composition—discovering that you have lighted your cigar, instead of your mistress's heart, with the thoughts that burn in it.

"Groan 13th. Needing another misery to fill up a page of your catalogue of them, and not being able to find one half so bad as that very necessity."

*Lothian's Pocket Bible Atlas*, of a size admitting of being bound up with the Bible. Edinburgh. Johns, Lothian. 1829.

This little work consists of eight Maps, exhibiting, 1st, the settlement of Noah's descendants throughout the

world;—2d, the route of the Children of Israel through the Wilderness;—3d, the Land of Canaan as divided among the Tribes,—the north portion;—4th, the south portion;—5th, the Holy Land in the time of Christ, with the principal travels of our Lord;—6th, a map of the journeys of the Apostles, distinguishing the seven apocalyptic churches of Asia, and the cities and provinces to which the Apostolical epistles were addressed;—7th, a map of places east of the Holy Land, exhibiting the different supposed situations of the Garden of Eden and Mount Ararat;—and, 8th, a map of Jerusalem, with the sites of Mount Calvary, the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, Bethany, &c. The maps are on a scale adapted for pocket Bibles. They are distinctly executed, and well engraved. They have already been introduced with good effect into several congregational schools, and will be found to afford a useful illustration of the Old and New Testament History.

### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

#### HOELTY AND HIS POEMS.

*By the Author of "Anster Fair."*

HOELTY was born on the 21st December, 1748, at Mariensee, in the Electorate of Hanover, of which place his father was pastor. In the early years of his life, Hoelty, to great personal beauty, joined the utmost liveliness and vivacity. His childhood very soon began to exhibit that eager desire for knowledge which accompanied him through life. So soon as he could write, he scribbled, as well as he could, every thing that appeared to him remarkable, either in his readings or in the appearances of nature. His amiable behaviour, his humorous conceits, and simple but shrewd remarks, together with his beauty, made him everywhere a favourite. In his ninth year, he was attacked with small-pox to such a degree as to endanger his eye-sight. By this misfortune, he lost somewhat of his natural liveliness, but nothing of his ardour and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge. He received the rudiments of education under his paternal roof. In this respect, Hoelty was peculiarly fortunate. His father, who, to an acquaintance with general literature, had superadded an extensive perusal of the poets, carefully instructed him, not only in his native language, but also in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, besides Geography, History, and other branches generally taught at school. Hoelty's diligence was ardent and unremitting; the day was not sufficient for him, he added the night, too, to his toilsome studies. His nocturnal dedication of himself to the Muses, though sanctioned by the practice of some of the highest names of ancient and modern times, his parents, tenderly fearful of his health, endeavoured, very prudently, to prohibit; but, unknown to them, he had provided himself with oil, and a lamp hewn out of a turnip, by the light of which he prolonged in his chamber his secret and interdicted lucubrations. Already, too, his propensity for the solitary and the terrible began to show itself. On evenings, after school hours, he, with a book in his pocket, slipped away unperceived into some obscure bush or thicket, where he read aloud to himself; and often, during the darkness of the night, he, alone and unterrified, made visits to the churchyard; clad in a white sheet, personified a walking ghost; and, without any design to frighten others, stalked about in this disguise amid the graves—thus calling up, as much as he could, in living reality to his imagination, those churchyard terrors which he was thereby so well capacitated afterwards to describe.

It was in his eleventh year that he began to write verses. His first production was an epitaph on a favourite dog. From this time, poetry became, not his pastime, but his business. Even in church, and under the sound of his father's homilies, his Apollo sometimes descended upon him with inspiration; and, if he had not paper, he

scratched out his verses on the wall or seat, leaving behind him memorials of his craft, where men little expected to find them.

In his sixteenth year, he was sent to a school near Zelle, where he remained three years. In 1769, he went to the University of Halle; afterwards to Gottingen, in order to study theology. Here he read day and night,—seldom was seen out of his study or the libraries,—and sacrificed sleep, social intercourse, youthful recreations, and eventually health itself, to his avidity for study. By this indefatigable application, he, in his twenty-first year, equalled, if he did not surpass, his most learned fellow-students and brother-bards in extensive and multifarious reading. He became a proficient in the literature, not only of the ancient, but of all the most valued languages of modern Europe. And the soundness of his poetical taste may be judged from the well-founded preference he gave to the Greek, Italian, and English, in which three languages is contained Europe's sublimest and purest poetry. He soon became the associate of the first wits and scholars in Gottingen—Burger, Voss, Count Stollberg, and others, who at once prized his excellent heart, and admired his talent for poetry.

Though naturally of a large and luxuriant growth, the person of Hoelty was unwieldy, and of a bending, unhealthy, and dissoluble frame. Undoubtedly, the intensity of his nightly application, and his inattention to all those little, and frequently overlooked, means which minister, even in the strongest, to health, sapped the foundation of a constitution naturally robust and stable. In his 26th year, he was seized with a violent cough, which at length terminated in consumption, and put an end to his existence in September 1776.

The manners of Hoelty were, like his mind, placid, agreeable, and unassuming. His heavy, tardy gait,—his melancholy paleness,—the simplicity of his address,—his negligence of garb,—made him, to those who for the first time saw him, an object of little interest; but his bright blue eye, soon disclosing its beauty, told, by its waggish and true-hearted glance, the energies of the mind that lay deep and occult within. He was artless, gentle, and unaffected,—generally silent in company; but, when he opened his mouth, it was to good purpose, and a laugh of acclamation from his friends frequently followed and crowned his good-humoured remarks.

Of his poetry, the character is delicate, simple, and engaging in the highest degree. As his sensibility to all the charms of nature, and his delight in the peaceful secluded scenes of rural life, preserved his spirit tranquil, religious, and happy, so the same sweetness and placidity of mind is reflected from every page of his volume. He has the pastoral sweetness of Gessner, with more strength and pointed thought than the prose-poetry of that amiable writer. Without the profound passion and involved eloquence of Schiller, without the ghostly energy of Burger, his verses possess a charm of interest which renders them as agreeable reading as either the one or the other. His descriptions of churchyard-horrors, like his personal perambulations among the graves, is not such as to make the hair stand on end like those of Burger's; amid their charnelhouse-gloom, they contain such luminous streaks of waggish humour as show that the poet dallied, in person, with these fantastical horrors for his own diversion, as well as, in description, for the amusement of his readers. His chief fault is, his sameness; the recurrence, ere his book be half-read, of similar imagery in nearly the same language. Had he lived longer, he would probably have lopped a little from his exuberance, and his mind would have acquired a more ample and diversified range. Yet his volume will, even as it is, be read with pleasure; and, to those beginning the study of German poetry, we would recommend it, as being purer and plainer in its phraseology, and easier and less intricate in its construction, than most of the German poets.

We subjoin two translated specimens:

## THE NUN.

THREE woun'd, in Italie somewhere,  
A young and goodlie knight,  
Who loved, in spite of bolt and bar,  
A cloister'd sister bright ;  
Much spake he of his love's sharp care,  
And, on his knees, he swore  
From holy prison to rescue her,  
And love her evermore.

O, by the virgin once that bare !  
And by the babe divine  
That fills her mother-arms ! so, fair  
Belinda, I am thine !  
Thine is my heart, its love, its care,  
So long as I have breath ;  
By my soul's blessedness I swear,  
I'll love thee to the death.

A poor dear maid—what trusts she not,  
And, most, shut up in cell ?  
Ah ! her nun's duties she forgot,  
Nor heeded heaven or hell ;  
She, at whom emulous angels had  
Been pointing from the skies,  
God's bride, in holy beauty clad,  
Became the spoiler's prize !

Thereafter—such are men—his heart  
Wox fainter in its glow ;  
He gave the victim of his art  
For ever o'er to woe,—  
Forgot his whilom tenderness,  
His vows of former day,  
And flew about in gala-dress,  
In search of other prey :

Began with other maids to dance  
In taper-sparkling hall ;  
Entangled them with ogling glance,  
And flattery withal :  
And boasted how that poor Nun's bliss  
He caught with his decoy,  
Of every look, of every kiss,  
And every other joy.

That Nun, whom Italie's heat did fire,  
Wox fiery-wroth of mood ;  
She thought of nought but schemes of ire,  
And dream'd of sword and blood ;  
A band she suddenlie did hire  
Of murderers wild and wode,  
To summon to death's shadows dire  
That spoiler false and rude.

Into his soul, that writhed and toss'd,  
Their swords with murder fell ;  
Out flew his writhing ugly ghost,  
Like sulphur-smoke of bell ;  
Through sky he wheels and whines, till him  
In fangs a devil took ;  
And then his bleeding carcass grim  
Was cramm'd in grave's cold nook.

The Nun flew, as the night began,  
To churchyard drear and dread,  
And tore the bleeding, buried man  
Up from his coffin's bed ;  
Out from his breast, her rage to glut,  
His felon heart she wrung ;  
And stamp'd it with her sounding foot,  
That all God's chapel rung.

Her ghost, as village gossip goes,  
That spot still lingers by ;

And till the cock's clear clarion crows,  
Is seen to howl and cry :  
When twelve is struck, with grave-clothes on,  
Up from her grave she peers ;  
And in her hands, with howl and moan,  
A bleeding heart she bears.

Her deep and hollow eyen out-throw  
Red sparks of ghostly light,  
And glow as sulphur-flames do glow,  
Beneath her vell of white :  
O'er that false heart, so gash'd and riven,  
She gazes in her mirth ;  
And heaves it upward thrice to heaven,  
Then dashes it to earth :

And rolls her livid eyen about,  
Whence hell-gleams seem to start ;  
And from her veil shakes blood-drops out,  
And stamps piecemeal that heart :  
Meantime the chapel-windows flare  
All round with lurid light ;  
The village-watchman, rounding there,  
Has often seen the sight !

## THE TWO SISTERS.

Two sisters, with their killing charms,  
Are merciless in doing harms ;  
No heart of man, or fool or wise,  
Escapes the kill-craft of their eyes :  
Ev'n I, who am to love but slack,—  
My poor heart is not yet come back.

Whate'er they do, where'er they be,  
(I see it, though you cannot see.)  
Young Cupid, by a chain of flowers,  
Is knit to these sweet plagues of ours :  
Of being safe, my only chance  
Is seeing both the dears at once.

For, if I gaze on them together,  
Each is so dear, I fix on neither ;  
But should I hap (alas, my heart !)  
To light on either sweet, apart,  
Young Cupid hates my breath to strangle  
With that flow'r-chain, where myrtles tangle.

Then, if you wish, sweet sisters twain,  
That I should live, and not be slain,  
Ah, never be your blessed blaze  
Of beauty sunder'd to my gaze ;  
But shine together, that I may  
Bask and live on beneath your ray !

*Devon Grove, Banks of the Devon,  
16th Oct. 1829.*

## LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

## No. VII.

ELECTION OF A LORD RECTOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.—JAMES SHEPIDAN KNOWLES—MACREARY, &c. &c.

A DEGREE of excitement of rare occurrence here has prevailed for the last few weeks, occasioned by the annual election of a Lord Rector for our University. Thomas Campbell, you are aware, was the successor of Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and Brougham, in this office. He was devotedly loved by a great majority of the students, who are the electors, the more that he was zealous in defending their franchise, which, there is reason to believe, is in some jeopardy from the grave and sober majority of the members of the Royal Commission on Scottish Universities. The young men accordingly re-elected Campbell for another year, after he had served the office twice. The official tediousness of the Commission, however, prevented their friend and protector from being more than

a sentinel. The battle has yet to be fought for them; and it was their cue, therefore, to look towards some highly-talented and influential man, who was not in any degree either lukewarm or pledged against popular rights, and whose moral influence would weigh heavily in the scale of any cause he sanctioned. To such a man they wished to proffer the gown which Burke and Adam Smith had been proud to wear.

The Marquess of Lansdown appeared in every respect to be such a man. When he was proposed, it seemed for a while as if his great merits and honoured name had overawed all opposition. All at once, however, the Tories started the Lord President Hope, and the evangelicals Sir James Moncreiff. Unexceptionable as both these gentlemen are, the high office of judge, which each of them holds, should prevent them perhaps, especially when *legal* controversy is to be held, from interfering with the due performance of other and extra-judicial duties. Sir James was the favourite of the Divinity Students, from his known devotion to our venerable Mother Church, whilst the young Tories, looking forward to the *realities* as a substitute for the *Pleasures of Hope*, rallied boldly round the head of the Court of Session. Meetings were, as usual, held—orations, many of them very able, delivered—addresses, exhortations, appeals, squibs, and pasquils prepared and printed. The Lansdowns showed the largest share of eloquence and argument—the Hopes of wit. The leader of the latter is an accomplished and elegant scholar and young gentleman, named Page, and to his pen is attributed some very clever *jeux-d'esprit*.

On Monday the trial of strength took place: and the Marquess would have been elected by majorities in all the four nations, or departments, but for the indisposition of one individual, pledged to vote for him, which in his division made the votes equal, and threw the casting vote into the hands of a friend of the President. As it was, three nations voted for him, and he is now Lord Rector; and the students are once more quietly at their studies.

Our distinguished—guest, I regret to call him now—citizen that was for so many years—Mr Knowles, concluded his Course of Lectures on Dramatic Poetry the other evening, with an admirable and eloquent analysis of the first act of *Macbeth*. Macready was in the room, and the allusions to his manner of performing the usurper were loudly cheered. On Monday the actor appeared in that part to a respectable and delighted house. It is certainly among his best personations, and the banquet-scene and battle were masterpieces in their way. Macready's character is, however, *Virginian*. It has made his *highest* reputation, and will preserve it longest. He played it last night with great applause. I have spoken of Mr Knowles as about to leave us. He does soon—but in a few months returns to bid us farewell. *Then*, surely, he will receive that tribute to which his genius, affability, and sociality, alike entitle him—a public dinner. A testimonial of this kind is about to be given to one of our most esteemed and deservedly popular merchants and bankers, on his retirement from active business; and never did a British trader retire into domestic life, who better deserved the cordial greetings and *vales* of those who still remain to toil in the vineyard in which he so honourably, so long, and so successfully laboured.

### THE DRAMA.

We have seldom seen an opera go off more heavily than did "The Maid of the Mill" last Wednesday evening. This is mainly to be attributed to the circumstance, that two of the principal characters were allotted to performers perfectly incapable of doing them justice,—we mean Messrs Larkin and Hart. The former played *Lord Aimworth*, and the latter *Giles*. As to Larkin, we would lay it down as a rule without an exception, that a man who cannot tie his neckcloth should never play a nobleman.

Mr Larkin favoured us with a partial view of his shirt collar on the left side of his neck, but whether the corresponding portion on the right was only buried among the folds of his cravat, or was torn away altogether, remains to this moment a profound mystery. Besides, he presented us with a knot *à la sentimentale*, which would have made even a grocer's apprentice blush, it was so monstrous and inexcusable. The cut of his coat, too, would have killed Jones upon the spot, had he seen it. Operatic gentlemen, we are aware, are never quite so good as gentlemen who are not operatic; but really Mr Larkin looks almost as ill as Mr Collier in his blue surt-out and white inexpressibles, and, had it not been for the tinsel star upon his breast, we should never have been able to comprehend how he represented a nobleman. Neither does his singing improve upon us. He murdered the fine duet, "When thy bosom heaves a sigh," which he sang with Miss Paton. It was altered—to suit his voice, we presume—but even with all the alterations he failed. We were no very enthusiastic admirers of Thorne; but we should a thousand times rather have Thorne than Larkin.—*Quoad* Mr Hart, we requested that he should be tried in one or two good parts, but we never meant that he should be put into characters which had been previously supported by Mr Murray himself. Murray plays *Giles* to admiration, and Hart cannot play it at all. It is not in his way; yet it was enough to satisfy us that he is a very mediocre actor, and that he is nothing but a bass singer—he cannot even get up a tenor. His bass is rich and good, but, of course, can be turned to very small account in the actual business of a theatre: and this, we are afraid, is all that can be said of Mr Hart. We are sorry for it, for we had hoped better things of him. Then there was Collier's *Mr Mervin*! O! ye gods and little fishes!—Had it not been for the exquisite manner in which Miss Paton sang "The Minstrel Boy," and the clever acting of Stanley and Miss Tunstall as *Ralph* and *Fanny*, we should scarcely have known that we were in the Theatre-Royal.

Miss Jarman is rapidly rising in public estimation, and is almost already as much admired as she deserves, and as we could wish. Her appearance in a new drama, called "The Youthful Queen, or Christine of Sweden," has, perhaps, been more in her favour than any other of her personations, since she came to Edinburgh. It is the next thing to a perfect piece of acting, and leaves the spectator nothing to wish for—not even him who has seen, as we have done, Miss O'Neill herself in the first flush of her popularity. The drama, which is an adaptation from the French, has not a great deal of intrinsic merit to boast of, and were any other performer that we know of to play the heroine, it would be a heavy and uninteresting affair; but Miss Jarman puts life and soul into it, and by the mere force of her individual genius, carries it through triumphantly. We anticipate much delightful acting when Macready and she appear together.—We have a word or two for Montague Stanley. He looks and dresses his part in "The Youthful Queen" well, only his jacket, or tunic, is about two inches too long, and his cloak, which he carries over his arm, is not light enough, making him look too much as if he were just about to ride out on rather a wet day. But what we have chiefly to mention to him is, that he is not energetic enough. Will he have the kindness to consider that he has won the heart of a *Queen*,—of a young and glorious creature, full of generous and ardent feeling; and, by the goddesses! if the thought does not bring the blood gushing up to his brow, and his heart knocking out against his ribs, he is one of the most degenerate Swedes that ever blackened his upper lip with burnt cork! We want a little more passion and action. When *Christine* confesses her love for him, he stands still like a boy going to be whipt. We should a thousand times rather see him leap into the pit in an agony of astonishment and despair. What makes it worse, is the terrible contrast between the girl he ac-

usually marries and the Queen. There is no *vraisemblance* in the supposition, that he should prefer Miss Pincushion—we beg pardon—we mean Miss Pincott—to Miss Jarman. He is too tame—a thousand degrees too tame.—It is but justice to mention, that Mr Hooper appears to greater advantage as the foppish courtier, *Steinberg*, than in any part in which we have yet seen him. His style of acting it is more subdued and less vulgar than it frequently is. He infuses, too, into the character, some of the *vis comica*; and his costume is laudable.

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### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### ON VISITING THE GRAVES OF BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

*By W. M. Hetherington, Author of "Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland."*

'Tis hallow'd ground! hush'd be my breath!  
Uncover'd be my head!  
Let me the shadowy Court of Death  
With softest footstep tread!  
The spirit of the place I feel,  
And on its sacred dust I kneel—  
For here all lowly laid,  
As ancient legends soothly say,  
Rest Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Scotia's brown pines in silent gloom  
Commingle, broad and tall,  
As Nature's self had o'er their tomb  
Hung her own solemn pall;  
A few faint straggling beams of day  
Amid the blent boughs shifting, stray,  
And on their low homes fall;  
The Almond, gurgling down the vale,  
Pours, ever pours their deep dirge-wall.

Where are the mounds, that, like twin waves,  
Young children of the deep,  
With gentle swell should mark the graves  
Where side by side they sleep?  
They, too, have melted quite away,  
Like snow-wreaths, lessening day by day—  
Time's wasting touch can sweep  
Even Death's sad records from Earth's face,  
Leaving of man no lingering trace.

And be it so! Their once fair clay,—  
Like dewdrops in the stream,  
Like leaves in the wan year's decay,  
Like the sky-meteor's gleam,—  
Though with its mother element,  
Now undistinguishably blent  
That human dust may seem,  
Refined and purified shall rise,  
To bloom immortal in the skies.

How vain the pompous tomb appears  
Piled o'er the mighty dead,  
While viewing through the mist of tears  
Where the beautiful are laid!  
Yes! in the gales that round me moan,  
The stream, the grove, the letter'd stone,  
Even in the dust I tread,  
I feel the presence of a power  
Guarding this consecrated bower.

Thrice hallow'd is this lonely dell,  
Three Spirits, all divine—  
Love, Innocence, and Friendship—dwell  
Here, in one common shrine:  
Here youth and virgin fair may meet,

May plight their vows by moonlight sweet,  
May heart and hand entwine:—  
No faithless foot this turf may tread,  
For here they reign—The Sacred Dead!

#### THOUGHTS ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

*By Alexander MacLaggan.*

THE loud voice of a stormy e'en  
Came raving to our cottage pane;  
The cottar bodies steek'd their een  
In sleep, to shun  
Dreigh sights, that they a' day had seen  
Deface the sun.

Unmindfu' o' the raging blast,  
(Though heaven to earth was fa'in' fast,)  
O'er hill, an' heath, an' field I past  
By eerie turns,  
To view the dark—the lone—the last  
Abode of Burns.

The grave of Burns! a throne of state!  
Revered, though mouldering desolate!  
I envied poorth's hapless fate,  
And quick decay,  
As musing on the "furrows' weight"  
That o'er him lay.

His morn of life with darkness rose,  
Fell Famen's fingers mark'd its close,  
I the space between unnumber'd woes  
Were on him hurl'd;  
Yet from his darkness, light arose  
That glads the world.

O, Robie Burns! that I'd been livin'  
When the power o' song to thee was given,  
And seen, when misery mad had riven  
Thy manly form,  
Thy soul, the undying gift of Heaven,  
Defy the storm!

Or seen thee in a calmer hour,  
When o'er thee bent the blooming bower,  
Mute gazing on the crimson flower,  
The daisy fair,  
And heard thee bless the Almighty power  
Who placed it there.

Or seen thee in a lonely shade,  
Fast wrapping in thy rustic plaid  
Thy Mary, dear departed maid!  
In fond embrace,  
And mark'd the game fond passion play'd  
Upon thy face!

Or seen thee in thine hour o' glee,  
Wild, bold, and witty, frank and free,  
Keen joining on the flowery lee  
The rustic dance,  
And watchin' frae Jean's lowing ee  
Love's kindled glance!

Or seen thee by the ingle-nook,  
When with thy jest the biggin' shook;  
Or stalkin' by the oaten stook,  
Frae man afur,  
When heavenward went thy passionate look  
To the "lingering star."

Many are they who would aspire  
To wake again thy sleeping lyre,

Wasting their breath to blow a fire  
To burn like thine;  
But black I see them all expire  
Before thy shrine.

Burns! might I live again to see  
A Bard among us like to thee,  
My heart's best thanks I glad would give  
To God the giver,  
And then contented close my eye  
To sleep for ever!

SONNET.—TO ISABEL.

Dearest and gentlest! let me hold thee fast  
Within my arms, and kiss thy Parian brow;  
And whilst this soften'd light is o'er us cast,  
Breathe with me fondly an impassion'd vow;  
And let the murmurings of our joy be heard,  
Like rippling waves along the shining shore,—  
Not loud, but deep. Love is its own reward,  
And bath of pleasures an exhaustless store.  
I see the golden fancies of thy mind  
Dancing, like fairies, round thy lips and eyes;  
Or, like the small clouds, chased by summer wind,  
Dissolving into sunlight as they rise:—  
A shower of blessings on thee, Isabel!—  
My soul is faint with loving thee too well.

H. G. B.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

THERE is preparing for early publication a third volume of the History of the University of Edinburgh, by Alexander Bower, comprehending the period from 1756 to the present time, and containing, besides the History as extracted from the records of the University and Town Council, biographical accounts of the eminent men now deceased who have filled professorial chairs. Among these are, Robertson, Ferguson, Robison, Monro, both Gregories, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Finlayson, Christison, Duncan, Murray, Brown, and several others.

Robert Handyside, Esq. advocate, is preparing for publication a work on the Law of Jurisdiction and Actions.

A new Novel, from the pen of Mr Gratian, called the Heiress of Bruges, is in the press.

Dr Seymour has in the press a work on the Diseases of the Ovaria, including encysted dropsy and malignant diseases of those organs; to which are prefixed Physiological Observations on the Structure and Functions of these parts in the human being and in animals.

The first Number of a London Musical Gazette, to be continued weekly, was published last Saturday.

An Historical and Topographical Atlas of England and Wales, exhibiting their geographical features during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman governments, is announced.

Miss E. E. Kendrick has in the press a little work, to be entitled Conversations on Miniature Painting.

The Book rarities in the University of Cambridge, illustrated by Original Letters and Notes, biographical, literary, and antiquarian, by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M.A. is announced.

The Conductors of the Library of Useful Knowledge propose publishing a series of Treatises on the different subjects connected with Domestic and Rural Economy, which they will denominate the Farmer's Series.

The Memoirs of Bolivar, announced for immediate publication, are reported not only to contain much new information relative to the private history of that extraordinary man, but will also comprise a complete history of the Colombian Revolution.

Major Leith Hay is about to publish a Memoir of the Peninsular War, compiled from the memoranda of six years' service.

TALKS OF AN INDIAN CAMP.—This work, which is now announced for immediate publication, is from the pen of J. A. Jones, Esq. whose long residence among the Indian Tribes of North America has enabled him to collect most of the traditions current among all the nations of the Red Men dispersed over three millions of square miles in that vast continent. They will exhibit, we understand, their notions respecting the Supreme Being, the creation, the origin of their Tribes, and will comprise an account of their manners, habits, modes of life, marriage-ceremonies, &c.

FINE ARTS.—Mr Walker, engraver, whose print of Lord Moncrieff

we noticed some time ago, is circulating proposals for publishing mesotinto engravings of Mr Jeffrey, Mr Brougham, and Sir Humphrey Davy. Mr Jeffrey is from a portrait by that rising artist, Colville Smith; Mr Brougham, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, generally acknowledged to be the best, if not indeed the only happy likeness extant, of that distinguished author and statesman.

SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—We remarked lately that rumours had reached our ears of dissensions in the Scottish Academy. They have broken out sooner than we had anticipated, and in the form of an *ex parte* statement of certain proceedings at a late meeting of the body. We sincerely hope, however, that this will prove, like the premature explosion of a mine, the means to carry off the lurking danger innocuously. The case (as a lawyer would say) is ably stated in the document we allude to, but perhaps more eloquently than correctly. We have ample materials in hand for a full, true, and impartial history of the whole transactions, but a press of matter obliges us to defer it till next week.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC DEBATING SOCIETIES IN EDINBURGH.—Most of these Institutions have commenced their winter campaign. In a country like ours, where no one individual can say that he may not be called upon some time or other to express his sentiments in public, the art of extemporaneous debate may be looked upon as a necessary part of education. It is in these Societies, too, that a young man best learns to instruct himself by his own exertions, and for an object of his own proposing; it is in them that he best learns to measure himself with his fellows. The *Royal Medical Society* was instituted in 1757, and, as its name indicates, confines itself exclusively to medical discussions. It was incorporated by royal charter in 1778. It is in the habit of hearing what are called medical news in the early part of its meetings—accounts of interesting and uncommon cases, and reports of discoveries in medicine and the cognate sciences. An essay is afterwards read by one of the members on some medical subject, and its doctrine and general merits form the subject of the evening's debate. At the close of each session the subjects of the dissertations, and the members who are to read them during the ensuing one, are appointed by the Society. Each member gives in to the secretary two copies of his dissertation three weeks before it comes to be discussed. During the first week it is transcribed for preservation into a book kept for that purpose under the secretary's inspection, and another copy is taken of it at the Society's expense. The three separate copies are then sent in rotation during the remaining fortnight to the members whose names are upon the roll, to be perused by them beforehand. This practice is calculated to give a greater maturity to the criticisms on the essay. The Society meets every Friday during the winter session in its hall in Surgeon-Square: it possesses an extensive and well-managed medical library, and a museum, which is daily increasing.—The *Royal Physical Society* was instituted some few years after the *Medical*, and its chief object is the prosecution exclusively of the physical sciences. It possesses a very good hall in Richmond Street, and a small library. It is not so numerously attended as the *Medical Society*; but its proceedings are in general interesting.—The *Speculative Society* was founded in 1761: and as the arena on which some of our most noted political characters first tried their powers, is more generally known among young men of literary habits than any other of our Edinburgh Societies. Its history, from the date of its commencement, would be a curious chapter in the narrative of the march of intellect in Edinburgh. The subjects for discussion are chiefly literary, moral, and political. It does not confine itself to any exclusive branch of science, but expatiates over that field of polite literature which is necessary to every gentleman, and indispensable to the finish of his character. It is a neutral ground, upon which men of all professions can meet with mutual advantage. The meetings are held every Tuesday, in the Society's hall, in the University buildings. It possesses a tolerable library, and a fine portrait of the lamented Francis Horner, by Raeburn.—The *Juridical Society* was instituted in 1773. Beyond its own walls, it is known as having published the most complete system of Scottish Conveyancing. It indulges occasionally in debates of general interest; but the main stock of its discussions are legal. Only such persons can become members as are either members of a legal profession, or studying with a view to enter one. The Society met for the first time in its new and elegant hall in Charlotte Square on Wednesday the 18th of November. It is, we understand, making application for a crown charter, and has it in contemplation to found a complete law library. "Caparisons," Mrs Malaprop tells us, "are odiferous:" yet were we inclined to distinguish between the two last-mentioned societies, both of which stand high at present, we should say that the *Speculative* is perhaps more remarkable for extensive general knowledge and polished taste,—the *Juridical* for sound, practical, business-like habits of debate.—The *Plinian Society* restricts its attention for the most part to subjects connected with natural history and antiquities. Papers are read at each meeting on some topic of this kind, and the opinions they contain are afterwards criticised. The Society is patron-

ised, we understand, by Professors Jameson and Graham, and possesses a cabinet of natural history, which is on the increase, including a very extensive *herbarium*.—We have noticed these societies, because their members are generally such as have completed, or are on the eve of completing, their studies; and we therefore incline to view them as a transition state between the apprentice and master in literature. Societies of a more juvenile character are so numerous, that we must decline even attempting a catalogue of them. Does the *Academic Society* still exist?—it was the nursery of our youthful genius.

**THE SIX FEET CLUB.**—We understand that, among others, Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, and the Ettrick Shepherd, are to be present at the Annual Dinner of this Club, which takes place on the 29th instant. The meeting cannot fail to be an interesting and delightful one.

**THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL.**—This place of worship, the interior of which has just undergone a complete renewal, re-opens to-morrow. The manner in which the decorations have been executed reflects the greatest credit on Mr Hay, and cannot fail to add to his already deservedly high reputation as an ornamental house-painter. The alteration that falls most in the eye is the introduction of what may be termed a hanging tracery under the roof-principals. Betwixt the chief ties, ribs have been judiciously represented, the intersections of which are covered by rich bosses. New architraves have been traced round the windows, with a bold and masterly pencil, and add considerable breadth and relief to their original effect. Around, and on either side of the altar-piece, similar architraves have been most happily introduced. In the form of the altar-piece itself no change has been made. It is painted in imitation of Sienna marble; and the centre canopy is skillfully projected by the introduction of a piece of sky behind it. The altar itself is painted in imitation of lapis-lazuli. What deficiencies we could urge have their origin chiefly in the original construction of the chapel, and cannot properly be reckoned to Mr Hay's charge. He is, however, responsible for a slight error in not making the ribs more decidedly of an oaken colour, which would have given unity of character to the roof; and also for the glaring colour of the drapery above Vandyke's Entombment of Christ. The bright red curtain and yellow fringes quite kill the colour of that scientific and finely-felt painting, which has suffered enough already from the unfavourable light in which it is placed. But, on the whole, the decorations are such as to accord with the church's ritual, the splendour of which they are destined to enhance by their presence. *En passant*—is it not rather an anomaly that the altar should stand at the west end of the chapel?

**STATE OF CRIME IN FRANCE.**—A report on the administration of criminal justice in France has been published in the *Moniteur*. A condensed statement of the results may have an interest for some of our readers. The total number of persons accused before the courts of assize, in the year 1828, is 8172; being an increase upon the total, during the year 1827, of 467. This increase is confined to crimes affecting property; crimes against the person have diminished by 67. Of the persons accused, 7396 have been tried; 776 did not appear. Among those who were brought to trial, the proportion of males to females was as 19 to 100. It is estimated, that the proportion of those criminals who were totally destitute of education was three fifths of the whole: the proportion of uneducated females is somewhat greater than that of uneducated males. By dividing the accused into classes, according to the education they had received, it was found that, among such as could neither read nor write, 37 out of every hundred were acquitted; among such as had a middling education, 44 out of every hundred, and among such as had received a superior education, 65 out of every hundred. The number of persons tried before the tribunals of correctional police in 1828 was 172,300. This is an increase upon the number in 1827 of 1154. The increase is chiefly among the thieves; 116 prosecutions were at the instance of the Crown for transgressions of the laws of the press. There does not appear from these statements to be any increase of crime in France from the year 1827 to the year 1828, greater than may be satisfactorily accounted for by the oscillation in the exact quantity of crime in a nation from year to year, or by the greater activity of the legal authorities. By far the most important part of the document, in our estimation, is that which establishes the diminution of crime as we rise in the scale of education.

**FINE ARTS IN ITALY.**—We make the following extracts from a letter lately received from an Edinburgh artist of eminence, now in Italy.—“*Milan*—Went to the opera, and saw the *Gazza Ladra*. It is delightful, after being sickened with the melo-dramas of England, to witness the performance of an opera in a country where it is regarded as a work of art, and where the arrangements of the musical drama dare no more transgress the rules of harmony and melody, than a painting dare sin against those of perspective.—Visited the exhibition of modern paintings in the Palace of Arts. It contains a few good historical subjects; well composed, drawn, and coloured, but painted like all the modern pictures out of England—very deficient in richness and texture—sadly in want of Asphaltum and Megilp.

There are some very fine paintings here of the Venetian school. Leonardo da Vinci's Fresco of the Last Supper, would of itself reward a journey this length.—*Padua*—I am delighted with many of the pictures here; but chiefly with the frescoes by Giotto, Titian, and others—a style of painting which I never before had an opportunity of examining. I can now understand the raptures with which I have heard artists and amateurs speak of the works of Giotto, and which till now always appeared to me overstrained.—*Venice*—After anxiously examining and studying almost all the best works of the Venetian school, I find the manner of all of them approach more or less to that of fresco. Among the splendid Works by Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, in the possession of the Academy of the Fine Arts, there is one—the Miracle of St Mark—by the latter, which, for effect, power of light and shadow, composition and character, baffles all description. It appears to me to have been painted first in water colours, and afterwards glazed in oil, which method never fails to produce a transparency of colour, and quality of texture, impossible to get otherwise. The colouring is gorgeous—of a deep rich tone. The greater part of the figures are in shadow, or apparently so, from being opposed to a broad light in the back-ground. This is a general practice of the Venetian painters, and makes their figures tall at a distance. The ex-Ducal Palace contains a large picture by Titian, called, if I remember rightly, ‘Faith, St Mark,’ &c. Although very large, it is not long enough to fill up the space between the two doors of the hall where it is placed; and to make it fit, two pieces of canvass are joined to it, and painted in oil by some artist of a later date than Titian. The figures, colour, and composition, are extremely well imitated, yet not so well as to deceive the eye of a painter.”

**Theatrical Gossip.**—Drury Lane having been left half deserted in order that Covent Garden might be filled, has got into serious arrears. At a recent meeting of the Company, the principal performers agreed to lend the management 25 per cent of their salaries for ten weeks. It is hoped that things may thus go on till Christmas, when the Pantomime will probably replenish the treasury. There has been little novelty at either of the Theatres-Royal. A new piece by Mr Planché is in rehearsal at Drury Lane, in which, after a practice recently introduced at Vienna, a series of living tableaux will be represented, from celebrated paintings.—In an amusing trifle lately produced at the Adelphi, there is a mock-heroic incantation scene, in which the ingredients thrown into the cauldron are as follows:—1. The knave-buckle of a blackleg. 2. One of the balls of a pawnbroker's sign. 3. A bad sixpence taken at the gallery-door. 4. A lady's complexion lost in the heat of a ball-room. 5. The under-crust of a baker's ‘dead-man.’ 6. The conscience of an attorney.—The West London Theatre is about to be opened in considerable force by Mr Alexander Lee, Mr Percy Farren, and Mr Melrose.—The officers of the 70th Regiment stationed at Tipperary, have fitted up a Private Theatre, and are performing plays to all their friends.—De Bagnis has now, we believe, decided on visiting Edinburgh this season with an Italian company; he is at present at Liverpool, and Sigraa Blais is the *prima donna* of his corps.—Macready will make his appearance here next week.—We also hear that we are to have a visit from Miss Smithson.—A Christmas pantomime, we are informed, is in preparation, in which Taylor, the celebrated clown, will appear.—The name of the young gentleman who has performed *Sayak* twice with good approbation, is Hedderwick;—his father is a respectable printer in Glasgow.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Nov. 14.—Nov. 20.

SAT. *Marriage of Figaro, & The Youthful Queen.*  
MON. *Barber of Seville, & The Robber's Wife.*  
TUES. *Merchant of Venice, & The Youthful Queen.*  
WED. *The Maid of the Mill, & Do.*  
THURS. *The Haunted Tower, & Do.*  
FRI. *Mary, Queen of Scots, William Thompson, & The Robber's Wife.*

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

A NUMBER of interesting articles are still unavoidably postponed.—“*Letters from Paris, No. II.*” and “*A Song about Love,*” by the Ettrick Shepherd, in our next.

The “*Celtic Legend*” shall have an early place.—We have no desire to continue any farther correspondence with “*F. H.*”

The Verses by “*Andrew Mercer,*” of Inverkeithing, are much to our liking, and shall have a place at our best convenience.—The Lines by “*W.*” of Gainsborough, Yorkshire, are a little too redundant, but are highly poetical, and after some abridgments shall be inserted.—“*A Bachelor's Consolation*” is clever, and shall appear.—Our two fair Correspondents, “*Laura*” and “*Anna,*” are very delightful creatures, but they do not write *quite* such good poetry as we could wish.—The Verses by “*J. H.*” though pretty, hardly come up to our standard.—We are afraid we must say the same to “*Alpha*” of Glasgow.—“*J. C. A.*” of Paisley is not equal to “*Lorma*” in his Frenchification.—To “*A Winter's Song*” we can give only a cold answer.

[No. 54. November 21, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.

## STATUARY.

HEROIC GROUP OF THREE FIGURES.

## THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ROOMS

are now open for the Exhibition of a Group of

THREE COLOSSAL FIGURES,

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and representing *Ajax bearing the dead body of Patroclus, and combating a Trojan Warrior*.

Admittance, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s.—Open from 10 A. M. till dusk.

Edinburgh, 27th August, 1829.

## NEW BOOKS LATELY ADDED

TO

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

4 *Treatise on Poisons, in relation to Medical Jurisprudence, Physiology, and the Practice of Physic.* By Robert Christison, M.D. Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Police in the University of Edinburgh. One volume, 8vo, pp. 698. Edinburgh: Printed for Adam Black. 1829.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE has hitherto made slight progress in this country. There has been little encouragement held out to men of talent to devote themselves to its study. There is a proud, wilful, obstinate pride of common sense in the English character, that looks with resentment on the superior pretensions of science, and repulses, as insulting, its offers of assistance. No more deadly offence can be given to John Bull than to lay claim to better information than he possesses. The supercilious neglect with which he has hitherto listened to the arguments of the medical jurist in favour of the introduction of a more strict and satisfactory mode of collecting medical evidence, and in behalf of an efficient medical police, is quite in character. We are daily accustomed to hear it gravely impressed upon the minds of juries from the bench, "that this new thing called medical jurisprudence is no part of the law of the land;" we have almost daily instances that lawyers successfully resort to the trick of bringing forward some ignorant dolt whom good luck has furnished with the title of surgeon, to swear in the teeth of a scientific and widely-experienced investigator, and thus neutralize, to the satisfaction of an ignorant jury, the evidence of the latter; we cannot walk through a street of any city in the kingdom without having our eyes insulted by placards headed, "Medical Aid," and promising "the strictest honour and secrecy,"—glaring proofs of the inefficiency of a police which allows ignorant men, and of immoral character, to practise upon the shame, fears, and credulity of the lower orders, and commit murder by wholesale with impunity.

Among other inestimable blessings which we owe to this dignified apathy, not the least striking to one at all acquainted with Continental literature, is the miserably small share contributed by the experimentalists of Great Britain to the daily increasing stores of forensic medicine, when compared with what has been done in France and Germany. Hitherto we have been unable to reckon more than a stray pamphlet, an occasional article in a medical journal, and one or two institutional works, which are only adapted to teach the first rudiments of the science, not to diffuse an extended and practical knowledge. Dr Christison's volume is almost the first attempt among us to discuss the science independently, and in that detail which is requisite to exhaust the subject. The author has been long known in the Judiciary Court as a clear-headed and well-informed medical jurist; and he is still more widely known by his excellent and numerous contributions to the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. The work which we have now in hands fully equals what our previous knowledge of his talents had led us to expect. As the subject is of such vital import-

ance to all, our readers will scarcely object to our entering into a pretty detailed analysis of the contents of this book.

The action of poison is sometimes confined to the part of the body to which it is applied, and sometimes it extends to distant organs; in other words, it is sometimes merely local, sometimes remote. The local effects of poisons are of three kinds. Sometimes they decompose chemically, or corrode the part to which they are applied; sometimes they inflame or irritate the part to which they are applied; and sometimes they merely produce a peculiar impression on the sentient extremities of the nerves, unaccompanied by any visible change of structure. The manner in which the influence of poisons is conveyed from one organ to another, seems to be, in some instances, sympathetic, in others, by absorption. The discoveries of Majendie on venous absorption, and the frequent disappearance of poisons during life from the shut cavities in which they have been enclosed, have rendered it a favourite doctrine that most of them act through the blood. Dr Christison holds it to be an erroneous opinion, that poisons affect remotely the general system. He admits that a few of them, and, in particular, arsenic and mercury, appear to affect most of the organs in the body, but maintains that by far the greater proportion seem to act on one or more organs only. Some of them act chiefly, if not solely, on the heart; others on the lungs; a great number on the brain, and a few on the spinal cord.

The action of poisons may be modified, both in degree and kind, from a variety of circumstances. Dr Christison enumerates as the principal:—1. *Quantity*. Not only are the effects of a poison administered in large doses more rapid; they are frequently quite altered in kind. 2. *State of Aggregation*. Poisons act more energetically the more they are subdivided,—and hence, most energetically in solution, or when reduced to a state of vapour. Differences in aggregation have been known to affect the kind, as well as degree, of action. 3. *State of chemical combination*. "Poisons which only act locally, have their action much impaired, or even neutralised, in their chemical combinations: the action of poisons which operate by entering the blood, although it may be somewhat lessened, cannot be destroyed or altered in their chemical combinations." 4. *Mixture*. The effect of mixture depends partly on the poisons being diluted; partly on the mere mechanical impediment thrown between the poison and the animal membranes. 5. *Difference of tissue in the parts to which the poison is applied*. The variations having their origin in this source, depend chiefly on the relative quickness with which the absorption goes on, but not always. Some poisons which cause death when applied to a wound in small quantities, may be swallowed in large doses with impunity. Others are merely diminished in activity; and in some, it matters little to what textures they are applied. It is worthy of notice, that mineral poisons are the least, and animal poisons the most, affected by difference of tissue; while vegetable poisons hold a middle place. 6. *Difference of Organ*. The differences hence arising may in general be referred to difference of tissue, but not always. 7. *Habit and Idiosyncrasy*.

*crasy*. The tendency of the latter is to increase the activity of poisons, and even to render some substances deleterious, which to the greater number of persons are harmless. Such an idiosyncrasy may even be acquired. On the contrary, the tendency of habit is, with a few exceptions, to lessen the energy of poisons.

The classification of poisons is rather a difficult subject. Dr Christison has preferred classing them according to the symptoms they induce on man. He allows this method to be unsatisfactory, and only adopts it as the least deficient. According to him, all poisons may be arranged under one of three great divisions:—1st, The Irritants, including all whose sole or predominating symptoms are those of irritation or inflammation; 2d, The Narcotics, which produce stupor, delirium, and other affections of the brain and nervous system; 3d, The Narcotico-Acrids, which produce sometimes irritation, sometimes narcotism, sometimes both together. The first class comprehends the mineral acids, the fixed alkalies, the poisonous metallic compounds, some of the earths, the vegetable acrids, cantharides, the venom of serpents, poisonous fish, and diseased and decayed animal matter: The second, opium, hyoscyamus, lactuca, salanum, hydrocyanic acid, and the poisonous gases: The third, nightshade, thorn-apple, and tobacco; hemlock, and some other umbelliferous plants; monkshood; cocculus indicus, poisonous grain, and poisonous fungi.

The results yielded by the study of poisons, as tending to throw light on physiology and the practice of physic, have hitherto been such as to encourage further research, rather than such as can be said to have added materially to our knowledge in these two branches of study. Although they hold out fair hopes to the physician of the future discovery of new and more efficacious remedies and modes of treatment, it would be worse than madness to act as yet upon the immature researches of the toxicologist. Their bearing upon the science of jurisprudence is more immediate and practical; and to this subject, therefore, we must dedicate a few remarks, notwithstanding the length to which this article has already run.

Medical knowledge is important to the lawyer and to the legislator, in two distinct points of view. To the former, it is chiefly necessary in discussing the evidence for the commission or non-commission of a crime: to the latter, in enacting sound police regulations. With regard to the former, we may remark, that in criminal cases of poisoning, the enquiry resolves itself (as in all criminal investigations) into two great questions:—First, the reality of the death by poison; and, second, whether it has happened through malicious intention or accidentally, and by whose instrumentality. In the first question, the opinion of the medical man gives the law to the jury. His declaration, that death has been caused by poison, ought to preclude all further enquiry into the fact. It stands in the same relation as the opinion of an architect, to whom it has been remitted to report on the state of a building. This view of the matter shows at once the loose and unsatisfactory nature of the mode at present adopted in taking this part of the medical evidence. The crown counsel employ a medical man, and proceed upon his opinion; the counsel for the prisoner bring forward another to contradict him;—the bench and the jury, between this conflicting testimony, know not what to think. It is the throw of a die whether the innocent shall suffer or the guilty escape. Now it really seems to us, that the remedy is as simple as the defect in our judicial institutions is notorious. The precognitions, which, in Scotland, always precede the judicial investigation, are taken by the sheriff. Let a competent medical officer be attached to each sheriff court for the purpose of conducting such preliminary investigations as the one alluded to, and let his report be final. In the second part of the enquiry—the question, namely, of intentional or accidental death, and the ascertaining of the criminal—the medical witness descends, of course, to the level of any other, and

his testimony must be judged of by the rules recognised by the court. The office of a medical police is, to superintend the cleanliness of cities—the character of the food exposed in the markets—the supplies of water—the locality and structure of manufactories, which, in their process, evolve noxious exhalations—and the qualifications of medical practitioners. All these matters are left in this country to chance; and we believe it is now the only country in Europe where this is the case. A medical officer, such as we have suggested in the case of the sheriff courts, might extend his activity with great benefit in this direction. This is sufficiently established by a number of interesting facts stated in the course of Dr Christison's book, for which we refer the reader (among other passages) to the chapter on "Lead," and that on "Decayed and Diseased Animal Matter."

It only remains that we address a few suggestions to Dr Christison. His book is professedly practical, and he, on this account, declines treating of any but the more common poisons. We are inclined to think, that a satisfactory work upon toxicology can only be produced upon the exhaustive plan, and that much light, even in what regards the practice of this country, may be obtained from comparative views of the working of foreign poisons, or of those known here under the influence of a different climate. We could also have wished that Dr Christison had given a *catalogue raisonné* of the principal Continental works which he has quoted. This would have had the double advantage of introducing his reader to a branch of medical literature which is too little cultivated among us, and at the same time of enabling him to judge of the value of any particular experiment, which must always be influenced by the accuracy of the operator and the credibility of the reporter. We make these suggestions for the benefit of Dr Christison's second edition, which, considering the valuable nature of his work, we doubt not will soon be called for.

*Oliver Cromwell, a Poem, in Three Books.* Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829. Pp. 200.

THIS work is, we believe, from the pen of Mr Dunlop of Greenock. On the whole, we look upon the preface as the best part of it. The author is a much better prose writer than a poet. The preface extends to twenty-two closely-printed pages, and contains an able and vigorous defence of Oliver Cromwell. We have no intention to enter into the merits of the question; but we profess ourselves to be "neutral and candid," and to such Mr Dunlop is of opinion that "it may be incontestably shown, that disinterested patriotism, in the most moderate degree, required decisive hostility to the King's measures; that Cromwell, as well as others, acted from honest principle in this respect, and had but too cogent reasons to rouse them; that he fairly proceeded from one step of power to another, by the natural progress of events, without being liable to the imputation of remarkable and criminal ambition; that the chief magistracy of Great Britain was entailed on him by motives of self-preservation, by the regard which is due to the protection of inestimable religious privileges, and in general by the incidence of things, which, perhaps, he himself could not in one sense counteract; and that his reign, considering the untoward circumstances of it, presents nothing for which to load his memory with reproach." With so much admiration of his hero, it was natural to expect that our author would have devoted the main body of his book to a clear elucidation of his character and actions; and the name of "Oliver Cromwell," which he has prefixed to his poem, certainly led us to conclude that we should find it dedicated to his service. This is not the case. The plan of the poem is as follows:—It is written in blank verse, and introduces us to Cromwell and his daughter, Mrs Claypole, between whom a poetical dialogue is sustained

throughout. But, instead of talking of their own affairs, in which the reader might have been somewhat interested, they scarcely say a word concerning them, except at the commencement of the first Book, and at the conclusion of the third. They converse rather "*de omnibus negotiis et quibusdam aliis*." In the "Argument" to the first Book, we find such references as these,— "Description of Britain, prior to the coming of Christianity,"—"Its Introduction,"—"Account of Icolmkill,"—"Scotland and Ireland Christianised,"—"History of Oswald, King of Northumberland." In the "Argument" to the second Book we have,— "Advance of Popery over Great Britain in the seventh and eighth centuries,"—"Allusion to Cyprian, Augustine, and the pristine hermits,"—"Transubstantiation admitted—Good Works—Indulgences,"—"The practicability of man's discovering and preserving a knowledge of the Divine Character in his own strength,"—"General Account of the Church of Rome,"—"The Culdees,"—"Sketch of Gospel truth,"—"Original Sin," &c. &c. What connexion all this and much more has with Oliver Cromwell, we do not undertake to explain. All that we can state is, that instead of being political or historical, the poem is, to all intents and purposes, strictly theological, and, with a few omissions, might have been called "Nicodemus," or "Edward Irving," with as much propriety as "Oliver Cromwell."

But as to the merits of the poetry,—what of them? Our opinion is, that Mr Dunlop is a sensible and well-informed man, but not exactly cut out for a poet. His style, which is founded upon Milton, (*heu! quando intervallo!*) is terribly laboured, pompous, and inverted, forming, in these respects, a striking contrast to his prose composition, which is distinct and vigorous. Take an example or two of what we call very hard and costive attempts at versification. We think the following passages nearly as dry reading as any of Euclid's propositions:—

"A maxim 'tis of ages, who explore,  
With lucky search, the elements of things,  
That in the haughty art of governance,  
In arbitrating penalty and pain,  
Displeasure moved against the general good  
Reward should meet, adjusted to the hurt  
And detriment the commonwealth endures:  
Although the moral stain and guilt perchance  
Of popular and non-offending treason,  
Might be e'er gone by a more private sin;  
Treason, the vasty basis of the state  
Endangering, her loud alarm is just,  
And parrying retribution perilous."

"The bark that swims unpiloted, may glide  
And roll in circling voyage in advance.  
Where wind or tide her worthless range impels;  
But to attain the distant mark reserved,  
And find the transatlantic beacon sure  
Athwart th' illimitable breadth of foam,  
All obstacle of air and sea hathless,  
The pressure of the potent lath demands  
Against the tugging wave, and force oblique  
Of blanched sheet, bound faithful to the breeze."

"Urged by primeval custom, nations all  
Their scrupling spirits have assuag'd, when ground  
With deadly sin, and substituted blood,  
That wrath to quench, that was suspect to chafe  
And canker in the vengeance-brewing spheres;  
Yet deviate from the true original,  
Into idolatrous and perverse rites,  
They sacrificed in vain."

"Complete beyond compare, the tangled web  
And traversed intertexture of our fate;  
And unexpress'd, the involutions strange  
Of our polemic broll of swords and words.  
None can array the plastic polity  
That summon'd into being all the play  
Of clashing wits, and stern colliding jar  
Of mind confronting mind, in conflict new:  
Where old sedate opinion did not crouch,  
As want, in cloister'd abbacies and halls,  
But issued on the stage of human life  
Unparalleled in sequence and impact."

These specimens convey a fair notion of Mr Dunlop's general style; and we therefore do not hesitate to say, that he must either alter it entirely, or cease to make any farther attempts at the production of poetry. That he might improve we consider likely, from the circumstance of there being several passages in his book of a much higher order than those to which we have referred; and as we are ever anxious to do justice to all men, we have pleasure in selecting one of these for our readers' approbation:—

## CROMWELL'S DREAM.

"As if in dreams and visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falls on man, methought I saw  
An ancient city's strengthen'd bounds within,  
A lofty scaffold, clothed in doleful black,  
Amid a close-wedged multitude uprear'd,  
For consequence of stern judicial doom.  
Stood round the scene of death th' engines of fate;  
Sad expectation bent itself unmoved,  
And breathless waiting still'd the living mass,  
That on a secret portal strain'd their sight;  
From whose recess they long did hope and watch  
For spectacle to feast their mourning eyes;  
And rest and silence for a space prevail'd.

Sudden throughout the crowd a murmur rose  
Like sound of zephyr in the tops of trees;  
And to the view of all men issued one  
From the high dome, majestic and slow,  
In sable clad: whose now defenceless head  
Aforetime graced a golden diadem,  
And royal hands a rod of empire away'd.  
But now disrown'd, and from his throne descent,  
He stoop'd unweapon'd, 'mid the iron tread  
And guard of a closed watch of steel-clad men,  
And stern officials of vindictive law,  
All refuge fail'd him: to the cruel stroke  
Of hate and ruthless judgment was he doom'd.  
Seemly decorum reign'd, befitting well  
His calm and lofty mien; while Jewell'd words  
From his lips dropt, as with upraised hands  
He bless'd his liegemen with a father's love.  
Alas! he had a most forgiving eye  
To all, save one. And, 'mid the weeping throng,  
He angled me, methought, with such a look  
As dying Abel to his brother sent;  
And witness'd that I had not shelter'd him  
In destiny's obscure and cloudy day;  
Like the prophetic voice of ancient seers,  
His words stuck as an arrow in my veins.  
Then stooping solemn, he pronounced a prayer,  
And reverently inclined him on the block;  
Till gilded an ill-favour'd one behind,  
Vizard'd in crape, like a foul hidden fiend,  
Or delegate of darkness, to fulfil  
The frenzied inquisition of the state;  
And from the breathing corse sever'd the head,  
Dextrous, and swift from every eye withdrew,  
Nor e'er in England's realm was seen again.  
The people spake not; and the welkin lov'd'd.  
My soul to this dark tragedy was chain'd,  
When straight a force invisible me caught,  
And ferried swiftly from the bloody scene  
To distant coasts remote; yet still invades  
Fierce and upbraiding wall throughout the land.  
Men's hearts did fall for shed of royal blood;  
And women, judging, from the throeing, earth  
Was near her end, convulsed and died aghast.  
And ever, 'mid the sad and moaning winds,  
His stilly voice enter'd my very heart."—Pp. 10-12.

The following lines are also poetical and good. Mrs Claypole speaks:—

"My loving father! many years have sped  
Over thy head, and now they trace behind,  
And leave some notice as they fleet away:  
Silver upon thy temples here and there—  
Thy hand is sinewy, and autumn's tints  
O'erflush thy season with admired decay.  
Thine eye is freighted with a nation's cares,  
And thou dost question with ascendancy,  
And speakest to be heard o'er land and sea,  
And France gives earnest heed, and guilty Spain.

Lofty thy port 'mong coronets and swords,  
And a star'd peerage gives obsequence to thee.  
But I have known thee in the private vale;  
Sisters and brothers have I kiss'd and loved;  
In childhood's happy bloom: we greeted thee,  
Our sire endear'd, and sang at thy approach."

Pp. 31-2.

On the whole, we do not rise from the perusal of this book with any feeling of disrespect to its author, but simply with a consciousness that he has misapplied his talents in seeking to clothe his thoughts in a poetical dress.

*Principles of the Law of Scotland for the Use of Students in the University of Edinburgh.* By George Joseph Bell, Esq. Pp. 622. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1829.

It was high time that an institutional work on the law of Scotland, suited to its present advanced state, should appear. Since the publication of Lord Stair's Institutes, and even the later work of Mr Erskine, the form of our law has undergone an extensive change—many branches have become obsolete, or sunk into comparative insignificance, which formerly occupied almost the exclusive attention of the courts, and the extension of our commerce has introduced new and complex relations into society, which could not be contemplated in older works.

We have a high opinion of the talents and acquirements of many of our present lawyers as practitioners, but we must make bold to say, that our law literature is at this moment very deficient. There are but few modern books on Scotch Law that rise above mediocrity. The fault seems not to lie so much in the deficiency of the authors, as in the general intellectual character of the age. We are now-a-days, in all professions, prodigiously learned, and versant in the most profound investigations—but there is a mistiness about all our knowledge. We know every thing, and we can argue most plausibly on abstract principles; but when kept close to details, we are generally found deficient in distinctness and mastery over the subject. This, with all due deference to the gentlemen of the long robe, is peculiarly striking in their case. Set them upon the track of a question of abstract right—the metaphysics of the law—and you are sure of receiving most luminous and eloquent disquisitions; but bring them to investigate its practical principles, and you find them at fault alike in clear views of established doctrines, and their application to special cases. How different is it with Stair, and some others of our older writers! There is scarcely a schoolboy now alive who could not demonstrate the shallowness of their metaphysics; but when they come to elucidate a legal doctrine, or show its application, their reasoning is like a problem in Euclid.

Mr Bell is by no means free from this defect of his age; on the contrary, we could cull from his writings as striking exemplifications of it, as from those of any writer we know. There is a vagueness about his style that not unfrequently renders it somewhat difficult to see his drift. To compensate for this, however, he has—what most of his contemporaries want—a comprehensive and systematic knowledge of his subject. His commentaries on the mercantile law of Scotland are not only the best that we possess—they are in reality the first, and, as yet, the only treatise on the subject. Mr Bell, therefore, has the honour of being the first who has given to the world a complete and methodised system of what has now become the most important branch of our municipal law. Nor have his labours been confined to mere theoretical investigations. He has taken an active and influential part in the modifications which have been introduced of late years in the forms and proceedings of our courts of law; and for doing justice to his last work—that which now lies before us—he has been prepared, by the expe-

rience afforded by a discharge of some years' standing of the duties of Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh.

Mr Bell has, with great propriety, rejected in his *Principles* the arrangement of Erskine, which is a singularly infelicitous attempt to class the doctrines of the Scottish law according to the division of the Roman jurists, without understanding the principles upon which that division proceeded. Our author's arrangement coincides in the main with that of Lord Stair, with some modifications, however, which the altered state of the law has rendered indispensable. Provided a systematic arrangement admits of the subject being exhausted within its limits, we are not very nice about the precise order in which the different divisions follow each other, being well aware that the very best method must leave some parts which can only be distinctly understood after we have mastered the whole. We refrain, therefore, from some objections we felt inclined to urge to Mr B.'s order; in particular, to his treating of the doctrine of obligations prior to that of property. We cannot, however, omit to suggest one improvement, which we find generally adopted by the institutional writers of Germany. It is to discuss, in a preliminary part, the simple doctrines of property, obligations, and persons; and afterwards the more complicated subjects of property as affected by feudal relations, rights and responsibilities arising from partnership, insurance, bankruptcy, and the like, which uniformly involve more than one of the simple doctrines.

As to the execution of the work, it is every thing we could wish, and calculated to be of use to the practitioner as well as the mere student. The doctrines are simply and lucidly stated; and a list of reported decisions and other authorities annexed to each, which may be consulted for its argumentative treatment. A copious index is added—an indispensable part of every systematic law book—prepared, we understand, by the indefatigable Mr Cosmo Ferguson, the compiler of the very excellent indices attached to Mr Bell's Commentaries, and Mr Ivory's edition of the larger Erskine.

In conclusion, we have to add two things. In the first place, there are one or two works which deserve to be excluded from the sweeping censure pronounced in the beginning of this article; especially Mr Robert Thomson's *Treatise on Bills of Exchange*, Mr Brown's on the *Law of Sale*, and we might have added, Mr Ferguson's *Consistorial Law*, had not that gentleman tired of his work in the middle, and patched up the latter part rather slovenly. Secondly, we flatter ourselves that this article itself is rather a successful specimen of the style of writing we have been condemning.

*Studies in Natural History; exhibiting a popular View of the most Striking and Interesting Objects of the Material World.* Illustrated by ten Engravings. By William Rhind. Edinburgh. Oliver & Boyd. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 247.

This is a book excellently calculated for the ingenious mind of youth. It contains little that is new, and nothing that is profound; but its materials are lucidly arranged, and its thoughts are prettily expressed. The views which it presents of the great system and operations of Nature, whether in their general or minuter features, cannot fail to lead to pure and lofty conceptions, and will at once strengthen the judgment and refine the heart. As to the praise due to Mr Rhind—though the work is one which will always be read with pleasure and edification—we think it right to state, that it is more a tasteful compilation than an effort indicative of much originality of talent; and is unquestionably more of an elementary than a scientific kind. Such works, however, can never cease amuse; and we are always glad to see men springing up among us capable of doing justice to so noble a subject,

and of clothing it in those attractive colours which naturally belong to it. One or two specimens of Mr Rhind's style will be enough to show that he enters *con amore* into the task he has undertaken, and that it is well suited to his peculiar genius. From his first section we extract the following pleasing passage on

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF NATURE.

"Nature has charms even for the most uninitiated. The green fields and the waving woods, the playful motions of happy animals, the wheeling flights of birds, the buoyant air filled with innumerable insects on glittering wing, the fleeces of white clouds rolling their fantastic lengths along the blue sky, are all capable of imparting a simple pleasure to the mind. But a knowledge of the various operations of Nature is calculated to heighten this pleasure of contemplation in a tenfold degree, and enables one to perceive delicate beauties and nice adaptations, before unheeded or unthought of. A philosophical poet has very beautifully remarked, that the sight of the rainbow never gave him so much pleasure as when he first was able to understand the principles on which it was formed, when he viewed it not only as the 'arch sublime' spanning the heavens, but as a curious and beautiful illustration of the rays of light, decomposed into their various constituent colours, by the natural prism of the globes of rain from the dropping cloud. The landscape-painter looks with additional delight on a beautiful scene, because he can enter into the perception of the mellowing of tints, the disposition of light and shade, and the receding perspective of the relative objects.

"The appearance of the silky-like haze rising from the ocean, floating about on the surface of the deep, and hence ascending in clouds of various shapes and hues, and sailing along the sky, and lighted up or darkened as they pass and re-pass the sun, is a sight of beauty and splendour calculated to please and amuse the eye; but when we know that this appearance from the deep is a species of distillation going on—that a portion of the pure water of the ocean is taken up by the atmosphere, carried along by the winds, and descends upon the face of the soil in refreshing showers, giving life and sustenance to the animal and vegetable world,—to our feelings of pleasure are superadded those of wonder, delight, and gratitude.

"It is the same with the botanist, the mineralogist, and the investigator of animal life. A tree is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful objects in nature; the massive strength of the trunk, the graceful tortuosity of the branches, and the beautiful and variegated green of the leaves, are all so many sources of pleasure to the beholder. But when we think on the series of fibres and tubes by which this tree for ages, perhaps, has drawn nourishment from the earth, and by a process of assimilation, added circle after circle of woody matter round the original stem, till it has acquired its present enormous bulk,—when we reflect on the curious mechanism of the leaves, by which, like the lungs of an animal, they decompose the air of the atmosphere, selecting through the day what part of it is fit to enter into the composition of the tree, and giving out at night a different species of air,—when we think of the sap passing up the small series of tubes during summer, and these tubes again remaining dormant and inactive throughout the long winter,—these reflections awaken a train of ideas in the mind more lasting and more intense than even the first vivid impressions of simple beauty.

"The untutored imagination may have a vague pleasure from the contemplation of meteors and tornadoes, of flaming comets or darkening eclipses, as the foreboders of important events, or the precursors of national calamities,—the wild savage may listen to the hollow voice of the coming storm, the shrieking spirit from the mountain, his good or evil genius, or the strange cries of unknown birds and animals, with an excited awe and delirious tremor,—but to the enlightened enquirer into nature there are pleasures no less intense, and grounded on a more rational, permanent, and ennobling basis. His admiration is no less great, as he looks on the vast and striking revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and the imposing phenomena by which they are accompanied, because he scans the laws by which they are upheld and regulated; and when he turns to the worlds of animated existence, descending to the minutest points he has a field opened to his view of accurate adaptation, and most curious and elaborate construction, the investigation of which is calculated to excite the highest feelings of admiration.

"Instead, therefore, of being filled with perturbed no-

tions of the power, and wrath, and caprice of an unseen—unknown Divinity, the patient enquirer into nature will find displayed before him a beautiful system of order, regularity, and mutual harmony,—the consummate arrangement of an all-powerful, benignant, and merciful God."—Pp. 12—6.

Mr Rhind rarely deviates, in the course of his work, into any speculations of his own, but contents himself with condensing the materials supplied by others. In one instance, however, he offers his own theory upon rather an interesting subject, and we think there is much good sense in it. It is well known that pure air is transparent and colourless, and the reason, therefore, why the atmosphere should have a blue tinge has given rise to some discussion. It is attributed, by one party, to reflection from thin vapours contained in it; and by another, to refraction, the blue rays being supposed to find a less easy transmission through the air than the other coloured rays. Upon this subject, Mr Rhind remarks—

"The above are the generally-received explanations of the blue colour of the atmosphere. If I might hazard my opinion of the cause of this appearance, it would be the following:—As the atmosphere extends upwards, its density becomes gradually less and less, and of course its power of reflecting the sun's rays in like proportion diminishes, till at last, at the extremest verge where it terminates, there is no reflection at all—a total darkness. The extreme strata then being most rarified, has the least power of reflecting the rays of light; and the light thus reflected is of a bluish tint, or consists principally of the blue rays. In this manner, a dark brown mountain, whose surface has small reflective capabilities, when seen at a distance has a deep blue appearance, exactly similar to the atmosphere. It cannot be the medium of the air through which it is seen that renders it of this colour; for if part of the mountain be covered with snow, which has strong reflective powers, this snow is still seen of a pure white colour. It has been ascertained, too, that the atmosphere, when seen from the top of a very high mountain, has a deep blue tint, approaching to black, and this tint becomes deeper the higher up you ascend. It may be observed also, that the centre of the atmosphere, looking perpendicularly upwards, always appears of a deep blue colour, which gradually passes to a whiter appearance towards the extreme verge of the horizon, or in the lower strata next the earth. Here most dense air is accumulated, and here the reflection is most perfect, or nearest approaching to white light; whereas, perpendicularly overhead, the rays of light pass through less of this air, the reflection is fainter, and hence the deep blue colour."—Pp. 45-6.

We have room for only one other short extract. It is upon

THE SOUNDS MADE BY INSECTS.—"The last thing we shall notice is, the various sounds produced by insects—those diversified sounds which are so often heard, and which so enliven the animated creation. Perhaps the uninitiated will be astonished to hear, that the shrill clarion of the bee, the hollow buzz of the dor-beetle, the chirping of the cricket, and the merry voice of the grasshopper, are none of them produced from the mouth of the respective insects. Indeed, no insects have the power of producing sound by the mouth; they do not breathe through the mouth, and consequently can have no power of producing sounds by that organ. The sounds are produced either by the quick vibration of the wings, or by beating on their own bodies or other hard substances with their mandibles, or their feet. The sound of the bee is produced by the vibration of its wings in the air. The cricket, when it is disposed to be merry, beats time with its mandibles against its head and horny sides, in the same manner as a human being, when in good spirits or idle, drums with his fingers on the table. There is a sound which has often struck terror into the souls of the superstitious, and which is frequently heard behind the ceiling, called the death-watch. This has been ascertained to be caused by a small species of wood-beetle, and most probably in the same way as the cricket produces its sound, by beating with its feet on the wood."

We can safely recommend this work as one which combines a fine tone of morality with much practical and useful information.

*Peace in Believing. A Memoir of Isabella Campbell of Fernicurry, Rosneath. Greenock. R. B. Lusk. 1829.*

THIS is the history of a life and conversion naturally arising out of the circumstances stated in the few first pages. Given, a young female of a consumptive habit, living out of society, and having her attention directed to religious matters; the corollary of which, of course, is the terrors, the visions, the raptures, the longings, the assurances, which necessarily follow. Generally speaking, it is not worth while to take notice of this class of publications, even for the purpose of exposing them; for they carry with them, in their absurdity, a sure antidote to any evil effect on well-regulated minds, and the weak zealots to whose feelings they are, for the most part, addressed, may be fairly supposed beyond the influence of rational criticism. But we have been moved by two considerations to deviate a little from this rule in regard to the "Memoir of Isabella Campbell." First, it is not the work of some evangelical sister, or itinerant gleaner of conversions, the usual biographers of such subjects; but written by a parish minister of our Church, whose office and station may be presumed to give some importance to what he has thought fit to publish, with the avowed intention of doing good. And secondly, we esteem it a sort of duty to that portion of the public over which our influence may in any way extend, to expose, once for all, by some remarks on a particular specimen, a species of trash with which the country is at present pestered, more, we believe, than at any former period since the first rise of Methodism.

The success of modern conversions, all of which proceed upon the same principles, depends solely upon the presence of a particular temperament. As surely as the physician knows the constitutional complaint, so surely does the most ordinary observer know the religious malady with which it so often stands connected—by its infallible *diagnosis*. Terror is commonly the first stage. Accordingly, our poor convert, Isabella, is distressed by doubts of her election, by temptations to blasphemy, by the dread of having committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Then, as usual, she is suddenly relieved by a book, an impulse, a text, and a sermon, and the work of conversion is begun. At this point commence those joyful experiences, those flights of the soul, those rapt illuminations, that give their highest and most peculiar colouring to the pages of evangelical biography. "At times," says Isabella, "such a flood of glory rushed upon me, that, had it continued, I felt this frail body could not have endured—I must have died."

One of the most noted effects of enthusiasm is that perpetual use of daring and familiar language, founded on gross notions of divine things, to which, next to profane levity itself, a sound mind has the most shuddering repugnance. Take, for example, such phrases as these, which are thickly scattered throughout the book before us: "Lord, hold thine hand, or increase my capaciousness,"—"She had found much comfort in being able to put a blank into God's hand in all her temporal concerns,"—"O, for rapacious appetites to eat continually of this manna!"—"How am I lost, lost, drowned in thee!" Akin to this, is the fondness of those good people for connecting their illuminations with outward circumstances, some of them homely enough. Thus, for example, our heroine's sister—a convert, too—says, "Just when I was sweeping the floor, a few days ago, the words of David came with great clearness to my mind." Ordinary occurrences, too, are often represented as if they were direct and uncommon interpositions of Providence, and distinguished by suitable expressions of rapture.

\* We should like to know whether it is to be inferred from this, that sweeping the floor has any thing to do with a clearer insight into the sense of inspiration?

Isabella's cough is better—"O, what a miracle! am I in the land of the living!" She receives a letter from a friend—"I could not help considering it as an answer to my prayers; I could not help being overwhelmed with a sense of the Lord's goodness." She makes the acquaintance of a pious sister—"Our meeting is a wonderful manifestation of the tenderness of our God." She is visited by a wandering evangelist—"O, all this goodness is insupportable!" These converts, moreover, always affect an incredible and unattainable indifference to suffering, but Isabella went even farther than this—"She was not satisfied as to the entireness of her resignation to the divine will, unless *consciously thankful* for every pang that thrilled through her frame." This was surely the *æ plus ultra* of thankfulness.

Our converts have mighty notions of what they can and ought to do in the conversion of others. "Often, during the night, she would say to her sister, 'Arioso, dear, and pray; it does not do for you to take rest all night when immortal souls are perishing around you. I have been pleading for hours, and do not feel much weakened.'" It was no doubt very proper for Miss Campbell to pray, but if she exerted her gift for us, as it appears she did for a certain "Mr —," we should rather decline the compliment. "I cannot tell you," she says, "how much I am indebted to our friend for bringing Mr — here, for I have had such unutterable pleasure in praying for him. O, that the great Head of the Church would magnify his glory, by making him do and suffer much, for his name's sake." This gentleman, who, we presume, is no other than the great Apostle of the Faith of Assurance in the West, is no doubt anxious to suffer. Modern converts, in ceasing—very properly—to rely on morality for salvation, appear sometimes—not so properly—to make wild work with moral distinctions. "Yes," says our author, "though many do not think it, the best moral character that ever trode the world, and the man who is a pest to society, are *alike* the children of wrath." And we might quote still stronger declarations of the same kind from pages 20 and 59. Does the reverend biographer think that naked and startling assertions like these, supposing them to receive some apparent countenance from a refinement in orthodoxy, are calculated to serve the interests of practical religion in the world?

But that which most strongly characterises the class of believers to which the heroine of this book belongs, is the assurance of their personal salvation. Indeed, the scope and tendency of the work is manifestly to hold up this as the life of religion, as the distinguishing evidence of a true Christian character. It may be known to many of our readers, that certain high-flown opinions on this subject (opinions which, to prevent misconception, we must say distinctly, receive no regular countenance from either of the parties into which our church is divided) have been recently maintained by one or two zealous ministers in a Western presbytery, and are alleged to have produced extraordinary effects in the way of religious revival and conversion. Isabella Campbell appears to have been one of the first fruits of this pious work, and her biographer is naturally anxious to obtain, for his peculiar views, all the support which the example of so fair and attractive a character was likely to give them. It is not our intention to trouble our readers at length with the ravings of an enthusiastic girl, on the subject of her own assumed salvation, and that even of certain of her neighbours, whom she expressly distinguishes. Such as are curious to see the whole amount of her extravagance on this point, we simply refer to the following pages of the book: 129, 276, 278, 462, 463, 180, 247, and 307. We could easily prove (Indeed, we had prepared ourselves to do so, but our limits forbid so long an investigation as this would require) that this fair convert's views of assurance are opposed to the standards of our Presbyterian Church. Suffice it to say, that, contrary to the prevailing scope of the book, our Confession and Catechism are

agreed, that Assurance is not of the *essence* of Faith; and while it must be admitted that they allow a high degree of assurance in some Christians, they take care to connect this with such extreme qualifications of faith and holiness, as must always keep a modest spirit on the safe side of reserve, and as leave the assured fully chargeable with all the responsibility of fixing their religious attainments at that high estimate which alone can warrant their confidence.†

In conclusion, we have only to add, that the Reverend Mr Story, the editor of this work, might, we think, have employed his influence more usefully in correcting than in heightening, and, in so far as her example was likely to produce any effect, in qualifying than in recording, the enthusiasm of a character which appears, in many respects, to have been amiable and promising.

To our religious readers, our remarks will, we trust, stand sufficiently vindicated by the spirit in which they are written; inasmuch as they have been dictated wholly by an honest regard for the interests of pure, and rational, and *evangelical* truth.

*The Comic Annual.* By T. Hood, Esq. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1830. 12mo, pp. 174.

We cannot at present enter into any detailed account of this liveliest of all the *Annals*; but we shall make two extracts as a specimen of its literary contents. The first is a prose sketch, entitled

#### DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

"I was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man, who, being pressed to serve his Majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding to the gang as a good ground of exemption! but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up; and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as 'Quite a gentleman.' The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Lower ditto of the parish of St M<sup>ary</sup>, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the ballot. At sight of the order, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision, which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—except in case of an invasion. In vain I represented that we were 'locals'; they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to 'serve myself';—but they answered, 'twas so much the harder, I should be obliged to serve any one else.' My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Ramsgate, the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered 'the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in transports.' I told them that, at the very worst, if I should be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would, believe in those 'Returns of the killed and wounded.' The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could

recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rain-bow, of party-coloured ribands in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, 'Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?' The poor sergeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions, he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he asserted me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6,—in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or 'under the standard.' The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace; that a civil war, or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face. Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport:—'That I considered myself drawn; and expected, therefore, to be well *quartered*.' That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen 'to be mustered;' but that if his Majesty did 'call me out,' I hoped I should 'give him satisfaction.' The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-office Seal, and superscribed 'Henry Hardinge;' by which I was officially absolved from serving on horse, or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter. And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied*."

We shall also present our readers with a humorous poem, called

#### NUMBER ONE.

"It's very hard! and so it is,  
To live in such a row,  
And witness this, that every Miss  
But me has got a beau.  
For Love goes calling up and down,  
But here he seems to shun:  
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough  
To call at Number One!

"I'm sick of all the double knocks  
That come to Number Four!  
At Number Three I often see  
A lover at the door;  
And one in blue, at Number Two,  
Calls daily like a dun,—  
It's very hard they come so near,  
And not at Number One!

"Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear  
Exactly to her mind,  
By sitting at the window pane  
Without a bit of blind;  
But I go in the balcony,  
Which she has never done,  
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five  
Don't take at Number One!

"'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,  
And plenty passing by,—  
There's nice young men at Number Ten,  
But only rather shy;  
And Mrs Smith across the way  
Has got a grown-up son,  
But is! he hardly seems to know  
There is a Number One!

\* Confession of Faith, chap. xviii. sect. 3; Larger Catechism, quest. 81.

† Confession, chap. xvi. sect. 2.

"There's Mr Wick at Number Nine,  
But he's intent on pelf;  
And, though he's pious, will not love  
His neighbour as himself.  
At Number Seven there was a sale—  
The goods had quite a run!  
And here I've got my single lot  
On hand at Number One!

"My mother often sits at work,  
And talks of props and stays,  
And what a comfort I shall be  
In her declining days!  
The very maids about the house  
Have set me down a nun—  
The sweethearts all belong to them  
That call at Number One!

"Once only, when the flue took fire,  
One Friday afternoon,  
Young Mr Long came kindly in,  
And told me not to swoon.  
Why can't he come again without  
The Phoenix and the Sun?  
We cannot always have a flue  
On fire at Number One!

"I am not old! I am not plain!  
Nor awkward in my gait!  
I am not crooked like the bride  
That went from Number Eight!  
I'm sure white satin made her look  
As brown as any bun!  
But even beauty has no chance,  
I think, at Number One!

"At Number Six, they say Miss Roe  
Has slain a score of hearts,  
And Cupid, for her sake, has been  
Quite prodigal of darts.  
The imp they show with bended bow—  
I wish he had a gun!  
But if he had, he'd never deign  
To shoot with Number One!

"It's very hard! and so it is,  
To live in such a row!  
And here's a ballad-singer come  
To aggravate my woe:  
O take away your foolish song  
And tones enough to stun—  
There is 'nae luck about the house,'  
I know, at Number One!"

We shall return very soon to this amusing volume.

*The Poetical Album, and Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry.* Edited by Alaric A. Watts. Second Series. London. Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 396.

This is an interesting and excellent volume, and a decided improvement, we think, upon its predecessor. Its contents are more varied, and more uniformly excellent, and there is scarcely a poet of any eminence who has not been laid under contribution. "In collecting into one focus," says Mr Watts, "a large body of poetry, extracted, for the most part, from sources of a temporary or fugitive character, the Editor desires to assume no other merit than that of having diligently examined a great number of works, and extracted from them such productions as seemed best calculated to exhibit the description of poetical talent by which they are distinguished, or as appeared worthy of being circulated in a more permanent form than that of a newspaper or magazine. In pursuance of this object, however, care has been taken to refer every poem, the source of which could be ascertained, to its proper origin; a duty which would seem to have been studiously neglected by the Editors of all similar publications. Many poems which have excited little or no attention in the pages in which they were originally pub-

lished, are here reprinted in a collected form; and whilst they will satisfy the poetical reader of the wealth of the various sources from which they have been derived, will present him with a concentration of their sweets, in a more popular and portable form." That the selection is made judiciously is sufficiently guaranteed by the Editor's acquaintance with the "gentle craft;" for he who can write good poetry himself is best able to appreciate the merits of others. The volume is handsomely printed, and is embellished with a spirited vignette by Westall, the subject of which is, Sappho making an offering of her lyre on the altar of the god. The work is appropriately dedicated to Mrs Hemans. It is unnecessary to make any extracts.

*An Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John; to which are added, the Great Charter in Latin and English, &c. &c.* By Richard Thomson. London. John Major and Robert Jennings. Royal 8vo. Pp. 612.

This is a very costly and beautiful work, including not only a full account of the Magna Charta of King John, but also a general view and explanation of the whole series of English Charters, with accounts of the events, principal persons, and historical documents and illustrations, connected with them. It would be difficult to appreciate too highly the great mass of antiquarian information which the work contains, and the labour which it must have cost to collect and arrange it. The highly decorative character of the volume is an interesting and novel feature; and the numerous illustrations and embellishments which so liberally adorn its pages, throw a flood of light upon the subjects of which it treats. These embellishments consist chiefly of tombs, monumental effigies, armorial ensigns, seals, and fac-similes of the charters of liberties. The whole is calculated to furnish familiar and correct views of one of the most famous events in the annals of England. It has been, we believe, between eight and nine years in passing through the press; and reflects the highest credit on the research and abilities of its Editor, Mr Thomson, the author of the "Chronicles of London Bridge," "Tales of an Antiquary," and other popular works.

It is, perhaps, worth mentioning, that it appears by this work Sir Walter Scott has committed a slight mistake in "Ivanhoe," when he makes Cedric in 1194—the year Richard I. returned from his imprisonment in Austria—speak of a wood being "disforested in terms of the Forest-Charter," since it was not till the year 1217 that the first Forest-Charter was issued.

*Richard's Universal Daily Remembrancer; comprising a Correct Diary for Memorandums, Appointments, Bills Due, Receivable, or Payable, &c. and a variety of authentic and useful information.* London. C. Richards. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 1830. 4to.

This is the largest and best book of the kind for the ensuing year we have yet seen. Besides a large and well-arranged Diary, extending to 211 ruled pages, there are thirty-six lists and tables, giving information on a variety of matters, highly useful to the merchant, banker, lawyer, persons in public offices, military men, tradesmen, travellers, and private gentlemen. The work is cheap, and we have no doubt will find an extensive circulation.

*A Few Practical Hints relative to the Purchase, Management, &c. of Horses.* Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1830. 32mo, pp. 48.

An excellent waistcoat-pocket companion for all gentlemen who buy horses.

*Eighteen Maxims of Neatness and Order; to which is prefixed, an Introduction.* By Theresa Tidy. 20th Edition. London. J. Hatchard and Son.

WITHOUT a habit of neatness and order, all the comfort of social life is at an end. We recommend these Maxims, therefore, to the especial attention of all young ladies and gentlemen, who may not be sufficiently aware that upon one occasion,

"For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,  
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost,  
For want of a horse the rider was lost,  
(Being overtaken and slain by the enemy)  
And all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail."

*The Harvest is Past. A Sermon.* By the late Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D. President of Yale College, North America. Selected from the second volume of his Sermons, recently published. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes. 1829.

THIS is an admirable sermon by the author of the justly celebrated System of Theology. We recommend it with pleasure to the admirers of this excellent man and able theologian.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### THE PICTURE GALLERY.

#### No. I.

**SCENE**—*A Gothic Chamber, with antique Statues ranged in niches along its sides; in the back-ground, hangings concealing a recess; the stage darkened.*

*Enter the SORCERER, bearing a lamp, followed by ADRIAN.*

**Sorcer.** WELCOME, my young scholar, to this retired room, the scene of your Initiation; and welcome to the presence of its sole witnesses—those marble effigies of the poets of old, whose shadows, cast from our one lamp, mark out a fanciful avenue on the stone floor beside us. Yonder vaulted cell, with the veil drawn over it, conceals the stone, the instrument of my art.

**Adr.** And what does that art profess?

**Sorcer.** To wed poetry to painting, and chain both as captives to the chariot of Virtue and Reason: to embody to the sight the fleeting phantasms of thought, and give to the hopes and fears of the human heart an apparent form and living energy; in fine, to transmute superstitious and vague terrors into a pure awe and devotion redolent only of good.

**Adr.** Is your science new?

**Sorcer.** No; but its legitimate end has been but lately made known. The globe of alabaster on which my emblematic pictures are formed, has existed in its present shape since the times of the Alchemists. It is the identical stone commemorated in the mad, but singularly interesting, dream of the astrologer, Dr John Dee. With the progress of opinion it became unpopular, and finally disappeared till the beginning of the present century. It was then discovered by the Author of Waverley among the ruins of Melrose Abbey, who again introduced it to the world, now to become the means of diffusing virtue and knowledge, purified from the degrading fears and subtleties which had so long disfigured and obscured it.

**Adr.** Let me behold it.

**Sorcer.** You shall. Place our lamp on the slab behind the third statue. (*Adrian places the lamp. The Sorcerer waves his hand, and the veil rises, and discovers the sanctuary, and the magic globe on a lofty pedestal.*)

**Adr.** How exquisitely beautiful! It blazes through the width of this dim chamber, like one of those ancient

carbuncles we read of, which diffused a red light like evening through every aisle of the temple of a god.

**Sorcer.** Turn your back on the stone, and look at me.

**Adr. (Turns.)** I see you not: we are in utter darkness. Where is the lamp I but now placed above us?

**Sorcer.** It has gone out. We are in the world of thought; and before the glories of that sacred region, fires fed by the grosser aliments of matter, flicker and die away.

**Adr.** Let us turn back, then, to the light which will not fall us. I can yet perceive none of those figures which you have described to me as appearing on the sphere. I see only a rack of dusky shadows, sailing slowly across the globe, and tinged, like the eastern side of a morning cloudlet, by the hues of the lucid body before which they move.

**Sorcer.** And this, too, has a meaning. What wish you to see?

**Adr.** I have heard, that ye who hold commerce with supernal natures, have each some master whom ye must serve. Who is yours? If it be permitted, I would behold your lord.

**Sorcer.** I have a sovereign: and though herself you cannot see, her likeness shall pass before you. Look firmly on the stone.

**Adr.** The darkness is melting from around it. On its face are tossing and whirling the fragments of a beautiful landscape, like the reflection of woods and cliffs in a river-pool, which the otter's plunge has disturbed, as he dives to his bed beneath the root-twisted bank. It becomes still and connected, and seems now to be the image of one of those ancient paradises of the earth, lighted up with a shadowy splendour, like that of the first morning sun that rose from the new-formed sea. Divine resemblance! By the tears which stand in mine eyes, I have seen this before!

**Sorcer.** Thou hast not. Already thou mayest have learned that beauty always seems to have existed with us in the past; and therefore it is that true poetry is ever melancholy. But look again. The scene has its inhabitant.

**Adr.** The wood-embosomed lake! the awful cave! the enchantress! speak, for I cannot.

**Sorcer.** You behold the ruler of life, her who sways our human spirits, as the whirlwind tosses the mountain's sands. You behold her in her mystic cave of fear, encircled by her phantom train; those ethereal and delightful shapes, and those others of sterner aspect, that twine round her in unceasing and varied dance, till the sorceress half believes in the creatures of her own thought, and smiles,—with the stony smile of awakening fear!

**Adr.** Let them pause. I am giddy.

**Sorcer.** At thy wish the picture grows dim. Thou hast seen our mistress. Canst thou tell her name?

**Adr.** She is IMAGINATION.

**Sorcer.** Then in her name invoke her subject-visions; and at the sound of that spell they will come trooping to thy call.

**Adr.** I do invoke them. By the power beneath whose magic rod ye spring into being, rise before me, ye children of change and thought! Pass visibly by me, ye fancies of the heart, before whom the mind bows down to fear and worship! Let life come before in all its shades, from the first tears of the cradled infant, to the last sigh of broken and weary age.

**Sorcer.** We can do more: we can gaze beyond the dark river of death, and walk in the world which lodges our spirits before their earthly existence is begun. Let us look on one of these.

**Adr.** It is very strange. Pale and unsubstantial forms seem restlessly to wander through a dark and misty clime, whose waters are black as though their gulfs were bottomless, and its dimly-discovered mountains seem clothed with stern-struck and lifeless pines. Methinks thin weak voices swell in the air, as of deep and hope-

less lamentation uttered by lips unwarmed by mortal blood.

*Sorcer.* These are human souls waiting in the unseen state, for the hour that is to call them into the body.

*Adr.* And they mourn because they are doomed to live! My master, their grief is prophetic! I will see no more of life. But let me witness its conclusion,—the jubilee of sad humanity!

*Sorcer.* Behold it as you desire. The face of the stone presents a sequestered valley, canopied by the thin grey cloud of night; while above yon steep and wooded mount, which, like a rude and mossy temple, rises in the centre of the dell, the shroud is slowly parting, and disclosing one narrow streak of sky. It comes!—up into that river of deepest blue is sailing the fairest of the barks of heaven, the evening-star of beauty and of love; the only lamp of that delightful earth, the only wanderer of that placid heaven!

*Adr.* Yes, yes! this is death! Even as that star has burst from its cloudy prison, the spirit soars from the gloom and sorrows of earth. And as the bright planet which shines on this blessed scene, yet looks, too, on the valleys it may have left behind that jutting hill, so may the soul, from its regained birth-place in heaven, gaze still on the spot where once it sojourned on earth.

*Sorcer.* And if this be true, may we not, far more than the sage of Greece, wish to die, and be with those who were once great and beloved, before and among us?

*Adr.* The wise man of Greece, the mighty of old! These are words which work as strong enchantments as your mirrored sphere, and give life to phantasies not less vivid or sublime. Let the stone exhibit to me some emblem of that elder world, which we in weaker days so love to contemplate.

*Sorcer.* You have your wish, and more. In that extended plain, you see, far distant, cities and towers, rivers and retiring hills; all faintly seen, as if the autumn sun had an hour ago sunk from heaven: while, in the foreground of the picture are grouped, men in a strange and ancient garb, building with toil, a gigantic and marble altar.

*Adr.* Enough: in this likewise am I disappointed. There is too much of reality there.

*Sorcer.* Nay, do not turn away, but keep silence for awhile. Now, look to the stone again, and view that same scene when the footsteps of a thousand years have broken it, and uncounted generations have consecrated it with their scattered tombs.

*Adr.* A spirit's hand has touched it; and now my beloved day-dreams are truly before mine eyes. Earth is yellow with the glow of sunset, blending in the distance with the rose and purple lights of coming eve. The cities are ruined and silent—the woods are old and stately in their vales—and the altar itself, the genius of the place, has suffered decay and change. Its grey and massive walls gleam out from robes of green grass and lichens; and the statue which crowned it, thrown down from its ivy-twined pillar, lies, overgrown with moss, by the dried-up fountain's brink. And before that relic of death stands a solitary man, musing over the ruin, with such wonder as if he believed its immense frame the work of gods, and such awe as if its every stone to him were holy. But it has more power for him. Let it appear to him in its hour of might,—in night and darkness. Like thought it rises. The wanderer sleeps on the grassy mound, beneath the lonely pine-tree of the spot, and the pale moonshine tinges the ground with broader shadows and softer and more airy hues. And they descend around him,—the world-forgotten dead hover in the air above, while their awful forms seem to bend forward from their cloud, to bless the workman who feels their power,—the power and divinity of Time and Death!

*Sorcer.* He dreams; and so do we. Are you satisfied?

*Adr.* Can you not bring up before us the thoughts and passions of the human soul?

*Sorcer.* Not to the novice. Another time, when your eyes have been further strengthened to look on our mysterious pageant, and your mind gifted to pierce more deeply into its hidden philosophy, you shall visit our chapel again. In the meantime, our stone must be veiled. Its surface is already dark. (*The veil drops before the globe and its cell.*) And now, from the turret at our side, look out upon the night.

*Adr.* It is truly lovely. Almost could I persuade myself that I still gaze on the unearthly spectacle you last presented to my sight. The valley round our rocky dwelling is bathed in the snow-like moonlight, whose setting beams are quivering on our willow-fringed lake.

*Sorcer.* It is well; now, witness the last wonder of my place of art. Come hither: open that western window, and let the light revisit our dark room. (*d rises and throws back the casement.*)

*Adr.* Hark! Hark! (*Soft music.*) A strain of harmony, wild and pathetic as a phantom's hymn. Whence comes it? from above us, or beneath?

*Sorcer.* Trace the moon's rays which you have just admitted. Where do they fall?

*Adr.* Full on that statue, on the very harp which the poet bears.

*Sorcer.* And with those strings the light makes music. For, as you have heard of the eastern statue, which sounded under the first beams of morning, so do the marble harps of those ancient masters of melody discourse to me delightful music, when touched by the fine essence of the cold lamp of night. Neither is this without a more solemn import.

*Adr.* It has ceased, even while we spoke of it.

*Sorcer.* And is in this like mortal pleasure: it stays not to be questioned.

*Adr.* At your last words a thought has struck me. Are not your representations gloomy?

*Sorcer.* They ought to be so, if they would work on man. The howling of the November wind along the crumbling wall, and the hush of the leaves which fall at his feet, will go at once to the heart of him, around whom spring would twine her roses, without exciting a feeling or a thought.—But we must retire, and leave our chamber and its treasure to its lifeless and beautiful occupants, soon, very soon, to visit them again.

[*The curtain drops.*]

AN ARTIST.

#### OUTLINE OF A MECHANICS' INSTITUTION FOR EDINBURGH.

WHATEVER the working classes do, of their own accord, for their improvement in useful knowledge, must always be regarded with great satisfaction; because, in every thing which tends to promote their true interest, the maxim inculcated by an Edinburgh Reviewer will be found equally just and applicable—that, “*what others can do for them is trifling indeed, compared with what they can do for themselves.*” To the remarks, therefore, which we recently made upon Mechanics' Institutions in general, and which we know to have been perused with interest by many of our readers, we are anxious now to add something of a more specific nature.

What the City of Edinburgh chiefly desiderates in respect of popular education, seems to be, an intermediate institution between the Seasonal School and the School of Arts, for enabling the advanced students of the latter to exercise themselves, under no constraint, in chemical and philosophical manipulation; and to refresh their memories by becoming the gratuitous instructors of such journeymen and apprentices as earnestly desire to learn, but who may be withheld from the Seasonal School by that feeling of reluctance which adults can rarely overcome, to mix with children already far before them in acquirement. Upon this plan of mutual instruction, with the aid, perhaps, of a few voluntary lectures from among

the better classes, may be taught, and most effectively, many of the more humble branches of useful knowledge not embraced by the arrangements of the School of Arts, but which are, nevertheless, indispensably requisite before any substantial benefit can be derived from that institution, to say nothing of their own practical value. In illustration of the sort of institution we mean, we beg to submit the following programme, which, of course, might be modified according to circumstances:—

1. Reading, writing, and common arithmetic—book-keeping and tradesmen's accounts—practical geometry, with every description of artificer's measuring—use of the tables, nature and application of logarithms.

2. English grammar and composition (by far too much neglected)—geography, with the use of the globes, and construction of maps—practical trigonometry and navigation—drawing and planning (very important)—and also the French language, if required.

3. (The discursive department)—Original essays and instructive extracts, to comprise, if possible, a clear elucidation of the plan and principles of friendly societies and savings' banks; and, of course, experiments and illustrations in chemistry and natural philosophy.

Such persons only as have witnessed a monitory school in operation, can rightly conceive the peculiar facility which working men have of communicating their ideas to one another, and in many of the branches stated above, mutual instruction is all that would be required. To the voluntary lecturers already alluded to we might safely trust for lectures in popular astronomy, geology, and animal and vegetable physiology. Neither is it going too far to predict, that the reading-room and hall of the institution would soon become the chief rendezvous for all well-behaved and intelligent young mechanics, who would find the amusements which science and literature afford, every way preferable to the vulgar and degrading enjoyments of the tap-room and smoking-club. At the same time, we should wish it to be expressly understood, that only "a little learning" is the utmost the great mass of the working-people can possibly acquire. Their own common sense leads them to perceive very clearly, that, even did they possess theoretical science in a high degree, it could never compensate men who must live by "the sweat of their brow" for deficiency in that *practical knowledge*, which, next to good moral conduct, best recommends them to good masters and constant employment. Let the "hard-working men of Athens," therefore, build their little temple of science upon the substantial basis of practically useful knowledge.

The foregoing simple outline of a mechanics' society is little else than the plan which has been judiciously adopted, and acted upon with gratifying success, by many of the local institutions. That such an institution is required, and would prosper in Edinburgh, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. A few mistakes would, of course, occur at its commencement; but why should not mechanics, by whom alone we suppose the society to be managed and conducted, derive, as well as others, wholesome instruction from their own blunders? That such an institution would greatly promote the best interests of the present School of Arts, seems abundantly manifest. We have heard it confidently asserted that it would triple the attendance, and give twofold efficacy to the excellent lectures administered at that valuable seminary. At all events, for the first year, the use of apparatus from the School of Arts would not likely be refused; and valuable aid might also be derived from the "Edinburgh Mechanics' Subscription Library" already formed. The only expense worth mentioning would be, the rent of suitable apartments to meet in; and the money for this purpose should be raised by the members themselves, for, upon no account whatever should they accept of pecuniary donations: let all such be sent to the School of Arts building fund. This drawing up of a neat code of rules and regulations would not cost much trouble. In due

let our mechanics give the experiment a fair trial; and, if they succeed, as they are sure to do, let them print an annual report of their progress, and assume to themselves the appropriate name of—THE EDINBURGH MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

## No. II.

I SHALL NOW turn your attention to Parisian theatricals; and first, to the *Théâtre Français*. There is something august in the very name; it is redolent of the good old times of Louis XIV., and "la grande nation." Besides, it is sanctified and set apart for the classical drama—the impertinent gaiety of the vaudeville, and the noise and glitter of the melo-drama, dare not enter here. No one is privileged to joke here but Molière, and no one dare aspire to tragic grandeur but Corneille; all the rest are spell-bound by the icy trammels of etiquette. Nor is the building unsuited to inspire feelings of reverence. Its exterior is plain, and not very impressive; but the neatness, taste, and precision which preside over its internal arrangements, are worthy of that dynasty which stamped its own character upon it. Yet even in this *sanctum sanctorum* have the luckless adherents of classical taste been attacked by the Goths of romance. The sacred stage, the orchestra, boxes, and proscenium, have trembled at the profanation of seeing a play of Shakespeare performed in the *Théâtre Français*; and, what is worse, applauded by at least a part of the audience. Victor Hugo has had the audacity to perpetrate a translation of the old barbarian's "Othello" into French verse; nay, more—Mars, Jeanny, and Perrier, have so far forgot themselves as to perform in it; and, worst of all, the Romantics are so shameless as to say it was successful. Five of the few remaining Emigrés, and three antiquated critics, have hanged themselves on the occasion; and tirades, argumentative and abusive, have filled the public prints. The interest of this important question absolutely superinduced a cessation of the vituperations against the ministry for a day and a half.

Closely connected with this quarrel, is the memory of the late English company. It has departed, and need be in no haste to return, for the day of its success is over. Novelty is pleasing everywhere, and the Parisians were contented to sit for a time, and wonder at the unintelligible gestures of a set of people whose language they did not understand. Latterly, however, the seats were abandoned to the use of the English residents in Paris. Even they attended but poorly, for the one-half thought it would compromise their literary reputation, should they confess that they felt the want of an English theatre in Paris; and the other feared they would find little pleasure in seeing the first line of characters sustained by actors who, they suspected, had come here, because they were not much in request at home. For a week or two, indeed, the establishment did offer an attraction. Mrs West was taken ill, and a Madame St Leon volunteered to supply her place. It was a rich treat to see our fair countrywomen in the boxes sitting convulsed, by their desire to laugh at the ineffable distress of Madame St Leon's *Jane Shore*, and their native feelings of what was due to politeness.

The minor theatres here are much the same as those in London. Occasionally you find a good actor lost amidst a crowd; as, for example, Perlet at the *Théâtre de Madame*. In the matter of dirt and disagreeable odours, too, they are worthy counterparts of our Cockney temples of the dramatic muse. Nor wants there a pretty frequent row, to make the illusion complete. A *catalogue raisonné* of some of the most recently produced pieces will give you the best idea of the state of the drama in these establishments.—Some time ago, a most outrageous bit of pathos was produced at the *Théâtre des Nouveautés* with great success. "Imura" is the name of the play,

and its plot is as follows :—A young man, desperate from disappointed love, plunges into the recesses of a forest in the Pyrenees, and is there bit by a mad wolf. Of course he goes mad himself, and bites, in his frenzy, the poor girl who is the innocent cause of his misfortune. The consequence is, that she goes mad just as she is about to be led to the altar, and expires in excruciating agonies. This exquisite *morceau* still continues to draw houses, although a considerable time has elapsed since its first appearance. *Mme. Albert*, who enacts the part of the young girl with horrid correctness, has gained thereby the highest reputation. Fired by the success of the horrible in the instance of "*Isaura*," the theatre at the *Porte St Martin* is bringing out Schiller's "*Robbers*;" and another minor has announced *Marschner's* "*Vampyr*." This strange aberration cannot, however, be expected to hold long. Already the *Vaudeville* has set itself against the stream, by producing "*L'hydrophobe*," a trifle meant to ridicule "*Isaura*." It is a vaudeville more laudable in its intention than its execution.—A new vaudeville has been produced at the *Théâtre de Madame*, by the indefatigable *MM. Bayard and Scribe*. It would be utterly impossible for these gentlemen to write any thing completely destitute of interest; and yet in this new piece they are scarcely equal to themselves. It is called "*Les Actionnaires*," and has been suggested by the mania for Joint Stock Companies, which has had its day here as well as in England. *M. Geffart*, a gentleman of more talent than morality, sells shares, in a great enterprise not yet projected, to a set of good people who purchase without making any impertinent enquiries about its nature. The time, however, arrives at last, when he is called upon to explain his scheme in a full meeting of the shareholders. He blunders out a thousand impracticable undertakings, all of which are rejected. Just in the nick of time, an honest countryman offers to sell him a wood at a low price, and *Geffart*, to the great satisfaction of the speculative crew, announces his scheme to be a new and less expensive mode of furnishing Paris with firewood. Some of the situations are amusing enough; but, on the whole, the economical details are given with too much verisimilitude. As in the case of some Dutch painters, the joke is lost in the anxious correctness of the portrait.—"*Le Garde de Nuit*," is a trifle which owed its success entirely to the spirit with which *Vernet* performed the principal character. The prince of some place or another, tired of the sameness of a court life, flies from a grand masked ball, to seek for a frolic among the citizens. He finds *Philip*, an honest watchman, about to commence his nocturnal rounds, and forces him to exchange his dreadnought for the elegant rose-coloured domino of the prince. The attendants who have come in search of the latter take *Philip* for him, and insist upon accompanying him back to the ball; when he, without attending to the propriety of time and place, begins to dispense home-truths on all sides, and to announce reforms of rather an alarming character. At this critical moment a plot against the true prince breaks out, and *Philip*, under his assumed character, is committed to close custody; from which he escapes in time to save his betrothed bride from the amorous importunity of the true prince.

These pieces will serve to give you an idea of the kind of plays which succeed here. Historical dramas, too, there are, but, as you have enough of them at home, it is needless to enter into any detail concerning them.

#### AFFAIRS OF THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

We announced last week our intention of publishing a detailed account of the proceedings at the late general meeting of this body. On second thoughts, however, and upon the principle of "never throwing ashes or any thing hot to windward," we have altered our intention. We are of opinion, that to make squabbles which should

never have taken place a topic of public animadversion, is to do much more harm than good. In the case of a recent coalition between two rival bodies, many discussions are apt to arise, with which it is neither necessary nor prudent that strangers should be made acquainted. The occurrences of the 11th instant were most unequivocally of this description. It is with regret, therefore, that we feel it indispensable, in correcting some mis-statements that have gone abroad, to give even a general account of what really happened—a regret enhanced by the knowledge, that some member of the Academy must have lent himself to the publication of a garbled statement of the proceedings at the general meeting in the teeth of a pledge to keep silence.

It has been maintained, that the artists formerly connected with the Royal Institution, who lately acceded to the Scottish Academy, have conducted themselves in an improper spirit towards one of the leading members of that body. The accusation is rested upon two assertions,—that they refused to continue him in the office of treasurer; and that they introduced to the meeting two legal gentlemen, not members of the Academy, for the purpose of bearing down all opposition.

With regard to the election of a new treasurer, it was a step undeniably in the power of the Academy to take: and after the dispassionate and full account of the proceedings which we have gathered from different and trust-worthy quarters, we must say, that the measure appears to have been justified by the tone which the unsuccessful candidate assumed to the Society. In regard to the second allegation—the fact is, that some discussion was expected to arise regarding the terms of the award which was the foundation of the union of the two bodies; and, from a desire to prevent unnecessary, and in all probability warm discussions, the arbiter named by the artists of the Institution, and the gentleman who has all along, and gratuitously, officiated as the law-agent of the Academy, volunteered their attendance, in order to explain any doubtful expressions. The offer was accepted, and at the suggestion of the very gentlemen who now complain of it as an undue interference.

We refrain from entering into particulars, and from commenting on the language held on the occasion, because we look upon it as the expression of a feeling of soreness which time will assuage, if left unexcited by comment. But we would beg to impress upon the minds of the academicians, that by-gones ought to be by-gones—that the very existence of their young institution depends upon the cordiality of their union—that wasting their time in petty squabbles must alienate from them the public sympathy—that, above all, appeals to the public upon incorrect statements, by any individual, of what takes place at their meetings, are most unjustifiable and dangerous. Here we are willing to let the matter rest, unless there be a repetition of the offence which has suggested these remarks. In that case, we shall hold it necessary to probe the matter to the bottom. This is no vain threat, for we have ample materials in our hands; neither is it uttered in any feeling of hostility, for we have approved ourselves on former occasions friendly to that portion of the Academy whose conduct we are now reluctantly obliged to condemn.

#### THE DRAMA.

CIRCUMSTANCES prevented us from being much at the Theatre last week. *Miss Paton's* benefit, on Monday evening, was very crowdedly attended, and went off with great eclat. On Wednesday, *Mr Macready*—an actor of much power and originality—entered upon an engagement. We were not present, but an intelligent correspondent has favoured us with the following remarks concerning him:

"On Wednesday evening, *Mr Macready* appeared before an Edinburgh audience in his favourite character of

*Virginus*—one in which he has long gathered many laurels, and displayed much histrionic power. Indeed he has been generally acknowledged to have so completely identified himself with the noble portrait of the Roman given by the poet, that it was not till lately any actor ventured to appear in the same part. There is certainly no play which is better adapted to display the genius of Macready than that of '*Virginus*.' This is to be attributed to the Spartan brevity and power of diction which characterise the whole piece;—every line brings before the mind a new and striking thought, naturally and vigorously expressed. The attention is also powerfully arrested by the frequent application of homespun household phrases to the deepest and most sacred feelings of the heart, or to the most exciting incidents. It is in these simple, delicate, and touching passages that we think Macready pre-eminently excels. In the wilder bursts of anger and indignation he is excellent also; but nothing can surpass the exquisite simplicity and natural pathos with which he portrays the tenderness of a father's love, the depth of a father's grief, and at last the small still flickerings of re-awakened reason and returning affection. It was, therefore, in the two last acts that he chiefly shone, especially in his address to his daughter in the last scene of the fourth act. His burst of wild fury after his child's destruction does not strike us as sufficiently energetic. Indeed, when it is recollected that at this very point his reason is about to be unhinged, whilst, at the same time, the thirst for revenge is struggling for the mastery, the human voice seems scarcely capable of producing the desired effect. As a whole, however, Macready's *Virginus* is a very perfect piece of acting; and, with such a *Virginia* as Miss Jarman, we do not envy that man who could witness it without being affected in no common degree."

Next Saturday we shall speak of Macready in *propria persona*; and, in the meantime, we think it right to express a hope that he and Miss Jarman will be patronised by the Edinburgh public to that extent to which their united talents so well entitle them.

OLD CERBERUS.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A BALLAD ABOUT LOVE.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

I AINCE fell in love wi' a sweet young thing,  
A bonny bit flower o' the wilder'd dell;  
Her heart was as light as bird on the wing,  
And her lip was as ripe as the moorland bell.  
She never kend aught o' the ways o' sin,  
Though whil's her young heart began to doubt  
That wi' its ill paths she might fa' in,  
But never—she never did find them out.

She oft had heard tell o' love's dear pain,  
An' how aye sair as it was to dre;e;  
She tried it and tried it again and again,  
But it never could wring a tear frae her ee.  
She tried it aince on a mitherless lamb  
That lay in her bosom, and fed on her knee;  
But it turn'd an unpurpose and beggarly ram,  
And her burly lover she doughtna see.

She tried it aince on a floweret gay,  
And O! it was sweet and lovely of hae;  
But it droopit its head, an' fadit away,  
An' left the lassie to look for a new:  
An' aye she cried, O! what shall I do?  
Why canna a lassie be happy her lane?  
I find my heart maun hae something to loe,  
An' I dinna ken where to fix it again.

The laverock loes her musical mate,  
The moorcock loes the mottled moorhen,  
The blackbird lilt it early an' late,  
A-wooping his love in the birken glen;  
The yammering tewit and grey curlew,  
Hae ilk aye lovers around to see,  
An' please their hearts wi' their whillie-ba-lu,—  
But there's naething to wheedle or sing to me.

Quo' I, My sweet, my innocent flower,  
The matter's as plain as plain can be,  
That this heart o' mine it was made for yours,  
An' yours was made for loving o' me.  
The lassie she lookit me in the face,  
An' a tear o' pity was in her ee;  
For she thought I had lost a' sense o' grace,  
An' every scrap o' fair modestye.

The lassie she thought an' thought again,  
An' lookit to heaven if aught she saw;  
For she thought that man was connectit wi' sin,  
And that love for him was the worst of a'.  
She lookit about, but she didna speak,  
As lightly she trippit outower the lea;  
But there was a smile on her rosy cheek,  
That tauld of a secret dear to me.

The lassie gaed hame to her lanely dell,  
It never was lovelier to her view;  
An' aye she thought an' thought to hersell,  
An' the mair she thought she began to rue—  
If ilk sweet thing has a mate o' its ain,  
Wi' nature's law I e'en maun gang;  
I never was made for living my lane—  
The laddie was right an' I was wrang.

O Nature! we a' maun yield to thee;  
Your regal sway gainsay wha can?  
For you made beauty, an' beauty maun be  
The polar star o' the heart o' man.  
There's beauty in man's commanding frame,  
There's beauty in earth, in air, an' sea,  
But there never was beauty that tongue could name  
Like the smile of love in a fond young ee.  
Mount-Benger.

### THINGS DIFFICULT OF BELIEF.

From the Spanish of the Bachelor Malaventurado.

THAT much a widow'd wife will moan  
When her old husband's dead and goun,  
I may conceive it;  
But that she won't be brisk and gay,  
If another offer the next day,  
I won't believe it.

That Cloris will repeat to me,  
Of all men I adore but thee,  
I may conceive it;  
But that she has not often sent  
To fifty more the compliment,  
I won't believe it.

That Celia will accept the choice  
Directed by her parent's voice,  
I may conceive it;  
But that, as soon as it is over,  
She won't elect a younger lover,  
I won't believe it.

That when she sees her marriage gown,  
Inez will modestly look down,  
I may conceive it;  
But that she does not from that hour  
Resolve to amplify her power,  
I won't believe it.

That a kind husband to his wife  
Permits each pleasure of this life,  
I may conceive it;  
But that the man so blind should be,  
As not to see what all else see,  
I can't believe it.

That in a mirror young coquets  
Should study all their traps and nets,  
I may conceive it;  
But that the mirror, above all,  
Should be the object principal,  
I won't believe it.

That woman, like a crystal toy,  
The slightest zephyr will destroy,  
I may conceive it;  
But that you may not both cement,  
If e'er they get a flaw or rent,  
I won't believe it.

That a critic I should not deny  
To be a better judge than I,  
I may conceive it;  
But that my Muse should cease from hinting,  
That all her rhymes are worth the printing,  
I can't believe it.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We understand that a very superior edition of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is in the press. It is to be elegantly printed in large octavo, under a most vigilant revision by the Poet-Laureat, who is to prefix a literary and biographical introduction, for which he has got some very curious and interesting materials. It will be also richly embellished with large wood-cuts, drawn by Harvey, and engraved by the first artists, and with a Portrait of the Author, and two other copper-plates, from splendid designs by Martin.

There is preparing for publication, a Journal of Occurrences and Events during a residence of nearly forty years in the East Indies, from 1790 to 1829, by Colonel James Welch, of the Madras army. In two vols. 8vo, with numerous Engravings.

*Fits of Fits Ford*, an Historical Romance, in 5 vols. Illustrative of the History and Antiquities of Devonshire, by Mrs Bray, Author of the "White Hoods," &c. &c., is in the press.

A Second Edition of Lectures on English Poetry, with Historical Tales, and Miscellaneous Poems, being the Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, author of "The Romance of History," &c. &c., is now in the press; and will shortly be published in one thick vol. post 8vo, with a Portrait.

Our readers are no doubt aware that some remarkable documents, known by the name of the *Stuart Papers*, were brought to this country from Rome after the death of Cardinal York, the last of the family, and deposited in St James's Palace. The King, we are informed, recently transferred these papers to the hands of Sir Walter Scott, for examination and publication. Sir Walter Scott has availed himself of the assistance of his son-in-law Mr Lockhart, who is now actively employed in arranging the whole.

Robert Montgomery has in the press another poem of a religious character, entitled, "Satan."

In a short time will be published, Notices of the Brazils in 1828-9; by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D.

A poem, entitled "1829," from the pen of the author of the *Opening of the Sixth Seal*, will be published on New-Year's Day.

The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by Dr Paris, is soon expected. A vision, written during his last illness, in the playful style of *Salmon*, has been left by Sir Humphry to his executors, for publication.

Mr Valpy has issued a prospectus for publishing a Family Classical Library, or English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics, in monthly volumes, with a biographical sketch of each author, and notes, when necessary, for the purpose of illustration. The series is not expected to exceed forty volumes, and the first will appear on the commencement of the new year.

The Panorama of the Thames, from London to Richmond, exhibiting every object on both Banks of the River, is announced. This work has been the labour of nearly two years. It is upwards of sixty feet in length, and on a scale of sufficient extent to exhibit every building on either shore of the River, in a distinct form. It is accompanied by Descriptive Notices of the most remarkable places; and preceded by a General View of London.

One volume of *Moose's Life of Byron* is printed, and the other is expected to be finished by the end of this year. Each volume extends to about 500 pages quarto.

THE LITERARY UNION.—A Society is now in progress of formation, in London, to bear the above title, and having for its object intellectual intercourse and amusement. It is proposed that it shall consist of four or five hundred members, professors and friends of art, literature, and science. Unexceptionable personal character is to be an indispensable requisite to admission; and simplicity and economy are to be held leading principles of the Society, three or four pounds being the utmost annual subscription required. It is intended to procure a house in a central situation; the committee are at present in treaty for the Athenæum Club-house, Waterloopleace, Pall-Mall, where such refreshments as the Society shall decide on shall be furnished; and such publications as they may deem proper taken. Thomas Campbell, Esq. has been appointed chairman by the committee, who at present hold their meetings at the British Coffee-house, Charing-cross.

LIFE AND SERVICES OF CAPTAIN BEAVER.—Some months ago, we noticed an odd blunder which had occurred in the *Monthly Magazine*, regarding a sea-song there said to have been written by Beaver, but which is in reality the production of Richard Cumberland, the dramatic writer, and the contemporary of Johnson, Richardson, and Goldsmith. The *London Literary Gazette*, in reviewing the *Life of Beaver* (which is edited by Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N.) inserted the song at full length, and praised the wonderful precocity of talent which it displayed; and the *Quarterly Review*, the last Number of which contains a review of the same work, also inserts part of the song, "which," they remark, "both for its spirit and diction, is a most remarkable production for a boy in his fifteenth year." It is somewhat singular, that the editors of three of the principal London periodicals should all have been led into the same error, and all alike ignorant of the fact, which is related in Cumberland's Memoirs, that the song in question was written by him, and not by the deceased Captain. As we are rather admirers of Cumberland, we do not like to see the credit of even a song taken from him, and given to a boy of fifteen years of age! Of course, the primary cause of this blunder is to be attributed to the editor of Beaver's papers, but the literary reviewers, whom we have noted above, might have known better.

*Theatrical Gossip*.—Mr Elliston, the Manager of the Surrey Theatre, has availed himself of the suggestion made by the *Literary Journal* regarding Sir Walter Scott's Tragedy in the *Keepsake* for 1830. "The House of Aspen" has been produced with great success, and is likely to have a run. It was Mr Elliston who established, seven years ago, in the case of Lord Byron's *Marino Faliero*, the right of setting any published play.—A clever melo-drama, called "The Brigands," from the pen of Mr J. R. Planche, the author of "Charles XII." and many other popular pieces, has been received with complete success at Drury Lane.—A stupid opera, from the French of Boieldieu, called "The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night," has been all but damned at Covent Garden.—Miss Phillips, the star of Drury Lane, is said to have written a tragedy as well as Miss Kemble, the star of Covent Garden. To write a tragedy is nothing, unless it be also a good tragedy.—Madame Vestris has been performing at Wakefield and other provincial towns.—Miss Smithson is at Carlisle.—Braham has been singing to almost empty houses in Dublin.—De Bégis has taken the Caledonian Theatre, and is to be here by the second week of December.—Miss Paton appeared in Glasgow as *Adelaide* in the "Haunted Tower," on Thursday evening. She was to conclude her engagement there last night, and is then, we believe, to return to Edinburgh, but not to appear in public.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Nov. 21.—Nov. 27.

SAT.	<i>Rob Roy, &amp; Charles II.</i>
MON.	<i>The Cabinet, The Sultan, &amp; The Robber's Wife.</i>
TUES.	<i>Douglas, The Youthful Queen, &amp; Robinson Crusoe.</i>
WED.	<i>Virginia, &amp; The Robber's Wife.</i>
THURS.	<i>Hamlet, William Thompson, &amp; Robinson Crusoe.</i>
FRI.	<i>Macbeth, &amp; No Song No Supper.</i>

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE interesting communication on the subject of Burns shall have a place next week.—"Notices of Eminent Lecturers" will not exactly suit us. The subject is one which requires much tact.—We are afraid we cannot find room for the paper entitled, "I will be an Author."—We are obliged to "Anna"—she asks a question, the answer to which we could whisper to herself, but it must not be given here.—"Proteus" has our thanks.—We had not forgotten "L."

We are not yet quite satisfied that our Correspondent in the neighbourhood of Dunbar is a *poeta natus*.—We can scarcely promise to insert the Lines by "W. G.," or those entitled, "The First Love," and "To Mary."—The "Submarine Scene," and the Lines by "W. B." stand over for consideration when we next put on our Slippers.

[No. 55. November 28, 1829.]

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*Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814.*By the Author of *Cyril Thornton*. William Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1829. 3 vols. post 8vo. Pp. 368, 366, and 450.

THE author of this work disclaims all intention of entering into competition with the elaborate annals of Dr Southey, or the more scientific labours of Colonel Napier. His object has been to compose "a work which should introduce to the intimate acquaintance of the great body of the people, the events of one of the most memorable periods in the history of their country, and which should diffuse and imprint more widely and more deeply a fitting pride in the great achievements of British arms." In discharging this self-imposed task, he claims credit for fairness and impartiality. He pretends to no peculiar qualifications for his undertaking beyond a knowledge of many important localities, acquired by his having been a sharer in some of the hard-fought battles it is now his part to describe. We, however, will add what his modesty has kept untold—that the high talents displayed in his former works had led the public to look upon him as well qualified to become their historian. Lastly, he admits the possibility of some unimportant errors having crept into his history—of which, we will also say, that none but an ungenerous and carping critic would take advantage. This is an abstract of what the author has stated in his preface to be the object and ambition of his work; and we proceed to judge him by his own standard.

Viewing the book, then, as nothing more than what it pretends to be—an introduction to the history of the war in Spain,—a first guide to such as purpose studying its annals,—or a compendious view for the use of those who rest satisfied with a superficial knowledge of them—we think it is deficient. The object in a popular history of a war is, without entering into a detail of every evolution, or a profound criticism of the operations on both sides, to narrate the principal events in such a manner as to show their mutual bearing on each other, the plans of the leaders, and whether, or in how far, they succeeded. In order to effect this, it is necessary that each individual operation be so described, that the reader obtain a distinct conception of the local relations and successive motions of both parties. If the history of a war come up to this standard—which it may, without having recourse to any tedious and repulsive detail—it will not only be an instructive book, but its truth to nature, the thousand interesting episodes which are inseparable from the thread of its narrative, and the breathless anticipation excited by the continuity of the mighty stream of events, will render it one of high interest. The work now before us does not, in the most distant degree, approximate to this character. The martial movements are described with that degree of vagueness which we find in all accounts of modern warfare, except those of Napoleon and Colonel Napier. It is of no use to give us picturesque accounts of craggy cliffs, with the morning mist rising slowly from

their summits,—of individual prowess and suffering,—bugle-notes floating on the breeze,—and masses of men glittering in warlike panoply. These vague generalities are the characteristics of war on a large scale, at all times and in all places; we want a description of the reality—something that will speak to the heart of human nature without the aid of a commentator. Looking also to the author's management of his narrative, we are of opinion, that while he has on some occasions—for example, in his account of the advance of Sir John Moore, and of the retreat of Soult from Oporto—omitted details which were necessary in order to give a clear understanding of the whole; he has on others—frequently in his third volume—encumbered his pages with unnecessary notices of subordinate movements, as meagre and uninteresting as the paragraphs of a newspaper.

Viewing the work next in regard to its claim to be reckoned "fair and impartial," we fear that there lies in the word "impartiality" a deeper meaning than our author attaches to it. Impartiality does not consist in blaming our friends occasionally, and at times extending praise to our enemies. Impartiality knows neither of friend nor enemy—it probes the conduct of both parties to the bottom, and, conscious of its own rectitude, can brave the world's insinuations, and decide in favour even of those with whom it is linked and allied, when convinced that they are in the right. It is not enough, therefore, that our author should stand, now bowing to a French, now complimenting a British general—now moaning over the excesses of the enemy's troops, now indignant at those perpetrated by our own. He says that he is impartial; but we must investigate the whole tenor of his book, to see whether it does not betray a leaning of which he was not aware—a leaning which can nowhere impeach his character, but which may oblige us to pause before we assent to his conclusions. Tried by this test, he is found deficient. There is an evident struggle throughout his whole work to praise, more highly than they deserved, the character and conduct of the Spanish nation. He lavishes, in the outset, commendations on the people at large, and on the Guerillas in particular, which his own subsequent statements prove to have been unmerited. He endeavours to raise to a false elevation Palafox and some others, who have long sunk to their real level. He attributes to the French generals the outrages perpetrated by the soldiery, because it could not have ventured on them without their connivance; he exculpates the English commanders, because the soldiery cannot always be restrained—diametrically different inferences from identical data. The plundering of the French soldiers is execrated,—the boiling French generals alive, and saving them between planks by the Spaniards, are passed over in silence, as excesses deeply to be regretted. The truth is, that our author is a partisan, and his evidence is to be received with caution.

Has the book, then, any thing good about it? Much. It is written by a man neither of a very clear nor a very comprehensive mind, and by one who has not studied his subject either long or profoundly; but it is, at the same time, the work of a gentleman and a scholar. The autho-

is possessed of an elegant turn of mind, and his heart is in its right place. Such a person cannot go over so fertile a theme without suggesting some thoughts worthy of our attention. For example, we think that, cautiously employed, his knack at recognising what is good in human nature, even when presented in the questionable actions of a degraded populace, might afford a useful lesson to men, who, like Colonel Napier, trained in the school of active duty, have no tolerance for the weakness and inconsistency of the majority.

We not long ago presented our readers with a *catalogue raisonné* of some of the principal contributions to the history of the exertions made by this country in behalf of Spanish independence. The present, however, is the first book that has come before us, since the commencement of our critical career, professing to give a complete narrative of that great struggle, and we shall therefore avail ourselves of this opportunity of giving a brief sketch of what seems to us its real character.

The contest between France and England, which commenced shortly after the breaking out of the Revolution in the former country, had changed materially in its outward features at the beginning of the present century; but the animating principle was still the same. A deadly spirit of enmity had been awakened in the two nations, and exaggerated and embittered by reciprocal acts of hostility. Different language had been assumed by each, according to the varying policy of Europe—different pretexts had been held out to justify aggression, but a rooted feeling of rivalry lay at the bottom of the whole. England had fought at one time against democratical principles, at another against a military despotism; France had fought first for equality, and afterwards for universal empire. But whatever were the pretexts, the war, from first to last, was to decide, whether England for herself, or France, either as an independent nation, or represented by and identified with Bonaparte, should have the ascendancy. It is true, that the liberty of Europe depended on the issue of the contest; but it is no less true, that this was the last idea in the minds of the combatants. The enmity was personal—the war could only end in the overthrow of one of the parties.

One of the fiercest struggles of this prolonged contest was the war in Spain. Napoleon pretended that he had been forced to subdue the Peninsula by the intrigues of Britain seeking to seduce it from his alliance. England accused him of overthrowing, without offence, an independent state. It is of little importance who was the aggressor. Before the invasion of Spain, that nation was virtually the slave of Napoleon, and forced, in common with the whole Continent, to co-operate with his ambitious ends. The existence of Britain, as a powerful commercial country, depended upon loosening his yoke from the nations. The interest of either coincided with the dictates of their mutual hatred; the uncertain condition of the Peninsula held it out as the apple of discord; they could not avoid joining battle on that field; and where both were alike eager and willing for the fray, it is idle to enquire who struck the first blow. The task of the historian is to describe the nature of the field of battle,—the character and conduct of the combatants.

There were still human hearts beating in Spain, but, viewed as a nation, she was *effete*. Her union under one crown, conterminous with the final subjugation of the Moors, had caused an increase of power in the sovereign, to be met on the part of the people by a devoted loyalty and a bigoted hatred of all religions but the Catholic, the results of a long war against enemies of a strange faith inhabiting the same land. This coincidence favoured the organization of a despotical temporal power, and the introduction of the most powerful engine ever placed in priestly hands—the Inquisition. A succession of narrow-minded and bigoted princes riveted the union between the throne and the altar, and strengthened their foundations. The spirit of the nation was stifled be-

neath the incubus, and while the rest of Europe continued to advance, Spain sunk slowly back into barbarism. The treasures from its American possessions, which, from the beginning, flowed more into the royal treasury than the national purse, were at first squandered on vain attempts to crush the reformation in other lands, and afterwards, from a variety of causes, dwindled away. At the beginning of this century, Spain was a poor nation—her populace almost on a par with the savage, except in so far as they were held in check by superstition, or the hand of power. The small number who were possessed of knowledge had acquired it in a foreign school. They had nothing in common with the bulk of the nation. Their information, superficial as it might be, separated them, as by a gulf, from the rest of their countrywomen, and deprived them of all community of opinion and feelings. When the moment of action came, therefore, it found the people, and those who, from their rank, ought to have been their leaders, incapable of understanding each other. This paralysed the nation's efforts. Feeling the natural wish for independence, it was unable to strike one effective blow; it stood by, and saw its battles fought by another power, or, at the most, by its ill-directed efforts impeded the exertion of its friends. Its rooted hatred of the French rendered it impossible that they could ever hold the land but by the sword; but its weak struggles were vain in the clutch of the eagle's talons. Our attention, therefore, is limited to the warlike operations of the French and English. All the efforts of Spain can only be reckoned for one of the subsidiary advantages or disadvantages resulting from the peculiar situation of these parties.

Aided by the imbecility of the Spanish and Portuguese governments, Napoleon succeeded in occupying both countries without opposition. His possession of Portugal was too brief, and had too slight an influence on the subsequent struggle, to render it necessary to notice it here. Besides, the plan of operations in that country under Junot was entirely independent of the measures taken to insure the subjection of Spain. The plan of operations in this latter country, as we have it in Napoleon's own words, was the most masterly that human genius has devised. In the course of a few weeks, Spain was inundated with troops, sufficient to overpower all resistance. The frontier fortresses were secured, and a line of communication was kept open from thence to Madrid, from which centre the conquering force was to spread itself, in wider and wider circles, in every direction. Care was taken for the speedy concentration of the different divisions, should any one of them be threatened by a superior force. The scheme must have been successful, had the projector superintended its development in person, but he intrusted it to weaker hands. Plunders induced rapines, and, in the consternation of the moment, Napoleon's officers deviated from a system, the advantages of which they were unable to appreciate, and retired behind the Ebro.

At this moment England prepared to advance into Spain. The British government had been misled by the boasts of the Spaniards, and the statements of its own inefficient agents, into most exaggerated notions of Spanish power and resolution. It was thought sufficient to send an auxiliary army. General Moore advanced at the head of one sufficient to have inspired the Spaniards with confidence had they been men, but insufficient to make head of itself. Scarcely, however, had he cleared the Spanish frontier, when he had reason to suspect (what afterwards proved to be true) that the Spanish armies, as they were called, were utterly ineffective, and the French troops in full advance. Napoleon had put himself at their head, in order to reinstate the order of things which the incapacity of his generals had allowed to be shattered. Moore, although unaware of the whole danger that threatened him, saw that an army so small as his, was not what the circumstances required, and

thought of retreat. Delusive accounts of Spanish armies with which he was to co-operate were brought to him; but in vain—his penetrating judgment saw through the flimsy lie. Still the national honour was to be preserved, which nothing could protect from the slanders of our imbecile allies, but a demonstration that they were men who could not be assisted. By a bold and nicely-calculated movement, Moore advanced sufficiently to place this point beyond a doubt; and then by a retreat which has elicited the admiration of the three greatest commanders of the age, he saved his army—alas! at the expense of his own invaluable life. Napoleon, after re-establishing his power in Spain, again left it to his delegates; and Britain, after receiving a severe lesson, which for a while, however, seemed to add little to her wisdom, had to commence operations anew.

The origin of the contemptuous tone under which a certain faction seek to hide the malices they bear to the Duke of Wellington, can easily be traced. In the art of war, as in every other, a man of genius gives the *ton* when he strikes out a new path; Napoleon's system of extensive and rapid combinations had become fashionable in Europe; the parrots could chatter in his language, although they could not do his deeds. In this state of mind, a system like the Duke of Wellington's, conspicuous for a sturdy unpretending sense, was received with hootings. The cry has been kept up by a shoal of second-hand writers—"The Duke owed his victories to good luck." This might have been believed had he gained only one; but an uninterrupted series of victories, filling up three long years, is not so to be accounted for. Let us look at them.

When the Duke landed in Portugal, the French were again the sovereign power in Spain. The executive was in their hands, and the greater part of the population had sunk into a despairing acquiescence. In Portugal, Soult had thrown out his advanced guard beyond the Douro. Victor threatened the southern frontier. With a rapidity and enterprise that displayed the whole man, the English leader drove back the former into Galicia, and returned to co-operate with the Spanish General Cuesta against the latter. On his advance, he found his allies a useless encumbrance, and his enemies too powerful and concentrated to be overthrown by the force under his command. He struck them one stunning blow at Talavera, and fell back upon the Portuguese frontiers to wait for a better opportunity. Circumstances obliged him to fall still farther back within the lines of Torres Vedras, but this retreat was deeply planned, and had all the majestic port of victory. With the retreat of the pursuing French army, he resumed his post on the frontier, and there, in the face of two armies, so situated that a few days would have brought their combined and far superior force to bear upon him, he took the two strong fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, with a celerity that confounded his opponents. He then advanced to Salamanca, and again struck down the armies of France in the open field. Even in the full tide of victory, notwithstanding the jeers of his foes, and the popular outcry at home, he had the self-command to retreat—but it was only, after concentrating his forces by a momentary delay, and waiting the relaxation of his enemy's strength, again to float forward on the broad wave of success, which bore him from battle to siege, and from one victory to another, far into the heart of France.

In casting our eyes back upon these transactions, we confess that they want the dazzle of Napoleon's victories; but do they, therefore, display less genius? As delegate of another's power, Wellington had respects to observe which the Emperor never dreamt of. As one who came not to make himself master of Spain, but to free it from a foreign foe, Wellington's object was to expel the intruders, not to organise a force for retaining the country in his own hands. With a limited strength at his disposal, and responsible for its safety, he dared not run the ha-

zards by which his adversary so frequently succeeded. But if we are to judge by results, his unchecked prosperity bears testimony to the genius of the English General. If we look to the measures by which that success was secured, we find proofs of a comprehensive mind, a disposition daring and rapid as the lightning, yet with a power of self-control beyond what the calmest temper betrays. The great characteristic of Wellington is intense power—a power which often escapes the gaze of the superficial observer, who is more impressed by the rage of the whirlwind and volcano, than the quiet eternal strength which upholds all nature—a strength which overwhelms the reflecting mind the more, from the awful stillness of its manifestation. The genius of Wellington is essentially practical. He cannot talk brilliantly and fluently of art, science, and literature—he does not shine in the *salon* or *boudoir*—he keeps silence while the flimsy orator sparkles in the festive hall, through the whole range of human knowledge; but he can do something better,—he can lead an army to assured conquest, and he can hold the helm of state amid the dashing storms of faction, as coolly as others sail over a summer sea. He is the concentration and ideal of the English character. He could enjoy himself had fate doomed him to be a private gentleman; he moves unmanacled by greatness on the giddy ridge of state. We have penned this panegyric while he is in power: we are ready to abide by it should he be found to-morrow in domestic retirement.

*The Quarterly Review*. No. LXXXII. November 1829.  
*The Edinburgh Review*. No. XCIX. October 1829.

Born of these are good numbers of their respective works: the new Editor of the *Edinburgh* has made a creditable *début*. As they come into collision in more points than one, we take the liberty of criticising both at once.

The more immediately political part we shall dismiss very briefly. It consists, on the part of the *Quarterly*, in an exposition of the state of our Finances, and dissertations on the Ottoman Empire, the co-operatives, and paupers—the last of which is worthy of particular attention. The *Edinburgh* treats us, on its part, to an *exposé* of the French Commercial System; and a brief article on the New French Ministry, from which we infer that this journal's inveterate habits of opposition are very far from being extinct.

The controversial matter we dismiss with nearly equal brevity. The *Quarterly* contains a note called forth by certain remonstratory letters published by Sir R. Donkin, appealing against the Reviewer's treatment of his theory on the course of the Niger. The gallant knight would have behaved more wisely had he remained quiet. The *Edinburgh* contains a continuation of its controversy with the *Westminster*. We would humbly represent to these pugnacious gentlemen, that as they have now got all their arguments exhausted, and have of late only repeated what they had said before, the public are beginning to get rather tired of the dispute. The question seems now to be which of the parties is the cleverest fellow, and has the most pertinacity—a matter of no earthly interest to any but themselves. If the fight is kept up, we must raise a literary *posse comitatus* to apprehend and bind the combatants over to keep the peace; and if all rational means fail, we must resort to a method we have seen employed successfully in the case of fighting dogs—throttle them till they let go their hold, and then shut them up in separate kennels.

Both the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* have devoted a considerable space in the numbers before us to America; the former to its literature, the latter its society. Both are filled with prejudice and misrepresentations, unintentional, we trust and believe. With respect to the *Quarterly*, we are not so much surprised. Its supporters are in every thing so diametrically opposed to America, that

little sympathy was to be expected. With respect to the *Edinburgh*, it has no such excuse. Its conduct towards America has from the first been characterised by a trimming spirit. It has been afraid to say any thing in favour of America, lest it should be accused of republican propensities. In treating of her resources, her institutions, her literary exertions, it has uniformly damned with faint praise. We, having the good fortune not to be suspicious characters—at all events, above the suspicion of coquetting with democracy—dare to speak out. We say, therefore, that in the present number of the *Edinburgh Review*, the writer of the article on Dr Channing's sermons has sought most unjustly to depreciate the talents of Cooper. Nor can we excuse him on the score of incapacity, for his able appreciation of the merits of Channing shows what he can do when he pleases. He passes over the poets of America in silence, although many of them (Percival and Bryant in particular) are equal to not a few of the British bards lauded in the pages of the *Edinburgh*. Whilst upon the subject of America, we may remark, that the *Quarterly* has a very amiable article on the poetical remains of a Miss Davidson, of Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, which, to our notions however, would have been more in place in one of our juvenile *Annals*.

In addition to these matters, the *Quarterly* contains respectable articles on Systems in Natural History—the Life and Services of Captain Beaver—and Tytler's History of Scotland. The *Edinburgh* contains a just and delicate appreciation of the merits of Mrs Hemans—the conclusion of which is, however, unworthy of the beginning, and particularly namby-pamby. The articles on the Life of Locke, the Memoirs of Lady Fanahawe, and Burckhardt's Travels, are instructive and interesting. The review, also, of Cousin's Cours de Philosophie evinces the hand of a master. The review of Auldjo's ascent of Mont Blanc is written by an old woman, and that of Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture by one who knows nothing of the subject. The notice of Niebuhr's edition of the Byzantine Historians is got up on the very original principle of reading the prefaces, and turning over the leaves on chance for an occasional extract. The article on the History and Present State of Chemical Science is worthy of attention.

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*Tales of a Briefless Barrister.* In three volumes 8vo. Pp. 306, 309, and 300. London. Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley. 1830.

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to this work. There exists in this island, as well as on the continents of Europe and America, a numerous and ill-starred class, known by different names in different countries, but among us by the appellation of "briefless barristers." They are learned, for most of them wear wigs; they are independent, for all of them, alas! serve their country, in its courts of justice, without fee or reward; they are obliging, for, instead of superciliously waiting till consulted like their haughtier and better-employed brethren, they have been known to offer their advice (obtrude, is the expression used by the rude rabble) before it was called for; yet must all their good qualities wither unemployed, like "the fat weed that roots itself on Lethe's wharf," or like flowers wasting "their sweetness on the desert air."

The sensation excited among these people, by the announcement that one of their number intended to appear before the world as the author of a light and frivolous publication, is inconceivable. The great secret of their profession, that upon which their whole success in life depends, is to induce men of business to believe that they know of nothing, and care for nothing, beyond the walls of the court, and the matters therein discussed. Some of them have been more than suspected of an heretical leaning to the worship of the Muses, but their adorations have ever been performed stealthily and in secret; by the lone

lamp of midnight, and behind doors, trebly locked and bolted. This worshipping of false gods was a mystery of the order, like the unlawful orgies said to have been celebrated in the inner conclave of the Templars. But now their shame was in danger of being divulged by the indiscretion of a brother—the world was about to know that there were men of their number who cultivated literature. The hairs of every honest man's wig among them stood erect with horror, as if a stream of electric fluid were diffused around; every particle of powder seemed vivified by a separate soul, and arose in thick clouds, like the men of Kent hastening to rally round the standard of Protestant ascendancy; and like Homer's warriors in the dark, or Milton's fallen spirits in the shades below, grim, ghastly, and convulsed visages, held deep counsel how to avert the impending fate. It was resolved that each true brother of the order should purchase as many copies as his finances admitted of; a petition was presented to the well-employed barristers for a subsidy, seeing that "by this craft they too had their living;" and the gentlemen of the Temple were heard to mutter, that if the profession weathered this storm, they would instantly renew their proposal for admitting none to the bar who did not possess an independent fortune, for among such persons there was less danger of finding literary men, and a better prospect of raising funds for a struggle like the present. The first impression was bought up before it reached the public eye; a second suffered the same fate; a third was dispatched to Scotland, which has been engrossed in like manner. We learn, however, that the persevering spirit of Mr Colburn has not yet given up the contest; that he is preparing a fourth and larger impression, to the casting off of which all the steam-presses of all the London Journals have lent their aid, generously postponing their own interests to the great cause of literature. Two stray copies have reached France and America, and are being reprinted in the one country, and translated in the other; so affairs wear at present rather a promising aspect.

We have, by great exertions, succeeded in procuring a copy of the work complete, except that it wants the first chapter of the first story, and the fourteenth of the second; and, after perusing it attentively, we feel inclined to exhort the "Briefless Barristers" to desist from a struggle, in which it is evident to every unconcerned bystander that they must ultimately be routed. They have really no interest to continue it; for it is evident that the title "Briefless Barrister" is merely assumed; for any one who has read these tales must allow that the author cannot possibly belong to that body. He is a man of taste and talent, neither professionally pedantic, nor soured by the world's neglect. He seems to have taken a name so unsuited to his character, in such a frolicsome spirit, as has sometimes led men to veil a warm and morbidly sensitive heart under an exterior of misanthropy.

The tales are two in number,—"Second thoughts are best," and "New Neighbours." They are throughout characterised by good taste and proper feeling. They do not aspire to any thing great, but are told in a playful manner; from which, however, it is evident that they are the elegant trifling of a strong mind. We heartily recommend them to our readers.

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*The Comic Annual.* By Thomas Hood, Esq. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830. 12mo. Pp. 174.

WE gave our readers two characteristic extracts from this Annual last week. We shall now give them one or two more. It is needless to discuss its contents critically. It contains thirty-seven distinct contributions, either in verse or prose, and each of them is *quelque chose pour rire*. There are, besides, nearly a hundred caricatures, all of them clever, and some particularly amusing. Among the literary materials, perhaps the cleverest is entitled "A Storm at Hastings, and the Little Unknown;" but as its

length prevents us from extracting it, we shall give, instead, a *jeu-d'esprit* not less amusing, called

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resign'd, I kiss the rod."

"Well, I think it is time to put up!  
For it does not accord with my notions,  
Wrist, elbow, and chine,  
Stiff from throwing the line,  
To take nothing at last by my motions!

"I ground-bait my way as I go,  
And dip in at each watery dimple,  
But however I wish  
To inveigle the fish,  
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple*!

"Though my float goes so swimmingly on,  
My bad luck never seems to diminish;  
It would seem that the bream  
Must be scarce in the stream,  
And the *chub*, though it's chubby, be *thinnish*!

"Not a trout there can be in the place,  
Not a grayling nor rud worth the mention;  
And although at my hook  
With *attention* I look,  
I can ne'er see my hook with a *tench* on!

"At a brandling once gudgeon would gape;  
But they seem upon different terms now;  
Have they taken advice  
Of the '*Council of Nice*,'  
And rejected their '*Diet of Worms*,' now?

"In vain my live-minnow I spin,  
Not a pike seems to think it worth snatching;  
For the gut I have brought,  
I had better have bought  
A good rope, that was used to *Jack-catching*!

"Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,  
It is vain in this river to search then;  
I may wait till it's night  
Without any bite,  
And at roost-time have never a *perch* then!

"No roach can I meet with—no bleak,  
Save what in the air is so sharp now;  
Not a dace have I got,  
And I fear it is not  
'*Carpe diem*,' a-day for the carp now!

"Oh! there is not a one-pound prize  
To be got in this fresh-water lottery!  
What then can I deem  
Of so fishless a stream,  
But that 'tis—like *St Mary's—Ottery*!

"For an eel I have learn'd how to try,  
By a method of Walton's own showing;  
But a fisherman feels  
Little prospect of eels,  
In a path that's devoted to towing!

"I have tried all the water for miles,  
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting:  
And hungry and faint,  
Let the fancy just paint,  
What it is, *without fish*, to be *fasting*!

"And the rain drizzles down very fast,  
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell;  
So, wet to the skin,  
I'll e'en walk to my Inn,  
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell*!

To this we shall add a prose sketch, "which hath a moral in't:"

A SPENT BALL.

"A ball is a round, but not a perpetual round of pleasure. It spends itself at last, like that from the cannon's mouth; or rather, like that greatest of balls, 'the great globe itself,' is 'dissolved, with all that it inherits.'

"Four o'clock strikes. The company are all but gone, and the musicians 'put up' with their absence. A few '*figures*,' however, remain that have never been danced, and the hostess, who is all urbanity and turbanity, kindly hopes that they will stand up for 'one set more.' The six figures jump at the offer; they 'wake the harp,' get the fiddlers into a fresh scrape, and 'the Lancers' are put through their exercise. This may be called the dance of death, for it ends every thing. The band is disbanded, and the ball takes the form of a family circle. It is long past the time when 'churchyards yawn,' but the mouth of mamma opens to a bore that gives hopes of the Thames Tunnel. Papa, to whom the ball has been any thing but a force-meat one, seizes eagerly upon the first eatables he can catch, and with his mouth open, and his eyes shut, declares, in the spirit of an 'Examiner' into such things, that a 'Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.' The son, heartily tired of a suit of broad-cloth cut narrow, assents to the proposition, and having no further use for his curled head, lays it quietly on the shelf. The daughter droops; art has had her Almack's, and nature establishes a Free and Easy. Grace throws herself skow-wow any-how on an ottoman, and Good-breeding crosses her legs. Roses begin to relax, and curls to unbend themselves; the very candles seem released from the restraints of gentility; and getting low, some begin to smoke, while others indulge in a gutter. Muscles and sinews feel equally let loose, and by way of a joke, the cramp ties a double knot in Clarinda's calf.

"Clarinda screams. To this appeal the maternal heart is more awake than the maternal eye, and the maternal hand begins hastily to bestow its friction, not on the leg of suffering, but on the leg of the sofa. In the meantime, paternal hunger gets satisfied. He eats slower and sleeps faster, subsiding, like a gorged Boa Constrictor, into torpidity; and in this state, grasping an extinguished candle, he lights himself up to bed. Clarinda follows, stumbling through her steps in a *doze-à-doze*; the brother is next, and mamma, having seen with half an eye that all is safe, winds up the procession.

"Every ball, however, has its rebound, and so has this in their dreams:—with the mother who has a daughter as a golden ball; with the daughter who has a lover as an eye-ball; with the son who has a rival as a pistol-ball; but with the father, who has no dreams at all, as nothing but the blacking-ball of oblivion!"

We conclude with the concluding article, which is an

ODE TO ST SWITHIN.

"The rain it raineth every day."

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
On every window-frame hang beaded damps,  
Like rows of small illumination lamps,  
To celebrate the jubilee of Showers!  
A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,  
The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,  
And from the houses' eaves  
Tumble eaves-droppers.

"The hundred clerks that live along the street,  
Boudsmen to mercantile and city schemers,  
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,  
Go paddling, paddling, through the wet like streamers,  
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—  
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,  
And now and then a crimson one is seen,  
Like an umbrella *ripen'd*.

"Over the way a waggon  
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,  
While in the George and Dragon  
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!  
The butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,  
Hats shine—shoes don't—and down drop collars;  
And one blue parasol cries all the way  
To school, in company with four small scholars!

"Unhappy is the man to-day, who rides,  
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;  
Aye, there they go, a dozen of outsiders,  
Performing on 'a stage with real water!'  
A dripping pauper crawls along the way,  
The only real willing out-of-doorer,  
And says, or seems to say,  
'Well, I am poor enough—but here's a *power*!'

"The scene in water-colours thus I paint,  
Is your own festival, you Sloppy Saint!  
Mother of all the Family of Rainers!  
Saint of the Soakers!  
Making all people croakers,  
Like frogs in swampy marishes, and complainers!  
And why you mizzle forty days together,  
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,  
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather!  
I wish you'd clear it up!"

"A Queen you are, raining in your own right,  
Yet oh! how little flatter'd by report!

Even by those that seek the court,  
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.  
Folks rail and swear at you in every place;  
They say you are a creature of no bowel;  
They say you're always washing Nature's face,  
And that you then supply her

With nothing drier,  
Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel!  
The whole town wants you duck'd, just as you duck it,  
They wish you on your own mud porridge supper'd,  
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,  
Or in your water-butt go sores! heels up! and!  
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,  
They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—  
Be warn'd! You are too partial to a mizzle—  
Pray drop it!"

Mr Hood has had little assistance in this Annual. Horatio Smith, a Mr Edward Herbert, and Miss Isabel Hill, are his only contributors. Of Mr Hood's peculiar species of humour, we intend taking an early opportunity of speaking at greater length.

*Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores; or, Descriptions and Figures of a select Number of Unpublished East Indian Plants.* By M. Wallich, M. and Ph. D., Superintendent of the Hon. East India Company's Botanic Garden at Calcutta. No. I. Fello. Published by Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, jun. and Richter, London. 1829.

This splendid work promises to supply a desideratum in the science of Botany. The Flora of our East Indian dominions is rich in plants, very imperfectly known to the European botanist, and important, in an economical as well as a merely scientific point of view. The name of Dr Wallich is honourably known to botanists, and the materials for his present work have been accumulated in the course of a twenty years' residence in India, during thirteen of which he has been attached to the Botanic Garden at Calcutta, and liberally supported by the East India Company, in the charge of that Institution, and also in various journeys in Hindostan, Nipal, the Straits of Malacca, and the Birman countries. The work is to consist of three volumes, and will be published in twelve numbers, each containing twenty-five engravings, with letter-press. The drawings have been executed by native artists, under the direction of the author. The lithography of the work has been elegantly and accurately executed, and the colouring (which is done with the hand) is extremely rich. The accompanying descriptions are clear and satisfactory. We understand that the author, who is at present in this country, will remain until his work is completed. The publication of the ferns of India has been undertaken by our two distinguished cryptogamic botanists, Drs Hooker and Greville. The work now before us is dedicated to the East India Company, who, besides encouraging and supporting the author in his researches, have come forward with readiness and liberality to aid him in the publication.

*A Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris.* By a Provincial Scotsman. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 8vo. Pp. 283. 1829.

We thank our stars that we have not often read smaller

drivel than that which is contained in this volume. The author appears to be a good, weak man, without the slightest knowledge of the world, or any qualifications whatever to entitle him to put his opinions in print. He may be respected as a very worthy person in his native town; but when he "glanced" at London, Brussels, and Paris, he was altogether out of his element. A specimen or two of his style will at once prove the justice of our criticism, and amuse our readers.

After travelling "inside" as far as Birmingham, and meeting with a religious lady "of a pleasing appearance," who carried a Bible with her, talked "with regard to the import of the Millennial prophecies," and "turned up the 20th chapter of Revelations, and stated her views with precision," and after also favouring us with a hymn by the Rev. Cesar Malan, our author proceeds in very eloquent terms as follows:—"The accommodations of public travelling from Birmingham to London are, I presume, the best in Europe. The horses are like those elsewhere used in the equipages of the gentry; they paw the ground; and when the ostler, at a signal, lets go the curbs of the leaders, and withdraws from their front, the whole four-in-hand bound off like so many greyhounds. From the shortness of the stages, the concern is enabled to do ten and twelve miles an hour—a most extraordinary speed to be kept up for hundreds of miles. But every thing is sacrificed to dispatch; and I hazard the opinion, that other ten minutes might be added to the twenty minutes' breakfast." A fine practical suggestion! and worthy the attention of Sir Francis Freeling. But our "Provincial Scotsman" at length arrives in London, and when there, he waits upon "an old benevolent lady;"—he likewise sees a gig upset, and "moralizes upon the peculiar fatality of gigs, and why danger should attach, in a particular manner, to that species of vehicle;"—he likewise has the courage to visit the police-office in Bow Street; but he tells us,—  
"I felt at first chary of trusting myself within the precincts of this redoubtable computer; although innocence is there very safe indeed, and I dare say easily detected and discriminated from guilt." Poor innocent creature! For the fate of London, however, in the aggregate, he is deeply apprehensive.—"It does not seem want of charity," quoth he, "to be deeply apprehensive for the fate of this great city in the day of final doom, in such a way as the contemplation thereof might affect the understanding with uncontrollable sadness, and the heart with bitter weeping. 'O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!'" He of course gets out of London as soon as possible, having just "glanced" at the old benevolent lady, and the gig, and the police-office. He arrives at Dover, where he saw a very extraordinary sight:—"When walking about the quays of Dover, and searching for something French, I perceived some men in a steam-packet, who, from their language, were Gauls (!) but, somewhat contrary to my Scotch expectations, were sturdy, alert, respectable people, having no monkey looks about them (!) some with fair and reddish hair, and not at all like Jews" (!) This was truly wonderful; but our provincial friend having got on board next morning, was determined to dive farther into the heart of the mystery; so, summoning up all his courage, he "publicly commenced speaking in the French language, having met a modest Swiss gentleman on whose patience I trespassed for this purpose." Unfortunately, however, there was a swell on the sea, "which caused a titillation in his breast every lee-lurch that the vessel made," and, after "a state of incipient squeamishness," he made a "rush to the side of the vessel." In this terrible extremity, what heart does not bleed for the "Provincial Scotsman?" It is delightful to know, nevertheless, that he arrived safely in Calais, and being "recruited so far as to be satisfied that it was an undoubted fact he was in France," he went to the market-place, where he states an important fact:—"My first purchase in this foreign realm was something like ginger-bread, from an old woman's stall; but it contained

no ginger; therefore, I bestowed it upon a black-eyed urchin." What can it in reality have been that was thus palmed upon our author? It was *something like ginger-bread*, but as it contained no ginger, it could not be ginger-bread. We are inclined to think that a very deep plot had been laid, in which we have no doubt the government of France was concerned, to administer poison to our Provincial Scotsman, whose real character was, perhaps, an object of suspicion. We should like much to know whether the "black-eyed urchin" died after eating this substance? But, in "foreign realms," marvels never cease. Our traveller met with half-a-dozen knife-grinders in Calais, and "took the advantage of having the large blade of his knife sharpened by one of the number; for, as to trusting the little pen-cutter to a French ambulatory cutter, I had too mean an opinion of their advance in the IRON-TRADE to do so." How deep the knowledge which is shown by the exercise of this wise precaution! We have, however, still more to learn concerning these knife-grinders:—"One of these smutty-bearded gentry touched the finger of another with a small hot wheel, who, in exchange, spit in his ear; the whole laughed, and there was no more ado. I record this extraordinary fact, as it was the only practical joke I saw played off in France; and, after much watching of the conduct of shoe-blacks, cabriolet-drivers, watermen, coalmen, jugglers, and touseurs of cats and dogs on the streets of Paris, I am bound to declare, that I never afterwards witnessed such a breach of politeness as this needy but jocular knife-grinder was guilty of."

Our readers, we dare say, now begin to understand the "Provincial Scotsman" pretty well. We shall just follow him for a moment to Paris, and then leave him to himself for ever. With the general prodigality of the French metropolis, he was of course no less shocked than he had been in London. "In surveying," says he, "for the first time, a population of thirty millions, it is a fearful judgment that charity herself is driven to form, that only a few, a very few, shall be saved from such a sum of destruction; the awful majority choosing deliberately to perish, and pass their long eternity far from the smiles of the countenance of the Eternal." Not less decided, and still more original, are our author's opinions on play-acting:—"The accompaniments of play-acting are truly dreadful; it is an attendance on a diversion, in common with those of both sexes, who are avowedly abandoned to the brutal uttermost of moral pollution. I have sometimes had an Utopian idea, that the theatre could not only be purged, but made the frequent source of much advantage to mankind. Suppose a *conversion scene*, deeply depicted, (!) awfully developed, making impressions on the audience, similar to the religious awakenings at Cambuslang and other places;—at the midnight hour, the horrible distress of an alarmed conscience, lighted up and represented with scenic strength; the audience lost in reverential fear; the fatal symptoms increase—agony becomes despair, and the subject insupportable: perhaps this might not be an unfavourable moment for the still small voice of the Gospel to speak forth in terms of deep and boundless affection, making its way to hearts already appalled, and, it may be, melted, by the dreadful apparition of an offended law of God. *Thus have I dreamt.*" Dreamt indeed! Imagine Kean or Charles Kemble in the agonies of a conversion! But notwithstanding his detestation of the regular drama, our "provincial" acquaintance ventured to the Opera once or twice. "Nevertheless, during the superlative happiness I enjoyed, the occasional wantonness of the dancing came across my conscience, and the question occurred—What hast thou to do here?" Poor man!—After residing some time in Paris, he supplies us with the following truly philosophical information:—"It may be proper to possess my reader, from time to time, with these phenomena of French society which opened gradually to my view. About this time, I began to perceive how much more life is devoted to light amusement here than in

England; there is, therefore, a larger demand throughout for trinkets, ornaments, prints, pictures, and dress."

Bestowing upon him the highest praise for this wonderful discovery, we must now leave our Provincial Scotsman "in the midst of the overwhelming cincture of Parisian carnality," and content ourselves with simply expressing our regret that he ever wandered from the country town of which we suppose he is the ornament and the pride.

*East India and China Trade. A Review of the Arguments and Allegations which have been offered to Parliament against the Renewal of the East India Company's Charter.* London. E. F. Wileson. 1829.

"Why then, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard."

THE success which has attended Mr Buckingham's itinerant lectures was owing, in part no doubt, to the agreeable and graphic manner in which he imparted to his auditors a knowledge of the countries he described; but more to a widely-diffused and maturing wish throughout the country, to enquire into the policy of our Indian government. This speculative question excited a degree of almost morbid interest. Mr Buckingham did not raise the storm, he was merely one of its earliest indications. He was not the breath which stirred up the waves, he was merely a bubble dancing on their crests, and so first attracting the eye of the mariner. Mr Buckingham is a man of quick and accurate conception, and has a pleasing manner of communicating his thoughts, but he has not strength or reach of mind to govern or reform a state. Above all, in as far as regards India, he is deficient in that which chiefly recommends him to our attention when he speaks of other Eastern countries—he has not an extensive personal acquaintance with it. His stay there was short; his visits extended to but a small portion of it; his knowledge concerning it rests like our own—chiefly upon hearsay. In what regards the main question at issue, he stands on a footing of equality with his less travelled fellow-countrymen. Still he has become, in some degree, the organ of the party attached to innovations; and it is through him that we are to expect to receive their pleadings and statements of fact. This we have hitherto done through the channel of his *Oriental Herald*, the concluding number of which was published on the first of the present month. The work is henceforth to be published under the title of the *Oriental Quarterly Review*. Except in so far as it may be improved by the increased experience of the editor, it is to continue in other respects essentially unaltered. It must be an interesting work, as that to which we are to look for the expression of the feelings of a large and important party in the India question, and also on account of much curious matter respecting the East in general.

Our government has as yet refrained from uttering any opinion in this matter. The India Company, if it has taken any steps in self-defence, has taken them in secret. Its unofficial partisans are, however, beginning to bestir themselves; and, to judge by the pamphlet we have quoted above, they seem inclined to take pretty high ground. We do not feel ourselves called upon to give a decided opinion on the question; but we think many of the reasonings contained in the brochure before us, grounded as they are on important statistical documents, are worthy of attention. As yet only the advocates of innovation have been heard, and they have done what in them lay, to stir the nation up to action upon partial averments. We do not take any part in the politics of the day; but we think the relations of this country to India a problem of sufficient importance in political science to justify our discussing it apart from party considerations, and we intend to revert to it ere long.

*Waverley Novels.* New Edition. Vol. VII. *Rob Roy.* Edinburgh. Cadell & Co.

THE attractions to this volume are a long Introduction, which extends to 135 pages, and contains many interesting particulars concerning Rob Roy and his times,—a frontispiece by Kidd, representing the scene in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, on which we cannot bestow much praise,—and a vignette by Chalon, elegant and characteristic. We may mention two reminiscences concerning Rob Roy, which we have heard from an old lady, and which are curious. She remembered seeing the vehicle, which carried off the body of Roy after his execution, driven out of Edinburgh at a very rapid rate, as it was said that the quick motion might possibly restore animation. She had also visited the mother of Jeannie Kay at Edinbelly, and had been shown the “steds of Jeannie’s nails, which she left on the wooden door cheeks,” so determined was she to remain, if the Roys had permitted her.

*Ewing’s New General Atlas; containing distinct Maps of all the Principal States and Kingdoms throughout the World; in which the most recent Geographical Discoveries are accurately Delineated.* Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 4to.

THIS is a new edition of the best School Atlas with which we are acquainted. The maps (27 in number) have been re-engraved by those clever artists—the Messrs Menzies’ of Edinburgh; and, so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, both for external embellishment and internal accuracy, it will not be easy to surpass them.

*A System of Geography, for the use of Schools and Private Students.* By Thomas Ewing. 12th Edition. Carefully revised and corrected. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 312.

THE best possible proof of this book being a good book is, that it has come to a twelfth edition. Mr Ewing is an active and able teacher, and all his works are excellently adapted for public schools and private seminaries.

*Health without Physic; or, Cordials for Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. Including Maxims, moral and facetious, for the prevention of Disease, and the attainment of a long and vigorous Life.* By an Old Physician. London. Effingham Wilson. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 271.

THIS is a book which may be taken like some old lady’s prescriptions—if it does no good, it will do no harm. It is not very profound or new; but it is amusing and chit-chat. Health without physic is certainly infinitely to be preferred to physic without health, and the one is commonly absent if the other is present. We only wish that the “Old Physician” had not proved himself occasionally to be rather too old. His advice is often good, but his “maxims” are pretty frequently truisms.

*The Pleasures of Anarchy, a Dramatic Poem, first published upon the Jubilee in 1809; next “intended for the reflection of Youth” in 1815; and now as a warning to the Nursery.* With Preface, Notes, and Appendix. By the Rev. T. Newnham, mercer-citizen of London. London. Printed for the Author. 1829. 8vo. Pp. 213.

THE author of this work, in appealing to our judgment from that of the *London Literary Gazette*, favours us with the decision of that critic, which is in these words:—“This volume enjoys the distinction of being the greatest and most unqualified nonsense we ever read.” Having carefully revised the award of the inferior court, we find ourselves reluctantly obliged to confirm it, and deem accordingly.

*Manual of the Weather for the Year 1830; including a Brief Account of the Cycles of the Winds and Weather, and of the Circle of the Prices of Wheat.* By George Mackenzie. Edinburgh. William Blackwood. 1829.

WE do not exactly understand this book. It is one of considerable pretensions, but when we come to examine it, we do not find that it tells us much more than any of the Aberdeen Almanacks. For Mr Mackenzie’s scientific knowledge we entertain a respect, but there is no insignificant alloy of commonplace in his present volume.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### MORE INFORMATION CONCERNING ROBERT BURNS—THE NEW PORTRAIT, &c.

SINCE the publication of the article on Robert Burns, which appeared in the *LITERARY JOURNAL* a fortnight ago, two letters have reached us, both of which we consider highly interesting, and well entitled to be laid before our readers. The first is from the Ettrick Shepherd, and contains some curious reminiscences regarding Mr Taylor’s portrait of the poet. It is addressed to Messrs Constable and Co., and is as follows:

“*Mount Benger, November 27, 1829.*

“Gentlemen,—Observing that I am mentioned (in the *Literary Journal*) as having some reminiscence about the late Mr Taylor’s picture of Burns, I deem it incumbent on me to state all that I recollect about it, which certainly is of some avail, should there be any doubts about the originality of the portrait.

“On the 26th of January, 1812, I was sent for to Mr Gray’s house, at St Leonard’s, where I found him and Mr Ainslie, Mr Gilbert Burns, a Mr Smith, and several others, all busy consulting how best to get a sight of an original portrait of Burns, said to be then in Edinburgh. I laughed at the conceit, believing it to be a hoax, and some fair copy from Nasmyth’s; not thinking it possible that a portrait of our great lyrical Bard could have so long been concealed, after every thing relating to him had been ransacked to the foundation. Mr Gray, however, had learned the whole history of the thing, and reassured us of the truth of it, but at the same time added, that the widow-lady to whom it belonged had, of late years, refused even to show it to any person, and that the only possible way of attaining our purpose, was to make interest with Miss Dudgeon, a young lady, a relation, who lived with Mrs Taylor. Mr Gray had already been off in search of Miss Dudgeon, but had missed her; he, however, learned that she was to be at such a house at such a time that day. I having met Miss Dudgeon several times in company with Mrs Izett and the late Mrs Brunton, went along with Gray, and we found the lady. At first she said it was vain ever to ask it; but when we mentioned the name of Mr Gilbert Burns, Miss Dudgeon said that altered the case materially; for such was Mrs Taylor’s veneration for the memory of the Bard, that the very curiosity to see his brother would insure our reception, and she desired us to come at two, and she would insure us a sight of the picture.

“We accordingly went at the hour, and who the gentlemen were beside those mentioned I cannot recollect, but I know there were either six or seven of Burns’s personal acquaintances. I think Mr John Morrison was one. And in a little neat house, up one stair in West Register Street, there we found our cicerone and Mrs Taylor, a decent widow-lady, past middle life. She was retiring and diffident in her manner, and spoke but little. The first thing she did was to ask, ‘who of us was the brother of Burns?’ Mr Gray bade her find that out; and

although the room was small and rather crowded, she soon fixed on Gilbert Burns, and laying her hand on his arm, and looking in his face, said, 'Is this no him?' She was rather proud of having made the discovery so soon; and when Mr Gray asked by what features she knew him, she replied, 'She would soon show him that;' and taking a key out of a private drawer, she opened an upper leaf of a clothes-press; from that she took a little box, and from that she took a portrait of Burns, carefully rolled up in silver paper. It was kit-kat size, half-length, with buckskin breeches, blue coat, and broad high-crowned hat. Mr Gray at first sight exclaimed, 'Glorious! Glorious! Burns every inch! Every feature! Mrs Taylor, that is quite a treasure.' Mr Ainalie made some remarks about the mouth. Mr Gilbert Burns said, 'It is particularly like Robert in the form and air; with regard to venial faults, I care not.' These were his first words, or very near them. He looked long and fondly at it, and listened with earnest attention to Mrs Taylor's relation of its execution. She said, 'Mr Burns and Peter had been in a large party over night, and that Burns, of his own accord, had attached himself very much to her husband, for he never wantit the good heart and the good humour, poor fellow!' That on parting, Peter invited the Poet to breakfast the next day. He came, and that very day the portrait was begun after breakfast; Burns having sat an hour to the artist. He came a second day to breakfast, and sat an hour; and a third day, which being the last day Burns had to spare, he had to sit rather long, and Mr Taylor caused her (Mrs Taylor) to come in, and chat with the Poet.' She related to Mr Gilbert Burns a number of his brother's sayings at these interviews, but they were about people I did not know, and have forgot them. They were of no avail.

"All that I can say of the portrait is, that though I thought it hardly so finished a picture as Nasmyth's, I could see a family likeness in it which I could not discern in the other. I had been accustomed to see old Mrs Burns in Closeburn church, every Sabbath-day, for years, also a sister of the Bard's, who was married there, and Gilbert Burns was present. Taylor's picture had a family likeness to them all. To the youngest sister it had a particular likeness. It is as like one of Gilbert Burns's sons, and very like Gilbert himself in the upper part of the face. I took a long and scrutinizing look of Gilbert and the picture. It is curious that I could not help associating Wordsworth in the family likeness with the two brothers. Gilbert was very like him, fully as like as to Robert; but, to use a bad Irishism, had the one been his father, and the other his mother, he would have been deemed very like them both. The impression of the whole party was, in a general sense, that Mr Taylor's picture was a free, bold, and striking likeness of Burns. Mrs Taylor would never let it out of her own hand, but she let us look at it as long as we liked, and Mr Gilbert Burns testified himself particularly gratified. As I state nothing but simple facts, you are at liberty to give publicity to any part of this letter you choose; and I remain, dear sirs, yours most truly,

"JAMES HOGG."

The other communication we have received is from the pen of Mr Robert Carruthers, the able editor of the *Inverness Courier*, whose information, upon a variety of literary subjects, is at once accurate and extensive:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

"Mr Editor,—The article in your last Number, on the Unpublished Remains of Burns, will be read with deep interest both at home and abroad—on the banks of the Ganges and Mississippi, as well as on the Tweed and the Tay. The pious care which has of late years been extended to the fame of the poet, speaks well for the national taste and feeling, and atones, in some measure, for that cruel and heartless conduct which marked the aris-

tocracy of a former generation. Mr Lockhart's *Life* is certainly a valuable addition to our literature. It is written in an excellent tone and temper, and, added to its stores of information, with such an honest desire to do justice to the Poet, and to set down nought in malice, that we can scarcely wonder at its rising into such general popularity. The additions made to his third edition will extend the reputation of the work, and I have no doubt but he will speedily be called upon for a fourth. 'Let them stretch to the crack of doom!'—accompanying the noble labours of Carrie, and those strains which will survive,

'While rivers row and woods are green.'

"As I anticipate your hearty 'Amen' to this prayer, let us pass, for a few brief moments, to humbler matters. Mr Lockhart has chronicled the Poet's love of scribbling on glass with a diamond, a fatal present from a lady. It cannot be said that Burns trusted his fame to the brittle tenure of glass, but he was certainly fond of extending it in this way. I well remember, among the *dies notandi* of former years, having lingered by the Poet's house at Ellisland, tracing these wayward scrawls on a window that faces the river. His own and wife's initials are written in many a fond and fanciful shape, and the following line occupies a conspicuous place on one of the panes:

'An honest Woman's the noblest work of God.'

One of the best and most characteristic of these scraps I have never seen printed. Burns was sitting one evening with his kind and steady friend Mr Syme, and was pressed to drink. He seemed to hesitate, and, taking up a tumbler, wrote on it the following verse:

'There's death in the cup, sae beware,—

Nay, mair, there is danger in touching;

But wha can avoid the fell snare,

The man an' his wean's sae bewitching !'

This is a warm, yet delicate, compliment. The tumbler was many years in the possession of the late Mr Brown, Stamp-Office, Dumfries.

"The discovery of the portrait of the poet by Mr Taylor is a valuable relic. In the following note, which was lately shown me by a lady who prizes it highly, Miss Young of Maryhill, Morayshire, Burns alludes to a miniature which I have never seen noticed:

'Mauchline, 23d June, 1788.

'This letter, my dear sir, is only a business scrap. Mr Miers, profile painter in your town, has executed a profile of Dr Blacklock for me: do me the favour to call for it, and sit to him yourself for me, which put in the same size as the Doctor's. The amount of both profiles will be fifteen shillings, which I have given to James Connel, our Mauchline carrier, to pay you when you give him the parcel. You must not, my friend, refuse to sit. The time is short: when I sat to Mr Miers, I am sure he did not exceed two minutes. I propose hanging Lord Glencalrn, the Doctor, and you, in trio, over my new chimney-piece that is to be! Adieu.

'ROBT. BURNS.'

'To Mr Robt. Ainalie, at Mr Mitchelson's, }  
Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh.' }

"To Mr Lockhart's '*Anecdotes*,' perhaps you will think the following worthy of being added. It is perfectly unexceptionable on the score of morals:—Burns, it will be recollected, was struck with the first burst of the French Revolution, and, in common with many of our cautious yet ardent countrymen, regarded it as the com-

\* The profile of himself, alluded to in the above letter by Burns, must have been one of those traced by a machine, and could be of little or no value. We have seen a miniature painting of Burns, which belonged to Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop, but it is indifferently executed, and bears no character.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

ment of a new era of universal freedom and happiness. The conduct of the Gallic regenerators, however, speedily convinced the Poet of his mistake, and as an evidence of his returning loyalty, he enrolled himself a member of a corps of volunteers then raised in Dumfries. Previous to one of the public meetings of this body—a regular field-day, which was to terminate in a grand dinner—it was hinted to the Bard, that something would be expected from him in the shape of a song or speech—some glowing tribute in honour of the patriotic cause that had linked them together, and eke in honour of the martial glory of old Scotland. The Poet said nothing, but as silence gives consent, it was generally expected that he would *share* them on the occasion of the approaching festival with another lyric, or energetic oration. The day at length arrived; dinner came and passed, and the usual loyal toasts were drank with all the honours. Now came the Poet's turn; every eye was fixed upon him, and, slowly lifting his glass, he stood up and looked around him with an arch, indescribable expression of countenance. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'may we never see the French, nor the French see us.' The toast fell like a 'wet blanket,' as Moore says, on the hopes of the Volunteers. 'Is that a,' he muttered one to another, dropping down to their seats—to use the words of my informant, who was present—'like so many old wives at a field preaching; 'Is that the grand speech or fine poem that we were to have from him?—but we could have expected *noe* better!' Not a few, however, 'raxed their jaws,' as the Ettrick Shepherd says, at the homely truth and humour of the Poet's sentiment, heightened by the first rueful aspect of the company; and long after, in his jovial moments, Burns used to delight in telling how he had cheated the Volunteers of Dumfries.

"Mr Lockhart has mentioned the Poet's republican sentiments, and his refusal to drink the health of 'William Pitt' in a company, wishing to substitute for it the health of 'George Washington.' I have heard, many years ago, the anecdote related by a gentleman who was present. But Burns was always willing to do justice to the merits of Pitt. He used to say, that the Consolidation of the Customs, and other financial measures of that great man, could only be perfected by the son of Chatham, of whom they were worthy. At this period, the Poet was in the habit of frequenting the house of a near relation of mine, in which a weekly musical club was held. The bold Jacobin songs of France were then newly imported, and Burns was fond of hearing sentiments which he has embodied in his glorious lyric of 'For a' that, and a' that.' On these occasions, he used to rise and lock the door, remarking, that 'such things were not suited to vulgar ears.' I have reason to believe, that a number of notes and letters from Burns, of a political nature, are still preserved in the escritores of the surviving members of this club, who, as the Poet would undoubtedly have done, have long since renounced the dangerous and delusive sentiments which lent a halo to the early efforts of the French reformers.

"The almost unexampled success of Burns called forth a host of imitators, who sought to earn popularity by writing in the Scottish language. One day, as the Poet was sitting at his desk, he heard a well-known ballad-crier, familiar to all Dumfriessians, named Andrew Bishop, proclaiming an 'excellent new poem by Burns, called Watty and Meg.' The Bard, who highly admired the poem, lifted the sash of his window, and, in his rough and racy Scotch, called out, 'That's a d—d lee, Andrew—but gang on.' The reader may not think much of this characteristic trait, but had he heard it, as I did, from the lips of the Poet's widow, in the snug little parlour wherein he composed those matchless lyrics which will endure while Scottish literature exists, he could not refuse it the tribute of a genial smile.

"In conclusion, I may mention, that all the aberrations of the Bard in his latter days, though fallen, per-

haps, into evil practices, and sharply assailed by evil tongues, had not weaned from him the attachment of his most fond and faithful friends. The letters of Mrs Dunlop and Mrs Riddell, with those of numerous other correspondents at this period, remain lasting monuments to his honour; and I could name some high-born ladies, of irreproachable purity of character, who, on the day after his interment, moistened with their tears the premature grave of a man, whose memory will always be dear to his country.—I am, Mr Editor, your most obedient servant,

"ROBERT CARRUTHERS."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

### CLERICAL RECREATIONS.

I AM decidedly against pluralities, and for this single reason, that they divert the attention from that unity of purpose and effect which is the very soul of exertion. A pluralist may struggle a while with his double duties, but the one will ever cramp the other. He will feel like the Siamese boys, now exhibiting in London. There will, in spite of the very best will and arrangement, be occasionally a pulling in opposite directions. Could the one duty be made subservient and subordinate to the other—could the minor be converted into the aspect of an amusement or recreation, with a reference to the major—then, indeed, things were altered; but this is impracticable. The moment I consider an office as a duty, I cease to consider it as a source of amusement. A boy will ride all day on his father's gate, but impose this exercise as a task, and he is off directly. Fishing is a bewitching amusement, but they who fish for profit, have ceased to enjoy it as such. That there should be clerical recreations, is not only desirable, but indispensable; but that sacred and solemn duties should be made to wear this aspect, is inadmissible. It is a manifest satire upon the wisdom of our ancestors, and serves to lessen our regard for the most binding motives of action. Away, then, with pluralities from our church! The bone has been gnawed and crushed, till the children's teeth have been set on edge. Fling it to the Treasury, and let the rebound be heard through St Stephens!

But though I am against pluralities, I am decidedly favourable to clerical recreations; such recreations, however, as preserve the proper and distinctive character. I do not, assuredly, include under this class the editing of newspapers, and other periodicals. Neither do I tolerate clerical boarding-houses. These avocations are manifestly duties, to the performance of which time, talents, and exertion are *compelled* to be subservient. "Non mihi ressed me rebus submittere conor," says the clerical editor, or boarding-school master; and the people, the periodical, or the pupils, must suffer. But the whole range of literature is legitimately open to the parson. In this field he may toss and tumble about under sunshine, with all the freedom and frolic of an exulting and rejoicing nature. Amidst this range of diversified enjoyment, his imagination, feelings, judgment, memory, may disport, till the public begin to look over the wall, and participate in his happiness. The press is to him a "BABEL ORGAN," upon which he can occasionally play a divertimento—whenever, and only whenever, the humour shall seize him. Upon this "organ," not yet prohibited in our church, many clergymen have played, and are at this hour playing, most delightfully.

There, for example, is Dr George Cook, lately of Lawrencekirk, who has made the instrument, at leisure hours, respond beautifully to the tune of "Auld Langsyne;"—Mr Sommerville, of Currie, has given us "Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns" in a most moving style;—Scott, of Corstorphine, has played us "Wha was aince like Willie Gairlace;" and the minister of West-Calder has sung us "High Germanie;"—Hamilton Paul has made the keys ring to "Rob the Ranter," whilst the

minister of Dunsyre has rumbled a few notes to the tune of "A bonnie lass to a Friar came;"—Wright, of Borthwick, has presented us with "A Morning and Evening Sacrifice," whose hallowed aspirations are still in the ears of the nation, whilst Brown, of Eskdalemair, has played a masterly overture, entitled "Judah;"—Duncan, of Damfrices, has made the cottar's fire-side wondrous fain, and Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, has danced and cracked his thumbs merrily to the music;—Dr Mackenzie, of Portpatrick, has made the rocks around him respond to "Sin and Oceans," a powerful medley, whilst Welch, of Glasgow, has given us "Brown's" requiem in proper emphasis;—M'Lellan, of Belton, has struck the "note of liberty," which has been echoed up Glen Ken, and has died away at its old residence, the Manse of Kells;—Sandborough, of Stevenson, has made the rocks of Arran and Gostfell vocal, whilst M'Leod, of Campsie, has taught the instrument to discourse beautiful Gaelic;—Chalmers has "organised the organ into a new state of organization," whilst music oozed from every pore; and Andrew Thomson has rung it successfully in tones and cadences of strength and terror;—Sievewright, of Markinch, has died away in a most dying—*dying* fall, whilst Fleming, of Flisk, has converted it into an ark, for all manner of beasts, birds, and reptiles. And thus the organ has ended in a deray of organic matter, powers, and modulation.

But, seriously, such literary recreation as has been referred to, instead of impeding the performance of duty, forwards it, and coming not at stated and fixed intervals, but occasionally, and *ad libitum*, serves to keep alive the mental powers, as well as to improve the moral perceptions.

Man, however—and, after all, a Minister is but a man—is not entirely made up of mind. There is an "aliquid terrenum fœcile" in his composition—"certamen est animæ, cum gravi carne,"—and to prolong this contest, bodily exercise is absolutely requisite. Away with cards, drafts, backgammon, and chess! The first are unclerical, the second and last, downright stupefaction, whilst backgammon is perfect derangement. Any man who can sit down after dinner, and with his ears open, inflict upon another man the misery of backgammon, would, if occasion served, be guilty of murder,—he would trail the body over harrows of iron, as well as the soul over such tearing jets of sound. So much for sedentary recreations, which, with a parson, should all be of a literary, or professional, or family character. The Minister in his family, and with his books and parishioners, will never be in need of sedentary amusement. But he must have exercise. Let him fish! He is two, three, five miles from a stream;—no matter—let him ride, or trot on foot,—still he ought to fish. There is, in fact, no other exercise so every-way suiting his character and circumstances. Shooting we have on a former occasion dismissed. Quoits are vulgar. Golf is genteel, but expensive;—and what, in the name of health and repaired spirits, is left to the "honest man," but fishing? So let him fish, and incessantly; the stream ever runs;

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum;"

and so long as it runs it is fishable. True, the Baltic freezes occasionally, and so do our mountain streams, about the month of February in particular; and then for a few days there is poor fishing; but, with the exception stated, there is sport, and admirable sport, for the Minister all the year round. No month can match March for its deep holes and dark two-pounders. True, they do not rise often; but then their single bite is fate. April is all over fishable, from the equally blast to the dark-lowering clouding. May is the Queen of Months—the Triton of the minnows—enthroned in the midst of the finny tribes, from the par to the red trout. If you do not kill in May, why, then, wait till August; for I cannot say much for June or July; these are so hot and

prolific of sedges, one is ever in danger of being stung by wasps, or bewildered amidst a labyrinth of vegetation. Yet, if you choose to practise with the natural fly, you may kill and kill till the strap cuts your shoulder. September, October, and November, with floods, sea-trout, hirling, and all manner of migrating shoals!—who would mind a blast or a wetting, when the whole streams are peopled, when, a few days later, and fishing becomes murder of the most forbidding and unseemly character? What then, say you, is to be done during frost?—"Curl! play at the channel-stane,"—engage in bonspiels,—eat beef and greens,—and enjoy the society of the more respectable proportion of your parishioners. What exercise of which the season admits can be more healthy than this?—a clear blue sky overhead,—a game to interest the gods,—the excitement of emulation in constant and increasing activity,—and then, when evening comes—But this is a theme too much for feeble prose;—

The sun has set in azure sky,  
And home the happy curlers hie;  
Their brooms are safely stowed away,  
Preserved for use some other day.  
The ground is firm, the air is keen,  
And every puff of breath is seen;  
And ever, as along they string,  
Their tongues with curling clatter ring.

To "beef and greens"—the curlers' feast—  
Sit down the farmer, laird, and priest.  
Our jaws in silence move a while—  
The beef is plied in proper style—  
Till first a dram, and then a jug  
Of porter, makes the matter snug—  
Well-bottled porter, air'd and meek,  
All reaming from the chimney cheek.

Then comes the bowl—an heir-loom old—  
Which three good quarts of punch can hold.  
We hate your tumblers, brittle ware,  
They want the jolly, social air;  
And jugs are our abhorrence too,  
They hide the beverage from the view.  
The water smokes, the whisky-bottle  
Emits his soul through gurgling throttle;  
Amidst the board he takes his place—  
Vast MODERATOR of his race!  
The spoon is motioned knowingly—  
The punch is ready—taste and try—  
The smack is o'er—the sentence pass'd—  
We've "hit the very thing" at last.  
And now around the fire we gather—  
A fire looks well in frosty weather;  
Our half-moon table suits our numbers,  
And neither wife nor care encumbers.

Loiling at ease, with haunch on high,  
We haffins sit, and haffins lie;  
Our eyes all beaming full of glee—  
The happiest of the happy we.  
The shot is played—the port is run,  
The winner *hit*—the end is won.  
"Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat prata biberunt."

So, so, my pretty Pegasus, you are all over of a lather! There, now, compose yourself, and walk decently into your stall, recollecting that, after all your vapouring, you are only the "Minister's yad." T. G.

#### THE DRAMA.

They who think Knowles no poet, and Macready no actor, should go to see *Virginia* and *William Tell*; and if they remain of the same opinion still, they are greater dorks than we took them for. We look upon Knowles, and we care not who knows our opinion, as by far the

best dramatic writer living; and we look upon Macready as very nearly the best tragic actor. The chief fault which some people pretend to find with Knowles is, that he trusts too much to situation, and too little to poetry. This objection arises from not understanding the proper mode of producing dramatic effect. What is it that the dramatic writer aims at?—it is to obtain a command over the passions of his reader or his auditor. There are two ways of doing this,—either by making the persons in his play *describe* the strong emotions which they feel, or by putting them directly and distinctly in such situations that it is impossible for them to avoid feeling strong emotion, whether they describe it or not. The great talent of a dramatic writer is, to conceive such situations, and to make them succeed each other in a rapid and apparently natural order. It is here that Knowles excels; his plays are full of dumb poetry, which nevertheless speaks to the heart far better than a long array of words could do. In a stage representation, we must see fully as much as *hear*. The dramatic poet approximates nearer the painter and the sculptor than any other poet. Do we deny the artist genius because the groups which he conceives, and the attitudes into which he throws them, are silent? Then do not let us deny genius of the highest order to Knowles, when we find that his living pictures take a still stronger hold of our recollections. It is a vulgar mistake that all poetry must be written. Whatever excites the soul, and touches the heart, is full of poetry; and he who created that exciting cause, is a poet. Would the flower be more beautiful, were it to speak and proclaim its loveliness, or the sun more glorious, were it to declare itself so, as with the voice of a trumpet? At the same time, let it not be supposed that we think Knowles's words feebler than his conceptions. His composition, on the contrary, is full of fire and energy, and did space permit, we could at this moment quote a hundred passages to make good our assertion. He catches a thought, and states it in a line, or half a line, and then looks out for a new thought. There is with him no beating about the bush, no lingering by the way. Every fresh sentence adds something to the general stock; and the whole taken together make a tragedy, instinct with animation from beginning to end. We know there are many who will think we have carried our praise too far; and the reason is, that to the literary world, Knowles personally is scarcely known at all. Authors are like a bundle of sticks, they prop up each other. If a writer, with moderate talents, has a numerous circle of literary friends, there is no fear of him,—they will carry him through in spite of fate. If, on the contrary, he either shuts himself up from mankind, or buries himself in a large mercantile town, as Knowles has done, *c'en est fait*, there is no hope for him; he is looked on as an interloper, an upstart, somebody that nobody knows any thing about. We rejoice to observe, that Knowles has been spoken of more than once in the LITERARY JOURNAL, and always with that respect which genius, such as his, is entitled to. But why are the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Blackwood's Magazine, the New Monthly, and the Old Monthly, all silent regarding one, whose "Virginus" has been played on every stage in the kingdom, in America, in France, and in Holland?

We have almost lost sight of Macready; but the praises we have bestowed upon Knowles, will illustrate our feelings towards him. He is an actor worthy of the poet. In bringing out the nicer beauties and graces of a character, he is probably inferior to Young; but whenever there is any thing difficult to be done, Macready is the man to do it. In smooth sailing, many a light craft might pass him by; but let the gale come and the sea grow rough, and show us the actor who will ride through the storm better than Macready. It is this that we value in a great tragedian; we care little or nothing for one who is perpetually smooth and correct; we want a man to show us that he has his whole soul in what he is about. Let him

a thousand times rather strain after effect, till his straining becomes unnatural, than sink into tame blamelessness—into that drowsy negative species of acting, with which no one can find fault. What man was ever *great*, with whom, and with whose works, there were not a thousand faults to be found? Macready stirs us into powerful emotion, and therefore the end of his calling is fulfilled; he does nearly all that a tragic actor is expected to do. Unless his benefit be better attended on Monday than his performances have hitherto been, we conceive a stain will be cast upon the dramatic taste of Edinburgh, which it will be difficult to wash out.

Miss Jarman continues to maintain her place in our estimation. Her performance of *Virginia* is excellent; it is touching, simple, and unaffected. Her *Belvidera* we did not like quite so much. We shall take an early opportunity of offering Miss Jarman a few hints, to which she may perhaps think it worth while to listen.—The manager has had the liberality to re-engage Miss Phillips, who was here with Braham. She is a highly respectable addition to the operatic strength of the company.

OLD CERBERUS.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONG.

'Tis true, I may smile; but they guess not, my heart,  
How dark are the thoughts in thy depths that abide;  
How unknown amid friends and all lonely thou art—  
Pale sorrow thy birthright, and nothing beside!

Though ead is the doom of the Exile who roves—  
Estranged from the land of his happiest years;  
Though, when Fancy restores him the scenes that he loves,  
All his soul gushes forth in a fever of tears;

Yet 'tis sadder by far in a dear home to dwell,  
With spirits still near thee fond vigil to keep,  
And feel that thy heart is so chain'd by a spell—  
It may wither or break—but its woe cannot weep!

I envy the Exile, and gladly would roam,  
Unfriended, to dwell beneath far foreign skies,  
If Memory would bring me one vision of home,  
To call forth a tear from my languishing eyes.

But the fountain is seal'd! and, as flowers veil the tomb,  
My smiles veil the darkness that robes thee, my heart;  
And they guess not, who pass me in life's happy bloom,  
How unknown amid friends and all lonely thou art!

GERTRUDE.

### TO VIVIAN.

BELOVED! when death is o'er me stealing,  
O! weep thou not for me!  
Stir not my soul to such wild feeling  
In that last hour with thee!  
Look on me calm as thou dost now,  
With fond and gentle eye,  
And, reading peace on thy mild brow,  
In peace I fain would die.

Beloved! when willows wave above me,  
O! weep thou not for me!  
Though torn from earth and all that love me,  
From sorrow's chain I'm free!  
And think not that thou wanderest lone,—  
Twin hearts, what power may sever?  
My soul will watch thee journeying on—  
Thy guide—thy own for ever!

GERTRUDE.

## HOPE.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

*James Thomson, Author of "De Courci," and other Poems.*

FROM the first moment of our birth,  
To that which gives back "earth to earth,"  
No more with ills to cope;  
The sweetest boon of bounteous Heaven,  
To cheer man's rugged pathway given,  
Is life's best blessing, Hope!

When mildew blights the farmer's crops,  
Crows gnaw his corn, and flies his hope,  
And thunder sours his beer;  
Still he looks forward undimay'd,  
For Hope comes whispering to his side,  
Of better luck next year.

The sailor, anchor'd on the deep,  
Heeds not though wild the surges sweep,  
While stanch is every rope;  
And though the midnight flames invade,  
Still are you safe, if you have made  
Insurance in the Hope.

In youth, in age, in calm, in gale,  
Thus doth Hope's influence prevail  
To tinge our voyage with bliss;  
Nay, so all-powerful is the sprite,  
You did but hope that I would write,  
And lo! I've scribbled *this*!

London.

## A DAY'S SHOOTING.

I WENT one day to the Castle Hill  
To see what I could see,  
And I walk'd straight up through the outer gate  
To the Half-Moon Battery;  
And there I found good old Mons Meg,  
And beside her a Celt in a philabeg.

Said I to the Celt,—“ We'll load Mons Meg,  
And we'll take a shot or two;”—  
At first the man was a good deal surprised,  
And he look'd a little blue;  
But seeing the pleasant way I had got,  
He went and brought me the powder and shot.

I put three barrels of powder in,  
And after them three balls,  
And every ball was as large at least  
As that on the top of St Paul's;  
And then I tied the match to a wand,  
And quietly fired Mons Meg off-hand.

The report was such, that the Castle rock  
Quiver'd like aspen green;  
And the shock brought Prince's street down at once,  
As if it had never been;—  
“ Hurrah!” said I; “ Mons Meg, well done!  
Where have the bullets, I wonder, gone?”

The first ball smash'd the bottle-house  
That stood on the shore at Leith,  
And then it sunk the good guard ship  
That was anchor'd off Luckkeith;  
And then through the water it went with a whirl,  
Till it knock'd down the inn at Pettyear.

The second ball pass'd through the Calton Hill,  
And down came jail and monument;  
A carriage and four may now be driven  
Through the tunnel its passage rent:

It landed somewhere about Kirkaldy,  
And the Provost went out of his wits, poor body!

The third ball flew in a zig-zag way,  
That made the Highlander stare;  
It took off the dome of St George's Church  
As it pass'd over Charlotte Square,  
And is still to be seen in a shady nook  
Very near Mr Jeffrey's house at Craigcrook.

The terror this single shot produced  
All round for twenty miles,  
To me was the source of much delight,  
And of many playful smiles:—  
By Jove! when again I fire Mons Meg,  
I'll put in my friend with the philabeg!

H. G. B.

TO E. G.

*By Thomas Tod Stoddart.*

THOU art upon my tide of thought  
A fair and floating thing,  
Like to some sea-bird merrily  
Adrift upon its wing.

And though a shower of sorrow fall  
From cloud that passeth o'er,  
'Twill be but as some baptism  
To bind me yet the more.

I love thee; but I am content  
To feed my thoughts alone,  
Within my own heart's solitude,  
If that it be my own.

I vow'd a vow by moon and star,  
And by the emerald sea,  
By the winds that travel fast and far,  
By the plume of forest tree.

I vow'd a vow by day and night,  
By harvest and by spring,  
By bloom of flower, and autumn blight,  
And every holy thing!

I vow'd a lifetime and a love;  
And they, however long,  
Shall all be dedicate to thee,  
In silence and in song!

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

His Majesty, it is stated, has graciously permitted George Colman to dedicate his *Random Records*, now nearly ready, to him.

The *Records* of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa, by Richard Lander, his faithful attendant, and the only surviving member of the expedition, with the subsequent adventures of the author, are nearly ready for publication.

Captain Dillon's *Voyages in Search of the Wreck of La Perouse* will appear speedily.

Messrs Westley and Davis announce for publication, early in the ensuing year, an edition of the *Old Testament*, with the substitution of the original Hebrew names in place of the English words *Lord* and *God*, and of a few corrections thereby rendered necessary; with *Notes* by the Editor.

Mr Carne's new work consists, we understand, of *Recollections of Travels in Syria and Palestine* that could not be included in his two volumes of “*Letters from the East*,” to which, therefore, the present may be considered as a *third* volume. Besides much personal adventure, the subjects described are, the Valley of Zabulon, Source of the River Jordan, Scene of the Prophets, Sacrifice, Valley of Ajalon, Sepulchre of the Virgin Mary, Scene of the Encampment of the Host of Israel, Village of Endor, Cave of Elijah, Waters of Mara, and other sacred localities on which the pious mind often dwells in serious meditation.

The *Rivals*, a new novel, by the author of *The Collegians*, will appear this month.

The next Number of the Family Library will be the second volume of the *Lives of British Painters*; after that, the concluding volume of Milman's *History of the Jews*; and then the first volume of the *Life of George the Third*.

We understand that Mr William Anderson of Edinburgh, (at present connected with the *Glasgow Courier*), has a volume of Poems in the press, which will appear shortly after Christmas, under the title of *Poetical Aspirations*.

LOUIS XVIII.—The Private Memoirs of the Court of this monarch, announced for immediate publication, are said to be written by a Lady who enjoyed his particular confidence. They relate, it appears, to that eventful period which immediately preceded and followed the Restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, after an exile of more than twenty years, and they disclose the secret intrigues during that time of the most intriguing capital in Europe. Almost every person of note in France, since the downfall of Napoleon, is, we understand, portrayed in the Work.

BOTANY.—Dr Greville's excellent treatise on the Cryptogamic class, *Algae*, is in progress, and will in all probability be published in the course of January.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.—The following works are in the press, and will shortly appear:—*Hours of Devotion, for the Promotion of true Christianity and Family Worship*; translated from the original German.—*Patroni Ecclesiarum*; or a List (with Indexes), Alphabetically arranged, of all the Patrons of Dignities, Rectories, &c. of the Church of England and Ireland.—*The Etymological Spelling-Book*, by Henry Butler, author of *Gradations in Reading and Spelling*.—*Inductive Grammar*, by an Experienced Teacher.—*A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State*, laid before his Parishioners, by a Country Pastor.—*Evening Amusements, or the Beauties of the Heavens Displayed, for the Year 1850*.—*The Olive Branch, a Religious Annual for 1850*, in Prose and Verse: with a portrait of the Rev. R. Gordon.—No. IV. of the *Domestic Gardener's Manual*, and *English Botanist's Companion*.—A new edition of *Smart's Horae*, the English translation corrected and improved.—*A Treatise on Atmospheric Electricity*, by John Murray, F.R.S.—*Reflections on Insanity and its rapid progress amongst all Classes in Britain, considered in a Legal and Medical Point of View*, by Charles Dunne, Esq. surgeon.—*A Dissertation on Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology*, by H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. surgeon, &c.—By the same author, a *Series of Engravings of the Human Bones and Muscles*, for the use of Artists and Students; an *Essay on the minute Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs of Vision in Man and Animals*; and a *Series of Coloured Engravings of the Horse's Foot*.

PRICE OF FOREIGN BOOKS.—The abuses of bookselling importers are well known to literary men, and the heavy percentage which they are too apt to claim. It is a curious fact, that an excellent series of Japanese plants, now in the course of publication at Brussels, and sold by the London publishers at the price of 18s. per Number, has been furnished to two gentlemen in this city, by Mr Clarke, for 12s. We wish that some Westminster Reviewer, or any person who has access to correct information, would take up this matter.

TAM O'SHANTER AT LAW.—Mr Thom engaged to furnish copies of his *Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnie*, together with figures of the Landlord and Landlady, to the Earl of Cassilis. A Mr Dick subsequently bespoke copies of the whole four. Thom completed the statues ordered by the Earl, and then commenced another Landlady, which, pleasing him better than the first, he shipped it along with the other three for the noble Lord. Mr Dick lays claim to the lady. The matter has come before the Second Division of the Court of Session.—Mr Jeffrey for the artist and the Earl, Mr Cockburn for the purchaser. The case was to have been argued on Wednesday, but was deferred, in hopes that the parties might be induced to come to a compromise.

FINE ARTS.—The Directors of the Institution have allotted two thousand pounds for the purchase of old paintings. What do the members intend to make of them when they have got them? Lock them up with the models of the Duke of York's statue? Or leave them lying about the Exhibition Room, like Lord Elgin's casts, for the doorkeeper to deposit his coat and hat, or the housemaid her mop upon?—We understand that the Institution is to have no Exhibition this year, notwithstanding the report to the contrary.—We regret to hear that two of our most talented artists, Messrs Macdonald and W. Simpson, have it in contemplation to transfer their residence to London.

THE SIX-FRUIT CLUB.—The Annual Dinner of this Club took place on Saturday last in the Waterloo Hotel.—Sir Walter Scott in the Chair.—Henry G. Bell, Esq. Croupier. Upwards of eighty gentlemen were present, and the evening was spent in the most enthusiastic and pleasant manner, Professor Wilson contributing not a little to the general stock of enjoyment. We are glad to observe that our tall friends seem to have a decided taste for mental as well as for corporeal feats of strength.

THE EDINBURGH DISCURSIVE AND LITERARY SOCIETY.—We

are glad to perceive, by an advertisement in last Saturday's *Journal*, that this society seems now to be fairly established. It meets every Wednesday evening for the discussion of a literary question; and, once a-month, a night is set apart for hearing the productions of the members, whether in prose or verse. We certainly think that mechanics and others may benefit by this society, especially if a few persons of experience and judgment take the lead in its proceedings.

THE SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—Rather a long letter has appeared in the *Weekly Journal*, in answer to the short article upon this subject which we published last Saturday. We have no inclination to continue the controversy at present. Unlike the writer in the *Weekly Journal*, we abjure the idea of becoming partisans either on one side or other. We stated what we knew to be the simple facts of the case, solely with a desire to do justice; and now, for the sake of all concerned, we advise that the late disputes should be buried in oblivion as soon as possible.

*Theatrical Gossip*.—Charles Kemble has written a melo-drama, which, by all accounts, appears to be rather a heavy concern. It is called "The Royal Fugitive, or the Rights of Hospitality." If we are not mistaken, this piece was acted here some two years ago, and damned; but we believe we may say, without any undue national vanity, that a play may be damned here, and yet succeed very well in London.—Charles Kemble has quarrelled with Kean, who generously offered to play six nights for the benefit of Covent Garden, but very naturally requested permission to choose his own nights. He chose the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; but these being the evenings on which Miss Kemble plays *Juliet*, they were refused to him. Kean, therefore, accepted of an engagement at Drury Lane. The worst of the matter is, that the London critics abuse Kean, and see nothing selfish or concealed in the conduct of Charles Kemble. We beg to hint to Mr Kemble that he had better take care; we know him to have given serious offence this season in more quarters than one.—The elephant which Messrs Matthews and Yates have engaged for the Adelphi has arrived in London from Paris, after rather a rough passage across the channel, during which she was much troubled with sea-sickness. An insurance on her was effected at Lloyd's for L.4000, and her freight amounted to L.45. Her age is about twenty, and her manners are said to be extremely docile. She is expected to prove a star of the first magnitude. "Quam parva sapientia gullitur mundus."—Young Kean is playing with an English company at the Hague.—French plays are to commence at the English Opera House in January.—A certain Signor Venafra has taken the Caledonian Theatre for a few nights, and is to produce a series of ballets. We believe he and his company have been in Glasgow.—If Mr Murray had some new scenes painted lately, why does he not produce them?—The Theatrical Fund Committee have fixed the 29th of January for their public dinner. The affairs of the fund are prospering.

# WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Nov. 28—Dec. 4.

SAT.	<i>Virginius, &amp; Rostin.</i>
MON.	<i>Venice Preserved, Brother &amp; Sister, &amp; Robinson Crusoe.</i>
TUES.	<i>William Tell, &amp; The Noyades.</i>
WED.	<i>Virginius, &amp; The Youthful Queen.</i>
THURS.	<i>King John, No! &amp; The Noyades.</i>
FRI.	<i>Venice Preserved, William Thompson, &amp; Obi.</i>

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL NEW works have been received too late to be noticed this week.

The communication from Derwent Conway is in types.—We have received the letter of our friend "W. D." of Gulesborough, and shall attend to it.—The communication from "F." shall be inserted in our next SLIPPER.—The article by "M. G. F." of Glasgow will not suit us.—We are amused with what is mentioned to us by "Anti-Plagiariarist" but cannot stoop to take any notice of it.—The communication from an Aberdeen correspondent, concerning the late Mr Charles Hackett of Inverarnay, will be of service to us.—"Reminiscences" by "M." shall have a place, if we can find room.

The verses "To a Burr Thistle," the lines entitled "The Contents of my own Pocket," and the "Imitation of a Morisco Ballad," have found favour in our eyes, and will probably appear ere long.—All the following poems, the very reading of which cost us no slight labour, must, for the present, lie over:—"The Rose of the Vale,"—"Forget-Me-Not, by Delta,"—"Song, to the tune of 'Taste life's glad moments,'"—"To Mary,"—"The Dear One,"—"Moonlight,"—"The Pighted Bride,"—"The Wager—Love and Time,"—"and "The Student, a Parody."

[No. 56. December 5, 1829.]

## ADVERTISEMENT,

*Connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts.***THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL and NAVAL and MILITARY MAGAZINE for DECEMBER. Price 2s. 6d.**

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Printed for HENRY COLBURN and RICHARD BENTLEY, London; BELL and BRADFUTE, 6, Bank Street, Edinburgh; and JOHN CUMMING, Dublin.

## STATUARY.

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"I am much gratified by the sight of the Portrait of Robert Burns. I saw that distinguished Poet only once, and that many years since; and being a bad marker of likenesses and recollector of faces, I should, in any ordinary case, have hesitated to offer my opinion upon the resemblance, especially as I make no pretension to judge of the Fine Arts. But Burns was so remarkable a man, that his features remain impressed on my mind, as if I had seen him only yesterday; and I could not hesitate to recognise this Portrait as a striking resemblance of the Poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole exhibition."

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## EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL;

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No. 57.

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PRICE 6d.

## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Apollo's Gift; or, the Musical Souvenir for 1830.* Edited by Muzio Clementi and J. B. Cramer. London. S. Chappell, Clementi & Co. &c. 4to.

*The Musical Bijou; an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for 1830.* Edited by F. H. Burney. London. Goulding and D'Almaine. Edinburgh. R. Purdie. 4to.

*The Musical Gem; a Souvenir for 1830.* Edited by W. Ball and N. C. Bochsa. London. Mori and Lavenue. 4to.

Of all earthly enjoyments, music is the purest. There are some which are more intellectual, and others which are more intensely sensual; but music stands alone in the power which it exercises over human nature, and by appealing to that delicate and mysterious part of our constitution which no anatomist has ever described—no metaphysician ever explained—binds in its silken chains all ranks, and tribes, and generations. The question, why a certain succession of quick or slow notes should thrill through the frame, and penetrate the soul, with so simultaneous and universal an effect, is one which it is impossible to answer; but the fact remains unalterable.

They who are bold enough to avow that they experience little delight from music, are objects more of pity than of blame. We have invariably observed that they are persons of a coarse, querulous, or vulgar temperament,—persons whose souls and hearts, if they have any, are imprisoned within a dungeon of gross flesh, and whose tastes are as uncultivated as their minds are unembellished. Look, on the contrary, at him or her whose finer nature is attuned to every sound of melody; there is a depth of feeling, of love, and of gentleness in their very voice, which wins upon you even before you see or know the speaker. All that is profound in affection, all that is soothing in grief, all that is elevating in hope, all that is delicious in joy,—all this, and much more, may be best communicated through the medium of music. The very memory of an air that has been heard long ago, or far away—in happier years, in early youth, or in a distant land, is capable of communicating a joy, equalled, perhaps, by no other. What brings so freshly back into the heart all that the heart has most loved, as music? A song—a little simple song—poured into the dull ear of age, may carry even the most aged out of their infirmities, away from the feeblenesses and the privations of the present hour, back to the rosiest days of childhood, and they may dream that they once more bound along the breezy hill, or, in all the happiness of exuberant health, glide through the merry dance. A song—a little simple song—breathed beneath the casement of the exile and the captive, may transport him in a moment to the land of his nativity, may bring cool and welcome tears from his eyes, wearied out with watching.

"Whilst recollections, and but sweet,  
Arise and disappear."

These are the trite and commonplace results of music. There is nothing which it does not illuminate with a

light richer than that of the setting sun. To the highest and the lowest it lends an additional grace;—it paints the lily, and it gilds refined gold. The peasant girl at her cottage-door singing her mountain-melodies, far up among the Alpine heights, smooths down the rugged features of the scene, and pours out a flood of human sympathies upon the rocks and snows of ages. The noble maiden, seated upon her castle walls, whose ancestral towers look far over dale and down, never appears more worthy of her rank and lofty lineage, than when to the viewless air or to the stars of night, she gives forth the full soul of harmony. The music and the singer reflect a mutual charm upon each other; and when did even Shakspeare paint a finer picture, or pay a nobler compliment, than when he compared the tones of a loved voice to

———"Ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute!"

It is a happy proof of the refinement of the age, that now—a-days the undisguised and unblushing hater of music is unknown. The wish to avoid a charge of insensibility, in this respect, has perhaps forced some to seek for refuge under the mask of affectation; and it is not unusual to detect the pretended amateur yawning in the very midst of his plaudits. Yet, as a judicious writer has well remarked, "the very existence of this affectation proves the preponderance of opinion, among the refined part of society, in favour of music"; and as the ear becomes well trained, and a knowledge of the principles of the science is acquired, music will make the proper impression, and not convey the merely indefinite physical pleasure which animals are said to derive from it, in common with mankind." Were it for no other reason than the influence which music exercises over female manners and dispositions, and consequently over those of men, its cultivation could not be too much encouraged. Conjured by the magic of soft tones, every natural asperity lays itself down and sleeps, whilst wreathed smiles, and pensive fancies, and hallowed associations, congregate together, like fairy elves in moonlight; and all that makes life lovely, and the domestic circle dear, and distant friends remembered, and past injuries forgiven, and future pleasures anticipated,—all that elevates humanity, and removes that harassing discontent which at times creates in us a dissatisfaction with ourselves and all the world,—rises up like flowers, or rather like the incense of flowers, colouring and enriching the surrounding atmosphere.

But language toils and sweats in vain to compass a description of the smallest achievement of music. Language may move round music, and occasionally seem to approach it; but music is a sun which absorbs into itself, and gives forth again in one ray, the united words of ages. Blessed, for ever blessed, be those mighty masters of the art, who have taken it, as it were, out of the spheres, and brought it down to this lower earth of ours! And blessed, for ever blessed, be those gentle, delicate, and noble natures, who have executed what the others designed, and whose sweet, immortal voices—soft and low, or full-toned and clear—have obtained a mastery over us, which the thun-

der, high among the clouds, the ocean, roaring from its caverns of gloom, or the wind, sweeping the desert and threading the mountains, never possessed! The key to man's most glorious hopes lies in music. That we are capable of enjoying poetry, is nothing wonderful; for whatever presents a distinct and tangible idea to the mind, creates a pleasurable sensation,—the necessary reward of an intellectual exertion; and wherever there are words, there is a reference to something defined and material. But music possesses in itself no ideas, yet is it the parent of a million. In its very nature it is aerial and impalpable, yet what food did we ever eat, what liquid did we ever drink, which so immediately affected our whole constitution? Can we for a moment suppose that any sensual and material appetite would find its food in music? yet there is a part of our nature which *does* find its food in music. What is the conclusion? It is, that music has to do with the soul, and with the soul alone.

There are, of course, various kinds of music; but the whole may be pretty safely classed under three great heads:—the music which speaks to the understanding,—the music which speaks to the heart,—and the music which speaks to both. Under the first class, we comprehend all those pieces of learned contrivance, which, while they display the ingenuity and labour of the composer, are more like mathematical problems, measured by line and rule, than a succession of sounds appealing to the passions. It was not the older composers alone who delighted in these exercises;—Kalkbrenner, Pixis, and Moecheles, are men of the same order, possessing a great deal of science, and deriving intellectual enjoyment from its possession—but with as little feeling (in the better signification of the word) as one of their own instruments. By the second kind of music—that which speaks to the heart alone—we mean such simple and inartificial melodies as, though pleasing, could not take a lasting hold of the memory, unless strongly attached to it by some particular associations, such as those of home and country. Almost all national melodies are in this predicament. It is not the music alone that endears them to us, for that is in many cases too simple and monotonous, and even rude; it is, that we have been accustomed to hear them in the midst of all that we love, and that they become, therefore, memorials of past happiness. There can be no doubt that it is to the third species of music—that which appeals both to the heart and the head—that we must look for its highest triumphs; and for those strains, which, when heard, even for the first time, and under any circumstances, and in any country, take the listener captive at once, and rouse into energy all the varying emotions of his nature. To men such as Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber, belongs this mighty spell. Before their compositions, the music-mad passages of the Canons are no more thought of, and the pretty unadorned airs of the mere beginner fade away into insignificance;—music asserts her power, assumes her golden throne, extends her all-touching sceptre, and the nations bow down before her.

This is a long preamble to the more immediate subject-matter of this article; but we could not resist the opportunity of expressing, however feebly, the intensity of our feelings regarding music,—feelings in which we are certain our readers will participate, for most of them, like us, must owe to music some of the happiest hours of their existence. Let us then chronicle the fact for them, as well as for ourselves. Whether it may have been upon the tented field, in the solemn cathedral, in the glittering and crowded theatre, alone, or with a multitude, from the full-voiced orchestra, or the lips of one we loved, at the banquet-hour, beneath a thousand lights, or in the summer-glen, with the meridian moon smiling from a starless sky,—oh! wherever, or whenever, it may have been heard, never let it be forgotten that music has fallen upon our spirit like the light of Paradise upon her who stood without the gate.

The three works, whose titles we have copied above, are a new species of publication, taking their rise from, and suggested by, the success of the literary annuals. Their contents consist principally of original music, both vocal and instrumental, calculated for the meridian of the drawing-room, and well suited to afford both amusement and improvement to all who take delight in this fascinating art. In point of external appearance and embellishment, the whole three are a good deal like each other, and they are all elegant and attractive. We shall go over, a little more in detail, the contents of each.

*Apollo's Gift, or the Musical Souvenir*, is edited by two gentlemen of acknowledged musical reputation, Clementi and Cramer. It is embellished with five lithographic drawings, exceedingly spirited and distinct. Those entitled, "Arthgarvan," "Venice, by Moonlight," and "The Moorish Maiden," are three of the best specimens of the art we have seen. The contents of the volume are classed under the two heads of Vocal and Instrumental Music. In the first department, the best pieces are these:—"The Song of Harold Harfager," the words by Sir Walter Scott, and the music by Mr John Thomson, of Edinburgh. We have seen no composition by Mr Thomson which pleases us more than this; it is remarkably bold and spirited, (particularly in the first part,) and, what is always of importance, the music is admirably adapted to the words:—"Placa gli sdegni tuoi,"—Italian words, set to a beautiful duet of Cherubino, every-way worthy of the gifted author of "Cruel Perche." Cherubino's music seldom fails to charm. We remember the delight with which we heard his overture to "Anacreon" encoored at the first musical festival here:—"Lutzow's Wild Hunt," translated by Mr George Hogarth, from the German, the music by Weber. Weber was the Lord Byron of modern music. His "Lutzow's Hunt" is a splendid piece, but it should be heard only with the original German words, which make the effect wild and impressive in the highest degree. A harp accompaniment is also a great improvement, and gives a fine, full, swelling sound to the whole. Few things are more to be lamented by the lovers of music than Weber's premature fate. He had a genius and a style which have died with him; and which, for originality of conception and vigour of execution, we scarcely expect to see equalled again in our time:—"The Moorish Maiden," composed by Horn. This is a very delightful little melody, full of a lively archness, and with a character of its own, which is a great thing in songs of this sort. We foretell that many a bright-eyed dame, between this Christmas and the next, will sing this song to her lover, and the smiling glances she will fling towards the poor youth as she sings, will seal his fate for ever. We are sorry we cannot extract the music, and give it a place here; but the words, which are also sprightly, will afford some notion of the air; and here they are:

THE MOORISH MAID.

By J. A. Wade.

"Oh! lullaby, lullaby, father dear!"

Thus sigh'd a young Moorish maid,  
While a captive she loved to her bower came near,  
And whisper'd this serenade:—

'Oh! list to me, Abra! morning breaks;  
'Twill soon be too late for our flight!—  
Hark! hark! Ben Helim suddenly speaks,  
'Whose music is this to-night?'

'Tis my lullaby, lullaby, father dear,  
The trembling Abra said;

'I would sing you to rest, but my lute, I feel,  
Was wrong in the sounds it play'd.  
Oh! lullaby, lullaby, father dear,

I was wrong in the sounds I play'd.'  
The lullaby soothed him, again he slept,  
Again was the serenade sung,  
The maiden for lover and father wept,  
What could she?—so gentle and young!

One kiss on the old man's slumbering eyes,  
That waken'd her heart's best tears;  
One look at heaven in the Moorish skies,  
And away from her land for years;  
From her 'lullaby, lullaby, father dear,'  
From all the fond ties of home,  
That are nothing, or little, when they are near,  
But which we regret when we roam;—  
Her 'lullaby, lullaby, father dear!'  
Would oft to her fancy come."

"The Song of the Pilgrim" is a very graceful and flowing melody; and the composer, Mendelshon Bartholdy, who visited Edinburgh a few months ago, is one of the most extraordinary and accomplished young men at present in the musical world:—"We shall not meet again, Love," by Mr G. Hogarth, is a very sweet composition, and reflects credit even on the acknowledged musical taste of its author:—"La Chanteuse," by Panseron, is a light and playful ditty, finely corresponding with the words, which are no less so. For the sake of sunny France, a land to us of many delightful reminiscences, we subjoin them:

## LA CHANTEUSE.

"Chanter c'est mon bonheur supreme, tra, la, la, la, la,  
Chaque garçon me dit qu'il m'aime, tra, la, la, la, la."

"Où, je me ris de leur constance,  
De leurs tourmens, de leurs souffrances,  
Et sans pitié pour leurs chanaons,  
A leurs soupirs moi je reponds, tra, la, la, &c."

"Ils parlent, je chante sans cesse, tra, la, &c.  
'Croyez à ma vive tendresse,' tra, la, &c.  
'Ah! d'amour mon âme ravie,  
Je veux vous aimer pour la vie,  
Mais du moins par un mot flatteur,  
Daignez approuver mon ardeur,' tra, la, &c."

"Leur amour se change en colère, tra, la, la, &c.  
'Un jour vous serez moins sévère,' tra, la, &c.  
'Aimer c'est une loi supreme';  
Me disent ils, 'Il faut qu'on aime;  
Ce désir un jour vous viendra,  
Mais vieille alors on vous dira,' tra, la, la, la, &c."

The rest of the vocal music of this volume we do not consider quite so happy, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Ave Sanctissima" of poor R. A. Smith, who had a fine perception of the calmer and gentler beauties of musical composition. Knapton's air, entitled "Youth renewed," is not at all in keeping with Montgomery's words. Both the words and the music of "Young Ellen,"—the first by Bayly, and the second by H. Phillips—are commonplace.—"Oh! the hour to meet" is only a new version of "La Biondina;" and "I knew not the world contained," by Barnett, is a very close imitation, especially in the first part, of a well-known German Waltz. The fine words by Lady Caroline Lamb, beginning "Couldst thou but know," are very well adapted to a sweet and melancholy air by the Duke of Marlborough. Many of our readers may have seen these words before, but we have a pleasure in transferring them to our pages:

'COULDEST THOU BUT KNOW.'

By Lady Caroline Lamb.

"Couldst thou but know, but know what 'tis to weep—  
To weep unpitied and alone,  
The livelong night whilst others sleep,  
Silent and mournful watch to keep,  
Thou wouldst not do what I have done."

"Couldst thou but know what 'tis to smile,  
To smile when scorn'd by every one;  
To hide by many an artful wile,  
A heart that knows more grief than gulle,  
Thou wouldst not do what I have done."

"And, oh! if thou couldst think how drear,  
When friends are changed, and health is gone,  
The world would to thine eyes appear,  
If thou, like me, to none wert dear,  
Thou wouldst not do what I have done."

Of the instrumental music a good deal is not original, and it is therefore unnecessary to particularise it. The introductory march for the piano-forte and flute, by Moschelles, is bold and good; and the trio in A flat, which it comprises, is also clever. There is an air by Spohr, which, though pretty good, is by no means one of his best. This composer is much esteemed in Germany, and deserves to be better known here than he is. Bochs's adaptation for the harp of Rossini's charming air, "Assisa a pie," is good. The volume concludes with the following fac-similes, all of which are curious and interesting:—Weber's first sketches of the Opera of Oberon; Air by Mozart; Canon by Clementi; Musical Puzzle—to be read either way—by Hadyn; and Andante by Beethoven.

*The Musical Bijou*, of which the first volume was published last year, is in no respect inferior to *Apollo's Gift*. Its five lithographic embellishments are all good. They are entitled, "The Arabian Steed," "The Exiled Knight," "The Bridal Morn," "The Parting," and "The Presentation Plate." The literary contents are yet more varied and ambitious, several prose tales being introduced, and some poems which are not set to music. The contributors, both to the literary and musical departments, are numerous and highly respectable. The following song by Bayly, not unsuccessfully set by Rawlings, is the first in the volume:

POETS, BEWARE!

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

"Poets, beware! never compare  
Woman with aught in earth or in air;  
Earth may be bright, air may be light,  
But brightness and lightness in woman unite.  
Can you suppose eyes are like aloe,  
Or that her blushes resemble the rose;  
Where shall we seek for aloe that can speak,  
Or roses that rival an eloquent cheek?"

"Surely you ne'er saw lilies so fair  
As the forehead that peeps through the curls of her hair!  
Surely her lips red rubies eclipse  
The coral she wears, and the nectar she sips!  
Birds, in the spring, sweetly may sing,  
But woman sings better than bird on the wing:  
Then, Poets, beware! never compare  
Woman with aught in earth or in air!"

On the whole, the instrumental music is better than the vocal in the *Bijou*. The three best songs are, "A Persian Love Song," by J. Jolly; "Helm and Shield are stain'd with rust," by Bishop; and "Ye stars of Night," a duet by Barnett, of which the melody is sweet and simple, and full of feeling, the harmony good, and the whole within the compass of ordinary voices. The air of "The Exiled Knight" is not melancholy enough, but the symphonies are good, and partake more of the character of the words than the song itself. "Stay, Time, stay," is light and rather elegant; but the accompaniment is deficient. The "Air Espagnol" is pretty; and there are some clever passages in "Rest ye, rest ye, rapid streams," by Rodwell. Of the instrumental music, our favourites are the "Waltz," by Burrowes, which is exceedingly graceful. The first part is not so good as the second, and the third is more elegant than either. The fourth part, commencing in the key of G, is all good:—"Air, with Variations," by J. W. Holder, which is easy and flowing, and the passages lie well to the hand:—"Rondo and Polacca," by Herz, in which the subject is well chosen, "Dormez, dormez," being a favourite French air, and the Polacca which follows, an approved Spanish air; the arrangement also is good, and the composition not so difficult as Herz's music generally is:—"Divertimento, introducing a fairy march," by Kjalmark, light and pretty:—"And 'Duet for the Piano-forte," by Kalkbrenner, which is exceedingly good, and full of fine modulations. In speaking of the songs, we omitted to mention a "Romance" by Rossini, adapted to French words by M. Jouy.

Though difficult to do justice to, it is one of the best compositions in the volume. The accompaniments are very fine, and the whole is more in Weber's than in Rosini's usual style. Before quitting the *Musical Bijou*, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following beautiful little poem by Mrs Hemans, which, we observe, is reprinted from the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* :

FAREWELL TO WALES.

By Mrs Hemans.

"The voice of thy streams in my spirit I bear—  
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!  
On thy halls, on thy hearths, on thy pure mountain air,  
On the strings of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!  
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,  
Whilst I leave thee, oh! land of my home and my dead!

"I bless thee; yet not for the beauty which dwells  
In the heart of thy hills, or the waves of thy shore;  
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,  
Of the bard and the warrior—the mighty of yore;  
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,  
Green land, poet-land of my home and my dead!

"I bless thee for all the true homes that beat,  
Where'er a lone hamlet smiles under thy skies;  
For thy peasant hearths burning, the stranger to greet,  
For the soul that looks forth from thy children's kind eyes!  
May the blessing, like sunshine, around thee be spread,  
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!"

*The Musical Gem*, which is edited by Messrs Ball and Bechse, has six lithographic embellishments, of which the two most interesting are well-executed portraits of Madame Malibran Garcia and Mademoiselle Sontag. Short memoirs of both these ladies are also given. The notice of Garcia, which is very brief, we subjoin :

MADAME MALIBRAN GARCIA.

"This highly accomplished lady is the daughter of Signor Garcia, the well-known tenor singer, who made his appearance on the stage of the Italian Opera in London in 1818, and again in 1823. She was first introduced to the public on the same boards, in the character of Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* in the season of 1825, when only in her seventeenth year, and immediately secured that enviable popularity which so justly distinguishes her various talents. In 1826, she accompanied her father to America, where operas were then performing at New York, in which city she married Monsieur Malibran. Two years afterwards, she was in the highest vogue in Paris, from whence she returned to the King's Theatre in London, where she shone with increased lustre through the brilliant season of 1829. The natural gifts, and industriously-cultivated acquirements of this young and graceful *artiste*, place her at the head of her laborious profession. To the acknowledged charms of voice, face, and person, she adds mental attainments of uncommon excellence. Equally mistress of the English, French, Spanish, and Italian languages, Madame Malibran has issued various musical compositions, to which science and public taste have affixed alike the stamp of favour. In the words of an eminent critic:—'She has all the endowment, all the acquisition, and, above both, all the devotion and concentration of mind common to those strong and gifted individuals who rise to pre-eminence, whatever the nature of their pursuits.'"

Of the songs in this volume, "The crystal stream," by Barnett, is pretty good; "Leonore," by Weigl, is better; "The Mountain Boy," by Walter Turnbull, is pretty, but not quite so original as we could wish; "The Vine-Dresser's Song" consists of words adapted to Weber's exquisite Waltz, which are so completely inappropriate, that they reflect materially upon the taste of the Editors. The idea of setting lively words to this beautiful and pathetic composition—a composition which breathes the very soul of feeling—is preposterous. Lord Byron's poem, "I saw thee weep," is very successfully set to music by Malibran—the minor, in particular, is very felicitous. Among the instrumental music, we are especially pleased with the two Waltzes by Lady William Leman, which are at once graceful and ladylike.

On the whole, we have gone over each of these three volumes with very considerable satisfaction. Though it is not to be denied that most of the best pieces they contain are by foreign composers, they yet argue well of the proficiency to which this country has now attained in musical science; and the extensive sale which we trust they will find, will still farther prove, that a general desire to cultivate this most fascinating of all arts or sciences is extending itself more and more over the kingdom. We should be glad to see one or all of these books in every drawing-room we enter.

*The History of Scotland.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. In two volumes. Vol. I. Post 8vo. Pp. 352. (Being Volume First of the Historical Department of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.) London. Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1830.

We attempted, not long ago, (in reviewing the second series of Stories from the History of Ireland,) to express our notion of the peculiar characteristics of Sir Walter's genius, and the manner in which knowledge arranged and matured itself in his mind. We do not intend to go over again so soon what we then said; it will be time enough to repeat ourselves some five or six years hence; we have not yet quite exhausted our good things. But we wish the reader to keep in mind, that somehow or another, logically or illogically, we came to the opinion, that Sir Walter, by a kind of inexplicable tact, generally managed to arrive at just conclusions, although it was often difficult to discover the way by which he reached them. This peculiarity eminently fits him for the execution of the task he has now taken in hand, the compilation of a popular history of his native land. His style of narrative is admirably calculated to please that large class who, though reading for amusement, are contented to take instruction also, provided it comes without too much labour. Sir Walter never interrupts the smooth progress of the work by a tough piece of ratiocination, or a teasing reference to authorities, which might induce a half wish, on the part of his readers, to try once in their lives to judge for themselves, but which the *vis inertiae* of their nature renders, both morally and physically, impossible. At the same time, he is to these people, what they seldom meet with,—a guide, in whom wiser men might repose all but implicit confidence. We know not how it is, but we feel convinced that our author has formed, in his own way, a juster notion of the history of Scotland, than men of much higher pretensions to acute and laborious research. We are willing to pit our historian against either of his collaborators, (Sir James Mackintosh and Thomas Moore,) and give them odds. It is impossible that either of them can come to time. Sir James will not be ready before the year 1867,—Moore not till he has finished his *Life of Byron*, and heaven only knows in what *anno domini* that will be!

Sir Walter says, in his first page,—“Our limits oblige us to treat this interesting subject more concisely than we could wish, and we are, of course, under the necessity of rejecting many details which engage the attention and fascinate the imagination.” This voluntary preference of the equable flow of a continuous narrative, to the admixture of strong lights and shadows, which, affording a rich harvest of sparkling quotations, are the joy of the critic, obliges us to pursue a line of conduct to which we are perhaps occasionally too much addicted—taking all the talk to ourselves, and leaving no vacant space for the author to show how he can speak.

The present volume brings the story down to the disastrous field of Flodden, and the death of James IV. The previous history, according to the luminous and graphic details of our author, may be fitly divided into three periods. The first extends to the accession of Malcolm Canmore. This may be considered as the time during which the petty tribes of Scotland were massing them-

selves into one nation, and every thing is extremely obscure. The remotest portion, indeed, is in utter darkness; as we approach its termination, light begins to break in, but, like the first dawn of morning, it is feeble and uncertain. The second period extends from the accession of Malcolm to the struggle for national independence against Edward I. During its lapse, the Anglo-Norman race were spreading their power, language, and customs throughout the country. The government had remoulded itself according to the altered character of the people, and the original inhabitants had sunk into a secondary importance. The new masters, however, had not contracted a local attachment to their new possessions—a circumstance which held out flattering hopes to the ambition of the English kings. The third period may be viewed as commencing with the accession of Robert Bruce. The different classes had been fairly beaten into something like unity of sentiment and attachment to the country. From this time we may date the existence of Scotland as a nation; and from this time our annals become clearer and more copious.

In treating this part of our history—as far as he has yet gone—Sir Walter has confined himself to a history of the executive. We have almost no notices of the body of the nation, nor perhaps do many materials exist, out of which these more domestic annals could be constructed. The appreciation of the different kings and statesmen, and of their measures, is made with much discrimination. The comparisons of the respective forces of Scotland and England are strikingly just.

On the whole, we have really read this work with delight. There breathes throughout a spirit of fairness and candour, and a tempered humanity, which are the evidence of rich feeling, ripened by a long experience.

*The Foreign Quarterly Review.* No. IX. November, 1829. London. Treuttel and Wurtz.

*The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany.* No. IX. November, 1829. London. Black, Young, and Young.

THESE are good and interesting Numbers of their respective works; and such being the case, we are in no hurry to ascertain which is the better, being most decidedly of the same opinion with that unquestionable authority, in all matters of taste and literature, Mrs Malaprop, that "comparisons are odiferous." We prefer giving an analysis of their contents, stating, in a few words, our opinion of any article that may seem to have peculiar claims to praise or blame, as it passes under review. We arrange the articles under the heads of the respective nations of whose literature they profess to treat.

*France.*—The Foreign Review has this time assumed the occupation of its defunct brother, (is it defunct?) the *Retrospective*, and treated us to a commentary on the *Essays of Montaigne*. We class, under the same department of literary enquiry, (namely, the retrospective,) a short article, in this Journal, on a French translation of an old Italian chronicle, entitled "The Convent of Bajano;" and an equally short review in its competitor, of a History of the Inquisition of France. Coming nearer to our own days, we find the leading article of the Foreign Quarterly treating, in an amiable and philosophical spirit, of the additional light thrown upon the personal character of Napoleon by the *Memoirs of Bourrienne*; and also rebuking the lies of Méry and Barthélémy, in their poem entitled *Waterloo*; whilst the Foreign Review gives us a notice of the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*; and in an article on the *Memoirs of Vidocq*, affords a spirited exposure of the character and tendency of the modern Continental police, with an application to some late innovations in this department of the executive at home. The paper, likewise, on the new French Ministry, contains some home-

truths. Geneva, in its moral and intellectual character, is so essentially French, that we may take it in here, and inform our readers, that they will find in the Foreign Review a *précis* of the labours of the late Etienne Dumont in the department of Jurisprudence; and, in the Foreign Quarterly, a sketch of his life, which is from the pen of Sir James Mackintosh. For information respecting the present state of literary and scientific exertion in France, we must at present look to the Foreign Quarterly alone; which contains a history of Pacho, the enterprising traveller in the Cyrenalca, with an abstract of his discoveries, (by Mr Conder, the Editor of the Eclectic Review, and also of Modern Voyages and Travels;) a review of a French Tour through the Netherlands, (by Bowring;) an instructive article on the recent progress of Physical Astronomy, *apropos of Pontécoulant's "Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde,"* (by Mr Galloway, a Scotchman;) an article on Denon's historical researches in the province of the Fine Arts; and another on a translation of the Greek Erotic writers, now in progress at Paris.

*Spain.*—Nobody expects much from this country just now. The Foreign Quarterly contains some important statistical details of its present condition, by Mr M'Culloch, the political economist; and a critical sketch of the dramatic works of Gorostiza, a Spanish Creole. The Foreign Review has three paragraphs:—One on the Strange Adventures of a Young Biscayan Girl of the 16th Century; another on a Treatise on Political Economy, with a particular application to the present state of Spain; and the third on a Memorial by Sr. Gonzalez Azaola, now travelling, by order of his sovereign, through France, Flanders, and England, "to ascertain the best method for organizing companies, which foreigners are invited to join, under the protection of the Spanish government, and with the most ample guarantees, in order to establish associations for working coal, iron, and other mines in the Peninsula." We think that the statistical notices in the Foreign Quarterly, taken in connexion with the other facts just mentioned, are charming indications that, disorganized and degraded though Spain may be, her case is not yet utterly hopeless.

*Italy.*—The Foreign Quarterly has a long and interesting article on the southern dialects of Italy. It contains, likewise, a notice of the Venetian Pindemonte, the friend of Alfieri and Foscolo; and avails itself of the opportunity afforded by the publication of the latter's *Operette*, to correct some of his misrepresentations regarding his treatment in England. The Foreign Review has an article on the works of the Florentine, Niccolini, a personal friend of Foscolo, calculated to throw additional light on modern Italian literature.

*Germany.*—All the notices in both reviews respecting this country, are strictly literary, except some statistical intelligence regarding Prussia, and a retrospective glance at the state of the administration of justice in Hungary, towards the close of the eighteenth century, in the Foreign Review. In reference to archaeological knowledge, we find, in the Foreign Quarterly, reviews of Heeren's Treatise on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce of the Ancients; and a supplementary article to that, which had already appeared in the same Journal, on Niebuhr's Roman History. The Foreign has a review of Pinder's Antiquarian Researches into the knowledge and estimation of the Diamond, in the different ages which have preceded ours; and also notices of Matthias's late edition of Euripides, and the Bonn Philologists' edition of Synceilus and Nicophorus. To the literature of an age gone by, but which still continues to exercise a mighty influence on the intellect of the present, belong the works of Schiller, Richter, and the two Counts Stolberg. The dissertation on the "Wallenstein's Camp" of Schiller, together with the copious poetical translations from that piece, (in the Foreign Quarterly,) are by the same masterly hand that some years ago favoured the public with the other two

parts of this trilogy. One of these extracts appeared some months ago in our own columns. We thought highly of it then; but now, that we see it along with its companions, we do not hesitate to say, that the translator has succeeded in giving to the English public a spirited and faithful version of a poem which we once held to be utterly untranslatable. The Account of the Life and Writings of Jean Paul Richter, which forms the leading article in the Foreign Review, is by a gentleman of whose talents we have often taken occasion to express ourselves with much admiration. We have little doubt that he will receive both our praise and blame with the same profound disregard which he has evinced towards praise and blame from the very highest authorities. Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from entreating Mr Carlisle once more to try to write the language of common men. There has crept into his style of thought, feeling, and language, an affectation of which we find no traces in his earlier writings, which adds nothing to the force of his really original views, and which is repulsive and disgusting to the mass of readers. We regret to see a man, who might so easily unobscure his rich treasure of hidden thought to his fellows, persist in conveying it through a medium which he knows to be unpalatable. The Counts Stolberg are worthy of attention, as the first sheep, who, in a fit of sentimental and mystical enthusiasm, leaped back over the wall which marks the precincts of the Romish fold—an exploit which, in consonance with the gregarious character of that animal, has since been followed by a numerous bleating and baying herd. The Exposition of the Tenets of the Jesuits, by Girardet of Dresden, is meant to supply some information of the manner in which these fathers work upon the weak heads of weak men; but unfortunately, the worthy pastor has borrowed both facts and arguments from Pascal's *Lettres d'un Provençal*,—and, what is worse, has by no means improved them by the process. In intimate connexion with this whispering sect, stands the great humbug, Animal Magnetism, of whose mysteries a very instructive revelation is given in the present Number of the Foreign Review. The only remaining article that we have to notice in connexion with Germany, is a short review in the last-mentioned work, of a book, entitled “A Monument to the Memory of Moses Mendelssohn,” the most amiable and enlightened Hebrew of the eighteenth century.

*Greece.*—The Foreign Quarterly contains an able exposé of the history and prospects of the new Greek state, apparently from official documents.

We thought this exhaustive, and perhaps rather dry analysis, of the contents of these two Reviews, the best mode of proceeding, in order to convey to our readers an idea of the great mass of information they contain respecting Continental matters. We begin to be of opinion, that the task of opening the eyes of the English public to the inconceivable fact, that there is such a thing as science and literature beyond the limits of their own island, will be ultimately effected by the united efforts of these rival works. Like dogs in couples, after all their snarling and tugging, they seek one common resting-place. They are mutual supplements. We heartily wish success to both.

*The Young Lady's Book. A Manual of elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits.* London. Vizetelly, Branston, & Co. Pp. 506.

THIS is one of the most elegant, and, in all respects, one of the most appropriate and valuable publications which the present season has produced. The work is richly bound in crimson silk, and adorned with an almost unaccountable number of woodcuts, executed in a very graceful and superior style. But it is for its intrinsic and solid merits that we chiefly prize it,—for the immense mass of highly useful information which it contains upon all matters connected with the cultivation of

the female mind, and the embellishment of the female person. Before examining them, we were afraid that the contents might be too light and trivial, and that they might be more calculated to amuse the young lady's fancy or flatter her vanity, than to extend her knowledge or improve her taste. We have been, in this respect, most agreeably disappointed. The Editor of the volume (or, we should rather say, the Editors, for we can scarcely suppose the whole to emanate from one pen,) has had far more important objects in view, and by his mode of treating the various subjects he discusses, has proved himself at once a person of extensive reading, of excellent judgment, of gentlemanly breeding, and of distinct perceptions regarding what constitutes the true value of the female character. We do not know any way in which a young lady could better spend a portion of her time than in going through this book from beginning to end. We venture to say that she would rise from its perusal wiser and better. Neither would she study it as a task, at least if she had those dispositions, and that honourable ambition, which we hope all young ladies have. Though very far from being of a frivolous and ephemeral nature, still the work is written in that pleasing, flowing, and almost conversational style, which irresistibly wins upon the attention, and communicates instruction in the most agreeable of all ways.

The following subjects are treated of, under distinct heads, and all in a liberal and enlightened spirit:—Moral Department—Botany, or the Florist—Mineralogy—Conchology—Entomology—The Aviary—The Toilet—Embroidery—The Ecruire—Painting—Music—Dancing—Archery—Riding—and the Ornamental Artist, under which head are comprised instructions in a great variety of elegant accomplishments, and works of art and ingenuity. It may be thought that some of the above divisions must necessarily be rather dry reading; but none of them are so. There is just enough of science introduced to make the information valuable; while the whole is put into so popular and attractive a garb, that many of the most important truths of even Botany and Mineralogy are communicated without the aid of any of those long lists of unpronounceable words, whose very appearance is enough to frighten the youthful student. As a specimen of the style prevalent throughout the volume, we extract the following short passage from the chapter entitled “The Florist:—

“Should a young lady profess a total disregard of flowers, I should yet be unwilling to admit that she was incapable of feeling their sweet influence, though circumstances might have rendered her insensible to them; and should be inclined to propose to her a few questions, by way of ascertaining the cause of so—as it would seem to me—unfeminine an insensibility. I would ask her, if she had ever, during her infancy or childhood, been permitted to run, sit, walk, or gather wild flowers in the green meadows? If she had ever waded, breast high, in the long grass, to gather butter-cups and sorrel? If she had ever filled her frock with daisies, priding herself in finding the reddest lipped? If she had ever pelted her young companions with balls, made on the instant with fresh-gathered cowslips; or ally adorned them with cleavers, and laughed to see their repeatedly vain endeavours to escape from their tenacious hold? If she had been permitted all these sports, and yet loved not these pretty toys of her childhood, I should, indeed, fear that her distaste were a deficiency of taste in general. I should conjecture, that she, who loved not the lovely dress and various ornaments in which Nature and the Seasons are attired, would have little relish for the delightful scenery of Spenser; that she who failed to treasure up these early associations of innocent pleasures, would but ill appreciate the human sympathies of Shakespeare. If it should appear that these young pleasures were wholly unknown to her,—that she had been accustomed to enjoy the fresh air only in the formal progress of a school procession, or a fashionable promenade,—if she had only contemplated the general beauty of the country from a carriage window, or her walks had been confined to her father's grounds,—then, indeed, I should be disposed to congratulate her, that she possessed pleasures in store, which had been denied to her earlier youth; and to exhort her to

throw off the trammels of mistaken dignity, and no longer to debar herself from those innocent enjoyments which impartial Nature offers alike to all. I would urge her to seek the shade of the woods, the freshness of the hills, the placid beauty of the valleys, and the flowery banks of the winding river. I would entreat her to enfranchise herself from the thrall of Fashion, and visit the spacious orchestra of Nature, that, day and night, resounds with music;—

‘Shrill through the crystal air the music swims,  
To which the humming bee  
Keeps careless company,  
Flying, solicitous, from flower to flower,  
Tasting each sweet that dwells  
Within their scented bells.’—Pp. 85, 6.

There is another important matter which has been strictly attended to in preparing the “Young Lady’s Book.” The slightest taint of vulgarity would have entirely ruined it; but, as far as we can discover, no such taint exists. There is neither, on the one hand, any thing that betrays inferior *caste*, on the part of the writer,—nor is there, on the other, any disgusting affectation of *haut ton*, or anxiety to inculcate the arbitrary dogmata of the merely fashionable circles. A higher and better tone is assumed,—the tone of one acquainted with the world, and whose opinions concerning it are founded upon the philosophical basis of extensive experience. The following excellent remarks upon Fashion are only a part of a great many more, all equally good:

#### ON THE OBSERVANCE OF FASHION.

“Fashion demands a discreet, but not a servile obedience; much judgment may be shown in the time, as well as in the mode, chosen for complying with her caprices. It is injudicious to adopt every new style immediately it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful, being abandoned even before the first faint impression they produce is worn off; and a lady can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. The wearer must, therefore, at once relinquish the dress, or submit to the unpleasant result we have mentioned; so that, on the score of economy, as well as good taste, it is advisable not to be too eager in following the modes, which whim or ingenuity create in such constant succession. On the other hand, it is unwise to linger so long as to suffer ‘Fashion’s ever-varying flower’ to fade, blossom, and nearly waste its sweetness, before we gather and wear it. Many persons are guilty of this error: they occasionally abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, and fall into the opposite fault, of becoming its procreants at the eleventh hour: they actually disburse as much in dress, as those who keep pace with the march of mode, and are always some months behind those who are about them; affording, in autumn, a post-obit reminiscence to their acquaintances, of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the further disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode, when time and circumstances have deformed and degraded it from its high and palmy state: they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequently to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular; its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarized as to disgust.

“There are many persons who, while they affect to despise Fashion, and are ostensibly the most bitter enemies of ‘the goddess with the rainbow zone,’ are always making secret compacts and compositions with her. Their constant aim is to achieve the effect of every new style of dress, without betraying the most distant imitation of it: they pilfer the ideas of the *modiste*, which they use (to adopt the happy expression of Sir Fretful) ‘as gipsies do stolen children,—disfigure them, to make them pass for their own.’ This is pitiful hypocrisy.”—Pp. 260, 1.

The chapters on the Toilet, on the Ecrutoire, on Painting, Music, and Dancing, are particularly worthy of attention. In short, without any motive or desire to praise this book one iota more than it really deserves, we can only say, that we are acquainted with no work whatever

which we should prefer placing in the hands of our own daughter, or sister, or any young lady, in the improvement of whose head and heart we took an especial interest.

*The Family Library. No. VIII. The Court and Camp of Bonaparte. London. John Murray. 1829.*

THE two first volumes of the Family Library were dedicated to a Life of Bonaparte; the present volume, which, however, is from a different pen, is meant as a sort of appendix to that work. It contains short biographical sketches of all the members of Bonaparte’s family—his brothers, sisters, and wives—and also of his nine ministers, and twenty-eight Marshals and Generals. A distinct and compact view is thus afforded of the whole Napoleon system, as it were—himself the sun, and all the others the satellites that revolved round him, some of them in sufficiently eccentric orbits. The necessary shortness of all the sketches detracts somewhat from their interest; but the style in which they are written is vigorous and spirited, not untinctured with a certain sarcastic humour, which, while it would be inconsistent with the dignity of regular history, gives additional piquancy to the biography of the heroes of the French Revolution. We had marked several passages for extract, but want of room precludes their insertion.

*Life of Oliver Cromwell. By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. Vol. II. Being Vol. XLVIII. of Constable’s Miscellany. Edinburgh. 1829.*

DR RUSSELL has concluded his Life of Cromwell in the same temperate, judicious, and impartial tone in which he commenced it. The second is, upon the whole, a more interesting volume than the first, and contains a great deal of very excellent writing. We are especially pleased with the chapter “Containing a review of Cromwell’s actions and character in the relations of private as well as of public life.” We recommend this chapter to the best attention of the violent partisan on either side of the question; it is full of important truths, and of calm and unbiassed deductions from them. Among the literary public of the present day there is a great craving for strong excitement, and to them, we can easily conceive that Dr Russell’s style may appear scarcely impassioned or enthusiastic enough; but this diseased appetite cannot endure long, and he who is capable of patiently and laboriously extracting the pure ore from the dross of history, will find a soft but abiding lustre shed over his work, which will come to be the more estimated the more thoroughly it is examined.

*The Olive Branch. Edinburgh. H. S. Baynes. 1830. 18mo. Pp. 305.*

THIS is the first volume of a small religious annual, which, if successful, will probably appear in an extended shape next year. It is embellished with a portrait of Dr Gordon, to whom the work is dedicated; and contains contributions from a number of respectable Scottish clergymen. Among these are the Rev. D. Russel, Rev. Edward Craig, Rev. William Laurie, Rev. Adam Clarke, Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw, Rev. James Anderson, Rev. John Brown, Rev. William Innes, Rev. J. B. Patterson, and Rev. David Dickson. There are also some poetical contributions, of which the best strikes us to be that entitled, “The Wind, an Emblem of the Holy Spirit,” by an anonymous correspondent in Aberdeen. “The Voice of the Seasons,” and “The Exiled Clergyman,” by Hamilton Buchanan, are also good. We doubt not that the number of copies of “The Olive Branch” which Mr Baynes will sell, will more than remunerate him for his expense and trouble.

*The British Naturalist; or, Sketches of the more Interesting Productions of Britain and the surrounding Sea, &c. &c.* Small 8vo. Pp. 390. London. Whittaker & Co. 1830.

WORKS on natural history seem to be in high favour at the present time. Within the last six months, we have had nearly a dozen excellent books, embracing all the branches of that interesting subject, two or three of them forming part of periodical publications which enjoy a very extensive circulation. The *British Naturalist*, the title of which we have quoted above, is the last work which has appeared in this department of literature; and we are inclined to augur favourably of its success. It is well arranged, and written in a pleasant manner; and a simple, but expressive tone of the highest moral feeling runs, like a thread of gold, (as Hervey would express it,) through its pages. "The plan," says the Preface, "of which the present volume forms a part, has long been under consideration; and materials are in preparation for extending it not only to a series of volumes of *THE BRITISH NATURALIST*, but to follow or alternate these with *THE FOREIGN NATURALIST*, as may be most accordant with the successful preparation of the work, and the wishes of the public." We are glad to learn this, and have little doubt as to its success. That the present work is so exclusively British, is not the least recommendation we can bestow on it. It is also tastefully bound, and the few engravings in it are prettily done. Upon the whole, let the "*British Naturalist*" only have "a clear stage and no favour," and we have no doubt, but that it will be found as useful in its way as any of its predecessors.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

##### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

OUR readers, we are sure, will be glad to learn, that we have made arrangements for presenting them regularly with reports of the proceedings of the three principal Societies in Edinburgh—the Royal, the Antiquarian, and the Wernerian. Such Societies form a prominent and interesting feature of the intellectual exertions of every country; and it is natural, therefore, that the public in general should take an interest in their proceedings. In gratifying this desire to the extent we aim at, we in no way interfere with the rights and interests of the Societies.

The Royal Society met for the first time this season on Monday last; the Antiquarian Society meets for the first time next Monday, and continues to meet on the alternate Monday with the Royal Society throughout the season; the Wernerian Society commenced its meetings last Saturday, and meets once a-fortnight on that day. The subjoined reports of what took place at the first meetings of the Wernerian and Royal, will be found to afford a fair specimen of the system we intend to pursue. We propose giving condensed abstracts of such papers and discussions as are characterised by the importance of their subjects, the novelty of their views, or by the talent displayed in them. Other matters we shall pass over more briefly.

As an introduction to these reports, it will not be out of place to give a brief sketch of the history of our three learned Societies, seeing that they hold so conspicuous a rank, and would have an interest for the student, even had their proceedings been less fraught with benefit to letters, as associations including among their members all those names of which we are most justly proud.

In looking for the origin of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, we find that it is to be traced to a Society insti-

tuted in the year 1731, and entitled, a "Society for the Improvement of Medical Knowledge." Its transactions were published, at different periods, in five volumes 8vo. They were at an early date translated into foreign languages, and were highly spoken of by the Continental physicians. In the year 1739, the celebrated Maclaurin conceived the idea of extending the Society's attention to subjects of Philosophy and General Literature, and it came therefore to be distinguished by the title of "Society for Improving Arts and Sciences;" or, more generally, "The Philosophical Society of Edinburgh." Its exertions were suspended during the civil commotions of 1745, and paralysed to such a degree by the death of its most active and distinguished member, Maclaurin, that it seems to have remained altogether inactive till the year 1752. About that time, the Society commissioned David Hume, and Dr Alexander Monro, junior, to publish a selection from its papers. This was done, in three volumes 8vo, in the years 1754, 56, and 71. From this last date, the Society experienced an interval of languor, till, in the year 1777, the acute, but withal somewhat extravagant Lord Kames, infused fresh vigour into its proceedings. In the year 1782, the historian Robertson, then Principal of the University, proposed, at a meeting of the Professors, most of whom were members of the Philosophical Society, a scheme for the establishment of a new one, after the model of some of the foreign Academies, for the cultivation of every branch of science, erudition, and taste. A royal charter was obtained in 1783, incorporating the body under the name of the "Royal Society of Edinburgh." The first meeting was held in June of the same year. All the members of the Philosophical Society were assumed into the new institution. It was divided into two classes—Physical and Literary; and a law of the Society ordained, that every applicant for admission should declare which class he wished to be received into; but should, nevertheless, if elected, be entitled to attend and take part in the proceedings of the other. The progress of the Royal Society, subsequent to this period, will be found in its own Transactions.

In November, 1782, the same year that Principal Robertson projected the Royal Society, a number of noblemen and gentlemen interested in antiquarian pursuits were assembled by the Earl of Buchan, to consider the utility of an association for the prosecution of their favourite study. They unanimously resolved to meet on the 18th of December, and form themselves into a permanent body, under the designation of "The Society of the Antiquarians of Scotland." The encouragement which this body received from the moment of its institution suggested the idea of applying for a royal charter. The request was granted; and the charter, after passing the seals, was read to a general meeting of the Society, on the 6th of May, 1783. This Society, as well as the Royal, published their transactions; but the publication has now been intermitted for a good many years.

The study of Natural History had been taken up, and prosecuted with considerable activity, in Scotland, towards the close of last century, and in particular by the intelligent and indefatigable Dr Walker. We know that there was a Society for the advancement of Natural History in existence about the commencement of the present century, although we have not been able to obtain any accurate information respecting it. Early, however, in the 19th century, this branch of science received a new impulse among us, by the return of Mr (now Professor) Jameson from the Continent, where he had studied under the celebrated Werner. It was chiefly by his exertions that a number of Naturalists came to unite themselves, in January 1806, into a Society, which they termed the Wernerian, in honour of the Professor of Freiberg. Among the original members were Drs Wright and Barclay (since dead); Dr Thomson of Glasgow; Professor Jameson, the perpetual President of the Society; and Mr P. Niell, its amiable and intelligent Secretary.

## WEENERIAN SOCIETY.

Saturday, 5th December.

Dr ADAM in the Chair.

A paper was read by Henry Witham, Esq. of Lartington, entitled, "On the Vegetation of the first period of the ancient world; that is, from the first deposits of the Transition series to the top of the Coal-field, the Magnesian Limestone forming its upper limits; with Remarks on the probability of Vegetable Origin." The essayist commenced with some remarks on the important results likely to be obtained, in a geological point of view, by an attentive investigation of the history of the vegetation of the earlier world; in the course of which, he bestowed some high and merited encomiums on the exertions made by Brongniart towards introducing a systematic classification of fossil plants. He next proceeded to lay before the Society the fruits of a series of investigations carried on by himself in different coal-fields in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, and in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The plants recognised by Mr W. in these different districts belonged chiefly to Brongniart's third class of the first period of vegetable creation, "the vascular cryptogamic." A gigantic plant of the fern species occurred in a vein of the Derwent mines, and again in the great Newcastle coal-field. In both instances the stems were erect, in every respect as if their roots had remained embedded in their earthy envelope, and without any marks of diluvial action. This is the more remarkable in the latter *habitat*, as most of the fossil plants are there found in a horizontal position, confused, broken, and their parts far separated. These gigantic stems may be traced in a perpendicular direction through the stratum of sandstone on which the coal rests, striking their roots downward into a narrow seam ten inches in thickness, and terminating above abruptly in the main seam. Again, in the stratum forming the roof of the coal seams, large cylindrical masses of a substance quite foreign to the surrounding stone frequently occur. They are full of vegetable impressions, and encased in a thin coating of bright coal, very slightly attached to the surrounding stone. They are known to the miners by the name of kettle-bottoms, and are extremely dangerous, from their liability to fall when the coal beneath has been removed. Mr Bald has observed an analogous conformation in the Scotch coal fields, known by the name of *pot*, or cauldron bottoms. The form is pretty well indicated by their name, the mouth of the pot being turned downwards. Its sides are lined with coal from one-eighth of an inch to an inch in thickness, of quite a different texture from the coal in the adjoining seam, and frequently of the nature of glance-coal. The cavity is filled up with a kind of fire-clay, having a less admixture of sand than the roof-stone around. The miner knows that he is approaching these bottoms by the coal becoming twisted in its texture, and more difficult to work. They are equally dangerous and liable to fall with the English kettle-bottoms. It generally happens, that a piece of the stone which fills up the cavity adheres to the roof, which makes it probable that the trouble may go further up than is generally imagined. It might be worth while to examine whether the pavement under the trouble is anyways altered in its structure, as is the case with the coal. Mr W. noticed the occurrence of the *stigmaria* of Brongniart, with strong impressions of its leaves, in a limestone near Burntisland, in Fife. This limestone has neither testaceous nor coralline remains. He adverted, lastly, to the fossil plant discovered in 1826, in the sandstone at Craigleith. A specimen had been transmitted for Brongniart's inspection, who had as yet only found time to return a conditional answer. He believed it to be a section of a monocotyledonous plant. According to the analysis of Mr Nicol, this plant contained

60 per cent of carbonate of lime.  
18 per cent of oxide of iron.  
10 per cent of alumina.  
9 per cent of carbonaceous matter.

Its height was thirty-six feet; its chamber at the base, three feet; no branches were found. The essayist proceeded, in the conclusion, to point out the bearing of these facts, as tending to strengthen the opinion of the vegetable origin of coal. He inclined to the hypothesis, that these combustible beds had originally been deposited as a kind of peat, formed from the remains of vegetables, and in which other vegetables still grew; and felt himself confirmed in this view by the appearance of the Newcastle coal-field, and the localities still affected by the remaining families of the class, which seems to have formed almost exclusively the vegetation of that early period.

A conversational discussion ensued, relative to the paper just read, in which Drs Graham and Greville, and Mr Bald, engineer, took part. Some interesting facts, tending to throw further light on the subject, were elicited, of which the following are the most striking:—The huge size which these vascular cryptogamics of the early world seem to have attained, is paralleled by the growth of tropical ferns. The hypothesis of Brongniart, that their tropical development in more northern regions may have been the result of a greater admixture of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, is inadmissible, inasmuch as a greater proportion of that gas is as incompatible with the functions of the respiratory organs of these plants, as of animals. As little can it be accounted for by the greater activity of the central heat which seemeth to have existed, unless we conceive this internal warmth to have spread to the atmosphere. Sir H. Davy remarked an increased activity of vegetation in the soil above an ignited coal-seam; but branches of plants reared in a hot-house, which had been produced to the open air, had been found to keep time in their flowering and fructification, with the plants similarly exposed, and not with their parent stem remaining in the more genial temperature. It was further remarked by Dr Greville, and confirmed by a statement of Mr Bald, (as serving to throw light on the abrupt termination of the trunks piercing the stratum, as soon as they reached the coal-seam,) that he had frequently seen the traces of the organic structure in coal evolved by the process of calcination, when none had previously been recognisable. Such pieces of coal he had uniformly found slightly waved, and with a fanlike cleavage.

A communication from Dr Gillies "On the Ancient Peruvian Roads," and a paper by the Rev. Dr Scott of Corstorphine, "On the Hebrew Okrub, and the Scorpion of our Scripture translators," were next read, but gave rise to no remarks. The Secretary then laid before the President the books which had been presented to the Society since its last meeting. There being no more business before it, the Society adjourned.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Monday, 7th December.

Sir WALTER SCOTT in the Chair.

The Secretary read a communication from Mr John Stewart, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, entitled, "The formation of Sound explained on a new principle; with some observations respecting the manner in which sounds are impressed on the organ of hearing." The new principle, as developed in the first part of the essay, is, that sound is generated by the creation of a vacuum. This principle the author sought to establish by the simple experiment of snapping the fingers beside a lighted taper. The flame is drawn towards the fingers, indicating the formation of a vacuum, and a rush of air to fill it up. He proceeded to corroborate his theory by showing its sufficiency to explain the generation of sound by thunder, by the explosion of inflammable mat-

ter, by the vibration of bodies, &c. &c. He finally arranged all sounds into four classes, each being determined by the manner in which the sound was produced. He declined entering into the question how sound, thus generated, was transmitted, and proceeded at once, in the second part, to consider the manner in which it was impressed upon the organ. His views on this subject he illustrated, partly by a demonstration of the structure of the ear, partly by the analogy of sight. No member offered any remarks upon this Essay. The Secretary having reported the donations which had been made to the Society during the vacation, it adjourned.

#### SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A TRAVELLER.

##### No. I.

#### THE ALLIED FLEET AT MALTA AFTER THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

I WAS at Malta when Codrington and the fleet returned thither from Navarino. The excitement created there by this action was very great. However men's minds might have been divided on the question which gave rise to it, there was only one opinion as to the gallant manner in which it had been fought—and this feeling prevailed over every other. The Maltese, almost universally, detest the very name of Greeks, and think nothing too bad for them. The measure, therefore, considered separately, was any thing but relished by them, particularly as, only a few days before, some Maltese vessels had been plundered off the very mouth of the harbour; and they would not allow themselves to distinguish between an individual act of aggression, and the character of a whole nation. When the Maltese do hate, they hate with bitterness, and to some purpose. Nor could all the atrocities committed upon the Greeks move their hearts one iota to sympathise with them. Notwithstanding this, however, as the vessels of the different squadrons entered the great harbour of Valetta, the bastion walls were crowded with all ranks of people, who cheered them as they passed, which was returned by the brave fellows, who had so nobly done their duty, from the yard-arm.

The first vessel that entered was—if my memory do not fail me—a French 74, the *Sirena*, a beautiful ship, followed in rapid succession by the *Genoa*—in a most shattered state—the *Asia*, and the *Albion*—both of which appeared to have suffered much less—and by the greater part of the rest of the Allied squadrons. The *Genoa* had only a few weeks before left the port in gallant trim, under the command of the brave veteran Bathurst; now she returned a mere battered hulk, having on board the remains of her much-lamented captain. As she passed under the walls, there was a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, but not a voice was to be heard—a solemn and impressive silence was observed by all parties, which contrasted strongly with the previous cheering.

Upon the arrival of the squadrons at Malta, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, with the utmost promptitude, had the extensive Fort Ricasoli, at the entrance of the harbour, converted into a general hospital for the wounded. Their conveyance thither was effected in the most admirable manner. Nor can I pass over, without a tribute of praise, the conduct of the Maltese boatmen, whose assistance was required on this occasion. Not a sound was to be heard but the splash of the oars in the water; and the scene was altogether one of the most impressive I ever witnessed. The accommodation afforded to all in the hospital—without the slightest shade of partiality towards our own men—reflected the highest credit on the authorities; and the attentions paid, with his usual ability and benevolence, by the venerable Dr Allen, late surgeon of the Naval Hospital, will be long felt by many a grateful heart.

A few days after the landing of the wounded, the squadrons received *pratique*—that is to say, were released from the observance of quarantine—on which occasion the troops in garrison were out on the lines, and fired a *feu de joie*, which was answered by a royal salute from every ship in harbour. As Sir Edward passed down the centre line of the squadrons, he was enthusiastically cheered from the yard-arms of every ship; and he stepped ashore, on the Custom-house wharf, amid the deafening shouts of the multitude. His appearance is at once noble and commanding, and everywhere as he passed along he was greeted with the loudest acclamations.

Fetes and rejoicings followed in rapid succession. The civil and military officers of the place gave a splendid ball and supper, at which hardly less than 1500 people were present. At a fete of this kind, where the invitations were so generally extended, a portion of the company was, as might have been expected, not very select, and a number of ludicrous incidents occurred. A certain class of the Maltese, who just barely come in for admittance to such assemblies, consider it their duty, on such occasions, not only to dispense with their evening meal, that they may the more enjoy the good fare of the supper, but also conceive themselves called upon to pocket a few sweetmeats for the children at home; and even sometimes delicacies of a more solid nature. On the occasion to which I allude, an elderly gentleman had been observed busily filling his hat with precious scraps of this kind, over which he carefully put his handkerchief, and was very quietly walking down stairs, when a young rogue of an officer, as if by accident, gave the hat a twitch, and out tumbled—to the great amusement of the bystanders, Maltese as well as others—the better half of a fowl, some exquisite slices of ham, and various *et ceteras* of a similar kind. I do not mean to represent these traits as national—I have said they belong only to a certain class; and I “hate, abhor, detest, and abominate” the illiberal spirit that would take advantage of the eccentricities or the vices of a few, to ridicule or to lash a whole community. The Maltese collectively are a virtuous and marvellous people; and should my humble lucubrations by chance ever meet their eye, I should wish them to believe that the kindnesses I have met with from many of them are not forgotten.

A French, a Russian, and a British squadron, assembled together in peace and harmony, was, indeed, a curious and most interesting sight; and it was not the less so, that very shortly before, the spacious basin of Valetta harbour had almost been entirely deserted. Now it was well filled, and the streets of the city were crowded. The appearance and character of the different seamen were well worthy of remark. In all respects, the British tar stood foremost—neatly and cleanly clad in his dark-blue jacket, red waistcoat, white trousers, and glossy hat. The French sailor wore a somewhat similar dress, but it was not nearly so trigly put on. Lastly, the Russians were dirty, greasy, and ill paid; but they all mingled together, and might be seen hugging and caressing one another in the open streets in the most loving manner.

Going through the Marina gate of Valetta one day, I was witness to a curious meeting between a Jack-tar and a red-coat. “I hope,” said Jack, “we ha’n’t disgraced you? I hope we’ve done our duty? But hark ye, Mister *Lobster*, you see as how its the Admiral’s orders that every sentry’s to present arms to a British sailor; so come, old fellow, give us the salute!” On another occasion, some of these fellows treated themselves to a spree in the theatre. It happened that the “Turco in Italia” was performing, when, in the middle of the *Primo Tenore’s* songs, the audience were startled with a rough voice from the gallery calling out, “Shiver my timbers, Jack! I thought as how we had smash’d all ‘em ‘ere Turks!—but blow me! If there a’n’t more of ‘em! Let me get down to that squalling chap; I’m blest if I don’t make him

pipe to another tune!" But there are better traits in Jack's character than the ludicrous. "I say," said one of them, meeting a Greek,—"I say, are you a Turk?"—"No, no," said the man, "Greco."—"So much the better for you, then; give us your fist, old boy!—a Turk would have felt the weight of my arm in another guess sort of way!" It was gratifying to observe, that these brave and generous fellows perfectly understood what they had been fighting for, and took a noble pride in knowing that it had been in the cause of justice and humanity: what otherwise was a Turk or a Greek to them?

R. A. D.

A LETTER FROM DR GILLESPIE CONCERNING  
ROBERT BURNS.

6th Dec. 1829.

DEAR SIR,—As you have already given publicity to an anecdote respecting Burns, which Mr Lockhart has honoured with a place in his third edition of the *Poet's Life*, I feel myself, if not called upon, at least encouraged, to supply you with one or two additional notices, equally authentic with the former. I have in my own possession, and I am acquainted with others who have, several unpublished poems of Burns, which, whilst they exhibit most forcibly the *Poet's* genius, are unfit for publication. But there is one production of Burns's every-way fitted for the public eye, and eminently characterised by his mind, of which I have never seen, and of which, indeed, I knew that there has never been, any public notice whatever. The production to which I refer is a letter, written from Dumfries a few weeks before the *Poet's* death, to Mr James Clark, formerly schoolmaster of Moffat, and then Latin teacher at Arbroath, or Montrose, I forget which. With Mr Clark, who was afterwards master of the Grammar School of Cupar-Fife, I was most intimately acquainted, and have spent some of the happiest hours of my life in his company, both in the parlour, under the witchery of most admirable music, and by the Eden side, in fishing. Clark was an intimate friend of Burns, to whom he often played on the fiddle, and never spoke of Burns, particularly after dinner, without evincing deep emotion. Clark had corresponded with Burns, and I understood him to be in possession of more letters, written by Burns, than one; but to one only can I speak at present, as I do not recollect having seen any more. The letter was written in a most friendly style, addressed, "My dear Clark," and ended with a request, which, at present, I am not authorized to mention. I believe it was Cromek—I know that it was somebody—who offered Clark ten guineas for this letter, which the holder very delicately, and perhaps properly, refused, as the letter contained matter of a private and confidential character. Not being at liberty to say any more at present on the subject of the contents of this letter than that it was pretty long, strongly and strikingly expressed, and full, in short, of the man, I can only refer you or Mr Lockhart to the letters of Clark, who reside, I believe, at Dollar. Our mutual friend Tennant would be able, I am sure, if not to procure the letter, at least to ascertain what has become of it, and whether it may not, as in my humble opinion it ought, to grace your own pages, or at least those of the gifted editor of the *Quarterly*.

I may mention, in conclusion, (as Fielding says, where nothing is concluded,) that when a schoolboy at Wallenhall Academy, I saw Burns's horse tied by the bridle to the neck of a cottage-door in the neighbourhood of Thornhill, and lingered for some time listening to the songs, which, seated in an iron chair by the fireside, Burns was listening to. Betty Flint was the name of the songstress. She was neither pretty nor witty, but she had a pipe of the most overpowering pitch, and a taste for song. She was the very woman for Burns, when disposed to have "song without supper;" in other words, to enjoy the

sweet notes of music without the usual accompaniments. I remember that she sung, even to "us laddies," "There's nae luck about the house," and "Braw, braw lads o' Gale water," most inimitably; whilst, like the trees and the blocks to Orpheus, we stared and listened to her most religiously. I remain, my dear sir, truly yours,

THOMAS GILLESPIE.

THE DRAMA.

THE great question about all actors and actresses is, "Are they true to nature?" But the previous question may be moved, "What is nature?" Tell the same story to two persons, and one will laugh and the other cry,—which is the more natural? The only answer is, that the laughter is natural to the one, and the tears to the other. Well, then, may not two actors act the same scene in two very different ways, and yet both be true to nature? Yes, but we are brought into this seeming dilemma by a sophistry, and to such sophistries the Socratic mode of reasoning (with reverence be it spoken) is peculiarly liable. What is one man's nature, is not another's; but as there is a standard of taste, or something approaching to it, so there is a standard of human nature, by which the civilized is distinguished from the savage being, and the different grades of refinement traced and appreciated. There are actors for the nature of the upper and lower galleries,—actors for the pit,—and actors for the boxes. The actors for the one-shilling men have a one-shilling nature, and are true to it; but as one shilling is not so valuable, and may be more easily met with, than five shillings, so these actors are of a more common and less honourable order. There is a difference, too, between the nature of a comedian and tragedian. The polished comedian plays principally to that artificial nature usually met with in what is called "good society;" whilst the great tragedian, on the other hand, addresses the more unsophisticated feelings of the heart, delicate and acute as these feelings ought to be, both by temperament and education. The chief question, therefore, concerning actors and actresses, still is, "Are they true to nature?" to that nature which they undertake to delineate, and by which they are to be judged. Be it observed, however, that an actor may be amazingly true to nature, and yet not a great actor. This latter point can be settled only by looking at the line of parts which he attempts. He who plays nothing but country bumpkins, has very different talents, or in other words, a very different nature, from him who plays such characters as *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

Descending from generals to particulars, were we to ask—"Is Kean's acting true to nature?" we should have to consider that his walk is the very highest in his profession; and that it requires, therefore, some boldness to answer the question; for he who does so, implies that he is entitled to make his own ideas of what high and lofty passion is, and should be, a fit standard to judge by. Nevertheless, the question is answered every night by all Kean's audience, not one of whom ever take it into their head to suppose that they are doing a vain thing. It must be ever thus:—there is an invisible sympathy between the souls of men, which, if the right conductor is touched, will communicate itself to a vast multitude, with the velocity and simultaneity of electricity. Let us take another instance then,—that which is more immediately in hand, and which, indeed, has suggested these remarks:—"Is Miss Smithson's acting true to nature?" She also plays the first line in tragedy; but, in so far as we have seen, there is little or no sympathy between her and her audience. Why, then, the conclusion must be, that her acting is not true to nature. "But does she get no applause at all?" Yes; occasionally from the upper gallery. "Then she must have a one-shilling nature." Granted; but from her who plays the first line in tragedy, we want a just and delicate medium between a three and a five-shilling nature; or, in other terms, some-

thing that will charm the pit, and delight the boxes. In one word, if our opinion be asked regarding Miss Smithson, we pronounce her altogether a *caricature*. She is no more capable of sustaining the first parts, either in tragedy or comedy, than she is of enacting Harlequin, or of dancing on the slack wire. Her style is a good deal like that of a respectable moon-struck milliner, who having seen, for the first time in her life, a play performed by a strolling company in a country town, immediately becomes stage-mad, and throws herself into grotesque attitudes, and makes speeches about daggers, and poison, and love, and that sort of thing, to all the other female apprentices. There is no delicacy in her appreciation of character,—no grace in her execution of even the most simple passages. In her conceptions, there is now and then something like originality; but it is originality of the coarsest and most vulgar kind; as, for example, her laying aside her black velvet robe, in the mad scene in “*Venice Preserved*,” and making her *entrée* in a white slip or under petticoat, black stockings, and shoes; and as the slip comes down only a little below the knees, the black stockings have a peculiarly fine effect. “But what, then, do you say to the Parisians?” Simply, that they are no rule to us; and that for the opinions of a set of *claqueurs*, who know about as much of English as they do of High Dutch, we entertain an exceedingly small respect. “Is she not a fine woman?” We know not what she was; but now she has grown fat and puffy, with a face like a muffin. Good Heaven! are the public such profound ninnies as to submit to trash like this? We are glad that in Edinburgh, at least, Miss Smithson is drawing no houses; and we consider it the duty of those who do go to split their sides with laughter. We give Mr Murray no great credit for bringing her here, for he must have known that her only chance of success arose from her having been talked of. To drag us at so short an interval with Miss Smithson in tragedies, which, only the week before, were supported by Macready and Miss Jarman, (the latter as much superior to Miss Smithson as light is to darkness,) was not the very happiest specimen of management. Should we be thought to have expressed our opinion of Miss Smithson severely, we can only say, that we have done so because others seem afraid to speak out, and because we are anxious to open the eyes of at least a portion of the public, to the preposterous stuff which she attempts to palm upon them for fine acting. Let Miss Smithson sink to her own level, and we shall never breathe another word against her.

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P. S.—We beg to direct the attention of our readers to the article which follows on the subject of London Theatricals. It contains much interesting information, and some that is not generally known.

#### THE DRAMA IN LONDON.

London, Dec. 7, 1829.

THANKS to the captivations of Fanny Kemble, Edmund Kean, “*Black-eyed Susan*,” and the Elephant from Francini’s, our London theatricals are, to adopt a commercial metaphor, once more “looking up again.” Miss Kemble’s *Juliet* having now sustained the ordeal of eight-and-twenty performances, with full houses, and unabated, or rather increased enthusiasm, to the last, her friends are probably justified in predicting a still more brilliant career for her *Belvidera*; in which character she is to appear, for the first time, on Wednesday next, Dec. 9, when “*Venice Preserved*” is to be produced, with new scenery and dresses, and the parts of *Pierre* and *Jaffier* are to be sustained by Mr C. Kemble and Mr Warde. Wade’s long-talked-of new tragedy of the “*Jew of Arragon*” is consequently postponed for the present; though, with the true *esprit de corps*, and to keep his name before the public, he has since written a very lively farce, on that pe-

culiarly farcical subject, *Phrenology*, which will be brought out immediately. Miss Foote’s ten gratuitous performances commence to-morrow evening, Dec. 8, with *Letitia Hardy*, in the “*Belle’s Stratagem*,” and T. P. Cooke concluded his six similar representations of *William*, in Douglas Jerrold’s nautical melo-drama of “*Black-eyed Susan*,” on Saturday last, though he is engaged to play it again for three more evenings this week. The career of this piece has been as astonishing as it has been unparalleled; it was written for the Surrey Theatre, to run its few nights and be forgotten, like something more than ninety-nine-hundredths of all its contemporaries, manufactured to sail in those latitudes; and of its being played for a hundred and sixty successive nights at the Surrey, then the following six at Covent Garden, and subsequently the further announcement of the succeeding twelve at the Surrey, with its repetition on some of the same evenings at Covent Garden, making a total of one hundred and sixty-eight uninterrupted performances, its author himself says, and I, for one, most potently believe him, “Had the individual who discharges the fireworks at Vauxhall seen one of his rockets, instead of gleaming a brief time, and then waning into darkness, become fixed in the sky, and shine a star for the whole season, he could not have been more surprised.” That this success has been solely owing to the acting of Mr Cooke, and not to the mere merits of the drama, you will, it seems, very speedily have an opportunity of judging for yourselves in Edinburgh; where, if you have a pretty, sensitive, modest *Susan*, a clever *Gnabrain*, a surly *Doggrass*, and a gentlemanly *Admiral*, it will doubtless be a favourite. Mr Jerrold has since produced a five-act tragedy, called “*Thomas à Becket*,” also at the Surrey, which has been tolerably successful; and he is, “take him for all in all,” very far superior to the usual run of minor theatrical writers.

Kean’s *debut* at Drury Lane, after coming to town purposely to befriend the rival house, agreeably to his promised offer, placarded all over London more than two months ago, was one of the most Irish methods of assisting Covent Garden that could possibly have been devised. His powerful aid was, however, never more needed than just now at Old Drury; his reception, maugre a little opposition from some, was most enthusiastic; the house was, for the first time this season, crowded, and his performance of *Richard* never more careful, or more energetic. Lord Glengall’s new Comedy of the “*Follies of Fashion*,” which, though now brought out at Drury Lane, was two or three years since in rehearsal at Covent Garden, has been praised very far beyond its deserts, and will never be either productive or popular; even the prologue and epilogue had not a dozen really good lines between them! Drury Lane’s new pieces have, indeed, been singularly unsuccessful this season; for, with the exception of Planche’s very clever melo-drama of the “*Brigand*,” and Buckstone’s tolerably neat translation of “*Snakes in the Grass*,” which, however, did not draw, all the others, from Lister’s dull tragedy of “*Epicharis*” downwards, have been most decided failures. This, as I wish equally well to “both their houses,” I am sincerely sorry for. This, however, is not the only error of Mr Price’s management; for his reduction of the box prices, when he erroneously and charitably concluded that Covent Garden would either not open, or must follow his example, was a blunder for which he never can forgive himself, while he knows that the other house fills at the old admission, and that he has thus needlessly thrown away one shilling per head upon every box visitor; and this at a time, too, when his treasury necessities have required a reduction of five-and-twenty per cent upon all the larger salaries until after Christmas, then to be repaid, if fortunate.

Lastly, though certainly not least, but biggest, I must tell you of *Djick*, the Elephant, which was landed at Wallace’s Dock Yard, Riband House, Blackwall, about one o’clock in the morning of Friday, Nov. 27, when she

walked up to town, and arrived safely at the Adelphi, where she *debuted* on Thursday last, in a drama written by Beazley, the architect and play-writer, and called the "Elephant of Siam and the Firefiend!" She is of a very dark brown colour, and certainly a most magnificent and sagacious animal; though it is not a little singular that she was formerly in the possession of Mr Cross, of elephantine notoriety, by whom she was sold for intractability. Skilful management has, however, made her *toute au contraire*, and her present docility must be seen to be believed. Her height is about eleven feet, and her weight nearly four tons. Yet notwithstanding two such very formidable obstacles to agility, she performs the whole of her part, even to her final acknowledgments to the audience, upon being called for, *à la Française*, after the curtain has fallen, with an ease and elegance which very many of her biped colleagues would do well to imitate. The Drury Lane manager, being too late to obtain her powerful services, for which he offered the same terms as Mr Kean's, £50 *per night*, has, according to Green-Room report, a rival beast in training for his Christmas pantomime; and all the other pantomimes are, I understand, to introduce manufactured elephants, as nearly like her as possible. She was introduced by an address, admirably spoken by Yates, setting forth, in good heroic measure, how he, a wild-beast showman, was ejected from the late Exeter Change; when, his "occupation gone," he says,—

"I wander'd on, but did not wander far;  
These doors were open—as they always are—  
To take one in; and then my lucky fates  
Set up the firm of Matthews and of Yates:  
And now, Gazette-like, I am come to say, there  
Is a partner of more weight than either."

After which, puns, at the rate of about two per stanza, crowd the remainder of this zoological prologue, which concludes,

"Hoping that you your patronage will grant,  
To Messieurs Mathews, Yates, and Elephant!"

This was to have been spoken in the costume of a Beef-eater, which, however, the Deputy-Licensor, George Colman the younger, considered far too sacred a character to be thus jested with, and accordingly issued his veto, prohibiting its degradation!!! The elephant was to have been exhibited *twice a-day*, but as second thoughts are best, upon thinking twice of it, this Bartholomew-Fair scheme was very wisely given up. Of the other numerous novelties now in concoction, in preparation, and in completion, I hope to write you favourably and more particularly, very speedily.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### TO A FAVOURITE ACTRESS.

By Henry G. Bell.

I saw thee in thy hour of pride,  
The empress of the glittering scene,—  
Gush'd through thy veins joy's purple tide,  
Flash'd from thy eyes, in glances keen,  
The sparkles of the soul within,  
Like lightning midst the applauding din.

I saw thy bosom fall and swell,  
I saw thy brow on fire with thought;  
I saw thee, 'neath the poet's spell,  
Like some rich garment gold-inwrought,

Give forth from every look and limb,  
A light, which made all others dim.

I heard thy voice, and every tone  
Sank quicker—deeper in my heart;  
I heard thy voice—thy voice alone—  
Though many with thee play'd their part;  
I hear its softest cadence still,  
Like music on a summer hill.

And I did feel thy triumph then,—  
My soul, like thine, was young and proud;  
Its chords responsive rang again  
To all the praises of the crowd;—  
Yet never plaudit came from me,  
At least not such as men could see.

I scorn'd to give away in sound  
Emotions which to thee I ow'd,—  
Emotions sacred and profound,  
Whose shadow on my hot cheek glow'd;  
But if, perchance, my eye met thine,  
Its language thou might'st well divine.

Alas! alas!—I knew it all  
A dream—an idle dream at best;  
For does not, at the curtain's fall,  
The player sink into a jest?—  
A wearied, sad, and painted thing,  
A puppet that has lost its string!

I will not do, as once I did,—  
Dissolve the charm by coming near;  
I know too well that much is hid  
'Tis better not to see or hear;—  
I had a dream like this before,—  
A stormy waking—and 'twas o'er!

No—thou shalt ne'er be aught to me,  
Save what this very hour thou art;  
The fancies I now twine with thee  
Might else grow darker and depart;  
I hate the cold truths that destroy  
So warm and bright a dream of joy.

## WOMAN.

From "The Exiles of Chamouni." An Unpublished Drama.

By Charles Doyne Silvery.

ALAS! for gentle Woman, form'd so weak!  
Gentle, meek, powerless, fond, confiding creature,  
What a frail web, woven in the wind, art thou!  
A gossamer hung on the noontide air!  
Catching the tincture of each varying ray  
The inconstant sunshine sheds through dews and darkness,  
And torn and blighted by the feeblest breath!—  
Man treads the world with proud and lordly step—  
A lawless, reckless libertine—his will  
Unchallenged, and his pleasures unprovoked;  
Loaded with crimes that all the world behold—  
His heart a well of deep deceit—his soul  
Clouded with every folly—every vice;  
Ev'n in the face of Virtue he looks up,  
And boldly bears unbow'd his paltry pride.  
But Woman! poor, weak Woman! one false step—  
One slight digression from the thorny path  
Of dull monotonous life—one thoughtless error,  
Damns her for ever!—Ruin then ensues;—  
Reproach, remorse, and grief, and burning shame,

Prey on her inmost soul, till the fair form—  
The veil of roses and pure lilies blent,  
Which Nature threw divinely o'er her soul  
When first she breathed the balmy breath of life  
Into her Spirit's sacred sanctuary—  
Becomes a wan, worn shadow of deep thought;  
While the cold world points at the pining victim,  
And laughs her—scorns her—hoots her to the grave!  
Vain are her tears—vain her relenting sighs—  
Her wretchedness—her agony—all vain!  
Like the lone bark, wreck'd far away at sea,  
She sinks, to rise no more—no more for ever!

## LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

A NEW Literary Journal, of the same form and size as the *London Literary Gazette*, to be entitled *The Chronicle of Literature and the Fine Arts*, is, we understand, about to be commenced, under the superintendence of Mr Alaric Watts. It is to be of weekly recurrence, and will be devoted to English and Foreign Literature and the Fine Arts.

There is nearly ready for publication, *Travels to Timbuctoo* and other parts of Central Africa, during the years 1823, 5, 6, 7, and 8, by René Caillie. The work will be illustrated with a view of Timbuctoo, and other plates representing the buildings of this remarkable city.

The author of *Richelieu* has nearly ready a new work, entitled *Danbury*.

Mr D'Israeli announces the concluding portion of his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

A work of considerable interest to the sporting world is in preparation, under the title of *Northern Sports*. It will, we understand, exhibit, in an animated manner, the field diversions of the North of Europe.

Mr Galt has nearly completed a novel, called *Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods*.

A novel, said to be of an entirely new character, under the title of *Wedded Life in Upper Banks*, will shortly be published.

Mr Emerson is engaged in writing a *History of Greece*, which will soon make its appearance.

Shortly will be published, the *History of Dunbar*, from the earliest records to the present period, by James Millar.

A new topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland is about to be published in numbers, by Mr J. Gorton, Editor of the *General Biographical Dictionary*.

The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Passing of the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829, is announced by C. St George.

A Treatise on Atmospheric Electricity, including Observations on Lightning Rods and Paragons, by John Murray, F. S. H., &c. is in the press.

A History of Danish Literature, from the Time of the introduction of the art of printing, is announced by J. Moeller.

The Spirit and Manners of the Age, an able and judicious periodical, successfully conducted by Mr S. C. Hall, the Editor of the *Amulet*, is henceforward to be published under the title of the *British Magazine*, a Monthly Journal of Literature, Science, and Art.

The *Memoirs of Madame du Barri*, Mistress of Louis XV. of France, forming three volumes of "Autobiography," is announced.

The *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, in two volumes, is nearly ready for publication, from the pen of Mrs Thomson, the popular author of the *Life of Wolsey*, and *Memoirs of Henry VIII. and his Times*.

Dr Conolly, Professor of Medicine in the University of London, is preparing for publication, an Inquiry concerning the indications of Insanity.

The ninth volume of Count Segur's *History of France*, commencing with the reign of Louis XI., is in the press.

An English Journal is about to be published at Pisa, under the title of the *Ausonian*, or Monthly Journal of Italian Literature.

PRICE OF FOREIGN BOOKS.—A paragraph upon this subject appeared among our Varieties last week. It has since been represented to us, from a highly respectable source, that the intimation it contained, against foreign book-importers generally, was too severe. We are informed that, by Messrs Trevelick and Werts, and other extensive foreign booksellers in London, the general rule is to convert francs into shillings—to sell a work which costs ten francs, for example, on the Continent, for ten shillings. This does not seem an unreasonable per centage.

MISS PATON'S CONCERT.—Miss Paton gave a concert in the Assembly-Rooms here on Wednesday evening. She was assisted by

her two sisters—Isabella and Eliza. The Rooms were extremely crowded, very few less than 1000 tickets having been sold. There were three Parts, the first consisting entirely of sacred music. The whole went off with great taste.

MISS LOUISA JARMAN.—We observe that this young lady, induced by her sister's success here, has come to Edinburgh to give lessons in singing and accompaniment, during her sister's residence here. From what we have heard of Miss Louisa Jarman's acquirements in these branches, we should think there is little doubt of her meeting with every encouragement.

CASAS.—One of the most splendid set of chess-men we ever saw, beautifully carved in the finest ivory, are at present to be seen in the shop of Messrs Constable & Co. We understand it is the intention of the owner to dispose of them speedily by raffle. They who take an interest in this noble game should not lose the chance of becoming possessed of so rare a prize.

*Theatrical Gossip*.—For what has been going on during the last week in the theatrical world of London, we refer our readers to a previous page of this Number.—Madame Vestris performed *Don Giovanni* last Saturday evening, gratuitously, at Drury Lane, and has concluded an engagement to play there regularly after Christmas.—The Dublin Theatre was sold by auction a few days ago, for £18,500, being £500 above the mortgage. The mortgagee was the purchaser, and he has granted a lease of the property for seven years to Mr Sims, at an annual rent of £3000, instead of £5000, the sum hitherto paid.—The English company playing in Holland have been suddenly thrown into great difficulty, owing to the manager having appropriated all the receipts in discharge of rent due, after having, by liberal offers, tempted the performers to come over for the winter season. It was expected that, after four nights' performance, in aid of the poorer members, the company would be broken up.—The Ramsgate Theatre was burned down on the 1st of this month.—Macready took his benefit here on Wednesday last. Not being in good health, he has given up some provincial engagements, and returned to his own house at Pinnerwood, in the neighbourhood of London.—Sir Walter Scott's tragedy of "*The House of Aspen*" is in rehearsal here, and will be brought out immediately upon the termination of Miss Smithson's engagement. Towards the end of the month, a new Christmas pantomime will be produced.—Miss Paton left this yesterday morning for Newcastle, and is to perform *Lucy Bertram* there this evening. She then proceeds to York, and other English towns, and will not return to London for some weeks.

## WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Dec. 5—Dec. 11.

SAT.	<i>William Tell, &amp; The Robber's Wife.</i>
MON.	<i>Virginius, Matrimony, &amp; The Nephews.</i>
TUE.	<i>Fenice Preservée, William Thompson, &amp; Rosina.</i>
WED.	<i>Romeo and Juliet, No! &amp; Obi.</i>
THUR.	<i>James Shore, &amp; The Invincibles.</i>
FRI.	<i>Romeo and Juliet, The Wedding Day, &amp; Do.</i>

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE interesting paper by the Author of "*Anster Fair*" will appear probably in our next.—We cannot speak from personal knowledge, but, from what we gather, we should think that much benefit might be derived from an attendance on the "*Soirées Françaises de Madame de Thibouville*."

The poem, entitled "*Signs of the Times, or the Second Advent*," is much too long for the *Journal*; it would, indeed, make a small volume.—The "*Scottish Song*" shall have a place in our next SUPPLEMENT.—We regret that the "*Song*" from "*Chirnside*" will scarcely suit us.—Our Correspondent in Stonehaven may live in hopes.—We cannot find room for "*A Stimle for the Ladies*," and "*Winter Returning*."—A Correspondent, who is of opinion, that, on the publication of the new edition of Rob Roy, Mr Mackay, the living representative of the *Bellie*, should not be forgotten, has sent us a poem addressed to that gentleman, of which the last verse is as follows:

"Thy fame, dear bough and well deserved,  
Will ne'er go out of date,  
While Glasgow—Scotland—Britain have  
One honest magistrate!  
They who thy modest virtues knew,  
Will lift the voice together,—  
Thou'rt prudent as the *Bellie* was,  
And worthy, like his father!"

[No. 57. December 12, 1829.]

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A Poem. By CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

"Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralise my lay."—SPENSER.

The Poem is comprised in Nine Cantos; containing Sketches of the Crusaders—the Chivalry of France and Spain—the Moors—the Arabians—Description of the Palace of Mahomed King of Granada—the Procession of the King from the Generalife to the Alhambra—the Pyrenæes—the Mediterranean—the Persian Gulf—the Red Sea—the Arabian Desert—the Coraline Island—a Bull-Fight—a Tournament—Battle of the Moors and Christians—a Tempest and Combat at Sea—the Siege of Valley—Conquest of the Red Cross—Death and Funeral of Lord Valley—Song of the Pirates—Song of the Sisters—Song of the Arab Seamen—Song from the Caravans in the Desert—Song from the Crusading Gallies—Song of the Almeh—Hindoo Boat-Song—the Huntsman's Morning and Evening Chorus—the Lays of Six Minstrels—Anthem—Serenades, &c. &c. &c. The whole interspersed with various Moral and Religious Reflections; and accompanied with several hundred Notes, Historical, Descriptive, Critical, and Philosophical; partly original, and partly collected from admired, authentic, and valuable Authors.

OLIVER & BOYD, Edinburgh; SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, London; ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, Glasgow; W. CURRY, Jun., & Co., Dublin.

"We have pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to this work. We find much to be pleased with, and hail with confidence and gratification this accession of a fresh and ardent-minded lover of the Muses, to the list of those whose names are already familiar to the public ear."

"Mr Sillery's verses are calculated to convey not pleasure alone, but also instruction, which ought to be the great aim of all writers, and the chief object of all readers. Mr Sillery has cultivated his mind. His classical lore, his scientific information, and his habits of industrious research, are apparent in almost every page.—A second, and no less powerful consideration, induces us to bestow the meed of praise upon our author. His principles are pure, his feelings are strong, and his enthusiasm, as yet unimpaired, is all directed towards laudable objects. He is a passionate admirer of nature in all her moods; he is full of benevolence towards all his fellow creatures; there is none of the littleness of false pride, or of morbid sensibility, or of harsh misanthropy, whether real or pretended, about his book. He writes as a young poet always should, honestly and unaffectedly, pouring over his subject the warm glow of naive, virtuous, and healthy sentiment. He is deeply imbued with the best part of a poet's nature—the warm affections and generous aspirations of the soul, from which all that is selfish is excluded, and which elevate to eminence, simply by redoubling the grosser parts of our nature."—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, April.

"What we especially like in Mr Sillery is, that his style is formed after no particular model: it is fresh and luxuriant, and altogether his own."—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, May.

"This is a metrical romance, redolent of true poetry, and bearing the stamp of genius in almost every page. It is evidently the production of a young, and amiable, and enthusiastic mind."—*New Scots Magazine*.

"The poem takes a different turn, and introduces us to scenes that delight the senses, encourage the daring, and reward the enterprises of heroic valour. The poetry, which is much diversified in metre, is highly respectable in its character, bringing before us at times coruscations of thought which border on the sublime. To the lovers of chivalry, romance, crusades, and the tumultuous ebullitions of the dark ages, 'The Citadel of the Lake' will furnish much entertainment."—*Imperial Magazine*.

"His memory is stored with recent and diversified reading, which is freely given out in his copious and curious illustrative notes, and which likewise appears abundantly in the course of the poem. We have met with no finer description of the approach of morning, even in Lucretius, than the following.—It affords us unfeigned pleasure to have it in our power to state, that his feelings are ardent and excellent, that his piety is pure and devout, and that his views of religion are enlightened and evangelical.—His poem, all things considered, is an extraordinary performance."—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

"A more enthusiastic child of song than Charles Doyme Sillery, has rarely appeared on this terraqueous globe. We have seen him in retirement, and we have seen him in society, and whether seated in the dark penetralia of our office, or acting the gay and gallant cavalier among fair women and brave men, we found him invariably the same single-hearted, frank-spoken, honest fellow. Like Anacreon Moore, his wit flashes in incessant coruscations. Like the same illustrious bard, he sings his own songs, and dashes even his prose with poetical orature. He possesses, moreover, the astronomical enthusiasm of a Newton, the philosophic vein of a Brown, and the mechanical skill of a Watt. About the ordinary size, and exceedingly slender in figure; we never look upon his eye, gleaming with intellectual fire, but we think of the

"mighty soul, that, working out its way,  
Freteth the puny body to decay."

Mr Sillery is still very, very young; yet he has visited, not only mentally, but bodily, the uttermost parts of the earth. He has been rocked by the tropic billows—has seen the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte—doubled the cape of storms—grazed on the palmey howlands of Hindostan, and learnt to toast with chop-sticks in China. But we are dealing too largely in generals. 'The Citadel of the Lake' is before us, and the world is, of course, anxious to know what we think of its architecture."

"Mr Sillery, with a warmth of gratitude that redounds to his honour, has dedicated his two volumes to his Excellency Baron G. A. P. Van Der Capellen, late Governor-General of the Indian possessions belonging to the King of the Netherlands, in whose company he returned from the East, and who was the first person of distinction who patronised his juvenile muse.—The mutations of his boyhood have given a versatility to his muse that it would not be easy to parallel: it leaps like lightning from land to land, and from sea to sea, it wanders into all variety of rhythm; and it transmutates into verse all sorts of topics, however recalcitrant. There is a piling of armour—a marshalling of brand and banner—an apparelling of maidens—a glittering of gems—a clustering of fruits—a grouping of trees—a strewing of flowers—a unting of skies—a smiling of seas, and a tossing of waves, such as no other poem that we are acquainted with exhibits.—As evidence of the genuine piety that pervades 'Valley,' in which, indeed, we have not discovered one loose or indecorous sentiment, we quote the following ardent apostrophe to NATURE.—Mr Sillery's reading has been immense, and no work that could illustrate his poem has escaped him, whether buried in the musty tomes of departed genius, or floating down to oblivion with the ephemeral literature of the day. Not satisfied with copious quotations, he refers the reader to nearly a hundred works, ancient and modern, illustrative of Chivalry, which may be advantageously consulted."—*Edinburgh Observer*.

"We confidently predict that Valley will be a standard work, and a great favourite with the public."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"There are numerous lines which we could quote as specimens of fine poetic power and feeling. He possesses a creditable portion of information and learning.—his mind is obviously well cultivated,—his sentiments are faultless,—his imagination is ardent,—and his genius is built upon the solid foundations of extensive literary acquirements."—*Glasgow Scots Times*.

"Never were mottoes to a work more strikingly descriptive of its prevailing characteristics of purpose and execution, than those which have been selected to herald Valley, by its author. The passing inspiration of the hour has led to a series of various and curious experiments in measure, the diversity of which is greater than we ever remember to have met with in any other narrative poem.—With a daring that has something bold and redeeming in it, even blank verse is, for the first time, interspersed with rhyme in the splendid Mosaic, along which the stream of story sparkling flows with a brightness that confuses us, and a bubbling music, that almost makes amends for the foamy obscurity sometimes that marts its clearness.—It is needless to detail the story of a splendid series of pageants. Let the play-wrights and opera-composers look to that.—It would make a gorgeous spectacle, as it makes a dazzling romance—displaying a rare and varied lore, altogether extraordinary in so young a man."—*Glasgow Free Press*.

"We have read Mr Sillery's volumes with very great pleasure; and have no hesitation of assigning to him a place in the first class of our poetical juvenesce. He is a young man of decided genius, and, what is bestowing upon him very great additional praise, his heart is of a right kind, having stored up in it an abundance of amiable feeling, and a correct moral sentiment; of this every page of his book affords evidence. Even in his most discursive parts, there is an air of freshness and originality. We recommend Mr Sillery's book to our readers, promising them much pleasure in the perusal of it."—*Dundee Courier*.

"Every form which English verse is capable of assuming has been employed. Mr Sillery has resided in India; all his pages glow with Eastern scenery; our eyes are dazzled—blinded with the overpowering lustre of Eastern gems, Eastern birds, insects, fruits, and flowers; our senses are wrought with Eastern perfumes and the songs of the balbul. Mr Sillery is a 'youthful bard,' with a memory stored with the productions of our best poets, with a mind alive to all the beauties of nature."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

"There is a great deal of genius in this poem, the best proof of which is, the degree of attention it has excited. The poem of Valley has obtained considerable notice; and this circumstance, by creating a presumption that it was not an ordinary production, induces us to read it. We found our inference correct: there is a delightful freshness about the work. The verses seem not to be distilled from an alembic of imitation and study, but to flow from an inexhaustible spring of fancy and feeling. They are full of tenderness and passion; and there is throughout a tone of such purity, so much loftiness of sentiment, and ardent and unaffected piety, that there are few, we will venture to say, who will read the poem without strong feelings of pleasure. His Oriental pictures, in particular, are splendid and glowing. There is much freedom and command of poetical language in his style, and great variety in his versification. He has a strong feeling for the melody of verse. The following most gorgeous picture of a tropical sunset is evidently painted from nature.—We close this book with feelings of admiration of Mr Sillery's genius—a genius destined, we trust, to accomplish great undertakings."—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM.

*Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from Scottish History.* Humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. In 3 vols. Third Series. Edinburgh. Cadell & Co. 1830. 18mo.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has now concluded his self-imposed task of supplying the youth of this country with an accurate summary of the past events of Scottish history. Taking the work as a whole, there can be no doubt that it is a beautiful specimen of simple and interesting narrative; and that it will long continue to hold undivided possession of the public attention, as by far the best book upon the affairs of Scotland which can be put into the hands of the rising generation.

In the "Prefatory Letter" to his Grandson, with which the third series commences, Sir Walter observes, that he has had a bloody and tragic tale to tell. "The generation of which I am an individual," he says, "and which, having now seen the second race of their successors, must soon prepare to leave the scene, have been the first Scotsmen who appear likely to quit the stage of life, without witnessing either foreign or domestic war within their country. Our fathers beheld the civil convulsion of 1745-6,—the age who preceded them saw the commotions of 1715, 1746, and the war of the Revolution in 1688-9; a third, the earlier generation, witnessed the two insurrections of Highland-hill and Bothwell-bridge, and a fourth lived in the bloody times of the great civil war; a fifth had in memory the civil contests of James the Sixth's minority; and a sixth race carries us back to the long period when the blessings of peace were totally unknown, and the state of constant hostility between England and Scotland, was only interrupted by insecure and ill-kept truces of a very few years' endurance." This brief retrospect of the continual broils in which we have been engaged, would seem fully to justify the application of the epithet *perfidium* to the *ingenium* Scotorum. It is pleasant, however, to think, that a period has at length arrived, when there seems little probability of the terrors of actual war being soon again renewed among us, and of which the future historian will have to record the intellectual, rather than the martial triumphs.

Our readers may perhaps recollect, that in reviewing the Second Series of "Tales of a Grandfather," we took occasion to express a doubt whether Sir Walter Scott would not have been doing a greater service to his juvenile readers, had he more frequently and decidedly mingled up opinions with his bare statements of fact. We thought that, by carefully avoiding such a course, he had given to many parts of his narrative an air of frigidity, and that by contenting himself with requesting his readers to draw their own conclusions, he perhaps scarcely performed all that was expected from him as a great guide and instructor of youth. The *Westminster Review* afterwards stated the same objection in still fuller terms, completely coinciding with all our own sentiments upon the subject. The matter has appeared of sufficient moment to Sir Walter Scott to elicit from him an answer and de-

fence, in his Introduction to the present Series. It is worth while examining, for a moment, the reasons he assigns for the course he has pursued. "The present," he says, "is not intended to be a controversial work. Indeed, if disputed points should be stated here as subjects of discussion, there is no space to argue them; and all that could be brought forward would be the assertion of the author's own opinion, for which he is not entitled to claim any particular deference from his readers." The accuracy of the two statements contained in this last sentence we are not prepared to grant. In the first place, in a work extending to nine volumes, surely some little space might be found, if sought, not only for the statement, but even for the enforcing of opinions upon "disputed points;" and, in the second place, Sir Walter is entitled to claim that a more than ordinary deference should be paid to his simple assertions of opinion, being one who stands foremost in the world's eye, and who, in his single person, combines more information than could be found in multitudes. But our author proceeds in these words:—"Like most men of some experience in life, I entertain undoubtedly my own opinions upon the great political questions of the present and future times; but I have no desire to impress these upon my juvenile readers." This is not exactly meeting the whole of the objection. If an author chooses to keep his political opinions to himself, in so far as these are connected with the times in which he lives, no one has any right to complain; but many questions were alluded to, both by the *Westminster Reviewers* and ourselves, concerning which Sir Walter Scott has carefully avoided explaining his own sentiments, although they are now more to be regarded as moral problems than as political bones of contention. Is it, or is it not, the historian's duty to guard, on the one hand, the memory of the great and good of past ages from undeserved obloquy, and on the other, to hold up the conspicuously wicked to merited reprobation? If this question be answered affirmatively, will it be maintained that a mere cold statement of facts is sufficient to give a proper moral impulse to the mind of the reader? Let us, however, hear Sir Walter once more:

"I am more anxious that the purpose of this work should be understood, because a friendly and indulgent critic," (alluding to the *Westminster Review* for April, 1829,) "whose general judgment has been but too partially pronounced in favour of the author, has in one point misunderstood my intentions. My friendly Aristarchus, for such I must call him, has paid me the great compliment, (which I may boast of having, to my utmost ability, deserved,) that my little work contains no fault of commission; that is to say, he admits that I have not either concealed or falsified the truth of history in controverted points, which, in my opinion, would have been, especially in a work designed for the use of youth, a most unpardonable crime. But he charges me with the offence of omission, in leaving out inferences which he himself would have drawn from the same facts, and which, he seems to think, are too obvious not to be discerned, and too stubborn to be refuted. It is, on the contrary, my opinion, and has been, ever since I came to years of understanding, that in many of these points his conclusions are liable to direct challenge, and in others, to much modification. I must not, therefore, leave it to be

supposed that I have deserted my banners, because I have not, at this time and place, thought it necessary to unfurl them. But I could not introduce political discussions into any elementary work designed to inspire a love of study. In more mature years, the juvenile reader will have an opportunity of forming his own judgment upon the points of controversy which have disturbed our history."

This is ingenious, but it does not strike us as being altogether sound. "Political discussions" and "points of controversy," are surely two very separate things; yet they seem to be used by Sir Walter as convertible terms. In such a work as the "Tales of a Grandfather," political discussions were, of course, out of the question, and it is not the want of these that is complained of. It is the want of a more distinct tone from beginning to end, the careful avoiding of all "controverted points," and the determination to show no leaning whatever to one party or other, wherever any doubts might be entertained as to which was in the right. The consequence is, that as the author never leads us to suppose that he himself thinks at all about the matter, the youthful reader does not deem it necessary to think either; and knowledge is therefore put into him as machinery is put into a clock-case, without exercising one intellectual faculty, or exciting one heartfelt emotion. This is, no doubt, better than nothing; but it is not enough. A Grandfather like Sir Walter Scott should have done more. There can be no doubt, that had Sir Walter made it a rule to state his own opinions when the occasion required it, they might occasionally have been erroneous, but there is certainly every reason to believe that they would have much more frequently been correct. What does he think of Mary, Queen of Scots?—what does he think of John Knox?—what does he think of the Covenanters? These, and innumerable other points, he has left in complete doubt. Why?—because his opinions might be controverted. True; but they could only be controverted by an authority of equal weight, and where shall we find such in the present day? Is it not, then, much to be regretted that Sir Walter has been so scrupulously cautious? Why has he not added a treble value to his facts, by drawing from them inferences?

The Third Series of the "Tales" relates almost exclusively to the two rebellions of *fifteen* and *forty-five*. The first volume, and a part of the second, are not quite so interesting as the remainder of the work, because the materials afforded for history by those who took up arms for the Chevalier de St George, are by no means so spirit-stirring as those supplied by the more gallant and vigorous career of Prince Charles Edward. Sir Walter, however, has gone through the whole in that easy and flowing style of narrative for which he is so remarkable, and although he does not write with the same enthusiasm, or avowed Jacobite spirit, as Chambers, (to whose Histories he pays a deserved compliment,) he may, nevertheless, be read with almost undiminished interest, even after the recent productions of the other. Any lengthened analysis of his narrative is, of course, out of the question here. We prefer selecting one or two detached passages, which will be read with interest, and which, as the work itself is not to be published till the 21st, have not yet made their appearance anywhere else.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, politics ran very high in Edinburgh between the partizans of Queen Anne and those of the house of Stewart. Of this the following anecdote is an amusing illustration:

#### THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES AND THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

"The Faculty of Advocates in Scotland, that is to say, the incorporated society of lawyers entitled to practise at the bar, are a body even of more weight and consequence than is attached to them in most countries from the nature of their profession. In the beginning of the 18th century, especially, the Faculty comprehended almost all the sons of good family who did not embrace the army as their choice; for the sword or gown, according to the ideas of that time, were the only occupations which could be adopted by a gen-

tleman. The Advocates are possessed of a noble library, and a valuable collection of medals. To this learned body, Elizabeth, Duchess of Gordon. (by birth, a daughter of the noble house of Howard, and a kins Jacobite,) sent the present of a medal for their cabinet. It bore on the one side the head of the Chevalier de St George, with the motto, *Cujus est?* (Whom does it represent?) and on the reverse, the British Isles, with the legend, *Reddite.* (Restore them.) The Dean of Faculty having presented this very intelligible emblem to his brethren, a debate arose, whether or not it should be received into their collection, which was carried on in very warm language, and terminated in a vote, which, by a majority of sixty-three to twelve, resolved on the acceptance of the medal. Two advocates were deputed to express, in the name of the learned body, their thanks to the Duchess; and they failed not to do it in a manner expressing pointedly their full comprehension of the import of her Grace's compliment. They concluded, by stating their hope, that her Grace would soon have a farther opportunity to oblige the Faculty, by presenting them with a second medal on the subject of a restoration. But when the proceeding became public, the Advocates seem to have been alarmed for the consequences, and, at a general meeting of the Faculty (27th July, 1711,) the medal was formally refused, and placed in the hands of the Lord Advocate, to be restored to the Duchess of Gordon. The retraction, however, could not efface the evidence, that this learned and important public body, the commentators on the laws of Scotland, from whom the guardians of her jurisprudence are selected, had shown such boldness as to give a public mark of adherence to the Chevalier de St George."

Shortly after the insurrection of *fifteen* broke out, a lamentable event happened in East Lothian, which Sir Walter details in these words:

#### CATASTROPHE IN THE FAMILY OF HEPBURN OF KEITH.

"Among other families of distinction in East Lothian, that of Mr Hepburn of Keith was devotedly attached to the interests of the House of Stewart, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost in the approaching conflict. He had several sons, with whom, and his servants, he had determined to join a troop to be raised in East Lothian, and commanded by the Earl of Winton. This gentleman being much respected in the county, it was deemed of importance to prevent his showing an example which was likely to be generally followed. For this purpose, Mr Hepburn of Humble, and Dr Sinclair of Hermiston, resolved to lay the Laird of Keith under arrest, and proceeded towards his house with a party of the horse-militia, on the morning of the 8th October, 1715, which happened to be the very morning that Keith had appointed to set forth on his campaign, having made all preparations on the preceding evening. The family had assembled for the last time at the breakfast-table, when it was observed that one of the young ladies looked more sad and disconsolate, than even the departure of her father and brothers upon a distant and precarious expedition seemed to warrant at that period, when the fair sex were as enthusiastic in politics as the men.

"Miss Hepburn was easily induced to tell the cause of her fears. She had dreamed she saw her youngest brother, a youth of great hopes, and generally esteemed, shot by a man whose features were impressed on her recollection, and stretched dead on the floor of the room in which they were now assembled. The females of the family listened and argued—the men laughed, and turned the visionary into ridicule. The horses were saddled, and led out into the courtyard, when a mounted party was discovered advancing along the flat ground, in front of the mansion-house, called the Plain of Keith. The gate was shut; and when Dr Sinclair, who was most active in the matter, had announced his purpose, and was asked for his warrant, he handed in at a window the commission of the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This Keith returned with contempt, and announced that he would stand on his defence. The party within mounted their horses, and sallied out, determined to make their way; and Keith, discharging a pistol in the air, charged the Doctor sword in hand; the militia then fired, and the youngest of the Hepburns was killed on the spot. The sister beheld the catastrophe from the windows, and to the end of her life persecuted the homicide had the features of the person whom she saw in her dream. The corpse was carried into the room where they had so lately breakfasted, and Keith, after having paid this heavy tax to the demon of civil war, rode off with the rest of his party to join the insurgents. Dr Sinclair was

censured very generally, for letting his party zeal hurry him into a personal encounter with so near a neighbour and familiar friend; he vindicated himself, by asserting that his intentions were to save Keith from the consequences into which his rash zeal for the Stewart family was about to precipitate that gentleman and his family. But Dr Sinclair ought to have been prepared to expect, that a high-spirited man, with arms in his hands, was certain to resist this violent mode of opening his eyes to the rashness of his conduct; and he who attempts to make either religious or political converts by compulsion, must be charged with the consequences of such violence as is most likely to ensue."

Upon a subject of peculiar interest to the Scottish reader, we meet with the following interesting passage:

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE PORTEOUS MOB.

"The origin of the Porteous Mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event was remembered, and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguises of women, and of common artisans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced. Others laughed at these as unauthorized exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious, and that the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood, that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in your Grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous Mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory, that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who long bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Path-head—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteous should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business which they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making enquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege that although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad shortly after the Porteous Mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but, on the contrary, maintained his innocence, when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark."

We cannot afford room at present for more extracts.

Each of the volumes is, as formerly, embellished with a frontispiece and vignette. The frontispieces are: The Chevalier de St George, John Campbell Duke of Argyll, and Cameron of Lochiel. The subjects of the vignettes are:—The execution of Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure; the death of Clan Ranald at the Battle of Sheriffmuir; and a small, but spirited and interesting, portrait of Flora Macdonald. The only other matter worth mentioning is, that in reading the work, we felt a considerable want of dates. They might be multiplied with advantage in a new edition.

*Elements of Practical Chemistry, comprising a series of Experiments in every department of Chemistry, with directions for performing them, &c.* By David Boswell Reid, Experimental Assistant to Dr Hope, Conductor of the Classes of Practical Chemistry in the Edinburgh University, Lecturer on Chemistry to the Leith Mechanics' Institution, &c. Edinburgh. Macleachlan and Stewart. 8vo. Pp. 511.

MR REID is already known to the public as the author of a work entitled, "Academical Examinations on Chemistry," which is a very excellent conversational introduction to the principles of that science. Thomson, Murray, Henry, and Turner, have presented us with elementary works on chemistry, which have been deservedly referred to as standard authorities, and the study of either of their valuable compendiums may undoubtedly introduce the student to the general doctrines of this important and difficult science; but there can be no doubt that, to obtain a competent and precise knowledge of its numerous facts and various and extensive applications, he must frequent the chemical laboratory,—he must there examine the substances which he proposes to analyse,—he must there become familiarized with their properties, and, by experimenting himself, acquire a knowledge of those complicated theories of chemical action which are, by mere reading, difficult to understand or recollect. We might as reasonably, indeed, expect a man to become a good anatomist from reading alone, without witnessing a single anatomical demonstration, as that he should succeed in acquiring a precise knowledge of chemistry without witnessing and conducting its several important processes and operations. Mr Reid, therefore, judiciously chooses as his motto the appropriate remark of Bacon—"Nec manus nuda, nec intellectus sibi permittimus, multum valet; instrumentis et auxiliis res perficitur; quibus opus est, non minus ad intellectum, quam ad manum."

The science of chemistry has, within the few last years, made rapid and signal progress; and we think we are warranted in saying, that there is perhaps not a university in Europe in which its principles are more clearly explained, or more successfully illustrated, than in the University of Edinburgh. Mr Reid, having devoted himself almost exclusively to the cultivation of this science, has, by his talents and industry, well qualified himself to superintend the various chemical and pharmaceutical operations which it is the object of every practical course of chemistry to exhibit and explain. The method of obtaining the different gases, acids, alkalis, metallic substances, &c.,—the result of their various combinations with each other, and their decompositions,—the analysis of animal and vegetable substances,—the use of the blow-pipe and tube apparatus,—and, indeed, every department of chemical science, is so connected with different professions, arts, and manufactures, that the study of chemistry is of the highest consequence to a very great number in society, whose business it is to contribute to the comforts and necessities of daily life. Chemistry may be said to constitute, in a great measure, one of the principal corner-stones of medical science. By its aid only, are we enabled to prepare the various medicinal substances that combat and frequently arrest the progress of disease; by its assistance only, have we it in our power to detect,

frequently by the most delicate tests, those poisonous or deleterious substances which, whether from ignorance or designing wickedness, may have been administered to our fellow-creatures; and finally, by its knowledge only, are we enabled to understand many of the most important and interesting phenomena of animal and vegetable life. In the manufactories, the art of dyeing, calico-printing, bleaching, glass-making, and the working of various kinds of metals, are conducted purely by chemical processes. In domestic life, distillation, brewing, the use of steam, and various culinary preparations, require a knowledge of the elementary principles of this science. In agriculture, it explains the nature and influence of different soils, and the effects of various temperatures and external agents on the progress of vegetation. We believe, indeed, that there is no science more interesting in itself, and none certainly more extensively applicable to the general benefit of mankind. Chemistry, on this account, has been zealously cultivated from the earliest periods, and the most illustrious philosophers of Europe have, during the present century, devoted themselves zealously to its pursuit; and, in dispelling the prejudices and superstitions which arrested its progress in the darker ages, have added to the amount of knowledge many of the most brilliant discoveries that have adorned the history of the human mind. What would the holy fathers of the Inquisition of the 13th century think, could their disembodied spirits now take a peep into the lecture room of Dr Hope, and there behold the formation of water from the union of invisible gases, and substances burning with a brilliant flame even in water itself? What, indeed, would Roger Bacon himself think, could he lift his head from out the grave, and behold steam-boats, in the face of wind and tide, breasting the stormy billows of the Atlantic?

But we apprehend sufficient has already been said to prove the importance of the study of chemistry, and it remains only for us now to direct the attention of our readers to the volume, which has just appeared, by Mr Reid. We have examined it with considerable attention, and hesitate not to pronounce it one of the very best practical guide-books to the experiments conducted in the chemical laboratory that has yet been published. The methods of conducting the different chemical processes are fully described, and the theories of their actions explained, in a very clear and simple manner, by the aid of diagrams. Our author informs us, that the object of his present work is "to present the student with a systematic series of experiments, sufficiently broad to lay a proper foundation for acquiring habits of practical skill in chemical operations, with precise and minute directions for enabling him to perform them;" and we need only add, that he has executed this task in a manner that reflects the highest credit on his judgment and abilities. We recommend Mr Reid's "Elements of Practical Chemistry" to those gentlemen who are engaged in the study of this interesting science, and doubt not that to all who take any pleasure in such pursuits, it will be found an entertaining and instructive companion.

*Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer.* By the Rev. H. T. Lyte. London. Marsh and Miller. 1829. 12mo. Pp. 180.

THIS is a much better book than its affected and ridiculous title would lead one to suppose. What put it into the head of the Rev. Mr Lyte to write six Tales, which were to illustrate the following six sentences, we cannot very well comprehend, or how these six sentences could form the basis of any tales at all:—1st, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;" 2d, "Thy kingdom come;" 3d, "Thy will be done;" 4th, "Give us this day our daily bread;" 5th, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;" and, 6th, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Leaving, therefore, to its own absurdity, the idea

of exciting additional interest in the minds of the rational part of the public by an expedient like this, we content ourselves with knowing that the simple fact remains the same, that the Rev. Mr Lyte has written six Tales in verse, and that they are entitled, "Harford,"—"The Missionary,"—"The Widow,"—"Edward Field,"—"The Brothers,"—and "The Preacher."

Mr Lyte's style is evidently founded upon that of Crabbe, but he has also infused into it a considerable portion of the amenity and strong good sense of Cowper. This volume is a very unpretending one; but its intrinsic merits are, beyond a doubt, much greater than many of far higher assumption. We are not indeed acquainted with any compositions of this sort, since the days of Crabbe and Cowper, which we prefer to the Tales now before us. Though not distinguished by the highest poetical attributes, they evince a sincerity of feeling, a knowledge of the human heart, a perception of the beauties of nature, a facility of versification, and an occasional dignity and vigour of thought, which are well calculated to win approbation, if they cannot command applause. The morality they inculcate is, besides, of a pure and refining kind; and the religious precepts which they contain, rather encourage by their liberality, than startle by their dogmatism.

The best mode of making our readers more directly appreciate their various excellencies, will be to present them with several extracts. In the tale entitled "The Missionary," the hero is thus described, and part of his history told:

"Yet deem him not, untutored as he was,  
A thing of sense, a lump of clay and dross.  
His heart was warm, and open as the spring,  
A rich-toned lyre, that thrill'd through every string,  
Alive to bliss, and prone to melt and move  
At each appeal of friendship and of love.  
He banqueted on music; and his taste  
Was quick to all of beautiful and chaste.  
He look'd on nature with a painter's eye,  
And caught the soul of speaking poetry.  
And, though possess'd of no outstanding trait  
Which burden'd memory cannot put away,  
No character energetic, bold, defined,  
That haunts, and fills, and triumphs o'er the mind;  
Yet, see him, hear him, and anon there stole  
A spell around that rivetted the soul;  
And a mysterious interest gradual grew,  
Till all about him strange observance drew,  
And round his influence breathed, and spread a tone  
O'er other minds congenial with his own.

"Such, and so circumstanced, it was his lot  
To dwell with those who knew and prized him not.  
His sphere was narrow.—Fate had set him down  
On the dull confines of a country town,  
Where he was made the idol and the dupe  
Of creatures to whose arts he scorn'd to stoop.  
Thence friends throng'd round him, and professions loud,  
And greeting smiles, attended him. The cloud  
Fled from all brows before him; and he moved  
In every circle courted and beloved.  
The ladies thought him sweetly sentimental—  
Their mothers canvass'd o'er his handsome rental;  
And though all thought him odd, nay, some said mad,  
None could esteem his face or person bad;  
And then, how fine a property he had!  
Sure, a good spouse and jointure must await  
The maid that might secure her such a mate.

"Thus, many a sigh was breathed; and not in vain.  
There was one blue-eyed girl among the train,  
Retiring, gentle, graceful, fair, and tall,  
Who bore the prize away from midst them all!  
Little she said; but oh, that eye!—that eye!  
What did it not in its blue archery?  
He shrunk before it; yet return'd to ask  
Permission in its milder light to bask;  
Was heard, received,—and nothing now there needs  
But fix the day, and draw the marriage deeds.

"I say not how the hours from hence were spent;  
I pass each sigh, and look, and blandishment,

The air-built castle, the sequester'd walk,  
With trembling arm-in-arm, and all the talk  
'Bout poetry, and tress, and flowers, and skies,  
And young Love's thousand hopes and phantasies;  
Nor can I tell how they had match'd for life,  
What husband he had made, and she what wife:  
For, when all else was settled, and there now  
Remain'd but just the priest, and ring, and vow,  
News came that one, on whom, as on his soul,  
He rested, and resign'd to him the whole  
Of his affairs, was fled, and with him bore  
The bulk of all his patron own'd before.

"Pursuit was made—in vain—and clear away  
The perjured villain carried off his prey;  
And home his dupe return'd, less keenly feeling  
His loss of substance, than the traitorous dealing  
Of one so loved. He felt that he had leant  
Upon a faithless reed, that broke, and went  
Into his heart. A sweet dream was dispell'd;  
A thousand beautiful fancies all were quell'd;  
The world lost half her lustre; her fair dress  
Was rent, and through appear'd her nakedness.  
The tendrils of his heart, that wont to stretch  
And twine round every object they could catch,  
Were nipp'd, his sympathies were chill'd, and fled  
The curdling life-blood to its fountain-head."—P. 34-9.

The consequence of this reverse of fortune is, that his mistress jilts him. The author then proceeds in the following strain of what appears to us natural and powerful verse:

"It was enough. He now had known the worst:  
He wept not, though his heart was nigh to burst:  
He raved not, cursed not, though to both inclined;  
But calmly turn'd his back upon mankind.  
He made the woods his mate, and to the breeze  
Pour'd out his spirit's baleful reveries.  
He walk'd the mountain tops; and loved to lie  
And follow the light clouds along the sky,  
And shape and name them in his moods; he pry'd  
Into the cups of flowers; and o'er the side  
Of streams would lean, and watch the fish at play;  
Or, at the close of evening, roam away  
Among the dews, and linger till the sky  
Grew beautiful with stars, and sounds from high  
Came to him through the stillness of the night,  
And his soul mingled with the infinite,  
And rose from earth; and here it was that first  
Upon his intellectual darkness burst  
The majesty of God: amid the woods,  
The solemn rocks, blue skies, and sounding floods,  
He grew familiar with Him, learnt to trace  
His power, his love, his wisdom, and his grace,  
From suns and planets, down to the poor blade  
That trembled at his foot. His spirit made  
A friend of God; and, with the flowers and birds,  
Breathed up a worship which no earthly words  
Could adequately utter, till with Him  
Conversing, this poor earth grew dark and dim,  
And the large spirit bursting every bond,  
Rose on immortal wing, and soar'd beyond  
The bounds of time and space, and joy'd to roam,  
And drink the glories of its native home;  
And heavenly longings swell'd within his breast,  
And his heart thirsted for eternal rest.

"'A few more suns and moons,' he thought, 'and then  
A long farewell to earth and earthly men;  
A full release from guilt, and guile, and woe,  
And all the spirit weeps or fears below.  
O! it is joy to think the day shall be  
When all chains will drop off, and we be free;  
When every cloud shall pass from off our sky,  
And every tear be wiped from every eye!  
Roll on, ye Seasons, bring that blessed time,  
Unstain'd with grief, unspotted with a crime;  
O wheel this ruin of a world away,  
And usher in that long bright Sabbath day!'"—Pp. 41-4.

The incidents of all the Tales are simple, yet not devoid of interest, and each has a marked character of its own. Passages frequently occur, as in Crabbe, of a more playful cast; and sometimes, as in Cowper, of a more terse and satirical kind. An instance of the former will be

found in the commencement of the story called "Edward Field:"

"Upon a rise, near Sydney Grange, is seen  
A small, neat house, with lawn of velvet green;  
A shrubby skirts and screens it from the wind,  
And a snug garden woos the sun behind.  
Here with his wife and rosy children twain,  
A man and maid, and chattels few and plain,  
Some years ago, from distant town or shire,  
Came Mister Field, or Edward Field, Esquire—  
The neighbouring village gossip, o'er their tea,  
Have not yet settled his precise degree.  
Farmer he was not; stock nor land he kept,  
A few small fields around his house except;  
Nor yet, like neighbouring squires, he entertain'd,  
Nor drank, nor swore, nor dogs nor hunters train'd;  
But still he was the parson's friend and guest,  
And all the poor around his bounty could attest.  
Well! Squire or Mister Field, (just call him which  
You please,) inhabited this quiet niche,  
Milk'd his three cows, and made his bread and beer,  
On just four hundred annual pounds in clear.  
Sleek were his kine. His yard was peopled thick  
With turkey, guinea-fowl, and hen and chick,  
All of choice kinds; and o'er his lawn there went  
Six sheep, kept less for use than ornament.  
O'er a neat paddock gate, all free and tame,  
Neigh'd his one horse, in answer to his name.  
I pass swine, ducks, and things of like degree—  
He kept them out of sight, and so shall we.

"His wife, good Mrs Field, Heaven bless her face!  
Was one might well adorn a higher place;  
Accomplish'd, manner'd, ladylike, and fair,  
Though not quite all that some fine ladies are;  
She read few novels, seldom scream'd, or fainted,  
Dangled no reticule, was flounced nor painted;  
And thought her hands were made for something more  
Than nursing up in kid, or running o'er  
Piano keys. She could both mend and make,  
Wash, and get up small linen, boil and bake;  
And her made wines, her puddings and preserves,—  
What tongue can speak of them as each deserves?  
Her dress was simple, but you might suppose  
The Graces helped her to put on her clothes.  
Her house too perfect neatness; yet not such  
As makes one half afraid to step or touch:  
And all things there appear'd to go or stand,  
Rather by secret clock-work, than command;  
Then in the healing art how vast her skill!  
How deep her lore in herb, or salve, or pill!  
Buchan and Reece right well she understood,  
And even in Thomas dipped, and Underwood.  
The ailing poor for miles around confess'd  
The sovereign virtues of her medicine chest;  
And lean the village doctor grew and bare,  
Since Mrs Field began to practice there."—Pp. 91-4.

Passing into a somewhat different strain, we do not think the following lines, from the same tale, much inferior to the caustic and moral satire of Cowper:

"Who now would think this simple, plain, good man,  
Had o'er been join'd to fashion's lightest clan?  
Had chased ambition's wildest meteor down,  
And shared the idlest follies of the town?  
Yet such had Edward Field. The earliest air  
He breathed was in a smoky London square;  
Where, in a dingy brick and mortar pile,  
His high-born parents lived in handsome style,  
Kept their state-coach, with many a liveried knave,  
And large and parties once a fortnight gave;  
Using a world of pother and address,  
To make themselves and others comfortable.  
To Eton, thence to Oxford, was he whirl'd,  
To make acquaintance there, and see the world.  
And then, *pro forma*, to the Continent  
The graduate dunce was with his tutor sent—  
To just learn how to dress, and cook, and stare,  
And say of places, 'O, yes, I've been there.'

"Thence must he pass through 'Fashion's' usual paces,  
Learn the right manners, jargon, and grimaces;  
Acquire the one sublime indifference  
To all that smacks of feeling, thought, or sense.

In friendless intimacy day by day,  
With grinning things must languish life away;  
Must go to bed at four, and rise at two,  
Then ride out in the park as others do;  
Or lounge at five in Bond-street, with a score  
Of just such stiff-starched, stay'd, poor creatures more.  
To dinner then at eight, and thence away  
To formal routs, the club-house, or the play,  
For which, till the fifth act, he never starts,  
And talks aloud through all the finest parts."—Pp. 102-4.

Our readers will now be able to form for themselves a pretty correct estimate of Mr Lyte's powers. For our own part, we frankly confess, that his present production has made so favourable an impression upon us, that we are exceedingly happy to think that our unsought-for recommendation may be of some service to him, and shall be happy to meet with him soon again, making a still bolder and more vigorous effort.

*A New Dictionary of the Gaelic Language.* By the Rev. Dr Macleod of Campsie, and the Rev. Dr Dewar of Glasgow. To be completed in 15 monthly Parts, at 1s. each. No. I. Glasgow. W. R. M'Phun.

THE Rev. Drs Macleod and Dewar are already advantageously known to the public as eminent Gaelic scholars, and we think their Dictionary, of which the first Number has just been published, promises fair to extend their reputation as benefactors to the Highlands. The valuable work of the Highland Society is useful principally to the general scholar and the learned philologist, and it will of course have a place in all public libraries; but its high price places it beyond the reach of many private individuals, who would otherwise be disposed to become purchasers. The same objection, to a lesser extent, applies to Armstrong's work; whilst the smaller vocabularies which we have seen are so full of corruption, that they furnish no standard of the language, and, besides, are very meagre and incomplete. The present publication will have all the advantages of an abridgement from the Society's larger work, with some peculiar to itself, as being to a considerable extent original. Many new words are added, and new phrases are given, especially with regard to the changes effected upon the word by prepositions, prefixes, and affixes, which are very common in Gaelic. The price of the book, when complete in 15 numbers, each containing, we believe, about 48 octavo pages, will not exceed 15s.; and this consideration, together with our impression of the superior manner of its execution, enables us to recommend it with confidence to all who either are or desire to be acquainted with the language. To the Highland student, and the Highland minister, it is unnecessary to recommend it, since we know that by them such a work has long been wished for, and a slight glance at the present will be sufficient to convince them of its value. We have not seen the prospectus, but we take it for granted that the editors intend to exclude Irish and Island (Arran, Bute, &c.) Gaelic from their Dictionary, as we do not recognise any such in the specimen before us. We observe some words evidently made for the English, which are not in use in the Highlands, but whose meaning is uniformly expressed by a periphrase—such, we believe, is *Athan-Eolus*—aeromancy. We have no objection to the insertion of such words, but we should like them to be distinguished in some manner from the more legitimate Celtic vocables. We wish, and we mean it as no small compliment, that the learned editors may meet with all the success which, judging from the present specimen, their labours deserve.

*The Exclusives.* In 3 vols. 8vo. Pp. 312, 263, and 334. London. Henry Colburn & Richard Bentley. 1830.

ANOTHER fashionable novel;—we shall try to give our readers an idea of the story. A certain coterie of Eng-

lish *distingues* erect themselves into an exclusive church of fashion, which, without admitting the *beau monde* at large into its inner mysteries, is to be the summit towards which its thousand eyes are directed—"the glam of fashion and the mould of form." They acknowledge no further restraints upon their conduct than is necessary to avoid outrageous scandal. Pleasure is the sole object of their lives, but a pleasure remote from vulgar annoyance, never expressing itself more forcibly than comendence admits of; in short, a pleasure which may be conceived to bear the same resemblance to the serene and tranquil enjoyment of the Elysian fields, that a French engraving does to an antique statue. The three volumes of *The Exclusives* are devoted to portraying the effects of an admission within this chosen circle, upon two young and amiable individuals of different sexes.

Lord Albert d'Esterne, a highly talented, ambitious, but withal well-principled young nobleman, is seized upon at his return from his travels, by some of the leading Exclusives, as a promising recruit for their sect. Lady Tilney, the literary Whig, has a plot upon his political independence, and Lady Hamlet Vernon, a sort of Don Juan in petticoats, has a plot upon his heart. He runs little danger from the *dame spirituelle*; but finds a more skilful angler in the fascinating roué, (begging our reader's pardon for introducing the word to them under a new sexual denomination.) Lord Albert has been engaged from childhood to an amiable cousin; but Lady Hamlet finds means, by the aid of a *ci-devant* favourite, to create misunderstandings between the lovers, and finally to break off the match. She then attaches the victim of her intrigues more and more to herself, by a show of sympathy, which, in her susceptible and unregulated mind, assumes all the violence of a real passion. His fair hopes blasted, his love insidiously re-awakened by a new object, in a moment of infatuation he offers her his hand. The sacrifice is on the eve of being completed, when a blunder on the part of the lady shows him his danger, and he beats a timely retreat, not unscathed, however;—*haeret in latere lethalis araneis*. Time at last soothes his broken spirit: the course of affairs brings him again in contact with his first love, all things are satisfactorily explained, and he is made a happy man.

Lady Georgina (the female object of these syrens' lures) enters upon the scene as the new-made bride of Lord Glenmore; who, shortly after their marriage, becomes secretary of state. Anxious that his young wife should learn to play in a fitting manner that part in life which becomes the spouse of one so highly raised, he recommends to her acquaintance and imitation two of the leading Exclusives. She is marked for the prey of a male counterpart of Lady Hamlet. Her unconscious innocence enables her to tread in safety the thorny maze. The world has its snare and its tale, but she escapes unharmed.

The Exclusives, after seeing their victims escape from their meshes, continue, with some few exceptions, their old routine. Their ultimate fates are sketched with a few hasty strokes. There is some bold and vigorous painting of passion in this book, and occasionally the delicate and evanescent traits of character are happily enough hit off. The only misfortune is, that we are tired of the whole class of works to which it belongs. We wish the writers in this department would try to strike out something new. The *haut gout* of fashionable life is well enough at a time, but we hate *toujours perdrix*.

*The Lotus, or the Fiery Flower of the Poets.* Edinburgh. George A. Douglas. 18mo. Pp. 183.

This is a tasteful and pretty little volume; and the selection of modern poetry which it contains, satisfies us that the editor understands what good verse is. The pieces, generally speaking, are not of the very highest order, but, with a few exceptions, they are all more than respectable. They have the merit, too, of not being hack-

neyed, which shows that they have been strung together by one who thinks for himself. We like the motto on the title-page, which is from one of the *Books of old Bonifonius* :

"En! fores tibi mitto discolores,—  
Pallentemque roeam, et roeam rubentem."

*The Athenaid; or, Modern Grecians. A Poem. By Henry J. Bradfield. London. Marsh & Miller. 1830. 8vo. Pp. 231.*

THIS is a poem in the *Beppo* stanza, and meant to contain a playful account of the manners and mode of living of the modern Greek. But Mr Bradfield, the unsuccessful author of "*Waterloo, or the British Minstrel*," though, we dare say, a good sort of person, is rather a dull rogue. His poem, at least, is about as heavy as uniform mediocrity, and a continual failure when he attempts to be witty, can make it. Let Mr Bradfield console himself with the belief that he is a man of talent; for certainly no one will ever ask him to believe that he is a poet. To show him, at the same time, that we wish to do him all the good in our power, we subjoin the three best stanzas in his volume :

"A friend of mine once dining with a Greek,  
Just cast a coyish glance behind his chair,  
Not comprehending quite the modern freak  
Of placing beauty in attendance there;  
He, smiling, took the liberty to speak  
Upon such servile treatment of the fair:  
'Sir, 'tis my habit, when at home, to be  
With ladies on a fair equality ;

"And, should I not intrude on your good will,  
You'll much oblige me by according to  
This slight demand 'en politesse,' but still  
I would not wish it if it suits not you;  
I trust you will not take my purpose ill—  
Allow your daughter, sir, to join us, do;  
I'd crave your pardon for this liberty,  
Were I not sure, sir, that you would comply."

"And so the lovely seraph sat her down,  
But not in that glad confidence of heart  
Which hath with us into a practice grown,  
And doth an air of gaiety impart;  
Her father on her sweetest seem'd to frown,  
While she, at every echo, seem'd to start,  
And, with the timid glance of fawn or dove,  
She sat, a young and blushing flower of love."

*Phrenology in Edinburgh. John Anderson, jun. 1836.*

THIS is a sixpenny poem in praise of Phrenology, and against all those who have attacked it. We thought Phrenology itself the dullest thing in the universe till we saw this sixpenny poem, which has convinced us that there is one thing still duller—namely, the sixpenny poem.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

### THE PSALMS OF DAVID, AND THEIR DIFFERENT POETICAL VERSIONS.

*By William Tennant, Author of "Anster Fair," &c.*

As the poetry of the Hebrews is, in an eminent degree, distinguished by simplicity, pathos, and sublimity, the Psalms, or lyric productions of King David, are by no means the least in possession of these noble attributes. At the same time that they combine the tenderness of Jeremiah with the sublimity of Isaiah, they possess, in many places, as peculiar to themselves, a pastoral beauty, that verifies their origin from the shepherd king, and are animated, I should rather say inflamed, by a fervency of

devotion, and an enthusiastic admiration of the works of nature, worthy of the favourite of the Almighty—of him who was taken from the sheepfold, to feed with divine knowledge Israel his people. Independently, indeed, of that inspiration with which the son of Jesse was preternaturally favoured, and thereby enabled to direct the tenor of his sacred songs so as to pre-assignify that Messiah whom he himself typified, his personal history, the various situations of his life, and the contrasted and trying occurrences that successively befall him, were all of such a deeply impressive and arousing character, as naturally to call forth from his devout, impassioned, and agitated spirit, effusions of the most diversified and affecting interest. He spent his boyhood and youth amid his father's folds, a situation, above all others, favourable for nourishing a poetical mind, and gratifying to the full an admiration of the beauties of nature; he was selected, without having the faintest anticipation of such an advancement, to be the Shepherd of his people, the highest honour his country or his God could bestow; he became at once the object of the fondest affection, and the most bitter persecution; curses and blessings were suddenly blended in full effusion upon his person; he experienced the most rapturous triumphs, the most dispiriting defeats; he was at once blessed, and most unblest, in his family and servants; even his very virtue and native nobleness of soul for once forsook him, and he was misled into a most reproachful crime, the perpetration of which stung his susceptible heart for ever afterwards with the sharpest repentance. His state of mind, under all this variety of experiences, is very luminously imaged forth in his Psalms, written evidently under the immediate impression of such agitating events. We hear him exulting, in his triumphal hymn, as he ascends Mount Zion; whispering forth his trepidating notes, as he skulks in the cave of Engedi; lamenting over the treachery of those friends who had beguiled his artless confidence; we overhear his pensive soliloquies and virtuous determinations, as he muses on his bed during the night-watches; we listen in terror to his cries of penitential agony, to his denunciation of direful curses against his enemies; we sympathize with him in his devotional raptures, when he expresses his admiration of the starry heavens—"the work of thy fingers," and summons all creation, animate and inanimate, to join with him in his hymn of praise to the Creator. What were the particular metres\* of these songs, and with what music they were accompanied, the admirers of Hebrew poetry are, in a great measure, if not altogether, ignorant; but, judging from the well-attested musical skill of David, and the perfection in the poetical art which, it is confessed, he had attained, we must infer, that the effect of his Psalms, when sung by the voice, according to the graces of their proper prosody, and accompanied with the choral symphony of every princely instrument, must have been in the highest degree, to the ears of the congregation of Israel, ravishing and overpowering.

It is in vain to look to Greece and Rome, these celebrated theatres of song, for any productions, making even an approach, in similarity, to these sacred songs of Judea. The hymns, composed by the lyric and tragic poets of Greece, in honour of their Gods, though they contain, in many places, portions of sublime and beautiful description, and are copiously besprinkled with sententious precepts of moral instruction, are notwithstanding, in their substantial effects, frigid and lifeless as the decorated stocks and stones, which are the objects of their celebration. There is wanting the animating, the inspiring principle, whereby the Jewish hymns are identified, as it were, in their efficient and vivifying influence, with that of the

\* It would appear that the Jews (at least Josephus) considered David's poetry as possessing a variety of metres, and a distinction corresponding to the Greek Trimeters and Tetrameters—ο Δαυιδος ὁδὸς ἢ τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ ἡμεῖς εὐστραφεῖς, μίτρου ποιητοῦ τοῦ μὲν γὰρ τρίμετρον, τοῦ δὲ τετράμετρον ἱκανοί. JOSEPHUS, lib. 7, c. 12.

Omnipotent Spirit, whose universal energy supports, enlivens, and shines forth throughout the majesty of his created works. Even the texture of their styles, the technical frame of their composition,\* is altogether unlike; while the Hebrew diction is simple, concise even to bareness, conveying the loftiest and most comprehensive thought in the fewest words, with hardly one epithet or adverbial adjunct, the Greek style is full, verbose, richly larded with sounding epithets, encumbered with circumstances of laborious expansion and amplification. In one or two of these Psalms, indeed, are to be found a few of these abrupt transitions, obscure allusions, and violent ellipses, which, in a great measure, characterise all the Asiatic poetry;† but the predominant attribute of their style is simplicity, unadorned plainness, an utter privation of adjuncts and epithets. Of this quality of the Hebrew lays, the great and learned author of *Paradise Lost*, who, of all our English poets, dead or living, best understood and knew their value, being accustomed, as he was, to feed his own sublime spirit on the pastures of their sublimity, has introduced our Saviour himself as taking notice:

“Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest  
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Zion's songs, to all true tastes excellent.”

*Paradise Regained, B. iv. 345.*

Of the Psalms of David, there have been compiled, in our language, for the purpose of being used in public worship, three poetical versions—that of Sternhold, Hopkins, and a few other coadjutors—the more modern one, that has in the English church superseded it, composed by Tait and Brady—and that at present used by the church of Scotland.

In comparing these different versions with each other, and referring them to their original, it will be, without hesitation, confessed by every one, who knows and feels most the strength and sublimity of the Sacred Bard, that the ancient versions have the superiority. The names of Sternhold and Hopkins have, in this respect, been perhaps too harshly dealt with by the English people; and, from rather an unfair representation, have been depressed, too undeservedly, to the very lowest point of the poetical scale. For these men wrote at a time when the accentuation of English words was in a great measure unsettled; when that code of rhymes, which now regulate our meanest poetasters, had not yet been framed and sanctioned; when the grammar of the language was arbitrary and fluctuating; when Shakspeare himself knew not the right superlative degree, and sinned not a little, he and many others, in the use of rhymes now forbidden and proscri-

bed.\* One or two bad couplets, however, a few jarring jingles, have been picked out from the old version, and presented in glaring exhibition as specimens of the badness of the whole. It would have been much fairer to select many of their good couplets, and exhibit them as specimens of their general excellence. In the same psalm, (78th) where *caterpillar* and *grasshopper* are the unfortunately celebrated rhymes, the 1st and 2d verses are as follows; and they are here quoted without being singled out in any particular preference:—

Attend my people to my law,  
And to my words incline;  
My mouth shall speak strange parables,  
And sentences divine;  
Which we ourselves have heard and learn'd,  
Even of our fathers old;  
And which, for our instruction,  
Our fathers have us told.

Nothing can be more simple and accordant to the spirit of the original. Now let us have Messrs Tait and Brady:

Hear, O my people; to my law  
Devout attention lend;  
Let the instruction of my mouth  
Deep in your hearts descend;  
My tongue, by inspiration taught,  
Shall parables unfold,  
Dark oracles, but understood,  
And own'd for truths of old.  
Which we from sacred registers  
Of ancient times have known;  
And our forefathers' pious care  
To us has handed down.

Scarcely could it be rendered more wordy, nerveless, and paraphrastic. Again, in the stanza just subsequent to the “caterpillar,” we have from old Sternhold—

And yet with hailstones once again,  
The Lord their cattle smote;  
And all their flocks and herds likewise,  
With thunderbolts full hot;  
He cast upon them in his ire  
And in his fury strong,  
Displeasure, wrath, and evil sprites,  
And trouble, them among.

How superior is this to—

Lightning and hail made flocks and herds  
One general sacrifice;  
He turn'd his anger loose, and set  
No time for it to cease;  
And, with their plagues, bad angels sent,  
Their torments to increase!

Indeed, there occur in this old version so many passages of particular psalms of such excellence, and even a few whole psalms of such simple, yet skilful execution, that it is to be regretted that the English Church, instead of allowing them to be supplanted altogether, good and bad, by a new version, considered not the advantage of purifying the old, by the requisite corrections, clearing it of its false rhymes, and long disused words, and so combining the nervous sublimity and venerable language of antiquity, with the graceful correctness exacted by modern taste.

Of Tait and Brady's version, the highest commendation is to say, that its diction is copiously eloquent,—its metre smooth and unruffled,—its grammar faultlessly correct,—and its rhymes authorised, all and each of them, by the *Rhyming Dictionary*. It, moreover, deserves this additional eulogy, that in the obscurer psalms, it acts as

\* Of all the Psalms, the 119th is the most remarkable; it is, indeed, *διεμειφον*, and, of all the compositions of antiquity, is to a literary man the most curious. For, besides the proverbial form of its verses, it is divided into as many sections as the Hebrew alphabet has letters. Each section contains eight verses; and each verse begins with a word whose first letter is that letter of the alphabet to which each section is successively appropriated. In fact, it is the first Alliterative poem on record, and is the parent of the multitudinous family of Alliteratives, Anagrams, Acrostics, &c. throughout the various languages. It may be remarked, moreover, that as there are only three or four words in Hebrew beginning with the letter *van*, the royal Lyrist feels in this letter the oppressiveness of the artificial restraint imposed upon himself, being compelled to begin every verse of that section with the copulative conjunction *AND*, rendering it thereby heavy and monotonous.

† Of all the Greek, or even the European poets, *Æschylus* to me appears to be the most Asiatic, in the tone of his mind and colour of his language, and to bear the greatest resemblance to the poetry of the Bible, Homer himself not excepted. His vehemence and sublimity, the dark, mysterious terror of his images, his elliptical and tortuous constructions, his audacious metaphors, nay, his very obscurity, are all Asiatic—like the composition of the book of Job, than that of any other writer. And it is remarkable that that celebrated general and poet, so Oriental in the cast of his mind, flourished at that particular period when Europe was deluged with an army of Asiatic invaders, from whom, though he fought against and conquered them, he seems to have imbibed the daring spirit of their poetry.

\* I find that Sternhold died fifteen years before Shakspeare was born. Hopkins lived much later, and was the friend of Dryden. The best versified psalms are undoubtedly Sternhold's; though Hopkins seems to excel him in the facility of his rhymes. Those marked W. W., &c. are the worst.

a sort of commentary, elucidating, by its wordy diffusion, what in the older versions is left either too meagre, or altogether unintelligible. It has the same advantages, the same defects, with the translation of Buchanan, which, he that relishes Hebrew sublimity *the most*, will read with *the least* pleasure, and with no commendation saving of the command of Latin phraseology and Latin prosody there so ostentatiously exhibited. Simplicity is lost amid the exuberance of paraphrases; sublimity is expanded out into tameness by circumstantial details,—is frittered away, and nearly extinguished, amid a load of superfluous adjuncts and vocables. And they are the sublimest and finest passages that fare the worst under this plethargy; they cannot live—they are choked to death under such an accumulation of language, just as the simpler features of beauty are lost amid an accumulation of floating finery. Let us take but one example of this deterioration, and let it be the sublime passage in the 18th psalm, noticed, as is said, by Dryden:—"And he bowed the heavens, and came down, and darkness under his feet. And he rode on a cherub and flew; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind." Here is a lofty sentiment, so simple, so denuded of useless words, that even the substantive verb is scorned as redundant. Of this Buchanan makes:—

Utque suum Dominum terræ demittat in orbem  
Leniter inclinat suum fastigia coelum;  
Succedunt pedibus fuscæ calliginis umbræ:  
Ille, vehens curru volucris, cui flammeus ales  
Lora tenens levibus ventorum adremigat alas,  
Se circum furvo nebularum involvit amictu.

Messrs Tait and Brady make:—

He left the *beauteous realms of light*,  
Whilst heaven bow'd down its *awful head*;  
Beneath his feet *substantial night*  
*Was like a sable carpet spread*.  
The chariot of the King of kings,  
*Which active troops of angels drew*,  
On a *strong tempest's rapid wings*,  
*With most amazing swiftness flew*.

Sternhold makes:—

The Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heavens high;  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky;  
On cherubs and on cherubims,  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of the winds,  
Came flying all abroad.

Our Scottish version,—not the worst:—

He also bowed down the heavens,  
And thence he did descend;  
And thickest clouds of darkness did  
Under his feet attend:  
And he upon a cherub rode,  
And thereon he did fly;  
E'en on the swift wings of the wind,  
His flight was from on high.

Of these four poetical versions, it is evident that the two first are of the same verbose character; and that the two last are infinitely more in the energetic spirit of the original. The only objectionable line of Sternhold's is, *On cherubs and on cherubims*, which proves the versifier to have been ignorant of the Hebrew, and which, in fact, besides the solecism of the word *cherubims*, is but a needless repetition, equivalent to—on cherubs, and on cherubs, as *cherubin* is but the plural of cherub. He seems to have considered cherubs and cherubims as different creatures, and expressed it accordingly. But Buchanan has disturbed the image still more, by representing the cherub as a charioteer or coachman, holding the reins of the cha-

riot, which, if not ludicrous, is at least not suitably dignified. Our Scottish version has adhered to, and best expressed the original, which is simply, "he rode upon a cherub," a plain, yet expressive enunciation, whose sublimity consists in the obscurity and incomprehensible nature of the mysterious creature concerned, to accompany the descent of the Almighty.

It would be unjust, however, to deny that the modern English version is happy in some of its passages, as in the last line of verse 7th of Psalm 68th—

'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead,  
In person, Lord, our armies forth;  
Strange terrors through the desert spread,  
*Convulsion shook th' astonished earth!*

And in the 5th verse of Psalm 112th, by the judicious expansion of the thought—

*Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs.*

And in the beautiful lines of next verse,

*The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.*

But, unfortunately, there are too few such. Not only are there introduced metaphors and figures quite heathenish, and abhorrent from the pastoral simplicity of Jewry, as, *Virgin led to the altar, crown'd with nuptial garlands,—Covenant with our fathers sign'd,—Entail the land,—heirs-at-law,—labyrinths*, &c.; but expressions vulgar and undignified are not very cautiously employed, as, *stupid fools, hardened reprobates, remorseless wretches*, &c.; to say nothing of the dry, sapless, hackney phrases of commonplace poetry, and the long, many-syllabled epithets foisted in, apparently to lengthen the line, as *unexampl'd, undissembled, unexhausted, commissioned vengeance, truest interests*, &c.\*

Of our Scottish version, it is a perplexing and perhaps a perilous thing to speak: It shines out with so many beauties, and, at the same time, is blotted with so many blemishes. It is, in the greater part of its Psalms, so majestically simple, yet disfigured so largely with pseudo-rhymes, double-rhymes, and no-rhymes,—so spotted with violations of ordinary grammar, vicious accentuations, and vulgar Scotticisms, that moderation of praise and dispraise can scarcely be preserved. The best proof of its general excellence is, its still, notwithstanding these blotches and rags of disfigurement, retaining its place upon our Scottish pulpits. Yet it cannot but fill an Episcopalian stranger, nay, even a Presbyterian layman, with pity, to hear the ministers of our church, the best educated men of the country, whose sermons are penned and uttered with taste and grammatical accuracy, reading to their people from a psalter where they must of necessity, at every second page, stumble upon and flounder through the most vulgar Scotticisms, obsolete accentuation, and erroneous grammar. *But a purification, we hope, is at hand*; sooner or later it must take place; and let us be wiser than our brethren of England,—let us purify, not supplant—correct, not displace. This is called for, now loudly called for, by the improved taste of our people, the laity of Scotland; by the highly respectable character and acknowledged literary attainments of her clergymen; *above all, by the very dig-*

\* Poor Sternhold's blunders have been pointed out by many a scornful finger. Let the critical reader determine whether the following passages are not somewhat ludicrous or absurd. In Psalm 104, v. 10, there occurs—

*Yet thence in smaller parties draws,  
The sea recovers her lost hills.*

In Psalm 107, v. 41,

*Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,  
Sets up the humble man on high;  
And makes in time his numerous hosts  
With his increasing flocks to vie.*

And in Psalm 114, v. 4,

*The fallen mountains skip like rams,  
When danger near the fold they hear;  
The hills skip after them like lambs,  
Affrighted by their leader's fear.*

city itself, and admirable excellence of the original compositions. But this is a theme too pregnant to be dilated upon at present; at another time it may be resumed and enforced with some critical illustrations.

*Doungrove, Banks of the Doon,  
4th December, 1830.*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARSONAGE.

DAFT JOCK.

JOCK TAIT was one of those characters which lie half-way between idiosyncrasy and wit, with too much sense to be designated fatuous, and too much obliquity of mental perception to be accounted comical. His mother, who was a widow woman, called him Jock, and by this name he was known, teased, and flattered, by the children of the neighbourhood. His habits were in general inoffensive, yet there sometimes peeped through a kind of brighter light, as if, Brutus-like, he had all along been acting a part.

Jock was (for, alas! he is now numbered with the wise and the foolish of the times gone by) a constant hearer of mine, and I could see him occupying his seat upon the kirk-yard dike every Sabbath morning, by the time that the second bell was rung. In the church he took his seat by the door-way, on the stool upon which the collection was made, and whilst he kept one eye inwards upon the pulpit, he never failed to keep another upon the external world. As I had prohibited all dogs from the church, Jock rendered himself useful in carrying my injunctions into effect, and neither cur nor mastiff longed to encounter a second visitation of Jock's hazel rung. The elders again and again remonstrated against Jock, as scarcely well-behaved, but I had a kind of liking for the creature, and protected him manfully in his privileges.

One day that I chanced to be a little, or rather not a little, more animated in my peroration than usual, Jock, who in general, like others of the congregation, *took things easy*, began to be peculiarly arrested. At first he became restless, and his eyes seemed moving on opposite tracks from each other, then he placed his hands on the edges of his stool, and fairly poised his body, like Mahomet's coffin, in the air,—then inhaling like a whale, he gradually swelled, like the frog in the fable, till his very cheeks were inflated; at length, on hearing my concluding sentence, he lifted up his hands, permitted his body to resume its position, stretched out his arms over head, and emitting his breath with the whizz of a steam-boller, became all at once quiescent. On another occasion, when a young preacher, whose mother belonged to the parish, had officiated, I ventured, from a principle of curiosity, to interrogate Jock at the kirk-stile on the subject.

"Well, Jock," said I, "what do you think o' Master Andrew, now that ye hae heard him preach?"

Jock was silent, upon which I repeated my enquiry. "What think ye, Jock, o' the new preacher the day?"

"Ou ay," said Jock, giving a loud hem, as if studying the weather, "it's a braw day, atweel, and atweel ist, I trow."

This was not enough to the point, and so I returned anew to the charge, with a "But, Jock, listen to what I'm saying. Wana yon a braw sermon we had the day, frae ye're auld friend Andrew?"

Jock, however, was not to be entrapped into the praise of one against whom he owed an old grudge,—so, after looking me fully in the face, and putting his hand to his hat, as if he had not noticed me previously,—"Oh," said he, "but she be a fine body the mother o' him!"—I got no more information from Jock.

One day when I was fishing, I fengathered, as they say, with Jock on the side of the water, which, from the direction of the wind, I was anxious to cross; but, like the cat similarly circumstanced, I had no wish to wet my feet. Jock, who generally permebrated the fields bare-

footed, very readily took me on his back, addressing himself to the crossing of the stream; but, to my utter astonishment and mortification, just as he had reached the deepest part, he very quietly and deliberately stooped under and deposited his burden. "What's the meaning o' this, Jock?" said I, greatly enraged at finding myself swimming the current, up to the haunches; "what for have ye set me down here?"—"Oh!" said Jock, very deliberately making the best of his way to the bank at which he had entered, "I'm no see been as I was."

Jock, for what reason I never knew distinctly, had an antipathy to ducks. He seemed to regard their bills, in particular, with abhorrence; and wherever he met with them, they were in danger of decapitation. One day I found him busy at the grindstone, to which he was holding a duck's bill, very much to the duck's annoyance, which did not fail to remonstrate loudly against Jock's proceedings. "What gave her gobbie worms, then?" was Jock's reply,—imitating most ludicrously, at the same time, the duck's action in swallowing.

So much for Daft Jock.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.

*Monday, 14th December.*

Sir HENRY JARDINE in the Chair.

*Present*,—Drs Brunton, Carson, Hibbert, MacLagan; Thomas Allan, James Skene, — Gregory, Esquires, &c.

JAMES SKENE, Esq. curator of the Society's Museum, reported the donations made to it since last meeting. The most interesting were:—A brass gun, taken in 1628, at the fortress of Bhurtapore, bearing the inscription,—*"Jacobus Montefi, me fecit, Edinburgh, anno Dom. 1642;"* presented by the Governor-General and Council to Captain L. Carmichael, of his Majesty's 59th regiment, and gifted by him to the Society;—thirty-two coins of the Spanish colonies and municipia, with a full descriptive catalogue; presented by the Rev. W. J. D. Waddelove, of Bracon Grange;—a collection of four gold and thirty-one silver coins of Assam, with a descriptive catalogue; presented by George Swinton, Esq., Secretary to the Bengal government;—an ancient and very perfect querne, presented by Chalmers Izett, Esq.;—and a number of books from different donors.

The Rev. Dr Brunton, secretary to the Society, next proceeded to read an Essay by Lieut.-Colonel Miller, F.R.S. of London, &c., entitled, "An Enquiry respecting the site of the Battle of Mons Grampius." The author prefaced his investigation by an enumeration of the grounds upon which he went in coming to the conclusion he intended to support. They were five:—The personal character of Agricola, leading us to expect decision, mingled with caution and kindness, and consequence in his operations;—the narrative of Tacitus, brief and vague in its geographical details;—the topography of the country, as it may still be witnessed;—the remains of Roman erections which might be supposed to indicate the route of the invaders;—and, lastly, the traditions of the country people, the least certain of all. He next adverted to the necessity, in attempting to establish the site of the battle against Gaius, of keeping in view the previous operations of Agricola. That general assumed the command in Britain immediately after the tide of victory had been again turned in favour of the Romans by the exertions of Petilius Cerialis. The first and second years of his government were occupied in reducing and pacifying the Roman province and the island of Anglea; an undertaking effected by alternate demonstrations of force and blandishments. The operations of the third summer are characterised by a change of system. The natives were terrified by devastations of their country. This altered plan of operations

Colonel Miller attributed to Agricola's having now entered the territories of the Brigantes, whose power had been shattered, but not finally overcome, by his predecessors. According to the essayist, Agricola could not possibly have made any important incursion into Scotland this year. The "*apant novae gentes*," denoted mere skirmishing excursions; and in this view, he proposed to substitute "*Tinam*," for the "*Tam*" which stands in our editions of Tacitus. The fourth year was, according to Colonel M. the first in which Agricola advanced in force into Scotland, and was terminated by fortifying the line of country between the Forth and Clyde. In the fifth summer, he made himself master of Galloway and Ayrshire. Colonel M. maintains, that in his sixth campaign Agricola crossed the Frith of Forth for the first time; and he fixes upon the site of Cambus Kenneth as that where the Roman army crossed the river. He then traces their progress by the assistance of the symptoms of ancient encampments which still remain, and the tradition of the country, to the hill of Harelaw, which he assumes to have been the station in which the ninth legion was attacked by the Caledonians. He supposes this to have been the last of a series of harrying and desultory attacks, that convinced Agricola of the impossibility of effecting any thing decisive that year, and led him to draw his army sooner than usual into winter quarters; as the locality of which, the essayist assigns Dunearn Hill for various reasons. The conclusion of the Essay, in which the author enters upon the investigation of the transactions of the seventh campaign, and the battle which terminated it and the war at once, was deferred till the next meeting.

Dr Carson did not, in what remarks he made, intend to prejudice the question of the real site of the battle of the Grampians, the essayist's opinion on that point not being yet before the Society; he had, however, some observations to make on the sketch of the previous campaign. He could not agree to the substitution of "*Tinam*" for "*Taum*," because the Tyne was not an estuary (*estuario nomen est*.) Besides, if Agricola penetrated no farther the third summer than to the Tyne, he could only come in collision with the Brigantes, who were old acquaintances of the Romans, and to whom, therefore, the term "*novae gentes*" cannot apply. The historian's expression, too, is "*usque ad Taum*," implying, that the river designated, whatever it be, was the utmost limits of that year's march. The excursion was partly exploratory, which removes any difficulty that might be supposed to arise from our finding Agricola employed in fortifying a territory in the fourth campaign, considerably within the limits to which he had advanced in his third. Having fortified his frontier, it was necessary, in order that he might advance with security, to leave no enemy on his flank: hence his incursion into Galloway in the fifth summer. Having secured every thing to the south of the Forth, he again crossed it in the sixth summer, for more lasting operations than were compatible with his previous flying visit. The expression, "*quæ ab Agricola primum assumpta in partem virum*," applied to the fleet, denotes, according to the genius of the language, that Agricola was the first Roman officer in Britain who had combined the operations of a naval and military force, and not that this was the first instance of his bringing them to act together—a supposition destroyed by the express notice of the fleet's employment, the previous year, on the other side of the island. He (Dr Carson) could not acquiesce in the author's opinion, that Agricola remained the whole winter in Scotland. It was the office of the Roman generals—and Dr Carson believed he was the first who had pointed out this fact—to be based, during the winter cessation of arms, in the civil administration of their province. Agricola, therefore, retained southward during every winter. Such a step would have been otherwise rendered necessary, by the inability of Scotland to furnish provisions for so large an army. We can thus account for the great weight laid upon the maintenance

of the chains of forts. Thus, too, we account for the fact of the fleet being found the fifth summer in the Frith of Clyde, and the sixth in that of Forth; it had returned, during the winter, to the mouth of the Thames. There is no evidence that the fleet was employed in the Frith of Forth previous to the sixth campaign. On the contrary, the anecdote of the runaway Usipii is only of importance from their having fallen into the hands of the Frisians and Suevi, after sailing northwards along the western coast of the island. It stands, moreover, expressly in Dio Cassius' narrative of the same event, that they sailed along the west coast.

Dr Hibbert remarked, as bearing upon what Dr Carson had said respecting the Roman fleet having been employed by Agricola previous to the sixth campaign, but always on the west side of the island, that a station had been discovered on the Ribbles, which bore strong marks of having been frequented by the galleys of that people. He could not assent to such an adventurous amendment as the substitution of "*Tinam*" for "*Taum*," but noticed, as an apology for its boldness, the inaccuracy of the Romans in regard to the rivers of North Britain. Thus they uniformly confounded the Dee and the Mersey. Some had, indeed, suggested, that these rivers might have originally been united, and afterwards separated by an alluvial deposit: but having viewed the country in question with the eye of a geologist, he could not admit of this solution of the difficulty, and must still refer the confusion to the ignorance of the Romans.

The question regarding the situation of the field of battle remains, as intimated, to be discussed at next meeting. A beautifully executed plan accompanies the essay. Such of our readers as may wish to look farther into the subject, may consult General Roy's Military Antiquities, and the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. I. p. 555, and vol. II. p. 289.

### THE DRAMA.

Our readers will no doubt be surprised to learn that Miss Smithson, who commenced her engagement here with *Belvidera* and *Juliet*, terminated it with *Sophia* in the "*Rendezvous*," and *Ellen Byfield* in the "*Falls of Clyde*," the first a romping character in a vulgar farce, and the second a stupid heroine in a still more stupid melo-drama. Whether this change in the choice of her parts is in any degree to be attributed to our remarks, it is unnecessary to enquire; but the latter class is certainly much more adapted to her abilities than the former. We perceive that certain Edinburgh papers, whose opinions in dramatic matters are smiled at even by the supernumeraries in Mr Murray's company, have attempted to get up an opposition to us upon the subject of Miss Smithson's merits; and that they might do the thing effectually, they have not contented themselves with merely praising her, but have taken all their gods to witness that she is the most gifted actress ever beheld in this city. The motives which have induced a few underlings thus to scribble, it would not be difficult to explain; but with such as these we hold no argument. In our most humble opinion, Miss Smithson is the *smallest* star that ever came to Edinburgh; and had Mrs Stanley, or Miss Stoker, or any other permanent member of our *corps dramatique*, treated us to similar exhibitions, we should at once have advised Mr Murray to rid himself of such an addition to the effective strength of his establishment.

A few sensible and temperate persons have stated to us, that while they perfectly agreed with the general scope of our remarks upon Miss Smithson, they thought we went too far when we condescended to criticise her figure and face. This is a matter worth a moment's consideration. We suppose it will be at once granted that to praise an actress for the elegance of her figure, or the beauty of her countenance, if that praise can be bestowed conscientiously, is to do no more than what every writer

upon these subjects is called upon to do. Well, then, an actress, who has gained a good deal of notoriety, visits Edinburgh for the first time, and the public naturally wish to know what the dramatic critics think of her, always understanding that the public are of course aware that *some* of the dramatic critics are much more to be depended on than *others*. One person announces, that having seen the actress, he finds her a chaste, correct performer, and that, more than any other he knows, she has studied the graces of attitude, and those niceties and powers of expression which give to attitude a double effect;—that, besides, she possesses just such a symmetrical figure and fine countenance as are best calculated to make this style entirely successful. Such is the opinion of one critic; but another critic, whose notions of symmetry and beauty are of a very different kind, reads this opinion with positive distress, to think that what appear to him such vulgar and inadequate judges should have any thing to say to the public at all, and, in a fit of generous indignation, and an ardent desire to rescue the noble art which he admires from the degradation it might suffer were so rude and uncultivated a taste listened to by its professors, he proceeds to show, that the attitudes and gestures of the actress in question are extravagant and grotesque, and that her features, being little capable of expression, could never be commanding. These disagreeable truths might be told gently, and in many cases it would be proper to do so. But there are others, where the taste of a city has to be vindicated, or a venal party put down, when it becomes necessary to speak out in strong and piquant language, the novelty of which will attract attention, whilst its causticity makes the offenders smart. Every female who walks up to the stage lamps presents herself to the public to be scrutinized and reported upon. If she be modest and unassuming in her calling, a very little admonition will set her right upon her weak points; but if she attempt to split the ears of the groundlings, and to carry away the galleries by a *coup-de-theatre*, then he is a mere milk-sop, and is betraying the trust reposed in him, who is afraid to tell her of her defects—both intellectual and physical—in good round terms. Such is our creed; and such, in the case of Miss Smithson, has been our practice, not without good effect too, for the public now know in whom they may trust, and Miss Smithson has it not in her power to report that she was very favourably received in Edinburgh.

Sir Walter Scott's Tragedy of "The House of Aspen" was produced here with complete success on Thursday evening. The *Literary Journal* may give itself some credit for having been the first to suggest to Mr Murray the propriety of transferring this play from the pages of the *Keepsake* to his boards. The only thing to be regretted is, that Mr Murray was prevented from availing himself of the hint before it had been taken advantage of at the Surrey Theatre in London. The version, however, which has been brought out here, is widely different from that which was acted in London, and, we venture to say, very greatly superior. The five Acts have been converted into three, and a good deal of vocal and instrumental music has been interspersed, which has the effect of making the whole less heavy than it might otherwise have been. The principal parts are cast almost exactly as was suggested in the *Journal*, with one exception, that Denham plays the old Baron Rudiger, instead of Murray himself, whom we thought, and still think, could have made more of it. Denham is good in the last scene, but in the earlier ones he does not sufficiently bring out the warm-hearted, fiery spirit of the old man. There is a want of nicety (if we may use the expression) in his conception of the character. He is rather lumbering and unwieldy in it. Besides, he is too young, and too tall, and too stout, to answer one's ideas of a hale, hearty, passionate old gentleman. We still say Murray was the man to have played Rudiger, and the play would have been ten per cent lighter if he had done so. But this is a matter of

smaller moment, in comparison with the very able and spirited manner in which the whole has been got up. There is some beautiful new scenery; there are many new dresses and decorations; and the supernumeraries are so metamorphosed and improved, that they scarcely seem to be the same beings. A number of fine melo-dramatic points have also been introduced with great skill; and the deviations from the play, as published by Sir Walter, are, in general, highly judicious. Neither must we forget particularly to allude to the powerful aid which the manager has received from Mr John Thomson, who has composed and arranged for the occasion, music, both vocal and melo-dramatic, which has only to be heard in order to convince every one that Mr Thomson is among the most promising votaries of the science of which this country can boast. His *finale* to the first act,—his drinking song,—and one or two of his marches, are amazingly bold, spirited, and, we will say, original; though they are perhaps indebted a little for part of their excellence to the genius of Weber. At present we write hurriedly; but we cannot conclude without alluding to the able manner in which Miss Jarman acquitted herself, who had the difficult task of playing not only the heroine, but the mother of Barton and Montague Stanley! Her dress was elegant and highly appropriate;—if we are not mistaken, it is pretty accurately copied from the engraving which accompanies the Tragedy in the *Keepsake*. Barton also performed his part well upon the whole, and with less monotonous whining than is usual with him. Pritchard too, as the villain of the piece, bore himself bravely; and though Hooper has little to do, that little he did with good effect, and in a gentlemanly way. From the unanimous and hearty applause with which it was received, this play is pretty sure to have a run, and, what is better, it deserves it; for it is the most spirited thing Mr Murray has done for some time. We shall have more to say concerning it next Saturday.

Old Cerberus.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE LOST—THE DEAD!

O! NEVER eyes will beam for me  
Like his—the lost—the dead!  
Still o'er my heart their sunshine comes  
In softened glory shed!  
So deep the fondness of that gaze,  
Where soul flash'd brightly ever;  
Like evening's last rich golden rays,  
That dance upon the river!  
No other sun will ever pour  
Such glory o'er the sea!  
No other eyes will ever beam  
Such fondness back to me!

O! never voice will breathe for me  
Like his—the lost—the dead!  
Its tones yet linger round my heart,  
By wildest fancy fed!  
A music floats into my soul,  
And stirs me as the breeze  
Stirs the sad chords of some lone harp,  
Hung 'mid the forest trees!  
No other wind will ever wake  
Those airs so wild that be!  
No other voice will ever breathe  
Such melody to me!

O! never soul will beat for me  
Like his—the lost—the dead!  
Still in my heart of hearts I feel  
Its holy influence shed!  
I saw a bark at morn go forth,  
Rich freighted from the strand;  
But ere night's stars rose pale, it lay  
A wreck upon the sand!

No arm will e'er its treasures bring  
Forth from the dreary sea!  
No heart will ever own that love  
I buried deep with thee!

GERTRUDE.

#### CONSOLATION FOR BACHELORS.

Don't bother us, Hal, with your love-broken hearts,  
Away with this whining and sorrow;  
A fig for young Cupid, his bow, and his darts!  
Fill the glass, and let care come to-morrow!

The girl that you loved has deceived you—why, then,  
Thank your stars that the match has miscarried;  
The wench that would jilt you when single, 'tis plain  
Would readily wrong you when married.

Her heart, like a weathercock set on a hill,  
To pleasure for ever is veering;  
And she drives down the current of passion and will,  
Like a ship on the ocean careering.

Give her wealth, give her wealth, give her tinsel and show,  
Give her banquetings, music, and laughter,  
And she'll make to herself a snug heaven below,  
For fear she should have none hereafter.

She'll ogle at church, she will scheme at the ball,  
She will flirt at the rout and the revel;  
She will cant at conventicles, sneer in the hall,  
And laugh at both parson and devil.

Her charms are but summer flowers spread o'er the snare,  
To which stupid simpletons hurry;  
For if a man wants a long life-lease of care,  
Let him marry, by Jove, let him marry!

And then, like the knight in the tale, he will sleep  
In the fetters in which she hath bound him,  
Until he awake from his slumber deep  
With the squalling of urchins around him.

Then why, my dear Hal, should you idly repine,  
That you've got no such pest by your ring?  
Thank Heaven, that has left you a cup of good wine,  
A good friend, and good sense to live single.

W. W.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

WE understand that the following interesting new Works are in preparation for Constable's Miscellany, and will speedily appear:—  
The Achievements of the Knights of Malta, from the Institution of the Hospitallers of St John, in 1099, till the Political Extinction of the Order, by Napoleon, in 1800. By Alexander Sutherland, Esq. (2 vols.) History of Music, Ancient and Modern. By W. Cooke Stafford, Esq. (1 vol.) Life of King James the First. By Robert Chambers. (2 vols.) A Tour in Sicily, &c. By J. S. Memes. Esq. LL.D. (1 vol.) History of France, from the earliest authentic era, till the present time. By William Fraser, Esq. (3 vols.) Life of Sir William Wallace of Elderslie, with the History of his struggle for the independence of Scotland, including biographical notices of contemporary English and Scottish Warriors. By John D. Carrick, Esq. (1 vol.) Life of Francis Pizarro, and an Account of the conquest of Peru, &c. By the author of the "Life of Hernan Cortes." (1 vol.) History of the American War of Independence, with Memoirs of General Washington. (2 vols.)

A Monthly Magazine is about to be published at Perth, under the title of the *Perth Miscellany*, devoted not only to matters of local interest, particularly agriculture and gardening, for which Perthshire is celebrated, but also to general literature. Such a publication has been much wanted, and the proposed Miscellany promises to be well supported.

THE STORY OF A BROKEN HEART.—A tale under the above title, the production of an author of reputation, will speedily appear. It is said to be founded on an event which excited a strong sensation in a small circle a few years since, the detail and characters of which will be easily recognised by the individuals who were so deeply interested in it at the time.

It is said that Messrs Colburn and Bentley intend publishing a series of works, to be entitled *Polite Literature*, or the *Gentleman's Library*.

A work of an interesting and judicious kind will be published speedily in Edinburgh, under the title of *The Excitement*, or a Book to induce boys to read. It contains remarkable appearances in nature, signal preservations, and such incidents as are particularly fitted to arrest the youthful mind.

We announced some time ago the appearance of the *London University Magazine*; the King's College is about to start a rival Miscellany, to be entitled the *King's College Miscellany and Review*.

Dr Morton is preparing for the press *Travels in Russia*, and a residence in St Petersburg and Odessa, in the years 1827-8-9, intended to give some account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be.

Mr Bernays has in the press a compendious German Grammar; to be followed by a Dictionary of German Prefixes and Affixes, explained in conformity to the recent investigations of Grimm and other distinguished grammarians.

London in a Thousand Years, with other poems, by the late E. J. Roche, editor of the *Courier*, is announced for early publication.

Peter the Great, being the fifteenth volume of Whittingham's edition of the French Classics, is in the press.

CONTINENTAL ANNUALS.—Russia produces seven Annuals, two of which are religious; Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Hungary, Austria, France, Italy, and Germany, all possess annual literary Remembrances. In America, there are not fewer than twelve or thirteen, the *Atlantic Souvenir*, and the *Taken*, being the most popular.

The entire manuscript copy of Fletcher's play, called "The Humorous Lieutenant," has been found lately in the library of one of the Wynne family, and it shows that the editions hitherto printed, have been very inaccurate.

Mr Peel, we are informed, is making a collection of paintings which, in a few years, will become very interesting. It is to consist of portraits of the Ministers of this country, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. That on which the artist is at present engaged is a portrait of Lord Aberdeen, which is in a state of great forwardness.

NEW MUSIC.—We observe that our talented professional musician, Mr Finlay Dun, has just published a new Serenade, called "Softly, softly sleep, my dearest," the words of which are from the poem of "Valley." The melody is rich and flowing, and we especially admire the first part of the minor. There are one or two passages rather difficult of execution, and more pains, perhaps, might have been taken with the symphonies. Mr Dun has also just published a set of the original, and another of the modern *Ranz des Vaches*. We particularly like the original, which is finely adapted, and the alternation of the *Adagio* and the *Allegro* very beautiful. The modern edition is more lively, and exceedingly pleasing also.

THE LONDON MUSICAL GAZETTE.—We have received the four first Numbers of this new periodical, which appears to be conducted on a plan calculated to obtain success. Each Number consists of eight folio pages, four of which are devoted to musical criticism, and miscellaneous literary matters connected with the science, and the other four to pieces of vocal and instrumental music, original and select. The price of the publication is moderate, and it offers an agreeable variety to the musical amateur.

A COURT ANECDOTE.—When a female member of the British Royal Family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of the nobility, and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice-Clerk was on one occasion among the number of those presented to the late Princess Amelia, who, as is well known, was very deaf. "Stand by for my Lady Justice-Clerk," said the man-in-waiting. Meanwhile some meddling person whispered him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kiss preliminary was about to be performed, when out bowed the man of office, through a speaking-trumpet, "Don't kiss her, madam—she's not a Lady!"

FINE ARTS IN EDINBURGH.—We had, a few days ago, the pleasure of seeing a painting, nearly finished, by Mr W. Simson: "The Luncheon," a pendant to "The Twelfth of August," exhibited in Spring in the Rooms of the Royal Institution. Both in the spirit of its conception, and in the mastery of its execution, the present work is far superior even to its pleasing predecessor. The scene is in some of those barren, heather-clad glens in our Highlands, down which a brawling streamlet stots from stone to stone. In the distance stretch blue hills, from the summits of which the mist, which has swathed them in the earlier part of the day, is just rising into the air. On the side of the glen, the main body of the party are snugly entrenched round a table-cloth, amply stored both with eatables and drinkables. One of them, in hearty good-humour, holds out the glass of Glenlivet he is about to discuss most tantalisingly to the latest comer, who has not yet had time to descend from his steed. Another, very characteristically diffused, takes his cigar from his mouth, to have his joke, too, at the cavalier's expense. Behind the recumbent party

a white pony looks over their shoulders, with a gravity never equalled, save by the Dapple of Cervantes, and casting a gleam of light on all around, like "heavenly Uta with her milk-white lamb." For the freshness of time in the landscape, and the glow of the sunset, —for masterly arrangement of every thing down to its smallest details, (gillies, pointers, game, and estates,) we look upon this as the artist's masterpiece. That glass of portec haunts us like the memory of a first love!

**LEGAL PROCEEDINGS RELATIVE TO MR THOM'S STATUES.**—We alluded in a former Number to these proceedings. The papers lodged by the parties, and the interlocutor of the Court, are now before us, and from them we have abstracted the following account of the relative situation and assessments of the litigants. Some time in the year 1828, Mr Thom received an order from the Earl of Cassilis to complete for him a group, consisting of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnnie, the Landlord and Landlady. About the same time, Sir Charles Lamb gave him an order for copies of Tam and the Souter. In December 1828, Mr Thom entered into an agreement with Mr Dick at Tinsford, near Edinburgh, to complete for him a group consisting of the same figures as that intended for the Earl. Mr Thom promised that these figures should be the first of that description he should finish after these for the Earl and Sir Charles, but declined becoming bound to finish them by a certain day, as circumstances which he could not foresee might occur to retard his labours. Mr Thom did not then complete the four figures bespoke by the Earl of Cassilis, and then apply himself to those intended for Mr Dick, but, according as fitting stones could be procured from the quarry, he worked at one or the other figure for both groups. In this way, he had made, in October 1829, two Tam O'Shanter, two Souters, and one Landlord, with which he was satisfied; one Landlady, which was likewise to his mind, and one which was not. On the 13th of June, he had, at the urgent entreaties of Mr Dick, delivered to him a Tam and a Souter; and, on the 11th of October, he shipped to the address of the Earl of Cassilis, a complete set of four figures. Mr Dick, on the plea that the Landlady, included in this shipment, was the second made, applied for an interdict against her delivery. The pursuer argued—That Mr Thom had agreed to deliver to him the first figures he should finish after those meant for the Earl of Cassilis and Sir Charles Lamb; that Mr Thom had completed two figures of the Landlady; and that, consequently, the first belonged to the Earl, and the second to the pursuer. It was argued on behalf of Mr Thom—That he had never become specifically bound to furnish the pursuer with the second figure of the Landlady he should finish—[that having failed in his first attempt, he had never quite finished it, but set about making one more to his taste;—that he was entitled to do this, both on account of the obligation under which he lay to furnish his employer with a good piece of workmanship, and of a regard to his reputation, which might suffer by allowing an imperfect production to go forth to the world;—and, that he was still ready to implement his bargain.] It was further urged for Mr Thom, that he had been induced to enter into the bargain with Mr Dick, by the latter's representing himself to be employed by a gentleman of fortune; whereas it now proved, that he was one of several persons who wished to get the statues for the purpose of exhibiting them in opposition to the exhibition in which the artist has an interest; and that the two figures delivered, had already been exhibited in Liverpool. It was argued for the Earl of Cassilis, (who was brought into court,)—That he was not obliged to take a first abortive attempt, but was entitled to the first successful one.—That the terms of the pursuer's agreement excluded him from receiving any figures until the defender's prior orders had been executed.—Lord Macrae refused the complainer's bill of suspension and interdict, on the ground that the statue in question had been delivered to the Earl of Cassilis before the bill was presented. In a note subjoined to his interlocutor, his Lordship declined entering into the merits, as unnecessary in the circumstances of the case.—The case was carried before the Inner House by a reclaiming note on the part of the pursuer, but the Ordinary's interlocutor was adhered to.

**Theatrical Gossip.**—The great event of the week in the theatrical world of London is, Miss Kemble's appearance in her second character—*Behdiera*. Critics differ a little in regard to its excellence,—some are ultra enthusiastic, and others are colder. They who are disposed to be very profound and philosophical, intimate their belief that the truth lies between the two extremes. One of the Correspondents of the *Court Journal* writes poetical upon the subject, and as there is something spirited in the following verse, we insert it: He is addressing Miss Kemble:

"O! young inheritor of ancient power!  
Thou new-born honour of this hallowed time!  
Whose miracles have pass'd the deeds of old—  
Where mind is rising, like the fabulous tower,  
Even to Heaven!—Thy glory to behold  
Thy golden harvest waving ere thy prime;  
To thy meridian move, orb of the mind sublime!"

—Miss Foote has been performing at Covent Garden, but has not

been drawing very crowded houses.—The Adelphi Elephant continues to prosper. The sensible animal is said to enjoy the gaping wonder of that many-headed monster—the town.—Elkinton, it is said, has cleared £6000 by the performances of "Black-eyed Susan."—We regret to understand that Pasta is not engaged for the King's Theatre this season.—De Bognis, with his Italian company, is at Manchester. We hear that he has changed his mind as to coming here.—Braham is still in Ireland.—We are informed that Miss Smithson is about to return to Paris, having received an engagement for four-and-twenty nights at one of the French theatres. She is to play pantomime, or parts in which she will have occasion to speak only a few words. She commences, we believe, with *Jeanie Deane*.—Messrs Seymour and Alexander are quarrelling about the patent of the Glasgow Theatre.—Vandenhoff met with an accident at Liverpool on the night of his benefit, to which, however, no very serious consequences are attached. We believe he will be in Edinburgh soon.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Dec. 12—18.

SAT. *The Stranger, No! & The Wedding Day.*  
MON. *The Jealous Wife, & Rob Roy.*  
TUE. *Jane Shore, The Rancorous, & The Fall of Clyde.*  
WED. (Theatre closed.)  
THURS. *The House of Aspen, & Racine.*  
FRI. *The House of Aspen, & William Thompson.*

#### TO OUR READERS.

ON Saturday next, we shall publish a double Number, or rather, a Number twice our usual size. It will be the last Number of our second volume, our last Number for the year 1829, and also our CHRISTMAS NUMBER. It would be easy for us to mention a long list of persons of celebrity, contributions from whose pens, both in prose and verse, will grace our Christmas Number; but, in order that the contents may lose none of their freshness and novelty, we abstain. Our object, however, is, to present our readers and the public with a little literary banquet, which will make their Sundays more cheerful, and enable them to part pleasantly with the departing year. Our labours among them have not gone unrequited, and now that we are in the heyday of our prosperity, we are anxious to prove that our literary friends are as staunch to us, as they were when our bank was first launched, and that we ourselves are determined never to fall asleep upon our oars.

We also expect to be able to mention, in next Number, the improvements and increased resources with which we shall commence the New Year.

A Title-Page and Index for Volume II. of the EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL, will accompany the CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL new works have reached us too late for notice this week.

"*Antelope*" shall receive an answer next Saturday.—"*Protem*" among our next varieties.—"*Orion*, the Younger," shall have a place.—For the interesting communication from Kirkcubright we feel obliged to—we shall make use of it speedily.—From our obliging London Correspondent, "J. T.," we shall be glad to hear at his best convenience.—"A Looker-on," will perceive that we have adverted to the subject on which he was good enough to write to us.—"The Recipe," by "J. S.," and "Agony," by "V. V." of Glasgow, will not suit us.

"*Umphraville*" in our next.—"*A Day's Fishing*" is clever, and we may perhaps brush it up, and insert it one of these days.—"*A Lover's Hour*" shall have a place.—"*The Bar-maid*" may perhaps appear.—The following poems will hardly suit us:—"Lips to a Sea-Bird,"—"The Wife Metamorphosed,"—"Song," by J. C. T.,—"Lines," by E. V.,—"A Ballad" from Glasgow,—"On Joy."

**ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.**—In the Review of the *Muse's Annuals* in our last, we made the odd mistake of speaking of Cherrhini as the author of "*Crudel Perche*," when we meant to write "*Perlela Clori*," his beautiful canon for three voices.—In Dr Gillespie's "*Letter concerning Burns*," for "*Wallenhall*," read *Wallace Hall*,—and for "*iron chair*," read *arm chair*.

[No. 58, December 19, 1829.]

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No. 59.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1829.

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TO THE READERS

OF

## THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

DEAR READERS,—This is our CHRISTMAS NUMBER for the year 1829, and in a most especial and particular manner do we dedicate it to you. Every thing we write is for you; but sorry are we to confess, that thoughts of our own profit sometimes mingle with our anxieties for your amusement. It is a weakness incident to mortality, and having frankly owned it, we trust we shall be the more readily believed when we declare, that in this, our last Number for the present year, we have thought only of securing for you a literary banquet of rich and varied excellence, proportionate to the respect we entertain for you, and not unworthy either of the season, or the land we live in. Thanks to the literary friends—talented and eminent as they are—who have so nobly and so faithfully rallied round us, we are this day able to furnish forth a feast, where even the veriest epicure will not fail to find something to stimulate and gratify his palate. It is for you, dear readers, that it is spread. May you bring to us as good appetites as we wish you,—and may you partake of it as freely as it is offered!

In sober earnestness, we are proud of our CHRISTMAS NUMBER. We challenge any periodical in the country to produce, within the same space, so bright a galaxy of names;—and not of names alone, but of articles whose intrinsic merits bear them up—*ponderibus librati suis*.

Where all are so conspicuous, it would be unfair to particularize a few. Were we to indulge in much talk concerning our own affairs, a thousand obligations would occur to us which we might acknowledge, but could not at present repay. We prefer, therefore, limiting ourselves to general expressions of thanks; and wherever we turn,—to the south, the north, the east, and the west,—these have to be conveyed;—to some of the most distinguished of the fair sex, (thank Heaven!) as well as to many a manly heart, beating with all the ardour of genius, and a noble love of literature for its own sake. To each and all, we wish, from the bottom of our souls, the merriest Christmas, and the happiest New-Year!

Nor shall we ever be niggard of good wishes when we think and speak of you, dear readers. Many hundreds of you we have never seen in our lives, nor can we tell how our various lucubrations may individually affect you; yet we know that there is a sympathy between us,—that you are disposed to be lenient to our errors, both of commission and omission,—and that, if ever we have brought a smile to your lips, or a gentle tear into your eye, you love us for those smiles and for those tears. If the suspicion should chance to cross your minds that we are occasionally severe, or hasty, or vain, or foolish, we beseech you to believe that we are ourselves deeply, and, at times, painfully, conscious of our numerous deficiencies, and that it is our earnest desire to amend and purify our character, both in the eyes of the public, and of the friends whom

Heaven has given to us, and whose affection we value above all earthly things.

As critics, we this week give authors a holiday. We shall resume our converse with them on Saturday, the 2d of January, 1830. Nothing but amenity and good humour—"nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles"—shall characterise us to-day; and if, amidst these, a few deeper and more solemn chords be touched, our Christmas gambols will not be the less delightful, that they carry a moral with them.

Dear Readers, we have said our say. Again we offer you our salaam; but instead of wishing, in the language of the East, that you may "live a thousand years," allow us to express the more *seasonable*, and not less pleasing hope, that you may eat a thousand geese. With this hope upon our lips, we humbly subscribe ourselves,

Yours, with faithfulness and respect,

THE EDITOR.

## "THE YEAR THAT'S AWA."

*By Dr Gillespie.*

"WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominant over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." So says one, whose language no man can mistake, and whose knowledge of human nature few will be disposed to question. But of these alternatives, the predominancy of the past over the present appears to be the most purifying and exalting. A submission of present liking to future enjoyments, is nothing more, in its ordinary acceptation, than an enlarged and calculated system of selfishness. In regard, however, to the predominancy of the past over the present, the case is materially different. To the past, considered merely as such, we can never look from selfish or interested views—our trance into these familiar regions is at once voluntary and uninterested. We lose ourselves in recollections, not that we may relieve the present, or influence the future, but merely because such reveries are engrossing and irresistible. Happiness, indeed, and that of the most intense and purifying character, is the consequence—but not the  *motive*,—otherwise happiness would just be diminished in proportion to the extent of the previous calculation.

The future often looks up upon us, from the darkened distance, with a forbidding aspect. In spite of the most sanguine and happy temperament, there will be formed, in the distant obscurity, faces and forms, contingencies and possibilities, any thing but pleasing or inviting. But the past is a vast storehouse of good and evil, from which, at will, we can select such materials as we choose. The frost-works of futurity are too frequently like the icy palace of the Zarina, whilst the past is a permanent, though a dilapidated structure. Happy, then, is the man, who can make the enjoyments of the past predominate over the sufferings of the present,—who can select such passages from the volume of experience, as will cheer and relieve the present gloom.

Say what we will, and even think as we may, youth is the sun of our being, to which the soul, in its travel, turns from time to time to gaze with renewed and invigorated earnestness. Nay, in proportion as the distance increases, our attachment strengthens;—

“We drag at each remove a lingering length of chain.”

“Scenes that soothed

Or charm’d us young, no longer young, we find  
Still soothing, and of power to soothe us still;”

till, on the utmost verge of old age, we cast a tearful eye, and present a quivering lip, towards that distant horizon from which the bright sun of our being ascended. Over the deep, and, in fact, indelible impressions of youth, other and more recent characters may from time to time be traced; but Memory, even down to the latest period, will be enabled to renew the original impressions. The Manuals and Psalters of riper years will not be able to unveil from her eye those latent, but still existing characters, which form, in fact, the classical page of her record.

At the commencement of a New Year, in particular, when we are about to ring those changes over again, which have been so often, it may be, and unprofitably, rung before, it is scarcely possible for the most heedless to escape reflection. It is at this season, in particular, that memory acts the “Old Mortality” with our early thoughts and feelings, giving them a distinctness, which, at other times, they do not possess. In the midst of company and engrossing enjoyments, it is delightful to revert to our boyish “New Years.”

The sunny days of summer are exceedingly pleasant, particularly betwixt sunset and midnight, when the bat (like the schoolmaster of late years) is *abroad*, and the voice of the invisible land-rail is loud and harsh in the furrow, and the night-clock is booming on the breath of twilight; but then this is the season of repose, and, in fact, all sensible and well-disposed animals, with the exception of owls and lovers, are now sound asleep. Sunrise, too, about the twenty-first of June, is, I have been informed on good authority, exceedingly splendid and refreshing; but then, again, it passes unheeded and unappreciated by all whose consciences or evil deeds will permit them to sleep. Upon the whole, then, summer, after all that has been said and sung about her, is in fact but a sorry substitute for the snug evenings and social comforts of winter—for their multiplied and diversified enjoyments,—over which “woman,” in all the magic of her presence,—over which, lamp, candle, and fire-light, are wont to preside. From the heats and oppression, from the listlessness and languor, of a summer day, it is in vain to attempt an escape; whilst the snows, and frosts, and blusterings of winter,

“But bind us to our cheery hearth the more!”

The storms without “may rage and rustle,” and may “define the day delightful;”—what is that to you and me, over our Christmas pie or our New-year’s goose? Put but the poker a second time into that bleezing, sportive fire, and we shall make even winter himself, under the snows of age, sing, and loudly, to

“The year that’s awa!”

“The year that’s awa!” Ay, thereby hangs a tale, as long as any of Canterbury,—a tale which links the cradle to the sod—the joys of childhood with the sorrows of age—a tale which takes up “little Jack Horner,” sitting in his corner, amazingly snug, eating his Christmas pie! And what lady or gentleman is there in this merry Christmas-party who does not envy Jack?—the little rogue, how knowingly he puts in his thumbs and pulls out the plums, congratulating himself all the while on his good conduct, which he evidently substitutes for his good fortune, “Oh! what a good boy was I!”

But Jack has now entered upon his teens. Associated with his fellows, he is now busy penning a Latin peti-

tion, to make sure of the usual holidays. His eye glitters and his brow brightens over verb and participle, as, with Horace in one hand, and *ad Gradus ad Parnassum* in the other, he dovetails phrase, idiom, and vocable into a regular petition, on which the Christmas pastimes of the whole school depend. Jack still keeps an eye upon the old corner, and purposes to spend his holidays with the kindly faces and the warm hearts of home. Home, of consequence, stares him from every line, converting the sluggish and torpid pain of prose into “the shepherd’s” trot of verse.

But Jack is now transformed into John, and has even been humanized into Joannes. He has commenced his academical course, and is now spending his first winter at college. His mother, ever more than careful of her favourite, has stuffed his trunks with luxuries, under the designation of necessaries, and his father has not been sparing of money or good advice. November has slowly melted into December, whilst the dreary increase of darkness has made our young collegian dream again and again of home. But Christmas, though it comes but once a year, never forgets its appointment. It is wet and windy—yet to him it is brighter and calmer than a summer eve. It comes intrusted with a mother’s embrace, and a father’s cordial welcome, with the cheerful fireside and merry sisterhood, and with the indefinite and incalculable enjoyments of the season.

“Joannes Horner, in classi prima,” is now a bustling and agitated youth, on the eve of his departure for India—for that fairland of promotion and treasure, from which men return with castles and commissions in both pockets. He is engaged in spending his last Christmas previous to his departure for the East. The embryo colonel is now in full feather of boyhood, and around him are collected those whom friendship and affection have endeared to him. Amidst the festivities of the evening there is an overruling spirit of sadness, and the mother is often observed withdrawing from the view of those very gambols which her experience and good-nature had suggested. There is, besides, one of this party, who, though she can lay no claim to consanguinity, is perhaps dearer to him than a sister!

Captain—Major—Colonel Horner, has now, after a protracted absence, returned to his home and his friends; but the one is in the possession of a stranger, and the fond mother and the provident father of his youth are now sleeping under a marble slab, whilst that warm heart, which beat so forcibly, almost so audibly, at his parting, has long ceased to experience joy or disappointment.

The present Christmas has arrived. “Colonel Horner’s” hall is filled with guests, and the hours trip gaily along; yet still, as from his elbow-chair he casts his eyes over the merry group that *now is*, and recalls that which *once was*, he sighs for the “year that’s awa!”

The day it is short, and the winds they are chill,

And the mountains are whiten’d wi’ ana;—

Then fill up your glass wi’ a hearty good will,

And, “here’s to the year that’s awa!”

#### THE FROSTY DAY.

By William Tennant, Author of “Anster Fair,” &c.

Now the skies are clear and fair,  
Not a cloud doth harbour there;  
Thrilling frost doth purify  
All the rheum-engendering sky;  
Now heaven’s jasper joists are seen,  
Now the sun, from ocean green,  
Doth his princely head unfold,  
Tiara’d with more burning gold,  
And, as we sit at breakfast all,  
Flings our blithe shadows on the wall.

Now his steeds, with lazy leap,  
Seem to slant along the deep;

Gently, gently jogg'd and driven  
Up their little arc in heaven ;  
Now he's on his mid-day tower,  
Yet our windows scoff his power ;  
See the forests rich and fair,  
Painted by Frost's finger there,  
How they flourish in his spite—  
Frozen foliage, wild and white !

Frozen forests only now  
Flourish on our panes and grow ;  
Look ! Earth's groves, how lean and bare !  
How they shiver in the air !  
Fringed with rime all crisp and hoary,  
Not a leaf to tell their glory !  
Hedges, too, are stripped clean,  
Robin finds them now no screen,  
But our thresholds ventures near,  
Pecking, pecking, without fear.

Hark ! how sounds are heard from far !  
Clank of hoof and clattering car !  
How the sliding school-boy's shout  
Rattles in the sky about !  
How the skater's iron heel  
Grides the ice with sudden wheel !  
And the curler's stones rebound,  
And the echoes round and round  
Shout to the large-orbed sun,  
What merry feats on ice are done !

Now the sun is setting fast,  
See ! his disk, how broad and vast !  
Gilding every chimney-head  
With his arrows, fiery-red ;  
Whilst, in contrast with his beams,  
Dusky smoke each chimney streams ;  
Up it rises straight and high,  
Pillars joining earth and sky :  
Now the sun is down ; and all  
Curlers court their dining-hall.

Come, my friend, and dine with me,  
Or let me banquet it with thee ;  
Or let us seek some neutral room,  
Where fire and candles chase the gloom ;  
With simple cakes and mod'rate wine,  
Where Plato's sapient self might dine ;  
With speech of unprepared flow,  
And hearts of ne'er-abating glow,  
And childhood's gladsome, guiltless glee,  
Mix'd with divine philosophy.

And ever and anon our theme  
Be the great Dead, of mind supreme ;  
The sense of Plutarch, Homer's fire,  
Anacreon's feast-rejoicing lyre ;  
Luxuriant *Livy*, Tully sage,  
Or Shakespeare's passion-painting page ;  
Wild *Ariosto's* buxom bloom,  
Or Dante's hell-depicting gloom :  
(His gloom will but the more up-light  
Our spirits with celestial light.)

But should our supple souls unbend,  
And Laughter's jolly star ascend,  
A thousand themes, as bright as morn,  
By every passing day are born ;  
There's little doubt, I think, we'll find  
Rich funds of laughter to our mind ;  
That Horace' self, were he alive,  
And knew he how our humours thrive,  
Would leave his Sabine farm to be  
The third glad soul with you and me !

## A STORY OF THE FORTY-SIX.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

On the 17th of July, 1746, there was a tall raw-boned Highlander came into the house of Inch-Croy, the property of Stewart Shaw, Esq., in which there was apparently no person at the time but Mrs Shaw and her three daughters, for the Laird was in hiding, having joined the Mackintoshes, and lost two sons at Culloden. This Highlander told the lady of the house that his name was Sergeant Campbell, and that he had been commissioned to search the house for her husband, as well as for Cluny, Loch-Garry, and other proscribed rebels. Mrs Shaw said, that she would rather the rudest of Cumberland's English officers had entered her house to search for the Prince's friends, than one of the Argyle Campbells—those unnatural ruffians, who had risen against their lawful Prince, to cut their brethren's throats.

The Highlander, without being in the least ruffled, requested her to be patient, and added, that at all events the ladies were safer from insult in a countryman's hands, than in the hands of an English soldier. The lady denied it, and in the haughtiest manner flung him the keys, saying, that she hoped some of hers would yet see the day when the rest of the clans would get their feet on the necks of the Campbells. He lifted the keys, and instantly commenced a regular and strict scrutiny ; and just as he was in the act of turning out the whole contents of a wardrobe, the lady, in the meanwhile, saying the most cutting things to him that she could invent, he stood straight up, looked her steadily in the face, and pointed to a bed, shaking his hand at the same time. Simple as that motion was, it struck the lady dumb. She grew as pale as death in a moment, and both she and her eldest daughter uttered loud shrieks at the same instant. At that moment there entered an English officer and five dragoons, who hastened to the apartment, and enquired what was the matter.

"O, sir," said Mrs Shaw, "here is a ruffian of a sergeant, who has been sent to search the house, and who, out of mere wantonness and despatch, is breaking every thing, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy."

"Oho ! is that all ?" said the cornet : "I thought he had been more laudably employed with your ladyship or some of the handsome young rebels there. Desist, you vagabond, and go about your business ;—if any of the proscribed rebels are in the house, I'll be accountable for them."

"Nay, nay," said the Highlander, "I am first in commission, and I'll hold my privilege. The right of search is mine, and whoever are found in the house, I claim the reward. And moreover, in accordance with the orders issued at head-quarters, I order you hence."

"Show me your commission then, you Scotch dog ; your search-warrant, if you so please ?"

"Show me your authority for demanding it first."

"My designation is Cornet Letham of Cobham's dragoons, who is ready to answer every charge against him. Now, pray tell me, sir, under whom you hold your commission ?"

"Under a better gentleman than you, or any who ever commanded you."

"A better gentleman than me, or any who ever commanded me ?—The first expression is an insult not to be borne. The other is high treason ; and on this spot I seize you for a Scotch rebel, and a traitor knave."

With that he seized the tall red-haired loon by the throat, who, grinning, heaved his long arm at him as threatening a blow, but the English officer only smiled contemptuously, knowing that no single man of that humiliated country durst lift his hand against him, especially backed as he was by five sturdy dragoons. He was mistaken in this instance, for the Highlander lent him such a blow as felled him in a moment, so that, with a heavy groan, he fell dead on the floor. Five horse-pistols were instantly pointed at the Highlander by the dragoons, but

he took shelter behind the press, or wardrobe, and with his cocked pistol in one hand, and drawn broadsword, kept them at bay, for the entrance ben the house was so narrow, that two could not enter at a time; and certain death awaiting the first to enter, none of them chose to run the risk. At length two of them went out to shoot him in at a small window behind, which hampered him terribly, as he could not get far enough forward to guard his entry, without exposing himself to the fire of the two at the window. An expedient of the moment struck him; he held his bonnet by the corner of the wardrobe, as if peeping to take aim, when crack went two of the pistols at his bonnet, his antagonists having made sure of shooting him through the head. Without waiting farther, either to fire or receive theirs, he broke at them with his drawn sword; and the fury with which he came smashing and swearing up the house on them appalled them so horribly, that they all three took to their heels, intending probably to fight him in the open fields. But a heavy dragoon of Cobham's was no match for a kilted clansman six feet high; before they reached the outer door, two of them were cut down, and the third, after a run of about thirty or forty yards. By this time, the two at the west window had betaken them to their horses, and were galloping off. The Highlander, springing on the officer's horse, galloped after them, determined that they should not escape, still waving his bloody sword, and calling on them to stop. But stop they would not; and a grander pursuit never was seen. Peter Grant and Alexander M'Eachen, both in hiding at the time, saw it from Craig-Nearnt, at a short distance, and described it as unequalled. There went the two dragoons, spurring on for bare life, the one always considerably before the other, and, behind all, came the tall Highlander, riding rather awkwardly, with his bare thighs upon the saddle, his philabeg flying about his waist, and he thrashing the hind quarters of his horse with his bloody sword, for lack of spurs and whip. He did not appear to be coming up with them, but nevertheless cherishing hopes that he would, till his horse floundered with him in a bog, and threw him; he then reluctantly gave up the chase, and returned, leading his horse by the bridle, having got enough of riding for that day.

The two Highlanders, M'Eachen and Grant, then ran from the rock and saluted him, for this inveterate Highlander was no other than their own brave and admired Colonel, John Roy Stewart. They accompanied him back to Inch-Croy, where they found the ladies in the greatest dismay, and the poor dragoons all dead. Mrs Stewart Shaw and her daughters had taken shelter in an out-house on the breaking out of the quarrel; and that which distressed her most of all was, the signal which the tremendous Highlander made to her; for, beyond that bed, there was a concealed door to a small apartment, in which her husband, and Captain Finlayson, and Loch-Garry, were all concealed at the time, and she perceived that that door was no secret to Sergeant Campbell, as he called himself. When the pursuit commenced, the ladies hastened to apprise the inmates of their little prison of the peril that awaited them; but they refused to fly till matters were cleared up, for they said, that one who was mangling the red coats at such a rate, could scarcely be an enemy to them. We may conceive how delighted they were on finding that this hero was their brave and beloved Colonel Stewart. He knew that they were concealed in that house, and in that apartment; and perceiving, from the height where he kept watch, the party of dragoons come in at the strait of Corry-Bealach, he knew to what place they were bound, and hastened before them, either to divert the search, or assist his friends in repelling the aggressors.

There was now no time to lose. Mr Shaw, Captain Finlayson, Alexander M'Eachen, and another gentleman, whose name I have lost, mounted as King George's dragoons, effected their escape to Glasgow through a hun-

dred dangers, mostly arising from their own friends. In particular, the very first night of their flight, in one of the woods of Athol, at the dead of the night, they were surrounded by a party of the Clan-Donnach, and would have been sacrificed, had not Stewart Shaw called out, "*À lach! Cárdeil Cearlach!*" or some words to that effect which awakened as great an overflow of kindness. Colonel Roy Stewart and Loch-Garry escaped on foot, and fled towards the wild banks of Loch-Erried, where they remained in safety till they went abroad with Prince Charles.

It is amazing how well this incident was kept secret as well as several others that tended to the disgrace of royalists, owing to the control they exercised over the press of the country; but neither Duke William, nor one of his officers, ever knew who the tall red-haired Sergeant Campbell was, who overthrew their six dragoons. The ladies of Inch-Croy did not escape so well. Cumberland, in requital for a disgrace in which they were nowise influential, sent out another party, who plundered the house and burnt it, taking the ladies in custody, and every thing else that was left on the last of Inch-Croy and Bally-Beg—an instance of that meanness and ungentlemanly revenge for which he was so notorious.

#### THE SEA-BIRD WANDERING INLAND.

By Mrs Hemans.

Thy path is not as mine:—Where thou art blest  
My spirit would but wither:—my own grief  
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing  
Than all thy happiness.

HATH the summer's breath, on the south wind borne,  
Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn?  
Hath it lured thee, Bird! from their sounding caves,  
To the river shores where the osier waves?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,  
Where the sweet-voiced Echoes have many a cell?  
Where the moss bears print of the wild deer's tread,  
And the heath like a royal robe is spread?

Thou hast done well, oh! thou bright Sea-bird!  
There is joy where the song of the lark is heard,  
With the dancing of waters through copse and dell,  
And the bee's low tune in the fox-glove's bell.

Thou hast done well:—Oh! the seas are lone,  
And the voice they send up hath a mournful tone;  
A mingling of dirges, and wild farewells,  
Fitfully breathed through its anthem-swells.

—The proud Bird rose as the words were said:  
The rush of his pinion went o'er my head,  
And the glance of his eye, in its bright disdain,  
Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the ocean's breast,  
To his pride of place on the billow's crest!  
—Oh! who shall say, to a spirit free,  
"There lies the pathway of bliss for thee!"

#### CHRISTMAS IN OUR OWN LAND.

By Dr Memes, Author of "*Life of Canova*," "*History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture*," &c.

Yes, Truth and Justice then  
Did down return to men,  
Or'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy did sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And heaven as at some festival,  
Did open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

CHRISTMAS!—mysterious, but wise and beneficent framing of the heart, over which a single sound can thus call into power and efficacy countless sympathies, and is

unite in their mingled modes of action. In these our own happy isles, renowned as they are for all the charities of social converse, where the very air of heaven falls upon the sense, and is loved

"As breeze that o'er our home has blown"—

one of the most cheering reminiscences of Christmas—perhaps its almost sole charm—arises from the reasons which then take place. For one brief and precarious pause, the conventional movements of ordinary life stand still. The dread and imperious influence which bears us away in the general revolution, is stayed for a moment, and the heart again moves within the sphere of its own affections. Our entire population is beheld gathered into groups, each little circle, while gladdened by its own peculiar happiness, diffusing the light of cheerful faces and grateful hearts over a whole land! If, again, we pass within the pale of any one of these communities, how hallowed, how infinitely removed from selfishness, is the enjoyment there sought and found, how generous are the sympathies which attach its members! Throughout all, the object is one and the same—the happiness of feeling that our happiness is shared with others. Through every gradation of rank or attachment, or conceivable modification of tie, is to be traced this common and universal sentiment. Even those who hang loosest upon society, now vindicate their claims to the possession of its charities, and furnish out an humble modicum of common hilarity. Ah! let not the self-righteous moralist, who has never known their labours nor their wants, frown harshly upon their occasional aberrations here; but while he reproves, let him compare them with the same class in any other nation, and cherish an honest pride in his countrymen.

The circumstances now pointed out, this separate grouping of the actors on the festive scene, this awakening of the very elements, as it were, of social happiness in one of its richest and most universal displays, peculiarly and honourably distinguish our solemn festival. Among our neighbours on the Continent, the domestic hearth, the only altar of the household-divinities whom they ignorantly worship in public, and the domestic circle, the true sphere of the social charities, are little known—apparently less regarded. In their festivities we have seen much mirth, much of general good-will towards each other, and have experienced not a little of personal courtesy; but all this wanted intensity and heart, and satisfying fulness of individual traits. On one occasion we passed the Christmas in Rome, began the carnival at Naples, and finished this gayest of Catholic holidays amid the thoughtless crowds of a Sicilian masquerade. But the hollowness of what ought to have been held sacred and sincere—the utter childishness of what was intended to amuse, and the heartlessness of all, has left only a remembrance where pity mingles with a strong feeling of disapprobation, as far as one man has a right to disapprove of usages, which former habits may prevent his entertaining in their genuine influences.

In these countries, Christmas is more especially a religious festival. Even in England, this, to a considerable extent, is the case. We cannot help thinking, that in this respect also the practice of our own Church is both more evangelical, and more in accordance with the real nature and objects of devotional exercises. Never, never can the Christian cease to have before him "that goodness infinite," which renders this a day of rejoicing: but we are not commanded to hold it solemn—the work was not then finished; there is one festival appointed, and by departing from this ordinance, distraction is introduced between opposite duties and states of mind. Nor needs there human device here to impress the thoughts;—never will the grateful aspiration arise to heaven more fervent—more sincere from the full heart, than when breathed in the very sanctuary upon earth, of its best, purest, most heaven-ward affections.

We touch a theme whose solemnity comes over the light casualties of our subject, like the reflections which should now mingle with our rejoicings. At this season we stand upon the point which separates the past from the coming futurity. Another year has almost numbered its latest sands, since last Christmas. Death, which can never be far from any one of us, hath to each approached a pace nearer. The shadow is stealing upon our hour;—how many divisions of the circuit yet remain—we know not; but of this we are assured, that another portion is now darkened, over which the beams of light and life shall never tremble more, until the Sun of Righteousness arise! Such meditations are wholesome—they purify and moderate, without clouding, joy; more impressive, yet more cheering, than the voice that warned the Eastern conqueror,—they bid us remember that we are both mortal and immortal beings. In a well-ordered mind, the high and solemn musings of eternity give to the things of time their proper value. They resemble the deep swell of the organ pealing above lighter sounds, but imparting sustained effect and soul-searching power to the whole harmony. Yet—yet must many an oppressed one bend beneath the load of memory. Oh! there do arise at this happy season, thoughts of what has been—thoughts of these who lately were—thoughts that overshadow our whole being with settled, unmitigable grief. Even amid that sweet concord which the Christian prays may bless his ear, where the voice of nature blends in submissive sympathy to the voice of God, there are flung by human weakness, notes of piercing agony—sounds so deep and full of woe,

"That they would give a tone  
Of sorrow—as for something lovely gone—  
Even to the spring's glad voice."

To such, we cannot say—be comforted. Alas! sad experience replies, they will not be comforted—for those they loved are not. A link in the golden chain of affections, which bound at once to earth and heaven, may be broken;—some dear familiar face, whose gentle smile formed the sunlight of our life, who cheered even our latest Christmas, may be darkened to all, save one faithful memory;—but there is an eternal festival on high—there we shall meet again.

#### STANZAS.

By John Malcolm, Author of "*Tales of Field and Flood*," "*Scenes of War, and other Poems*," &c. &c.

WHILE on thy beauty mine eye reposes,  
I feel as one, in the dreams that bring  
Around his slumbers the vanished roses,  
And blessed visions of life's sweet spring;  
And to the bosom thine image clinging,  
Still haunts the heart, like some witching strain,  
That, heard in youth, from the past comes singing  
The spirit back into youth again,

And in the smiles o'er thy face that lighten,  
The hues of feeling all mingled glow,  
Like sunny glories that blend and brighten  
O'er summer's sky in its beaming bow.  
And like the wave no rude wind is swelling,  
Thy brow reflects, in its cloudless rest,  
The Heaven of peace, that hath made its dwelling  
Within thy dovelike and gentle breast.

And with thy light of the morn are twining  
No pensive shades that pale sorrows weave—  
Or such as steal o'er the day's declining,  
To give dark hint of the coming eve;—  
And from sad thoughts all the spirit raking,  
Like some fair vision of yonder sky,—  
I half forget—on thy form while gazing—  
That taught so lovely can ever die.

## NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT.

By Mrs S. C. Hall, Author of "*Sketches of Irish Character*."

"We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan; look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great Hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years; and it's not likely they'll take a turn now."

"It's mighty hard, so it is," replied handsome Morris, "that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that wouldn't be the way with us. Sure, it's *one* we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—"

"Folly," interrupted the maiden, laughing. "Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and, to my thinking, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?"

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low, but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked ardhly up at her lover; her lip curled with a half-playful, half-malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and, pushing the clustering curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

"Leave joking, now, Norry; God only knows how I love you," he said, in a voice deep and broken by emotion. "I'm ye'r equal, as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you, for all that; only, I can't help saying, that when we love each other, (now, don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye're as good as owned it over and over again,) and ye'r father agreeable, and all, to think that ye'r mother, just out of *divilment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no reason upon earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for—"

"Stop, Mister Morris," exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; "it's *my* mother ye'r talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of ye'r manners, sir, or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?"

"I ax ye'r pardon, my own Norah," he replied meekly, as in duty bound; "for the sake o' the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not; and I'm not going to galsay—but ye'r m' the'r—"

"The least said's the soonest mended!" again interrupted the impatient girl. "Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am."

"Norah, 'bove all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and, since ye were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than any thing else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our young hearts' love, do think if there's no way to win ye'r mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss o' thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think, since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh."

It is a fact, equally known and credited in the good barony of Bargy, that Morris Donovan really possessed an honest, sincere, and affectionate heart,—brave as a lion, and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew,—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and, better even than that, he was the Beau, the Magnus Apollo of the parish;—a fine, noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the housekeeper's lovely English niece

at Lord Gort's, down to little deaf Bess Mortican, the lame dressmaker) were regularly and desperately in love with;—still, I must confess, (perfection certainly was never found in man,) Morris was at times a little—the least bit in the world—stupid;—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention,—would *fight* his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get *peaceably* out of one. No wonder then, that, where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of the merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls;—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye,—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken or a plundered nest, then dancing on the top of a hay-rick to the music of her own cheering voice;—now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her ben-pecked father. Do not let my respected readers imagine that Mr and Mrs Clary were contemptible Irish *dog-frotters*, with only a plot of *pratoes*, a pig, and a one-roomed cabin. No such thing; they rented an hundred good acres of bright meadow-land, and their comfortable, though somewhat slovenly farm-yard, told of abundance and to spare. Norah was their only child; and had it not been for the most ungente temperament of Mistress Clary, they would have been the happiest as well as the richest family in the district.

"I am not going to laugh, Morris," replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause; "I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he hadn't more sense. Sure mother was the man;—but I've got a wise thought.—Good night, dear Morris; good night."

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her "Wise Thought" might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in *glorious* style, and as cross (her husband muttered) "as a bag of weasels."

"Ye'r a pair of lazy huskies!" she exclaimed to two fat, red-armed, stockingless handmaids; "d'ye think I can keep ye in idleness? Ten cuts to the dozen!—why, that wouldn't keep ye in *pratoes*, let alone salt—and such ill-gint flax too! Barney Leary, ye dirty ne'er-do-good, can ye find no better employment this blessed night than kicking the turf-ashes in the cat's face? Oh! ye'll be *mate* for the ravens yet, that's one comfort! Jack Clary," addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney corner smoking his *dooden*, "it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me, I've little good of a husband, *barring* the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?" (The spouse nodded.) "The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?" (Another nod.) "Bad cess to ye, man alive, can't ye use ye'r tongue, and answer a civil question!" continued the lady.

"My dear," he replied, "sure one like you has enough talk for ten."

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father, and whispered in his ear, "I don't think the stable-door is fastened."—Mrs Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. "I'll go with father myself and see," said Norah. "That's like my own child, always careful," observed the mother, as father and daughter closed the door.

"Dear father," began Norah, "it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about—Morris Donovan."

"Yes, darling, and about yourself, my sweet Norry."

"Did ye speak to mother about it?"

"No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure, I go through a dale for pace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason—But that's neither here nor there. As to Morris,

she was very fond of the boy 'till she found that I liked him; and then, my jewell, she turned like sour milk all in a minute—I'm afraid even the priest 'll get no good of her."

"Father, dear father," said Norah, "suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round."

"Out of opposition to me, eh?"

"Yes."

"And let her gain the day, then?—that would be cowardly," replied the farmer, drawing himself up—"No, I won't."

"Father, dear, you don't understand," said the cunning lass. "Sure, ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean," she continued, and luckily the deepening twilight concealed her blushes—"if that took place, its you that would have ye'r own way."

"True for ye, Nerry, my girl, true for ye; I naver thought of that before!" And, pleased with the idea of tricking his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. "But stay a while—stay, say, say," he recommenced; "how am I to manage? Sure, the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early, and he's out upon a station now; so there's no speaking with him;—he's no way quick, either—we'll be bothered entirely, if he comes in on a sudden."

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl—"only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all ye'r heart, father—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker kiah, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk were filled on the dresser, and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" enquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plaguy snipeens," she replied, "bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for—Barney Leary killt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney, grinning, "and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's, the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they sha'n't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand as made not only it, but Mrs Clary, jump.

"And why so, pray?" asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into the house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking, any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury "birdseens," when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities: "How dare ye, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate, after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?"

"I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking, at the same time, the road he walks on, by the powers! I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! And you dare to say that to my face, to a child o' mine! You will—will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house, and, what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor ould snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavoured to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the poor snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lifting her up somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmate swore, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Nerry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty, long slender icicles hung from the branches of the wild hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footsteps of Norah, the glazed herbage crackled like feathery glass. The mountain-rill murmured under a frost-bound covering; and the poor sheep, in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill or dale could they discover a mouthful of grass. The chill December breeze rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for her "wise thought" had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where, "by chance," either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment that the course of true love runs smooth, it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now only left for me to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, (a practice, by the way, which I strongly recommend as the best mode of discovering the temper, &c. of the gentleman,) told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which I beg my Scotch readers clearly to understand, are swifter and stronger in Ireland, than in any other country) to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about, during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and sheepish; and the bridegroom—But, pshaw! bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillela of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, "Carry me out! by the powers she's bet! we've won the day!—Ould Ireland for ever! Success, boys! she's bet—she's bet!"—The priest, too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the goodwife discovered the plot or no, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "Wise Thought."

London, December the 16th, 1829.

#### AN INCANTATION SCENE.—A POEM, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED,

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE charm begins,—an ancient book  
Of mystic characters she took;

Her lone looks floated on the air,  
Her eyes were fix'd in lifeless stare;  
She traced a circle on the floor,  
Around, dark chilling vapours lower;  
A golden cross on the pavement she threw;  
'Twas tinged by a flame of lambent blue,  
From which bright scintillations flew;—  
By it she cursed her Saviour's soul!—  
Then savage laughter round did roll,  
A hollow, wild, and frightful sound,  
In air above, and under ground.

She utter'd then, in accents dread,  
Some maddening rhyme that wakes the dead,  
And forces every shivering fiend  
To her their demon-forms to bend.  
At length a wild and piercing shriek,  
As the dark mists disperse and break,  
Announced the coming Prince of Hell!  
But when his form obscured the cell,  
What words could paint, what tongue could tell,  
The terrors of his look!

The witch's heart, unused to shrink  
Even at extremest danger's brink,  
With deadliest terror shook!  
And with their Prince were seen to rise  
Spirits of every shape and hue,—  
A hideous and infernal crew,  
With hell-fires flashing from their eyes.  
The cavern hollows with their cries,  
Which, echoing through a thousand caves,  
Sound like as many tempest-waves.

Inspired and wrapt in bickering flame,  
The strange and wild enchantress stood;—  
Words unpremeditated came,  
In unintelligible flood,  
From her black tumid lips—array'd  
In livid, fiendish smiles of joy—  
Lips, which now dropp'd with deadly dew,  
And now, extending wide, display'd  
Projecting teeth of mouldy blue.  
As with a loud and piercing cry,  
A mystic, harrowing lay she sang,  
The rocks, as with a death-peal, rang,  
And the dread accents, deep and drear,  
Struck terror on the dark night's ear!

As ceased the soul-appalling verse,  
Obedient to its power, grew still  
The hellish shrieks;—the mists disperse;—  
Satan—a shapeless, hideous beast—  
In all his horrors stood confest!  
And as his vast proportions fill  
The lofty cave, his features dire  
Gleam with a pale and sulphurous fire;  
From his fixed glance of deadly hate  
Even she shrunk back, appall'd with dread—  
For there contempt and malice sat,  
And from his basiliskine eye  
Sparks of living fury fly,  
Which wanted but a being to strike dead.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEAD.

### No. III.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

*By Derwent Conway.*

THERE is one very extraordinary fact respecting the individual who forms the subject of this reminiscence,—two persons can scarcely be found to agree in their estimate of the late Earl of Buchan's mind and character. So it was when he was living; and I presume that so it is

new when he is dead. "He was decidedly mad," says one; "he was a man of shining talents and great information," says another; "he was a most fatiguing companion," says a third; "he was a most entertaining creature—excellent company," says a fourth. Now, for all these various opinions a show of reason can be given. Those who believed him to be mad, were such as were either altogether unacquainted with him, and knew him only as a little grey-headed old man, with top boots, spectacles, a very old hat, a very snuffy nose, and a square plaid thrown over his shoulders, and who went at a half-walk, half-trot, along the streets; or who, knowing him personally, were too matter-of-fact sort of persons themselves to tolerate eccentricity in others. Those who believed him to be a man of shining talents and extensive information, were such as had either heard him converse with men of talent, or who had enjoyed his company alone, in that quiet library at Dryburgh Abbey, where, with the confident air of a man who knew his subject and its bearings, he would reach down the classics, poets, philosophers, or historians, from the shelves where they stood, not for display, but to illustrate conversation, or be themselves the subject of commentary. Those who thought him a fatiguing companion, were such as were unable to comprehend the figurative, and somewhat mystical style in which he conversed; while those who thought differently, were more accustomed to his conversation, were possessed of a more lively fancy, and therefore found it no effort to follow his meaning.

But it is not to be denied, that, brilliant as Lord Buchan often was in conversation,—extensive as were his attainments in classical and scientific knowledge,—unbounded as was his information,—and shrewdly and soundly as he thought upon every subject connected with the conduct of life, there were times in which one felt strongly tempted to suspect the sanity of his mind. These apparent aberrations may all be accounted for, from the remarkable preponderance of self-esteem and vanity in the composition of his character. These were exhibited in early life, and never deserted him to the end. When he had scarcely attained manhood, he was taken by the hand by Mr Pitt, who had conceived high expectations of him in the diplomatic department; but the first appointment he received he speedily threw up, in consequence of some wound given to his self-importance in a question of precedency; and it was not many years afterwards, that the same feeling, though more worthily excited, dictated that spirited and remarkable reply he made to the minister upon receiving a list of the Scotch peers nominated by government upon the occasion of a general election. This he construed, and perhaps justly, as an infringement on the rights of the peerage; and he addressed a remonstrance to the minister, concluding in these words: "I will not be slow to assert the privileges of the peerage, if they be invaded; and shall know how to make my porridge in my helmet, and stir it with my sword!" That feeling of self-importance which so early, and upon this latter occasion so nobly, displayed itself, grew as he advanced in years; and at length, by the help of a naturally vivid imagination, often got the better of his judgment, and led him to fancy things that had no existence. He conscientiously believed that no man in the kingdom possessed so much influence as himself, and this not only in public affairs, but in private matters also. He not only gave away, in imagination, all the great government appointments, but fancied all the church patronage of Scotland, if not actually in his gift, yet indirectly bestowed through his influence. In the most private affairs of life, even, he seemed to imagine that he had some hand, as the saying is. I well recollect, that when the Duke of Roxburgh, in his eighty-second year, married a wife, Lord Buchan told me that it was his arrangement; and when, a year afterwards, her Grace gave birth to an heir, his lordship seemed inclined to take to himself the credit of this also.

## THE BURIAL OF THE BRAVE.

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY WITNESSING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF MAJOR MALCOLM OF THE 42D.

By Thomas Atkinson.

Plume of the proud! thy crimson crest  
Droops languid o'er the bonnet now;  
For he who wore thee is at rest,  
Where thou no more canst grace his brow;  
Darkly to nod above his bier,  
The only task that waits thee here!

Sword of the soldier! art thou there,  
For ever in thy scabbard laid?  
Wilt thou not flash again in air,  
A meteor amid many a blade?  
Like him who bore thee, sleep thou must,  
And all thy glories end in rust!

Plaid of the free! the manly heart  
That beat beneath thy chequer'd fold  
Will throb no more; 'tis new thy part  
To hide a heart at length grown cold;  
Thy many hues still gleam to-day;  
Its many hopes—Oh! where are they?

Badge of the brave! the noble breast  
On which thy silver honours hung,  
Will leave no more beneath its vest  
As praise drops from some tuneful tongue;  
There thou wilt beam no more—a star  
Whose glory hid full many a scar!

Trump of the troop, still thy proud notes!  
Drum of the dead, be'thine to roll  
Thy sad and muttering grief, which floats  
Like far-off thunder round my soul!  
Clarion and fife, be mute! be mute!  
And breathe but like a sigh, thou fute!

Though ye were hush'd and silent all,  
There would be solemn music here;  
Hark! 'tis the slow and measured fall  
Of kindred footsteps round the bier;  
—A fitting requiem for the brave—  
The tread of comrades to his grave!

And there is more—a low, still breath  
Of awe and sorrow floats along;  
As winds the sad parade of death  
Through all the gather'd city's throng;  
The rudest holds his peace a while,  
The merriest drops a half-form'd smile.

On more than woman's ready cheek,  
Unwonted moisture trickles down;  
Tears which of parted virtue speak,  
And flow for worth too early gone,  
Whilst round his bier the name they blend  
Of soldier, citizen, and friend.  
*Glasgow.*

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS, FEELINGS, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

By William Weir.\*

HOLIDAYS are not for philosophers or people of fashion. To the former, if worthy of the name, every succeeding day is a festival,—time itself one perpetual feast, "where no crude surfeit reigns." To the latter, pleasure is a business, which puts holidays or enjoyment of any kind out

of the question. Holidays are for the school-boy and the hard-handed artisan, and all grown-up gentlemen who have still something in common with the school-boy and the artisan. Holidays are for those who are in general kept hard at work, and whose minds are not sufficiently expanded to know that man's destiny is toil, in one shape or another; and that the truest happiness is to be found by voluntarily and of forethought bowing our necks to the yoke. An intermission from their daily tasks, is to the before-mentioned school-boy or artisan, what a green paddock and a Sunday's repose are to a donkey—a prefiguration of liberty. They disport them in their short sunny hour, with the same fulness of heart and absence of all forebodings of futurity, that leads their grave prototype to roll about in the herbage, stretching his ungainly limbs into strange antics, while some benevolent *Westminster Reviewer*, leaning over the pales, gazes light-heartedly on a creature, already enjoying that perfect happiness, which in his Utopia is to be the lot of all. And if such be a single holiday, what must the present season be to every one who has one spark of the school-boy or the labourer remaining in him, when one high and solemn festival treads upon the heels of another, like the rapid succession of jewelled beauties who sweep past their smiling hostess at a route?—when from Christmas to Twelfth Night, or Hansell Monday, (*aut quo alio nomine gaudet*) we are, or ought to be, borne up and onward on one vast springtide of wassail and revelry!

Whoever they were who fixed upon this season as that from which the year should date its commencement, they showed a delicate tact and sound discretion. There is something peculiarly modest and unobtrusive in the character of the first of January. It is not the longest day, and it is not the shortest day; nor is it, like two days of the year, divided into equal portions of light and darkness. In its utter want of any thing to distinguish it from any other day of the three hundred and sixty-five, it comes up to Lord Chesterfield's standard of a perfect gentleman—one who has no peculiarity or individual characteristic left. Thus amiable and unassuming, we see without uneasiness its elevation to the supremacy over all its fellow-days; and are no way envious at its standing the first letter of that A, B, C, where-with Time stammeringly spells the great history of events.

A deep sense of the noiseless and unmarked transition of the past into the future, is evinced by this choice of so commonplace a day for the commencement of the year. The analogy of nature is thereby preserved unviolated. There is no human thought or action,—no event in the history of men or nations, of which we can with certainty point out the first step. In tracing them backwards to their source, they elude our gaze, and die away into those which preceded them, as the colours of the rainbow fade into one another. And thus it ought to be in our arbitrary apportionings of time. They ought to mingle and coalesce gently—no startling transition ought to break in upon the continuity of life. It is indeed good for the human soul that it be kept awake to the feeling that it is journeying towards eternity; but this may be effected more gently than by shattering our nerves every now and then by a plaguy jolt over some great rut in the road along which we are driving.

Nor can we fail to perceive, that the happy selection of the associates of New-Year's Day is equally worthy of our admiration. It was requisite that the modest and unpretending demeanour of the monarch should be relieved and set off by the splendour of his court. And in the whole world of days, a better assortment of lusty gallants could not have been found than now stand around him. As in the chivalry of Europe we may trace the iron nerve and stubborn independence of their Teutonic ancestry, softened at once and elevated by the influence of religion and the mild graces of social life,—so, in Christmas and his retainers, we may trace a vein of that rude and boisterous merriment which gave fire to the Roman

\* This is the first of Mr Weir's articles in the *Literary Journal* to which he has prefixed his name. We are happy to avail ourselves of the opportunity it affords us to mention, that he has already contributed anonymously many able papers to our pages; and we congratulate ourselves on possessing the steady support of so talented a writer.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*

Saturnalia, strangely blent with those pure and maiden thoughts,—those lofty aspirations inspired by the presence of the holiest festival that Christendom celebrates.

There is something in the present season which has, in all ages, driven men to compensate the deadness and sterility of external nature, by drawing more close the ties of sociality, and enlivening their separate circles by the overflowing of their own hearts. It is the time of the year when we most need to lean upon each other, and it is the time of the year when labour is least in demand. As it is always well to join trembling with our mirth, lest it evaporate into heartlessness or folly, our happiness is chastened and subdued, not destroyed, by the linking together of two festivals,—the one of which is connected with the consummation of our highest destinies; while the other causes the rushing of Time's wings to fall more distinctly upon our ear, as the roaring of the distant waterfall swells upon the scarcely-felt night-breeze. For such a festival, this hour of Nature's dead, icy, midnight sleep, is peculiarly fitted. That the old year should now cease to be, and the new, strong of wing and bright of eye, rise Phoenix-like from its ashes, is in accordance with that law which makes the termination of one animal's life the matrix of a thousand new existences, and our own sleep of death our birth into a pure and untroubled existence.

During a festival of such a character, assemblies, public places, and theatres—except in the case of a pantomime for children—are an impertinence. The gaieties of the season are strictly domestic. How finely was this felt in Old England, where Christmas-tide served to draw closer, not only the bonds of family affection, but the more distant and precarious tie of landlord and tenant. All those unkindly feelings which the tear and wear of bargains and money transactions had engendered, melted away in the genial heat of the Christmas log. Even in Scotland, where the wise and the pious laid their precious numakulls together to put down this heterodox love-feast, all their exertions were only able to create the strongest and most indomitable body of dissenters that ever opposed themselves to a true church. But it is in Germany, after all, that St Christmas is worshipped in the way most after his own heart.

It is worthy of remark, that in most countries, all the traditional associations that cling round the name of Christmas are essentially human. Its blazing fires scared away, from the first, all the supernatural brood of night; and latterly, its religious associations—themselves of too solemn and elevated a nature to mix freely with the frolicsome spirit of the season—rejected, as inconsistent, the apish and fantastic mythology of man's imagination. Germany alone makes a partial exception to this rule. That nation carries its peculiar homely and hearty character even into its conceptions of the most awful solemnities of religion, and speaks of God in a style of domestic love, that would be blasphemy in any other people. This remark is made, lest the reader should be startled when he is informed, that Christmas-boxes in Germany are all presented anonymously, and as if they were a special gift from the "Christ-child."

In Germany, for some time before Christmas-day, every member of a large family is busy preparing the gifts he intends to bestow; but at stolen moments, apart, and in dead secrecy. On Christmas-morning, the various stores are stealthily put into the hands of a common confidant, whose business it is to arrange them in a room, to which, for that day, no person has access but herself. I can never forget the Christmas of the year 1824, on which I first witnessed this solemnity. There were a great number of children in the family. It was, of course, a holiday, but, in the intense expectation of the evening, they could not play. Even our walk at noon, which we usually took in a body, was dull, and without its usual accompaniment of practical jokes. Evening came at last. The sealed chamber was the farthest off of a long suite of

apartments, to all of which they had the *entré*, except to that for which alone they cared. Minna glided backwards and forwards with her wonted gentle and noiseless step: "Minna, is it time?"—"No!" They tried to begin some game, but in a few minutes their voices died away, and they were seated near the forbidden chamber. Adolph positively took up a book, the first time I had ever seen him do so of his own accord, but he only turned over the leaves—his eye was wandering. At last the folding door was thrown open,—and what a rush! A long table, covered with a clean white cloth, stretched through the room. In the centre, in an immense flower-pot, stood a large pine branch,\* hung with lights, and beneath it the various gifts, each with a label, showing for whom it was destined. Their value consisted chiefly in the evidence they afforded of the noiseless and delicate watch which each member of the family had kept upon the wishes of the others. The pressure of hands, and the unconscious glistening of eyes as they looked into each other, were the only language of the seniors; childhood's joy was more loudly and loquaciously expressed. And thus a short half-hour not only furnished delighted employment and anticipations for months before, and pleasing thoughts for a long succeeding time, but knit the family affections more surely than the costliest gifts or the greatest sacrifices.

Let us, in conclusion, add the two following maxims, which appear to us of much importance at the present moment:—

*Firstly*, No native of the northern temperate zone ought to emigrate, either to the tropical regions, or to the other side of the equator: His physical man may resist the insidious encroachments of a new climate, but the moral man must sink under the loss of Christmas and New-year's day. It is impossible to celebrate either, unless with the concomitants of a roaring fire, and a thermometer some degrees below Zero. *Secondly*, Tradesmen really ought not to send in their bills at this season. The practice adds, no doubt, to the joviality of their Christmas fire-sides, but in Christian charity they ought to have some consideration for *ours*. Like the boys and the frogs, it may be sport to them, but it is death to us.

#### AUGHTEEN HUNDER AN' TWANTY-NINE.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

O AUGHTEEN Hunder and Twanty-Nine!

Thy skaith is past retrievin',—  
I'm glad to see that back o' thine  
Out ower the wast gaun skrievin';  
Thou plashy-plashy, cauldrie queen,  
Bae o' the farmer's biggin,  
Dell that your tail war rumpit clean,  
Braw curlin' ower your riggin!

In pain we bleer'd our een at morn,  
Glowrin' for sunshine weather,—  
Down cam' the burns, in fury borne,  
Winds, rains, an' a' thegither;  
The ewes stood hurklin' on the hill,  
The lambs aneath them bowin',  
The croonin' klie misca'd the bill,  
Whene'er he cam' a-woolin'.

Our houns grew lather ankle deep,  
Our neeps a' bleach'd an' blacken'd;  
Our corn laid down its head to sleep,  
An' never mair awaken'd;  
Then took the gee our hopes o' thee,  
Nae profit mair could wait us;  
Nought we could do wi' tarry woo,  
But set our yam potatoes.

\* Des Christkindchen Baum.

said Miss Bluebite, a starch spinster of fifty, who was considered the Madame de Staël of the village—"I rather suspect that he is an Irish fortune-hunter, come for the express purpose of running away with some of us. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you." Miss Bluebite was said to have property to the amount of £70 per annum, and, no doubt, concluded that she was herself the leading object of the adventurer's machinations. Had it been so, he must have been a bold adventurer indeed.

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle; he was observing attentively every group, and every individual, that passed before him. Judging by the various expressions that came over his countenance, one would have thought that he could read character at a single glance—that his perceptions were similar to intuitions. Truth obliges me to confess, that it was not with a very favourable eye he regarded the greater majority of the inhabitants of Hodnet and its neighbourhood. Probably they did not exactly come up to his expectations; but what these expectations were, it is difficult to conceive.

At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest where it fell with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder; Emily was not what is generally styled beautiful; but there was a sweetness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father had died many a year ago in battle; and the pension of an officer's widow was all the fortune he had left them. But nature had bestowed riches of a more valuable kind than those which fortune had denied. I wish I could describe Emily Sommers; but I shall not attempt it. She was one of those whose virtues are hid from the blaze of the world, only to be the more appreciated by those who can understand them. She was one of those who are seldom missed in the hour of festive gaiety, who pass unobserved in the midst of glare and bustle, and whose names are but rarely heard beyond the limits of their own immediate circle. But mingle with that circle; leave the busy world behind you, and enter within its circumscribed and domestic sphere, and then you will discover the value of a being like to her of whom I speak. Without her, the winter fireside, or the summer-evening walk, is destitute of pleasure. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, her affectionate gentleness, must throw their hallowed influence over the scenes where her spirit presides, unconscious of its power, else they become uninteresting and desolate. I have said that she is not missed in the hour of festive gaiety; but when she is at length removed from among us, when the place that knew her knows her no more, she leaves

"A void and silent place in some sweet home," and a "long-remembered grief" throws its shadowy gloom over a few fond hearts.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before; but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and little acquainted with the rules of etiquette, she immediately, with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request. Just at that moment young Squire Thorougbred came bustling towards her; but observing her hand already in that of the stranger, he looked somewhat wrathfully at the unknown, and said, with much dignity, "I, sir, intended to have been Miss Sommers's partner." The stranger fixed his dark eye upon the squire, a slight smile curled on his lip, and without answering, he passed on with his partner, and took his place in the dance. The squire stood stock still for a moment, feeling as if he had just experienced a slight shock of electricity. When he recovered, he walked quietly away in search of Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies with whom they had danced on the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the ball were of course talked over. Criticisms were made upon the different dresses; commentaries were offered on the various modes of dancing; doubts were suggested regarding the beauty of Miss A—; suspicions were hinted as to the *gentility* of Miss B—; Mr C— was severely blamed for dancing thrice with Miss D—; mutual enquiries were made concerning the odd-looking man, who introduced himself so boldly to Mrs and Miss Sommers, and who was reported even to have seen them home, or at least to have left the assembly along with them. We make no doubt that all this chit-chat was very interesting to the parties engaged in it; but as we have not the talents either of a Richardson or a Boswell, we shall not attempt to enter into its details, especially as our attention is more particularly devoted to the "odd-looking man" already spoken of.

It is most true that he *did* leave the public hall of Hodnet with Mrs and Miss Sommers, and true that he escorted them home. Nay, it is also true that he won so much upon their favour, that, on his requesting permission to wait upon them next day, it was without much difficulty obtained. This was surely very imprudent in Mrs Sommers, and every body said it was very imprudent. "What! admit as a visitor in her family a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for any thing she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew! There was never any thing so preposterous;—a woman, too, of Mrs Sommers's judgment and propriety! It was very—very strange." But whether it was very strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage; and what is, perhaps, no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever. His name, they had ascertained, was Burleigh—Frederick Burleigh, that he was probably upwards of eight-and-twenty, and that, if he had ever belonged to any profession, it must have been that of arms. But farther they knew not. Mrs Sommers, however, who, to a well cultivated mind, added a considerable experience of the world, did not take long to discover that their new friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and well-merited rank among his species. As for Emily, she loved his society she scarcely knew why; yet when she endeavoured to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself, that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of *reason* in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and the sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on their hands. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being mistress of her instrument, possessed naturally a fine voice. Neither did she sing and play unrewarded; Burleigh taught her that most enchanting of all modern languages—the language of Petrarch and Tasso; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, showed her how to give to her landscapes a richer finish, and a bolder effect. Then they read together; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. It was a picture for Rubens to have painted, that little domestic circle beside the parlour fire;—Mrs Sommers, with her work-table beside her, and a benevolent smile and matron grace upon her still pleasing countenance,—her guest, with the glow of animation lighting up

his noble features, reading aloud the impassioned effusions of genius,—and Emily, in all the breathlessness of fixed attention, smiling and weeping by turns, as the powerful master touched the different chords of sensibility. These were evenings of calm, but deep happiness—long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered one evening, before sunset, the little garden that surrounded Violet Cottage. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter; "It is from my cousin Henry!" said she. "His regiment has returned from France, and he is to be with us to-morrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry?—he and I were play-mates when we were children, and though it is a long while since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred." "Indeed!" said the stranger, almost starting; "you must have loved him very much, and very constantly too." "O yes! I loved him as a brother." Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present see. I must leave Hodnet to-morrow." "To-morrow! leave Hodnet to-morrow!" Emily grew very pale, and leant for support upon a sundial, near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible?—Miss Sommers—Emily—is it for me you are thus grieved?" "It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected;—are you never to return again,—are we never to see you more?" "Do you wish me to return, do you wish to see me again?" "Oh! how can you ask it?" "Emily, I have been known to you only under a cloud of mystery,—a solitary being, without a friend or acquaintance in the world,—an outcast apparently from society,—either sinned against, or sinning,—without fortune, without pretensions;—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness which you have shown to me?" "Pity! pity you! O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity, I should—" She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy." "O! I will think of thee thus for ever!" They had reached the door of the cottage. "God bless you! Emily," said the stranger;—"I dare not see Mrs Sommers; tell her of my departure, but tell her, that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell! dearest! farewell!" She felt upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss, and, when she ventured to look round, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability that, in the busy world, he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes; but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspecting temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the very middle of many a lady's heart,—red coat, sword, epaulette, belt, cocked hat, feathers, and all. But he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had enclosed it within too strong a line of

circumvallation. After a three months' siege, it was pronounced impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his cousin next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace and waste his time any longer, called for his horse one morning, shook Emily warmly by the hand, then mounted, "and rode away."

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow, and purple; then dropped from the high branches, and lay rustling in heaps upon the path below. The last roses withered. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars and dew, and the dew, ere morning, was changed into silver hoarfrost. The robin hopped across the garden walks; and candles were set upon the table before the tea-urn. But the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. Winter burst upon the earth. Storms went careering through the firmament; the forests were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. But still the stranger came not. Then the lustre of Emily's eye grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Bear; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak once more came out of it; and Mr Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour. Burleigh did come back.

I shall not describe their meeting, nor enquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him? "My family," said he, "is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence, at least equal I should hope to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me, I cannot unravel until you are indismissibly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty; Emily intrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother saw that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she saw also that her child's happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could she do? It would have been better perhaps had they never known him; but knowing him, and thinking of him as they did, there was but one alternative,—the risk must be run.

It was run. They were married in Hodnet, and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage, and drove away, nobody knew whither. We must not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a ride, upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough for us to mention, that towards twilight they came in sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion, situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks. Emily expressed her admiration of its appearance, and her young husband, gazing on her with impassioned delight, exclaimed,—"Emily! it is thine! My mind was imbued with erroneous impressions of women: I had been courted and deceived by them. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity, or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved, that unless I were loved for myself, I should never be loved at all. I travelled through the country incognito; I came to Hodnet, and saw you. I have tried you in every way, and found you true. It was I, and not my fortune, that you married; but both are thine. We are now stopping at Burleigh House; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh, Earl of Exeter, and you, my Emily, are his Countess!"

It was a moment of ecstasy, for the securing of which it was worth while creating the world, and all its other inhabitants.

Among other unaccountable fancies of Lord Buchan, his lordship imagined, and told me a hundred times, that my father had, on his death-bed, left me to the care of his lordship; and, impressed with this idea, he was always pleased to have me with him at Dryburgh; and I have, accordingly, many agreeable recollections of the weeks and months spent in that retired and beautiful mansion—not associated merely with the beauty of the spot, the romantic country, and the time-worn ruin, but with the conversation of the noble owner, which I found not only instructive, but entertaining. In the play of wit, I have rarely known any man a match for Lord Buchan; and, in his replies, there was sometimes a quaint humour, that seemed to belong to the antique, rather than to the modern, school of wit. I recollect, upon one occasion, Miss Henrietta, commonly called Henny Dalme—a name well known to many of your readers—saying to his lordship, when speaking of his natural son, Captain E——, who, though strikingly like Lord Buchan, had nothing of his lordship's intellect, "Oh, my Lord, what a pity! he's so like your lordship; but he hasn't your lordship's head."—"True, Henny," replied he, "but you know we don't get children with our heads."

Whatever might have been Lord Buchan's feelings, in early life, upon the subject of political distinction, he was accustomed, in his old age, to speak contemptuously of it, and always greatly prided himself in standing aloof from the ranks of party politicians. I have often heard his lordship speak of his brothers as men who were ruined by not having, as he expressed it, "kept the waggon-way,"—a favourite expression of his, meaning the beaten track that most men travel in their journey through life, and alluding particularly to the late Lord Erskine leaving the bar for the woolpack. The only occasion upon which Lord Buchan took the slightest part in the politics of the day, was at the general election in 1830, when he appeared in his place at Holyrood House, and voted for an anti-ministerial candidate, Lord Belhaven.

Among the peculiarities in the Earl of Buchan's mind and conduct, was an extraordinary attention to the minutie of politeness; he used to say—and, from frequent observation, I am inclined to credit the assertion—that, since the day of his marriage, Lady Buchan never entered the room in which he was, that he did not rise, and remain standing until her ladyship was seated; nor did she ever quit the room that he did not rise and open the door for her. Nor did that gallant bearing towards the fair sex in general, for which Lord Buchan was distinguished in his early days, desert him in his old age. I remember upon one occasion, while residing at Dryburgh, there was, among other visitors, a young lady named Scrope, a descendant of that Scrope so well known in history. It so happened, that, one morning at breakfast, a wasp alighted upon Miss Scrope's lip, and stung it. "Now, Hal," said Lord Buchan, turning to a young gentleman at table, "how charming an opportunity to be Miss Scrope's champion, by demanding satisfaction of the aggressor." The gentleman who was thus called upon by his lordship, said, upon the spur of the moment,—

"Pray, wasp, how dared you sting  
Fair Emma's beautiful lip,  
Where every sweet reposed  
That gods might love to sip?  
Heaven never gave to you a sting  
To plant in such a lovely thing."

"Now, my Lord," said the questioner, "I have called the aggressor to account, but I cannot answer for him too—will you, my Lord?" and Lord Buchan, in another moment, replied,

"If I mistake not, sip who dare,  
Who dares to sip will find  
That lip has other, keener sting,  
Than the one I've left behind."

This is one among many instances I could give of the ready, and, I might say, knightly gallantry that distinguished the Earl of Buchan; and, since I am upon the subject of lips, from which the transition to the cheek is easy, though perhaps not so common as its converse, his lordship was wont at times to claim the privilege of the peerage, in saluting his favourites, of whom he had many—among others, Miss H—— of B——, Miss S——, now L——y D——n, Miss H—— of the C——, and many others.

Like all the branches of his family, Lord Buchan was passionately fond of children. I never saw him pass a child in his walks near Dryburgh, that he did not stop and pat its head, and, notwithstanding his character for parsimony, put a penny into its hand; and he used often also to join in the pastimes of young persons amongst whom he chanced to find himself; as did also his brother the ex-chancellor, who, when living at Buchan Hill, at the same time that I was residing at Holm Bush with the Honourable David, now Lord Erskine, used to walk down to his nephew's almost every evening, and was never in the room five minutes before he was upon the carpet on all fours, with the fine family of grand children that flocked around him.

Let they who will speak ungenerously of the late Earl of Buchan—of his follies, his vanity, his vicious propensities, his coldness towards his nearest relations, his reported heartlessness at the death of his wife—for my part, I cannot be one of his detractors; of follies—of vices even—he may have had his share; but I cannot forget that he gave freely £600 per annum to a school of the family—that he purchased his brother's estate, and entailed it upon his heir—that I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks when the vault opened to receive his spouse; nor can I ever forget the many happy hours I have spent in his company, or the counsel I have received from his lips.

#### TO FREDERICK.

*By the Authoress of "Aloes, or the Forester's Daughter."*

FRIEND of my heart! that name hath power to rouse,  
With whirlwind's force, the memories of the past;  
Brings rushing on the scenes of other days,—  
The summer smile of hope—cold desolation's blast!

Friend of my soul! I name thee not—thy name  
Is all too sacred for the base world's ken;  
I speak to thee alone—deep in my heart  
I hide thee from the idle gaze of men.

Friend of my soul! I wander through the world,  
And seek in vain an answering glance like thine,—  
An eye that flash'd or soften'd into love,  
When joy had brighten'd, or grief clouded mine;

I list in vain the voice, whose manly tones  
Could bid the darkness of my soul depart,—  
Could soothe its griefs, and send its rising tears  
Back to the gushing fountains of the heart.

Where now the bounding step I knew afar?—  
(My fluttering bosom told me it was thee)  
And as it came, and hastened—hurried on,  
I knew—I knew 'twas hurrying on to me!

We're parted—and I hear these sounds no more!—  
We'll meet again—but shall it be as once?—  
May not a dissonance jar the heart's true chords?  
Or one may sound, and there be no response!

Friend of my soul! joy dances round thy path;  
The world's proud honours thou hast nobly won!  
And be these blast to thee!—it matters not  
That I still suffer—struggle—wander on.

## THE STRANGER.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

By Henry G. Bell.

"In nobil sanguine vita umile e queta,  
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;  
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore,  
E in aspetto pensoso anima lieta."

PETERARCH.

HODNET is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or anywhere else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity. The street is on a slight declivity, on the sunny side of what in England they call a hill. It contains the shops of three butchers, five grocers, two bakers, and one apothecary. On the right hand, as you go south, is that very excellent inn, the Blue Bear; and on the left, nearly opposite, is the public hall, in which all sorts of meetings are held, and which is alternately converted into a dancing-school, a theatre, a Methodist chapel, a ball-room, an auction-room, an exhibition-room, or any other kind of room that may be wanted. The church is a little farther off, and the parsonage is, as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. Hodnet is, moreover, the market-town of the shire, and stands in rather a populous district; so that, though of small dimensions itself, it is the rallying place, on any extraordinary occasion, of a pretty numerous population.

One evening in February, the mail from London stopped at the Blue Bear, and a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on. The stranger entered the inn, was shown into a parlour, and desired that the landlord and a bottle of wine should be sent to him. The order was speedily obeyed; the wine was set upon the table, and Gilbert Cherryripe himself was the person who set it there. Gilbert next proceeded to rouse the slumbering fire, remarking, with a sort of comfortable look and tone, that it was a cold, raw night. His guest assented with a nod.

"You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he, enquiringly.

"Yes, sir, this is the town of Hodnet." (Mr Cherryripe did not like the term "village.") "And a prettier little place is not to be found in England."

"So I have heard; and as you are not upon any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated race."

"Primitive and sophisticated, did you say, sir? Why, as to that, I cannot exactly speak; but if there is no harm in it, I dare say we are. But you see, sir, I am a vintner, and don't trouble my head much about these matters."

"So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. "You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months. In the meantime get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bedroom."

Mr Cherryripe made one of his profoundest bows, and descended to the kitchen, inspired with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered, as if at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him, for a new face was too important an object in Hodnet to be left unnoticed.—"Who is he?" "When did he come?" "With whom does he stay?" "How long will he be here?" "How old may he be?" "Do you think he is handsome?" These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from tongue to tongue, whilst the unconscious object of all this interest cast his eyes calmly, and yet penetratingly, over the congregation. Nor was it altogether to be wondered that his appearance

had caused a sensation among the good people of Hodnet, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. His features arrested your attention, and commanded your admiration. His high Roman nose, his noble brow, his almost feminine lips, and beautifully regular teeth,—his pale but not delicate cheek, his profusion of dark and curling hair, his black bright eyes, whose glance, without being keen, was intense,—all, taken together, produced an effect which might have excited attention on a wider stage than that of Hodnet. In stature he was considerably above the middle height; and there was a something in his air which they who were not accustomed to it did not understand, and which some called grace, others dignity, and others *hauteur*. When the service was over, our hero walked out alone, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his parlour at the Blue Bear. But speculation was busily at work, and at more than one tea-table that evening in Hodnet, conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century. Such doings had never been known before. There was never such a demand for milliners since the days of Ariadne, the first milliner of whom history speaks. Needles worked unremittently from morning to night, and from night to morning. Fiddles were scraped on in private, and steps danced before looking-glasses. All the preparations which Captain Parry made for going to the North Pole, were a mere joke to the preparations made by those who intended to go to the Hodnet assembly. At length the great, the important night arrived, "big with the fate" of many a rustic belle. The three professional fiddlers of the village were elevated on a table at one end of the hall, and every body pronounced it the very model of an orchestra. The candles (neither the oil nor the coal gas company had as yet penetrated so far as Hodnet) were tastefully arranged, and regularly snuffed. The floor was admirably chalked by a travelling sign-painter, engaged for the purpose; and the refreshments in an adjoining room, consisting of negus, apples, oranges, cold roast-beef, porter, and biscuits, were under the immediate superintendence of our very excellent friend, Mr Gilbert Cherryripe. At nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (quadrilles had not as yet poisoned the peace, and stirred up all the bad passions, of Hodnet) was commenced by the eldest son and presumptive heir of old Squire Thoroughbred, who conducted gracefully through its mazes the chosen divinity of his heart, Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer, only daughter of Tobias Bouncer, Esq. justice of peace in the county of Shropshire.

Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from those of any of the other male creatures, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinged with awe. "Who can he be?" was the question that instantaneously started up like a crocus in many a throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance."—"Dance!" said Miss Coffin, the apothecary's daughter, "I wonder who would dance with him?—a being whom we know no more about than we do of the man in the moon. Papa says he looks for all the world like a quack doctor."—"I rather suspect,"

in familiar simplicity, looked into her round, full eyes—those deep, dark fountain-mouths of the unsearchable soul—yet she never started on observing my presence, but merely seemed to transfer her gaze from the old wall to my face, and, by as simple a movement, her thoughts, from whatever they might be turned upon, to the trivial subject of my visit. Her life had not been very eventful; she had never experienced any serious misfortunes, if the having outlived every one who began the career of life with herself might not be classed as such; nor had she any matters of worldly moment upon which she could employ her mind, for she lived peaceably and securely upon a dotarial allowance, which was now burdening the fourth generation of her posterity. It was now nearly half a century since she had ceased to be affected or engrossed by any of the cares of life; for she was then left at once widowed and childless, and had nothing farther to do on earth but to prepare to leave it. Life, since then, had been but a long, straight avenue, with death in the vista. This she trod with constant and equal steps, undisturbed by the full prospect and contemplation of the objectless expanse which gradually dilated to her eye. It did not appear that she was gifted with much religious feeling; for, though the chapel in Skianera's Close had no closer attendant, it was evident that this arose rather from a wish to support the established church of her forefathers, and from the vanity of being a leader in its little community, than from the purer enthusiasm of sincere devotion. Yet what might be the real and the deepest strain of the thoughts of a woman who had seen and known so much of this world, and so long pondered upon and looked at the next, ever was to me uncertain and unimaginable.

It sometimes occurred to me, that she busied herself in composing poetry; for she had been a noted ballad-writer in her youth, and was the secret author of one or two popular Scots songs, to which modern collectors, I observe, assign the most remote antiquity. But this was not very probable, as no relics of her muse were discovered in her repositories after her decease, and no one had heard of her writing any thing for many years before. Perhaps she *thought* poetry; and, while her eyes were fixed stolidly upon an unmeaning wall, her mind might be as a theatre of glorious ideas, called up, embodied, grouped, and again dispersed, like unembodied spirits assembled by the wand of a magician, and scattered at his word. Perhaps her thoughts wandered back to the days of her early years, and dwelt with fond regret upon the smiling familiar faces which then rendered life a blessing, but which had been long exchanged for objects, newer and gayer perhaps, but uncongenial, strange, and cold.

I have more to tell of my great-grandmother, but my readers must wait for a week or so.

#### THE LAST CRUSADER'S SONG.

*By Charles Doyle Sillery.*

O! for each Knight with his falchion bright—  
His helmet, and cuirass, and shield in a blaze!  
For the waving crests that shaded the breasts  
Where beat the brave hearts of ancient days!

When bugles were blowing, and purple streams flowing,  
And Barons loud shouting,—“Huzza! huzza!”  
When falchions were flashing, and panoply crashing,  
And turban'd foes flying—away! away!

When lances were glancing, and bending plumes dancing,  
And multitudes falling like dross—like dross!  
When thousands were roaring, mid steel showers pouring,  
“Down with the Crescent!—the Cross!—the Cross!”

#### CHORUS.

O! for each Knight with his falchion bright—  
His helmet and panoply all in a blaze!  
For the waving crests that shaded the breasts  
Where beat the brave hearts of ancient days!

#### SOME ACCOUNT

OF

EUGENE BULGARIS, THE FOUNDER OF THE PRESENT SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHY IN GREECE.

*By Alexander Negris, Author of the Article upon Modern Greek Literature, in the last Number of the North American Review.*

THE late revolution in Greece has opened a new field of contemplation to the inhabitants of Europe. Hitherto an object of mere melancholy interest, she is now likely to engage the attention both of the political and learned world. While her existence as an independent state will give her new importance in the eyes of the former, the latter will expect, with the recovery of her freedom, the restoration of her ancient pre-eminence in letters, and watch, with increasing anxiety, the dawn of a new day of literary glory. Every information with regard to her will acquire value; her history during the period even of her captivity, will become the subject of much interesting enquiry, and when it is found how unavailing the chilling hand of despotism has proved to restrain the vigour of her mind, and to silence her poets and her philosophers, the hopes entertained of her will seem less unfounded and visionary. Among the many distinguished men she has to boast of in modern times, none is, perhaps, better entitled to her gratitude, or to the admiration and esteem of mankind, than Eugene Bulgaris, the author of the Reformation of Philosophy in the Schools of Greece.

This man, known in Greece by the title of the Celebrated (*εὐφραμὸς*), was born at Corfu in 1716. After acquiring at home a complete knowledge of his mother-tongue, he went to Padua, where he applied himself to the study of philosophy, with all the changes which it had till then undergone. After a residence of some years at this University, he returned to Greece, his mind glowing with the patriotic desire of imparting to his countrymen something of the vast knowledge he had himself acquired, and there joined the illustrious and wealthy family of Maroutai, then residing at Venice, by whose generous assistance he succeeded in forming a school at Jannina, where he sowed the first seeds in Greece of modern philosophy. His reputation quickly spread, and his country echoed with the praises bestowed on his learning, on the ease and elegance of his compositions in ancient Greek, his poetical talent, his piety, and his zeal for the interests of science and of his native land. There were some, however, whom envy prompted to tarnish, if they could, the lustre of his splendid abilities, by maliciously misrepresenting the patriotic and virtuous designs of this great and good man. How often have the highest aims of genius been thus counteracted!

This, and other reasons which it is needless to mention, induced Bulgaris to leave Jannina, and to teach successively at Kozani in Macedonia, at the celebrated school of Mount Athos, and the Patriarchal college of Constantinople. His stay in Greece, as a teacher, did not exceed ten years; but his powerful and impressive lessons had given a noble impulse to the minds of the Grecian youth, a new range to the course of instruction, and struck out a path for the investigation of truth till then unknown. What Bacon first did in England, what Descartes did in France, and Leibnitz in Germany, Eugene Bulgaris may, with truth, be said to have done in Greece. Each of these great men is celebrated for the abolition in his country of the scholastic philosophy; this is also what Bulgaris accomplished in Greece, introducing in its stead the methods which the modern school had proposed and followed, with the improvements of those, who, from their time till his, had assisted in the restoration of true science.

From this period is to be dated the cessation of the philosophical despotism of Aristotle, to whose writings,

disfigured as they were by the commentators, the mind of youth had been for ages kept in the most servile subjection. Following the example of our philosopher, most of the instructors of youth turned from the old systems of Cerydæus and others to explain the opinions of the moderns. The Logic of Bulgaria, especially after the publication of the author's edition at Leipzig in 1766, became the common text-book of our schools, and was taught throughout Greece with distinguished success, particularly at Tarnave in Macedonia, by the Reverend Professor John Koccomus. The immense acquirements of the author have enabled him to display a peculiar tact in this book, where he has introduced examples drawn from different sciences, calculated to excite in the youthful mind a thirst for general information. Thus, many sciences formerly unknown in Greece, have been introduced under the pretext of illustrating obscure passages in the Logic of Bulgaria. Many Greeks still living, and well known in the literary world, are indebted for their reputation to this celebrated work, the study of which first called forth the latent energies of their mind; and it is sufficient here to mention the opinion expressed by Coray, in his work "On the present state of Civilization in Greece," published in 1803:—"Eugene Bulgaria was one of the first whose efforts effectually contributed to that moral revolution now in operation amongst us; and it is with particular satisfaction that I pay my share of the tribute of gratitude due to him by the nation, as I shall never forget the emulation excited in my young mind by the publication of his Logic, to which I owe the little knowledge I possess."

The advantageous offers made to Bulgaria by the Empress Catherine induced him to settle in Russia, but not until he had left to his countrymen, besides his Logic, his works on Physics and Metaphysics, written in ancient Greek, with a number of pupils to teach in their schools. During his residence in Russia, where he was nominated Archbishop of Cherson, he published several theological works, and, by express order of the Empress, translated the *Æneid* of Virgil into elegant Homeric verse. He died at St Petersburg in 1806, deservedly regretted by his country and his friends. After his death, the jealousy excited in the minds of some, by his talents and reputation, was speedily extinguished, and the well-earned tribute is unanimously rendered to his memory at the present day, and will be so for ever.

It is interesting to observe, in perusing the biography of this great man, that by his introduction into Greece of those improvements in philosophy to which Britain has so essentially contributed, the latter has been enabled, in some degree, to repay in kind the advantages derived by her from the precious monuments and examples of classic lore, handed down to her and to the modern world by the ancient sages of the former.

#### THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE DEAD, WAITING FOR THE LIVING.

By W. M. Hetherington, Author of "*Dramatic Sketches, illustrative of the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland.*"

HERE rest the Dead ! in silence rest—  
Waiting the Living ! Mortal, come,  
Gaze on the many-heaving breast  
Of this lone spot, thy final home !  
Whatever thou art now, they were,  
While vain life's busy dream swept past ;  
They wait thee here, for thou must share  
With them the Grave at last.

Art thou a Chief of daring breast,  
Of lofty brow, and kindling eye ?  
Is thine the flaming meteor-crest  
That bursts through battle's lurid sky ?

O, warrior ! doff thine eagle-plume,  
Reign thy war-steed, brand, and spear ;  
Dismantled, imprison'd in the tomb,  
Thy comrades wait thee here.

Art thou a King, an Emperor, one  
At the dread bidding of whose word  
The grisly war-band buckles on  
His panoply, and bares his sword ?  
Halt ! mighty conqueror ! blanch thy cheek,  
Quell the red terrors of thine eye !  
Here earth's proud thunders, silent, weak,  
To wait thy coming lie.

Art thou a man of loftiest mind,  
Statesman, philosopher, or bard ?  
One whose great soul can only find  
In native worth its high reward ?  
Oh ! pluck the bright wreath from thy brow,  
And leave it in the hall of fame !  
Here wait the glorious dead, each new  
The shadow of a name !

Art thou a youth of gentle breast,—  
A roamer by romantic streams,  
With love's delicious woes oppress'd,  
And haunted with fantastic dreams ?  
Shake the soft fetters from thy heart,  
Dreamer ! the partners of thy fate,  
Subdued by Death's, not Cupid's dart,  
Thy coming here await.

Woman ! young mother, tender wife !  
Ye dearest forms of mortal birth !  
Sweet soothers of poor human life !  
Fair angels of the happy hearth !  
Or matron grave, or widow dear,  
Whatever thou art, cherish'd or lone,  
The dead beloved await thee here !  
The grave will have its own !

Thou, too, bright blooming beauty ! thou,  
The lead-star of a thousand eyes,  
That liquid eye, that marble brow,  
That cheek of spring-dawn's loveliest dyes,—  
Oh ! veil those charms ! they too must share,  
Alas ! the universal doom ;—  
The beautiful dead, where are they ? where ?  
They wait thee in the tomb.

Here rest the dead ! waiting the hour,  
When the last sob of living breath  
Shall have expired beneath the power  
Of that grim phantom—dreaded Death.  
They rest in hope ; waiting till He  
Who died, and lives for aye, shall come,  
To give them immortality,  
And call them to His home !

#### CHRISTMAS IN THE WEST INDIES.

"The slaves are happy, and the planters humane."  
*A Motto by the Author.*

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a-year," and it is right that this should be the case. Were such Saturnalia an every-day occurrence, both the old and the young children would soon sicken, like boys in a sugar-barrel, or a man condemned to read nothing but Hood's Puns for a month. But as it has ever been my maxim, that it is preferable, in telling a story, to dive at once into the middle, as an alderman would his spoon into a basin of turtle or mulligatawny, I shall begin with my tale, and not with myself.

It was Christmas Eve, and I layolling on my sofa, with a basket of delicious shaddecks glistening like gold beside me, tempting the eye and delighting the palate,

down and opened his jaws, which stretched right across the rocks! No sooner did Paramore see this, than he out with his box of poison and threw it in the water, above where Cucallin was drinking. The giant swallowed the whole, and then lay down on this bank to sleep. He tossed about, tearing up the earth, but soon sickened, and died. Paramore then rushed upon him, and taking out his knife, cut off his head, which he carried home to make his people believe that he had killed him in battle. They buried the great giant where he lay, and put some large flat stones over his grave, with one huge one at his head, and a hammer at his feet. And so, my young lady and gentlemen, that was the end of Cucallin the great giant. Paramore killed him, you see, as Squire O'Neil got his lands, by cunning; for cunning is a match for either strength or wisdom, since it lost all of us the garden of Paradise."

Martin rewarded the garrulity of the old sibyl with a piece of silver, which she clutched within her bony and shrivelled fingers, pouring out thanks to both; blessing the fair face of the young lady, and praying that the "elegant young gentleman" might "win and wear a gold watch as big as a forty-shilling pot, with a chain as long as the Boyne water."

"A genuine Irish hyperbole," exclaimed the lady; "but let us not read fortunes in the twilight. It bodes ill, you know, Judith, and see, the sun is fast descending."—Hand in hand the youthful lovers then left the vale, forgetting the lingering superstitions of the land in reveries more delightful; for, in the beautiful language of Coleridge,—

"Hope grew round them like the twining vine,  
And fruits and foliage, not their own, seem'd theirs."

#### STANZAS TO —

*By Henry G. Bell.*

I wish—I wish that thou couldst sing!  
For many a wayward mood have I,  
When nought but music's murmuring  
Can wean me from my misery.

I wish—I wish that thou couldst sing  
Like her whom once I lov'd before;  
O! every note could touch a string  
That thrill'd into my bosom's core.

There's more than language in thine eye,  
There's more than beauty in thy form;  
Thy soul is generous and high,  
Thy heart is pure as it is warm;—

Yet still I wish that thou couldst sing  
The songs that charm'd me so of yore;  
For round thee then my thoughts would cling,  
And my whole soul would love thee more.

Ah! dearest, he who once has dwelt,  
All rapt, on every golden tone  
Of one loved voice, whose notes he felt  
Were breathed for him—for him alone,—

May in some careless mood forget—  
Some careless mood of after days;  
May idly scuffle or rashly fret,  
As o'er life's weary path he strays;—

But never, never in his dies  
The blessed memory of the past;  
As beams that break through evening skies,  
Its long-hush'd echoes wake at last.

She, whom I loved, is now to me  
Even as a thing that never was;  
And when that thought comes shillingly,  
My very heart's blood seems to pass;—

Yet still in music she is mine,  
In many a sad and simple air;  
Each rapid burst—each swelling line,  
Thrills me as if her soul were there.

Yet all who warble to me now,  
How feeble when compared with *her*!  
Mere types—like flaunting flowers that grow  
Above young beauty's sepulchre.

And yet, methinks, if thou couldst sing,  
I would not deem *thy* music such;  
'Twould give me back my life's fresh spring,—  
I'd love, as I loved *her*, too much.

Perchance 'tis better as it is,—  
I love thee, sweet, for what thou art;  
And she, midst life's realities,  
Rests as a dream within my heart!

#### MY TWO GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

*By Robert Chambers, Author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," &c. &c.*

Even since I can remember, I have been the fondling and protégé of old people. I was altogether nursed in the laps of great-grandmothers, in whom I was singularly fortunate, having no fewer than two, who survived, with entire health and intellect, to the period of my early youth. Of mothers I knew nothing, for mine died when I was a mere child; and even of grandmothers I had comparatively little experience, my paternal one having died ere I was born, and the other being at feud with my father, who had offended her dignified ladyship by marrying her "right honourable daughter." It is to great-grandmothers alone that I look back with reverential gratitude for the little real knowledge I possess, and the boundless treasures of traditionary gossip with which my mind is now stored. Well do I remember their rich, stiff, flowered silk-gowns, of which the posterior plaits were drenched with greasy hair-powder, perhaps half a century old! Neither can I forget the profuse and venomous angularities of their old lace-caps, or their long, graceful waists, their plump amber ear-rings, and their fine old seventeenth-century faces!

I had a country great-grandmother and a town great-grandmother. With the first I was most familiar in my childhood, ere I had left my paternal devot-like castle in Clydesdale. She was a lady full of old family ballads and local legends of the "riding times," of which I even yet remember a vast number of unmeaning fragments, which I would not exchange for so many whole volumes of modern poetry. But my memory does not retain such fond remembrances of this great-grandmother as of the other; for it so happened, that her affections ever were divided between me and a certain race of remarkable hantoms which it was her pleasure to rear, and feed regularly four times a-day, and which it became my particular pains to annoy with pebbles and the town-collees regularly all day long. True, I sometimes was vexed by the good old lady into granting an indulgence for a given time to her feather-legged favourites, by the seductive promise of the long balled upon my knightly ancestor, the friend of Bruce, to be that night recited for my particular edification; and while I listened to her low voices, which very softness made more plaintive, crowning the monotonous, but simple and touching measure of that wild and singular tale, my heart was softened towards her, and I inwardly vowed never again to throw so much as a handful of gravel at either cock or hen of hers—no! nor pursue them across her elaborately collared washings, as they lay bleaching or drying by the water-side in the helm,—nor ever to write her consternation by proposing to throw

myself in the way of horses and carts, as they rattled along the road,—nor to risk my little frog-like person upon the broad back of *Tam Bo*, the mill-aiver, even though the miller might ask me to water him! All this, and more, I would half resolve while the spell was upon me; yet, somehow or other, I never (then nor since) could contrive to keep a resolution longer than till the opportunity occurred of breaking it; and so, after peaceably permitting myself to be transported bedward by Nurse Jenny, and lulled asleep, though only seven o'clock, with the song of the Laristone worm—fit afterpiece to my relative's tragic ballad—I usually awoke next morning no better boy than ever, and, like the washed sow, fell to, as stoutly as ever, to the great business of the day—laying waste the barn-yard of all its bantams, insulting the aristocratic feelings of the turkey-cock, clinging to the heads of cart-horses (all in my great-grandmother's sight), and taking rides wherever, and upon whatsoever horses, I could get them.

This bad conduct of my juvenile years prevented me from ever being upon thoroughly good terms with my country great-grandmother, and, I believe, had the effect of losing me the legacy of her inconceivable treasure of crown-pieces, (the profit of sixty years' good spinning,) which, according to the belief of our domestic, she kept in three large *wachts*, and brought out of doors every Sunday forenoon, while the rest were at church, to air in the sun! Peace, however, to her ashes, and peace to those delicious bread-and-butter days, of which the dear recollection is so closely associated with her memory! She was ever kinder to me than I deserved, and her *wacht*-fulls of crown-pieces were perhaps, after all, better bestowed upon my poor far-away cousin, young Blawie-ma-lug, who, by their means, went to college, and afterwards became an acceptable preacher of the word.

My remembrances of my town great-grandmother are much more unqualifiedly beatific. With her memory is associated the delight I experienced on first approaching and residing in the romantic and (to me) wonderful city of Edinburgh,—the transport with which I alighted at her magnificent door in Teviot Row,—the kind reception which she gave me,—and the great progress which I immediately made in her favour, to the evident death of her ladyship's huge Tom cat, who took to his rug soon after my arrival, and, in spite of his mistress's attentions and assurances of unabated esteem, never more caught mouse or combed whisker in this sublimary world. I also remember, with feelings of great pleasure, being taken for the first time, in my lady's carriage, to what I then thought a splendid Episcopal chapel, in Skinners' Close, her ladyship being of that persuasion, as her father, the great persecutor of the second Charles's time, had been before her. It was a somewhat singular occasion; for the nonjurant clergy had that day determined, in consequence of the Chevalier's death, to pray publicly for the king *de facto*, and a great part of their congregations had, on the contrary, resolved to cough and snuffle down the detested innovation. My great-grandmother was of this way of thinking, and went with the avowed purpose of setting her face against what she conceived to be a base concession to the powers that were; while I had instructions to contribute my nose (none of the shortest) and throat to the good cause, as, she said, the testimony of babes and sucklings was sure to be of account upon this occasion. On entering the chapel, which was in the *top-flat* of a house at the bottom of the close, I was so entranced in admiration of the altar-piece and furniture, which it is needless to say were humble enough, that I could not have mustered breath for so much as a sneeze though my life had depended upon it. But towards the conclusion of the service, when the abhorred words came to be pronounced, I had quite regained my composure, and was fully prepared to justify the calculations which my lady had formed respecting the powers of my nasal organ. When she gave the preconcocted signal, therefore, I

“blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!”  
and her ladyship and many others shuffling with their feet, and coughing as if they would have fainted, while a Highland veteran, who had lost a hand at Culloden, clattered upon the desk to admiration with its iron substitute, not one word of the bishop's benediction upon his most gracious Majesty was heard by a single individual present. One old door-keeper, or other official, who had certainly lived since the skulking days of good Bishop Forman, felt so indignant at the conciliatory spirit thus evinced by modern pastors, that he rose from his seat and walked out till the prayer was over, and I have been informed that he continued to do so for several years, or as long as he lived.

My great-grandmother was quite enchanted with the energy and success of my “blast;” and when we got to the carriage, caressed me without mercy, till the titillating grains which I drew up from her muslins, made me both cough and sneeze in good earnest. I was highly complimented, too, by many of her ladyship's *unqualifying* friends, who declared that they considered the ridiculous sound I had produced quite as good a hit at their Bishop Abernethy, as that which had that day befallen Mr Alexander Allan, the clergyman of the neighbouring chapel, where a jacobite maniac, called Laird Robertson, rose from his seat on hearing the prayer for the royal family, shook his stick in the minister's face, and exclaimed, “De'il but an ye had the hale pack o' them at the bottom o' your stamack, Sanners!”

This ludicrous exploit of mine, I am convinced, saved me good three months of the High School, at which a close attendance of four or five years to come, was the occasion of my father placing me under the protection of my town great-grandmother—this constituting a great proportion of the education of young country gentlemen of my time. Her ladyship, out of fondness for me, and anxious to have more of me to herself, wrote to my father that it was absurd to think of placing so little and gentle a boy as I (for I had made myself a perfect lamb to her) among such a parcel of bears as the High School boys, who were then the very terror of the town; though, when I was afterwards placed in the “galts' class” of this renowned seminary, I must confess that, with my robust, rustic strength, I found no difficulty in *licking* all the boys the length of Cornelius Nepos, and even had one or two drawn battles with some so far in as Cæsar.

I had now succeeded in completely ingratiating myself with my great-grandmother, and was almost constantly in her society. She did not keep much company; for, in truth, all the friends of her early days had died away from around her, and she could not accommodate herself to the new fashions and feelings of those younger persons who might have aimed at succeeding to them in her esteem. Neither did she stir much out of doors; and as for employing her time in reading, that was entirely out of the question, for she had not the least taste for polite letters; and, as it had not been the fashion for young ladies in her time to study aught in the shape of books, saving the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, she considered it a duty to persist in rejecting all less severe modes of mental exercise and improvement. I was almost her only companion, and when I was not with her, she would sit, silent and alone, for whole forenoons, upon a high-backed elbow-chair in the parlour, looking out at the large round stones of the old Town-wall, which fronted her windows,—her strange black eyes wide open,—her noble old figure quite erect,—her neck enveloped in a white plaited ruff, like that in which the old Countess of Mar (the preceptress of James the Sixth) is painted,—and her long bony arms, half-shrouded in black silk mitts, hanging listlessly over the lateral projections of her chair. What was the tenor of her cogitations, or if she thought at all, on these occasions, I never could discover. I have come quietly into the room unheard, approached her person, and even,

Frae Paisley town to Spitalfiel's  
Was mony a hungry meetin';  
An' even the painfu' Galashiels  
Fell down afore thee greetin';  
The very bairnies changed their cheer,  
An' lookit gaah an' grievin';  
Thou dour, unsensy, Papiah year,  
Thy skaith is past retrievin'!

O, thy warst crime is yet to name,  
An' laith am I to say it,  
For thou hast brought our land to shame,  
An' ruin'd those who sway it;  
'Gainst all experience tried an' good,  
Sin' mankind's first creation,  
Thou'st open'd a devouring flood  
To overwhelm the nation.

Now let the cocks o' Calvin craw,  
Their kaims are croppit sairly;  
An' Luther's rhamers to the wa'  
Hae got their backs set fairly;  
Faith thou hast gien them baith a fa',  
For a' their blausts an' barming,  
And left them caulder coal to blaw  
Than thou hast done the farming.

Fareweel, thou auld sneckdrawin' jade!  
The queen o' priests an' proserers;  
Where ane by thee has profit made,  
A thousand hae been losers;  
But yet I owe thee fareweel meet,  
For gift whilk nane could marrow,  
For thou hast brought an angel sweet  
Unto the Braes o' Yarrow.

*Mount Benger, December 25, 1829.*

#### ENGLAND AT THE CLOSE OF 1829.

*By William Weir.*

THERE'S muttering on the quarter-deck,  
And railing at the bow;  
There's mutiny aboard us, boys,  
Ere the storm has ceased to blow.

The coxswain swears the jury-mast  
Must not be cut away;  
The boatswain blasts his eyes, and fain  
Would save yon old back-stay.

A scud is gathering o'er the waves,  
The sky looks thick and brown;  
And they all prate on, nor lend a hand,  
Though the gallant ship go down.

While steering through a laughing tide,  
Ne'er heed an empty word;  
But if they growl when the tempest raves,  
Then heave them overboard.

We've smote the foremost man of earth,  
And rode through wintry seas;  
God cannot will that we should sink  
In but a passing breeze.

When Europe, leagued against us, came,  
We broke through their array;  
And dash'd their reeling barks aside,  
As they were ocean's spray.

In vain did Holland's arrows fly,  
And France's eagles soar;  
The Russian bear might suck his paws,  
For he could do no more!

The God of Battles bore us up,  
We triumph'd in his might;  
Who strive against Him aye must be  
The vanquish'd in the fight.

Then steady, boys! 'tis all a jest,  
Though squalls thick round us blow;  
Nail ye the colours to the mast—  
Huzza! right on we go!

#### THE LEGEND OF THE RIVAL GIANTS—AN IRISH TRADITION.

*By Robert Carruthers, Editor of the Inverness Courier.*

WESTWARD of the high hills near the Bay of Dundalk, and skirting the woods of Ravensdale, a stream winds onward to the sea, its banks garnished with villas, cottages, mills, and bleaching-grounds—a fair and fragrant landscape that like a garden smiles, and scents the seas,—its cultured beauty blending with the wilder graces and luxuriance of the soil. By the side of this romantic stream, one fine, cloudless afternoon in August, a delicate youth and female, neither of whom appeared to have seen twenty summers, were wandering in silence, their eyes frequently turned to each other with alternate glances of youthful vivacity and half-subdued tenderness. Stopping at one of the loops or bends of the river where a narrow stream is drawn off for the supply of a distant mill,—“Methinks,” said the young lady, “so gallant a youth as Martin O'Connor might step to the assistance of a poor damsel, with only this rude plank interposed between her and the waters.”—“Even so, fair maiden,” rejoined the youth, stepping to her side, “let us clear this dangerous pass,” and snatching up his fair companion in his arms, he placed her in safety on the other side of the rustic bridge.

“Know ye not,” resumed the lady, “that we are now in the land of faery? This sheltered woodland, where the verdure is marked with rings of fresh and vivid green, has for ages immemorial been the haunt of the aerial visitants of earth, and many a tale is told of the gentle sprites that print the greensward on the long, dewy, moonlight evenings of summer. Yonder ruined convent, too, has its legendary story. There dwelt, in other times, a holy man, now blessed and canonized, whose sole employment it was to tend the poor, and speed their souls to heaven. Over this fountain, in whose basin he would stand barefoot at sunrise, and repeat his psalter, his spirit, it is said, still hovers, and pours the balm of comfort into the souls of weary pilgrims.”

“Rosa,” replied Martin, “seest thou yonder high hill—the hill of Fougart, with its circular mount, fallen church, and sunken graves?—there, under a nameless stone, sleep the ashes of a hero—of the hot and valorous Edward Bruce. He died in battle, his friends lying in heaps around him, and his royal brother's ships, too late to save, riding proudly in the bay. One hour more, and they would have gained the beach—another struggle, and the day might have been won. Yet I would not, Rosa, exchange the dying thoughts of this warrior, though full of sorrow and despair, for the godly fame of the fairest priest that e'er told beads in monastery, or shrived the passing soul.”

“A hero, a very hero!” rejoined the young lady, laughing, “a Nial of the Nine Hostages! Thou shouldst have been a soldier, Martin. But

‘Peace has its victories no less than war;’

and surely he who communes with the spirit of God in these calm solitudes—who tends the sick and destitute, and takes the sting from death, is worthy the blessing of—

“The young and beautiful,” interrupted the youth. “Thou art ever right, Rosa. One touch of truth and nature dissolves the illusions of romance, as the blessed sunshine dispels the gloom and phantoms of the night.”

"Shall I go on with my description?" said the lady; "for I see the grave of Cucullin the giant, and in yonder chasm his mighty rival, Paramore MacShandeen, threw the poison!"

"Which Cucullin swallowed as he stooped to drink at the waterfall," added Martin. "I fancy I know it all. But let us hasten to the spot, for our traditional storytellers, like the monks of old, have a taste for the picturesque."

The scene of the giant's death is, indeed, a wild romantic spot. A ledge of craggy rocks extends across the river, intercepting its progress, and forming above a deep, dark, waveless pool—

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below"—

from which the waters are precipitated in one unbroken sheet, white and flowing as the tail of an Arabian steed. A tremendous cavity, hollowed out of the dark-grey rock, with several smaller cells or receptacles of the same rugged material, receive the agitated element below, whence it again rises to the surface of the stream, a few yards distant from the fall, bubbling like a boiling cauldron. The out-hanging banks are covered with light feathery birches and shrubs, waving in all the rank luxuriance of nature, their thin tops bending and dipping in the stream, and forming a delicious shady retreat for the yellow-speckled trout and salmon, which are seen darting above the glassy surface of the pool.

"Now," said Rosa, "that we have gazed our fill upon the scene, shall I tell thee the legend which our wondering peasantry relate of the rival giants? But stop—I see a better chronicler approach, for yonder comes old Judith, whose tales and predictions are, among her contemporaries, precious as the Sibylline leaves."

As she spoke, the village prophetess, a grey-haired, withered beldam, apparelled in a tattered red cloak, under the hood of which her keen black eyes shot forth significant glances, joined the youthful pair, and accented them in a mingled strain of courtesy and freedom. Acquainting the aged dame with the subject of their discourse, Judith agreed to satisfy their curiosity, though not until, like the high-born lady in *Marmion*, she had parleyed with "yea and nay," and coquetted as if loath to exhibit before her wondering and admiring auditors.

"Once upon a time," began the crone, in the true Milesian story-telling strain—"once upon a time, many hundred years ago, when all this country round was nothing but grazing land, and the people that lived along the banks of this river subsisted by feeding cattle, and selling them to the upper farmers and squires, there lived a great giant called Paramore MacShandeen, whose house was on the top of Foughart Hill yonder, where you see the walls of the old church. Well, Paramore was the strongest man in all the country; he could take ten men by the scruff of the neck, just as you could take a rat—barring your presence, Miss Rosa—and shake their heads together. He conquered all the people round, and took their cattle, keeping the owners as herds to tend them. In this way he lived for a long time, until one Cucullin, another great giant that lived in the south country, heard of our Paramore, and came to fight him. Now, before George, my young lady, this Cucullin was the greatest man in Christendom, for when he fell asleep, it took ten men to wake him. Paramore having heard that Cucullin was coming, hid his schemes to kill him if he could, and sent all his herds out behind the mountains, that they might be out of the way. When he saw the great giant coming, he ran into the house, and told his wife how to act. He then went and lay down in his bed, covering himself up with the blankets. In came Cucullin, like the side of a hill, and asked, with a voice like a war-trumpet, if Paramore MacShandeen the giant was at home. 'No,' said Paramore's wife, 'he is gone to the plain where the cattle are grazing; but come in, and get some refreshment.' He crept into the house on his hands and knees, and seeing

that somebody was in the bed, he asked who was there. 'Only my youngest child, the blue-eyed urchin that the fairies ran away with last holly-eve,' replied Melchy. 'Ha,' said Cucullin, 'he is a fine tearing boy; has he got any teeth?' and he put his hand under the blankets. Paramore getting his finger in his mouth, almost bit off the top of it, when Cucullin roared out, 'If your men be as strong in the jaws as your children, the devil himself cannot come near them!'

Melchy then handed him a large cake of bread with the iron girdle baked inside of it, which when Cucullin discovered, he asked what it was put there for. 'My husband,' says the wife, 'always has his bread prepared so, as he must have something *softer* than common bread for his meals.' Cucullin, not to be behind his rival, made a shift to eat it up, when Melchy said, 'I wish my husband was at home, for the wind blows straight against the house.'

'What would he do, if he were at home?' said Cucullin.

'O,' replied the cunning wife, 'he would just put his arms round the house, and lifting it up, turn the back to the wind!'

'Well,' said Cucullin, 'I'll try what I can do;' and he turned round the whole house, with Paramore and Melchy and all."

"No, no, Judith," interrupted her auditors; "that will never do; why, it is worse than the cake and the girdle."

"Smile on, my jewels, smile on," rejoined the old woman; "but it's all true. The old times were'n't like these, bad luck to them, when a body might as well be exported to the bosom of Africa. But you'll see what became of him. Well, the giant then enquired the way to the stock-farm, but instead of directing him right, the wife told him to go across the mountains next Johnsbrough, and enquire on the other side. As soon as he was gone, Paramore started up, and taking with him a big knife, a bag of salt, and a box of poison—the deadliest in Christendom—he set off by a near way for the farm. He soon met with the great giant.

'Who are you?' asked Cucullin.

'I am a herd that minds the cattle of my master, the mighty Paramore MacShandeen.'

'Where is your master?'

'He is out behind the mountains, a great way off, hunting with the giants that live on the other side.'

'What does he get for dinner when he hunts hereabouts?'

'O, he just takes hold of a bullock, and after slaying it, he kindles a fire and roasts it, eating one half himself, and giving the other half to his huntsmen and herds.'

'Then I shall do the same,' said Cucullin, and he rushed forward, and caught hold of a young bullock. Paramore got hold of one of the horns, as if striving to prevent him; and Cucullin pulling at the other, the poor beast was soon rent asunder. They then kindled a fire with the branches of a tree which they pulled down, and Cucullin ate the half, Paramore giving him plenty of salt. Cucullin then leapt from one mountain to the other and back again, several times, by way of exercise after dinner, when he felt very dry and wished to drink. He asked Paramore what his master did when he was dry. 'O,' said the other, 'he goes down to the river to a place which I shall show you, and drinks of the stream.' Down they went to this sweet wild fall, where I have stood many a time and oft, casting fortunes for the poor folks; more by token, I must see Pether Baurtha (toothless Peter) in his cot over yonder; for Peter has been *canted* up by the aquire for his rent, and knows not how to turn himself. 'Here,' said the sly Paramore, 'my master stoops down and opens his mouth across the fall, letting not a drop pass till he is quenched; and I have heard him say, there is not another man in Ireland could do the like.'—'Ay,' said Cucullin, 'but you may tell him there to; and so saying, he laid

when my cogitations were interrupted by the appearance of Agrippa at the door, with my portmanteau on his shoulder, grinning most portentously, and chattering out, "Ebbery ting ready, massa." I sprang up, and followed him to the beach, where a boat with two hardy rowers lay waiting me. When we reached the canoe, Agrippa turned sharp round on me, and grinned out, "Massa, always keep a Crissmas a true Buckra style; no a nigger able a work a two day after, for em drink." He added, "Aggie berry good nigger—a nebber was drunk; a hate sangaree, and a like you berry much for a massa, if you buy me; and if you do, me nebber sham sick, nor go to hospital." At the conclusion of this speech, he pitched my portmanteau into the canoe, jumped in himself, roared lustily for me to follow, and, to show his zeal for me, swore as lustily in negro French and sailor's English to his fellow-niggers to pull off. The rowers shook their heads in token of assent, and, stretching forth their brawny arms, their oars parted the calm blue waves of one of the loveliest and largest bays our West Indies can boast; and, after a few minutes' rowing, we shot round a sharp promontory, and our frail bark floated on the Atlantic.

It was a lovely evening; never shall I forget its gorgeous brightness. It was the farewell of what Alfieri has well called a "giornata stupendo." The sun was setting in a fiery glow, and slanting his last rays across the unruffled bosom of the vast Atlantic. All was calm and still; not a breath of wind was stirring; no movement on the face of nature, save the undulating swell of the glittering sea, whose waves seemed to heave up to the sun, as if sad at the parting, and as if anxious to catch and reflect some of his still lingering glory. And surely never did a scene more fit the gorgeous light thrown over it. We coasted a lovely island. A huge, but beautifully rich and magnificent, mass of verdure rose from the clear and mirrored deep, ending in immense mountains, clothed to the top with foliage of a bright beauty, that shamed the dingy dye of European forests, broken here and there with patches of brushwood, and studded with negro gardens; while at every turn lovely valleys opened to the view, richly cultivated, and waving with canes, while down to the water's brink all was verdure, and the sweet soft turf seemed to kiss the wild wave into quietness. To me it appeared like Fairyland—some bright vision of another world. All that poets have written—all that painters have created—seemed tame, and paled their ineffectual fires in the comparison. There were bays, such as Dian would have loved to lave in, on whose sides

"Hill upon hill uplifts his spicy breast,  
And rich woods wave above the watery waste;"—

streamlets, to which those of Castaly are a mockery, descending like silver threads from the mountains;—rocks, woods, and headlands, heaped one on another in a profusion that enchanted, while it amazed; and sea-ward on the horizon, clusters of lovely islands, like "captain jewels in a carcanet," studded the ocean's edge, "flooded in light that flamed like molten gold."

Long ere we reached our destination the sun had set; but the moon's sweet and almost painfully clear light helped us on our way; and, as we neared the shore, the shadows of the immense dark tall trees, the growth of ages, were flung across our path. In a few moments we were running the canoe up a small creek, through a plaguy jabble, caused by the meeting of a roaring, boisterous torrent with the tide of the Atlantic. The water being rough, and the boat rotten, an unlucky jolt, as I was preparing to spring on shore, took our frail bark in the side, and sent myself, Agrippa, Caesar, and Nero Wilberforce, splash into the water. However, as the place was shallow, and plenty of hands waiting our arrival, we recovered our feet in what the niggers called *soon time*; but my head was swimming, and I was perfectly confused. All I remember was my entering, or rather being entered into, a room steaming with heat and hundreds—swallow-

ing a tumbler of sangaree, and reclining to a hammock hung for me in an open gallery over the principal entrance to the house, but, in order to attain which desirable elevation, I had to be assisted by my companions in misfortune, Agrippa and Nero. Here a sound sleep speedily overtook me, and closed my Christmas Eve.

I awakened from the midst of a horrible dream,—a more complete mixture of drowning, and death, and the devil, and raw head and bloody bones, than ever poor Fuseli met with after a supper of uncooked pork; but, alas! I was only out of one Pandemonium into another;—my ears were assailed by the noise of Tamboos and shock-shocks, mingled with the singing of the negroes below among the negro houses. I tossed about in a sort of yawny torpor for a considerable time, till the nuisance of noise should stop—infatuated as I was, to think that any thing on earth would stop a negro on Christmas day! Suddenly a scraping of fiddles and clattering of tamborines vexed the ears of morning and myself, accompanied by the rattling of huge bludgeons and clubs against the wooden walls of the house, which only ceased at intervals, to admit the more horrid screaming of the whole gang of negroes, who had come up to wish my friends and myself a *bon file*, as they called it. Three times did they perambulate the mansion, when slap went every door, and in they rushed like ants, when their dwelling is attacked. Hall seemed to have opened, and all the devils to be making holiday; but there was method in their madness. They first rushed to the bedroom-door of my friend their master, where they struck up a modulated yell, which I afterwards understood was their Christmas jubilee. After performing this, seemingly much to their own satisfaction, they proceeded to the middle of the hall, and there they capered away in a style that would have put to the blush our excellent manager's whole collection of dancing Indians in the farce of "Robinson Crusoe." I imprudently protruded too much of my person over the edge of my hammock, when my white nightcap catching their eyes, they made me the centre of attraction, and in a moment, men, women, children, fiddlers, fifers, drummers, and dancers, were pirouetting round me. I instinctively drew in my head, and nestled in the bed-clothes till they disappeared.

Fearing another assault, I jumped up, and, dressing with all possible dispatch, walked forth to breathe the morning air. Lovely was the face of that morning! The sun shot forth his rays with a glow and splendour unknown even in our warmest summer. Joy and happiness beamed on every countenance, and all nature seemed enlivened. At one part of the lawn in front of the house were assembled a large circle of the negroes dancing, and at another were to be found a party of singers. I was no sooner out of doors than I was surrounded, almost to the danger of suffocation. "Bon Jour, massa," "Bon fite, massa," were vociferated from a dozen dusky throats at once. "Ies, massa, you be my massa's friend, massa,—I lub you, massa; ies, I lub you too much. I very like you, massa; I very like my massa, a ma misses, a ma young misses, massa. I be a good neger, massa; I big like Massa Horse foot (my friend Horsford), he one good massa for me, I tell you for true." Then came the begging. "Gib me one dag for buy *tabaka*, massa; I no hab *tabaka* long time. Come, strike up and gib us a tune." Like lightning they formed a ring round me, and they capered away till, afraid of having my toes annihilated, I made a desperate leap over two joined arms, and cleared the ring, nor did I stop till I regained the hall. But if they were bad with me, they were a thousand times worse with my friend their master. I never expected to see him alive again; but about breakfast time he returned, and I went down with him to the works, to give out the allowances to the negroes, every one of whom, man, woman, or child, got three pounds of pork, ditto of sugar, and a bottle of rum. After this, we returned to breakfast; and such a breakfast—none of your consumptive-looking tea-and-toast affairs. Ham, eggs, fowls, fish, *bech*, and

fruits; cordials and grog: for those who preferred them; and tea and coffee for the ladies, and the more moderate of the gentlemen.

Breakfast over, the ladies donned their aprons, and retired to the pantry, where dreadful devastation immediately commenced. Eggs were destroyed by hundreds; sweetmeats, sugar, fruit, fowl, flesh, fish, turtle, were put in requisition; while the lords of the creation strolled forth to kill time, till the dinner hour should bring them back the fair sex from their dreadful and murderous occupation. A party of us, accompanied by two boys, carrying fishing rods, rifles, shot, powder, &c. made the best of our way to the stream or river where, the night before, I made my watery debut. Arrived at the water's edge, we commenced a most vigorous attack on the mullets with our rifles, but our fire was far from deadly. However, we sent two negroes to cut some branches from the manchineel tree, the milk of which is a thousand times worse than the strongest blister: indeed, some of the garrison had fallen asleep under some of the trees in the heat of the day, and, before night, they were found dead. These branches, on being thrown into the river, poison the water, and of course kill all the fish, which we now got in myriads. Surfeited with this, we sent back the boys with our rods; on their return with cutlasses, we buckled them to our waists, and, slinging our rifles at our backs, we strode on to the woods, to avoid the heat of the sun, and to shoot *ramiers* (wood pigeons.)

Our road first led up a steep acclivity, through an immense quantity of very high brushwood, and then along the narrow ridge of an immense perpendicular cliff, at the constant and imminent danger of our necks. After ascending about half a mile, we entered the great forest which occupies the whole centre, and more than one-half of the island. On gaining the summit of the path, one of the most magnificent and romantically wild views I ever saw, lay before me. As far as eye could reach in front, to the right or left, lay, in calm but majestic, nay, awful quiet, a seemingly boundless and impenetrable forest, whose trees are of enormous magnitude, and untouched by the axe. Above, was a lovely sky, and over all was cast the burning splendour of a tropic sun; while the incessant screeching of the hawk, the distant meaning of the *perdrix*, or Indian partridge, in the far-stretched forest beneath, and the continued cooling of the *ramier* all around us, enlivened with the notes of the thrush, mocking-bird, and an infinite variety of the feathered tribe, with the incessant fluttering of those minnows of the fairies, the humming-birds, as they danced, in all the minute and gorgeous splendour of their gem-like plumage, from shrub to shrub, and from flower to flower, seemed to invite, or rather welcome us to the lovely scene. I could have shrieked for joy; but, after gazing for some time in silence, we began to descend into the forest below. We soon lost all vestige of a track; and as our way now lay through an almost impenetrable barrier of brushwood, vines, thorns, and leane,\* we had to make good use of our cutlasses to clear the road before us. I hacked away at a noble rate till I heard a rustling among the leaves before me, and directing my eyes to the spot, they became riveted on a large snake. His eyes glared at me, but, from the moment they met mine, his body remained stationary. I am not naturally a coward; but this dreadful appearance in an Indian forest brought out a cold sweat over my whole body. I felt, as somebody says, "*concealed into an icicle.*" At last he appeared to be preparing for the spring that was to seal my doom. I made one desperate stroke with my cutlass, and severed his body in twain. The blade crashed through sticks and bushes, and so great was the force of the blow, that my body followed it. Victor and vanquished alike bit the dust, or rather the dry sticks which covered it. I rose, sputtering, in terror and de-

spair, and cut my way, hallooing to my companions. I did not overtake them till we had got through the skirts of the forest, by which time I was nearly exhausted from the violent exertion I had been making. Breathless and full of horror, I related my awful adventure and hair-breadth escape, and judge of my mortification when I was told, after a peal of laughter had made the very woods merry with my misfortune, that none of the snakes in the island were venomous, but perfectly harmless, and were cherished by the planters for killing and dispersing the rats which infest the cane plantations.

Every step we now took, the ground became clearer and clearer, till at last we stood free of all impediments. The size of the trees and the luxuriance of the foliage was absolutely tremendous. I could only see the ramiers for a moment as they flew from tree to tree; and as for a glimpse of the blue vault of heaven, it was impossible. Every shot told like rattling thunder, and it was long ere the echo died away. We now came to a halt, and had recourse to a noggin of superb brandy, which the foreknowledge of my companions had provided. We soon set forth again, not exactly like giants, but refreshed, and our guides loaded with game of all kinds, agouties, ramiers, partridges, neanakoes, &c. We got back by a shorter and clearer route, just as the large dinner-bell was ringing for the first time.

In about half an hour, beheld us seated round a smoking board, loaded, and groaning under the accumulated weight of turtle-soup, callipash and callipee, mutton and beef in a hundred varieties, hashes, stews, and harricores, potatoes, yams, cabbages, plantains, turnips, and couch-couch; while the rear was brought up by as goodly a display of plum-pudding, tarts, and custards, as I ever beheld in merry England or broad Scotland. What struck me most were four large pine-apples, placed at some distance from each other along the table, each of which was upwards of a foot in length, and proportionably broad, while their size was increased by the large luxuriant tufts and leaves which almost covered them;—nor did their size diminish their flavour; they were every way the most delicious things I ever tasted.

A dinner is a dinner all over the globe, and this was like the rest. I made my escape as fast as possible from the enormous libations of claret and madeira which the guests were pouring on the altars (*i. e.* throats) of their deities—themselves. When I got out, I found all the negroes assembled on the green, splendidly dressed, and tripping it on their dark fantastic toes in the moonlight. They had formed a large ring, in the inside of which, at one end, three boys were seated on a log of wood, with their *tambos* before them. This is a small cask or barrel, with its head tightly covered over with prepared goat or sheepskin, across which a string is stretched, having a few beads, pieces of quill, and pins, &c. attached to it, which, when they strike, makes the instrument give forth a quivering sound, by no means unpleasant when artfully managed. After a short prelude, a man enters the ring, and after a variety of gestures and dancing, darts his eyes towards his favourite fair, or rather dark one; and after running three times round, approaches her, driving against her as if he intended fairly to upset her. This, I was told, was the very height of negro civility. They then enter the ring together, and caper away in a most amusing manner. In a short time the centre of the ring is occupied by a legion of these innocent devils, capering as if quicksilver was in their veins. They call this dance, I think, *Yaba*.

I was summoned from this happy group to a tedious set of quadrilles in the interior of the mansion. The Lancers were put through their exercise to the dulcet sounds of one of the most execrable fiddles that ever murdered music, accompanied by a tambourine. After several of these half-strangled attempts, supper was announced. The glass and the song went round. Our native lands were in our flowing cups freshly remembered; and

\* A sort of tough, rosy wood, or stalk, that runs along the ground, from the body of one tree to another, and frequently covered with large strong thorns.

the morning was far spent ere that kindly and hospitable board was deserted. Thus ended my Christmas in the West Indies.

### KNOWLEDGE.

*By William Kennedy, Author of "Fitful Fancies," &c.*

"In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."—*Ecclesiastes*.

A BITTER text, stern Eastern sage,  
More bitter as 'tis true—  
Yet, in this all-enlighten'd age,  
Believed and felt by few.  
Souls conscious but of meaner things,  
Confound them with the secret springs  
Of thought, that meet the view  
Of none, save Him, who, placed on high,  
Looks calmly on mortality.

A man may urge a fleet by flame,  
Draw lightning from the skies,  
Anatomize Earth's mighty frame,  
Yet not be very wise;  
When he hath play'd his sleights of hand,  
And given Heaven's ministers command,  
A shrouded demon cries—  
"Despair, thou fool!—to such as thou  
Never shall Nature bare her brow!"

And the light creatures of his kind  
Who hail him as their pride;  
By whom, to Virtue's beauty blind,  
Life's dross is defied;—  
Even they for whom he finds new ways  
Abroad to whirl, or waste their days  
In sloth, are not supplied  
With peace, content, or happiness,  
Or aught that might a wide world bless.

The downward, microscopic eye  
Which but one impulse draws—  
What knows it of philosophy,  
Of God's eternal laws?—  
Little or nought, although perchance  
Its prying Lilliputian glance  
May light upon "a cause,"  
On which glad Science rests, until  
Another shines less dubious still.

True Knowledge hath a wider sweep—  
It feels and thinks with all—  
Its ample vision, piercing deep,  
Counts nothing great or small.  
To it this vast revolving globe,  
Wrapt in its ever varying robe,  
Were but a worthless ball—  
Did its broad surface cease to show  
The elements of weal and woe.

Before its gaze time most remote  
Appears as yesterday;  
Of the far future it can note  
Where gleams the rising ray;  
And in its own peculiar hour,  
Where'er vitality hath power  
It doth familiar stray—  
Yielding a father's sympathy  
To all who guiltless smile or sigh.

O, small the good, and great the ill  
For him, to whom is given  
That lofty Knowledge, with the will  
To make of earth a heaven!  
He longs for some untroubled spot—  
Hopes—seeks—desponds, and finds it not,  
While onward, onward driven,  
He roams an outcast from his race—  
The grave his only resting place.

The world has changed its outward guise

Since ancient Pagan times,  
Altered by grand discoveries  
In science, arts, and crimes;—  
Olympian Jove hath pass'd away,  
Yet have we deities of clay

In these our Christian climes;  
And though spear, shield, and bow are gone,  
The murder-craft still prospers on.

What have the boasted arts of peace  
For our improvement done?  
Have they made sin and sorrow cease  
To rule beneath the sun?  
I had forgot—they pamper'd thee,  
Thou bloated lump of luxury!  
But thou art barely one;  
While thousands, thy superiors, pine  
In want and woe that thou may'st dine.

Alas! in this more favour'd land,  
As 'tis in every other,  
For gold, or glare, or brief command,  
Each tramples on his brother.  
The pity that would dim the eye  
For poor, abused humanity,  
We are compell'd to smother,  
Lest those, for whom we grieve, should mock  
The silly hearts that were not rock!

Some there have been so mild of mood,  
In holy hope so strong,  
As to anticipate that good  
Would triumph over wrong.  
They shed their spirits' purity,  
O'er that they did not wish to see,  
In the polluted throng;  
And with the semblance satisfied,  
In innocent delusion died.

But the experience of the sage  
Proclaims a different story;  
It tells that War again will rage,  
Its bravos prate of glory.  
A league 'gainst mortal misery,  
It sadly says, may never be  
Till the last head is hoary;  
When, like an unrepenting man,  
The world will end as it began.

*Box-Hill, Dec. 20.*

### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN EDINBURGH.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

*Monday, 21st December.*

Professor RUSSELL in the chair.

*Present*,—Baron Clerk Rattray; Sir George S. Mackenzie; Sir William Hamilton; Professors Wallace, Alison, and Christison; Drs Duncan, MacLagan, Knox, Berry; Henry Witham, John Robison, — Stevenson, Esquires, &c. &c.

Dr Knox read "Remarks on the Osteology and Dentition of the Dugong."\*

\* The Dugong belongs apparently to the class of Cetaceæ. Its head is small and obtuse; the upper lip forms a short, thick, and nearly vertical snout; the lower resembles a round or oblong chin; two tusks project forward from the upper jaw, and are nearly covered by the upper lip; the eyes are small, and situated on the side of the cranium; the aperture of the ears is so small as to be with difficulty discernible, and is situated at some distance behind the eyes. The body is rounded, and diminishing towards the tail, which is broad, horizontal, and of a crescent form; there are two pectoral fins, without nails; but no vestige of dorsal or ventral fins. The skin is smooth, thick, bluish above, and whitish beneath, with a few scattered hairs. It is found on the shores of the Eastern ocean, in shallows and inlets from two to three fathoms deep; never on land or in fresh water. It browses on the marine algae, like a cow in a meadow. The affection of the mother is strongly marked—when her young one is taken, she follows, and becomes an easy prey. The young emit a short, sharp

Dr Knox commenced by expressing a doubt whether there were a complete skeleton of an adult Dugong in Europe. He had indeed heard, that M. Cuvier had declared he was now in possession of five complete skeletons. If so, M. Cuvier must have acquired them subsequent to the publication of his work, entitled "Ossemens Fossiles." By *complete skeleton*, the Doctor meant one prepared by a scientific anatomist; extensive experience having clearly satisfied him, that skeletons, prepared in the colonies, or by those who are not anatomists, cannot be depended on. It was not sufficient, then, to say that a skeleton is complete; the person must be known who dissected and prepared it, before the zoologist or anatomist can place implicit reliance on its various details. He showed, that the engraving of the skeleton of the Dugong in M. Cuvier's great work had been made from an imperfect skeleton; inasmuch as the bones of the sternum were wanting. The remarks which he had now to submit to the Society, rested upon the examination of a skeleton of the animal which had come accidentally into the possession of the University Museum, and a head of the Dugong, presented a year and a half ago to the Society, by Mr Swinton, which was now upon the table. A short allusion was made to the structure of the heart of the Dugong, preserved in spirits, which stood before him. There was a very deep incision between the ventricles, not so much, however, as to separate them entirely, indicating an attempt, as it were, on the part of nature, to divide this organ into two—an extraordinary phenomenon, in an animal ranking so high in organization as the Dugong. There was a considerable diversity between many of the bones in the cranium belonging to the College Museum and that on the table; they were, however, scarcely of such a decided character as to indicate a specific difference. But, with reference to the tusks, (and on this matter hinged, as it were, the object of the paper,) there were indeed differences seemingly specific betwixt the two crania. It would seem that this diversity in the form of the tusks had been originally noted by Sir Everard Home, but was considered by him not as indicating specific differences, but merely as having a reference to age. Dr Knox farther supported his views by a reference to the dentition of the elephant, the narwhale, and by the well-known physiological laws which regulate the growth of the human teeth. The author hoped that the length of the paper would be readily excused, when the great ignorance, even of good zoologists and anatomists, was taken into account, as to the natural history of the cetaceæ and other animals, which, like the Dugong, approach them in habits and in structure.

Sir George S. Mackenzie read "A notice regarding some observed anomalies in the phenomena of the atmosphere." The great aim of the essay was to establish, that in attempting to explain atmospheric phenomena, too much had been attributed to rarefaction of the atmosphere, and that the generation of heat and cold in the air had been too exclusively attributed to the solar influence. With regard to that theory which accounted for the production of currents of wind on the hypothesis of a rarefaction of the atmosphere in one part, and a rushing from the denser parts to supply this demi-vacuum, if it were correct, that portion of the denser atmosphere which was nearest the rarified air, must first be set in motion, then a portion more remote, and thus, any person so situated as to discern the approach of a current of air, would find it advancing towards him by a retrograde motion. But the contrary was the fact; for whenever any change

took place in the direction of the wind, its first indications were uniformly observed on that side from which it was about to blow. Sir G. further noticed, as inconsistent with the theory of rarefaction, the fact that currents of air seldom extended far in the same direction. He mentioned, as a circumstance tending to establish this fact, that he himself, sailing on one occasion from Stromness with an easterly wind, was shortly after becalmed; the wind, when it returned, veered about to different quarters, and was occasionally violent; yet he learned, on returning to Stromness, that the same wind which carried him out of the harbour, had continued to blow steadily in the same direction for a week. Of the same import, he conceived, was an observation he had made on an easterly wind of long continuance, which, had it (as its direction indicated) swept up the Baltic, and over the German ocean, must necessarily have absorbed a great quantity of moisture, but which remained excessively dry during the whole time of its continuance. It seemed that the motion of the currents of air revolving round a vertical axis, was most consistent with such phenomena as had occurred to him at Stromness. It was also in accordance with what we might often witness—a different current in the upper regions of the atmosphere from what we experienced in the lower. It accorded likewise with the phenomena of whirlwinds. Sir G. was of opinion, that we were not sufficiently acquainted with the various indications of the barometer to infer much from them; and that much light might be thrown on this difficult matter, by a carefully conducted series of observations with the electrometer. He also anticipated interesting results from the employment of a machine for indicating the force of the wind, to the construction of which he had devoted much time and attention. Lastly, considering the limited range of currents of air, simultaneous observations, at different places, would be interesting and instructive.

The secretary next called the attention of the meeting to a collection of objects of Natural History, presented to the Society by Mr Swinton, of Calcutta, and beautifully prepared by Dr Knox. The Society then adjourned till the first Monday in January.

The meeting of the *Wernerian Society*, which, according to the usual rotation, should have been held on Saturday the 19th, was postponed.

## THE DRAMA.

THERE has been little novelty at our theatre this week. "The House of Aspen" has been performed every night, and the afterpieces have not been of the newest description. Sir Walter's play has not drawn very crowded houses; and we must say that it is, upon the whole, a little heavy. It was probably judicious to arrange it in three acts; but each act is, in consequence, too long. There is a want of relief throughout; and we must again repeat, that we regret the Manager did not take the part of *Rudiger*. We are convinced he would have performed it in a manner that would have added another laurel to his reputation. Sir Walter Scott, having availed himself of the present holidays to go to his favourite Abbotford, has not been present at the representation of the piece; which we regret, for more reasons than one. With regard to Mr Thomson's music, our opinion is the same that it was last Saturday. There is a great deal of genius in it; but it is too much after Weber. There is no young man in Great Britain at the present day more likely to distinguish himself in the musical world than Mr Thomson, but he must, above all things, avoid imitation. We can allow him *mannerism*, if he chooses, but not *imitation*. We are certainly not at all sorry to perceive that he is an intense admirer of Weber, who has already been spoken of in the *Literary Journal* as the Lord Byron of modern music; but do not let him confine his admiration too exclusively to Weber,—let his soul

ery, and are said by the natives to weep when taken. The Malays frequently allude to this animal as an instance of maternal affection; and the common people preserve what they believe to be the tears of the young, under the impression that they conciliate for the wearer the affections of those to whom he is attached. The Dugong is taken by spearing; it is considered by the Malays a royal fish; and its flesh, which tastes like young juicy beef, is preferred to that of the cow or buffalo.—Cuvier, "Recherches sur les ossemens fossiles des Quadrupèdes." Vol. IV.—Philosophical Transactions, Vol. CX. pp. 144, 174, 315.

become imbued with the beauties of other great composers also, and then his own fine thoughts will run a less risk of assuming any one particular tone, or of flowing continually in the same channel. Were Mr Thomson to fix his residence on the Continent for some months, and place himself under the tuition of Hummel, Cherubini, or some other old and practised master, he could not fail to reap much benefit from their remarks on his compositions; and whilst he probably would acquire a freer and less limited style, he would, at the same time, retain and improve all his own natural taste and talent.

We have this week seen Miss Jarman again in the part of the *Youthful Queen*. We do not hesitate to pronounce her acting, in this piece, equal—probably superior—to anything the stage can at this moment produce. Her picture of the young, ardent, beautiful, intellectual, and impassioned princess, is the very embodiment of a poet's dream. Had Miss Jarman made her *debut* in London in this part, under similarly favourable auspices as Miss F. Kemble, when she came out as *Juliet*, the piece would have run every night for a whole season, and we should never have heard the last of it. If the London people rave so much about Miss Kemble, who has appeared as yet only in two characters, we certainly do not see why we in Edinburgh should not be allowed to express ourselves somewhat enthusiastically regarding an actress like Miss Jarman, who is put to the severe test of taking the first female part in almost every piece that is acted, and who, although many of them are foreign to her dispositions and her genius, never fails at least to please, and more frequently to delight. We trust that Mr Murray will endeavour to secure Miss Jarman as a permanent member of his company; and at all events, we can assure him, that having accustomed us to her acting during one part of the season, he will not consult his own best interests if he does not keep her here for the remainder of it. He may have engaged the support of a succession of stars, but a single star, without the assistance which no other of the company but Miss Jarman can give, will not be satisfactory. We know this opinion to be general.

©T. C. C. C.

#### METROPOLITAN THEATRICALS.

London, December 21st, 1829.

FROM Miss Kemble's first performance of *Belvidera*, though the free-list was suspended, yet hundreds were turned away for whom there was no room; and even the orchestra, to the exclusion of all the band, excepting some half dozen violins, was let in extra seats, to accommodate about ninety persons, at one guinea each! Though suffering from severe indisposition, all doubt was very speedily at an end respecting her renewed triumph, for never was an audience more delighted, or more unanimous. Her subsequent performances have certainly been improvements on her first; and, on the whole, she may, in the present state of the stage, defy all rivalry. The new scenery is most splendid, and the other leading characters such as they ought to be, to support such a *Belvidera*. The Theatre, on Miss K.'s nights, still continues crowded; and, to meet the increased and increasing demand for places, one row of seats is still taken from the orchestra every evening.—Miss Foote, much improved since she was last here, is much applauded, but does not, as indeed might be expected on the *bye-nights*, draw great houses. The immortal "Black-eyed Susan" is yet playing, and to be played until the holidays.

Drury-Lane's bad taste, and ill success in novelties, still seem to attend her; since, only on Saturday last, a new drama by Douglas Jerrold, somewhat quaintly styled in the bills, "entirely new and original," was most decidedly and deservedly condemned, under the title of the "Witch Finder," although the talents of W. Farren, Harley, Cooper, Sinclair, &c. were all exerted to the utmost to make it palatable. Kean continues to draw for three

evenings in the week; and were it not for him, the house would, I very much fear, realize old John Kemble's prophecy, and become "a splendid desert." He has, however, merely rung the changes as yet in *Richard, Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Othello*, though he is promised in a new character, which, for the sake of the Theatre, and his own fame, he will, I hope, take time and pains enough to study well and perfectly. The subjects of the grand Christmas Pantomimes, which we, who are in the secret, may whisper to be very excellent, are, at Drury-Lane, "Jack in a Box, or Harlequin and the Princess of the Hidden Island;" and at Covent-Garden, the old nursery tale of "Who killed Cock Robin?" which must come home to "the business and bosoms" of all its juvenile visitors.—The ponderous Mademoiselle *Djeck* still continues so attractive at the Adelphi, that it is absolutely requisite to secure places ten days before-hand;—and the Cobourg has announced another still more surprising Elephant in a new drama by Tom Dibdin, with the classical cognomen of "*Siam-araindianaboo!*" My next will, I expect, contain more news; and my letter therefore will be, I hope, better worth my writing and your reading.

I am extremely glad to find that Miss Smithson seems at last to have found her proper level. How the Parisians ever came to praise her as they did, was always a mystery to me, who so well remember her insipidity at Drury-Lane; but that she should have been praised in England, as she has occasionally been since her return, is still more enigmatical.

#### LITERARY CHIT-CHAT AND VARIETIES.

We have been favoured with a perusal, in sheets, of the forthcoming third volume of the History of the University of Edinburgh. It contains much curious and interesting matter, and shall be reviewed in the *Journal* next Saturday.

A copy of *The Excitement*, or a Book to induce Boys to read, which we announced in our last, has been handed to us. It is a very attractive and pleasing volume, and will form the subject of an interesting notice in our next.

Mr Klaus Kistowski, author of the German Synoptical Grammar, has in the press a Manual of German Literature, intended for self-culture. The whole selection will be illustrated by copious explanatory notes, and the first portion of the work will be accompanied by an interlinear analytical translation. Mr Klaus has also nearly ready for publication a Manual of Icelandic Literature, with an Abridgement of Dr Raak's Swedish Icelandic Grammar.

In the edition of Boswell's Life of Dr Samuel Johnson, which is now in preparation by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, we understand that much new light will be thrown on the manners of the time, the state of society, and the characters of persons. Many curious and entertaining circumstances which occurred in the intervals of Boswell's visits to London will also be introduced.

Early in January will be published, Part I. to be completed in about 12 Parts, of a new and highly embellished edition of Walton's and Cotton's complete Angler, with Illustrations by T. Stothard, R.A., and original Memoirs and Notes by Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esq. In the Appendix, the celebrated Treatise of Fysshynge with an Angle, by Juliana Berners, will be printed entire from the Book of St Albans.

Mr Robert Montgomery's new poem, entitled *Satan*, will make its appearance next week.

Mr A. G. Stapleton, formerly private secretary to the late Mr Canning, announces the Political Life of that distinguished individual, from his acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department in September 1822, to the period of his death in 1827.

The next volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, to be published on the 1st of January, will be the first volume of the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.

Mr Sotheby, the ingenious translator of *Oberon*, is about to send to press a new translation of the *Iliad*, which, we understand, possesses merits of no mean order.

The first volume of the Family Classical Library, commencing with the *Orations of Demosthenes*, translated by Thomas Leland, D.D., will be published on the 1st of January.

Number 1. of Gray's Illustrations of Indian Zoology, consisting of coloured figures of Indian Animals, unknown or not yet published, will appear on New-Year's-Day.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter is preparing for publication a poem, entitled "The Island Bride," with an illustration by Martin.

Among other interesting new works announced by Mr Murray of Albemarle Street, we observe.—*Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*, by Sir Humphry Davy. A Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles. The Book of Psalms, newly translated from the Hebrew, and with Explanatory Notes, by W. French, D.D., Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and G. Skinner, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati. The Life of Julius Cæsar, by the Author of the Life of Alexander the Great. Financial Reform, by Sir Henry Parnell. The Kirby Letters, a Family Tour from Yorkshire to Penance. Principles of Geology, by C. Leyell, F.R.S. The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, comprising a great part of his early Correspondence, by Dr Paris.

The Mirror of the Graces, or the English Lady's Costume, is announced for early publication, by a Lady of Distinction.

Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, by Eliza Flower, are announced.

Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters, with Autographs, is announced by Mr Leigh Cliffe.

The Poetry of the Magyars, with an account of the Language and Literature of Hungary, by Dr Bowring, is in the press.

A poem entitled the Reproof of Brutus is announced, which will contain appeals, on the state of the country, to Mr Peel, Sir F. Burdett, Messrs Hume, Horton, and Sadler, the Archbishop of Canterbury, &c.

Among other novelties, a complete edition of the poetical works of the Rev. George Cruly is preparing for publication. Mr Cruly deservedly holds a very high rank among our living poets.

TIME'S TELESCOPE.—We are requested by the editor of the first sixteen volumes of this work to state, that he is in no way connected with the forthcoming volume for 1850.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Mr Knowles is delivering his Lectures on Dramatic Literature with great success at Manchester. It is stated in one of the Manchester papers, that his observations on various points are calculated to produce as strong an effect on the judgment of his audience, as the beautiful readings and recitations with which his Lectures are interspersed produce on their feelings.

LADIES' TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The *New York Observer* informs us, that the ladies of a town in Ohio have formed themselves into a Temperance Society, and adopted the following constitution:—"We, the subscribers, having witnessed and heard of many cases of misery and ruin, in consequence of the free use of ardent spirits, and desirous to prevent, if possible, so great evils, have resolved—1. We will wholly abstain from the use of ardent spirits on all occasions, except when prescribed by a temperate physician. 2. We will discountenance all addresses in any of the male sex, with a view to matrimony, if they shall be known to drink ardent spirits, either periodically, or on any public occasion. 3. We, as mothers, daughters, and sisters, will use our influence to prevent the connexion of our friends with a man who shall habitually drink any kind of ardent spirits." We leave our readers to draw their own inferences in regard to these reformers (as the Baron of Bradwardine sayeth); but we should merely like to know what were the characters of the ladies before the above resolutions were entered into. To say the least, it looks a little suspicious.

A KNOWING EDITOR.—In *La Belle Assemblée* for December, the editor of that fashionable work thus displays his acquaintance with the state of affairs in the literary world:—"We certainly anticipated the extinction this year of some of the mob of the annual pretenders. Whether the *Keeper's* is amongst the dead and forgotten, we have not been informed; we only know we have not seen it; if gone—peace to its ashes! The *Landscape Annual*, about which so much fuss was made, has not yet appeared; and, for aught we know, will not be published at all (!)" All the world of course knows, with the exception of this editor, that both the works he mentions have been printed, published, and reviewed nearly six weeks ago. Does the editor of *La Belle Assemblée* live at Timbuctoo?

Theatrical Gossip.—To show that there is no slight diversity of opinion regarding the merits of Miss F. Kemble, a friend to whom we expressly applied for a verdict concerning her, thus writes on the subject:—"Fanny Kemble I saw (in company with a judicious friend) play Juliet. We agreed in thinking it a most audacious humbug. The name of Kemble and the newspaper trumpety led the miserable Cockneys. The newspapers, one and all, I know, and a precious knot they are. Take it as an infallible rule, that their ecstasies are the agonies of truth and taste." We hope this is a little trop fort.—Of the performance of the Adelphi elephant, which we shrewdly suspect is little better than a large humbug, also, the *Court Journal* furnishes the following account:—"The drama which introduces this enlightened foreigner to an English audience, is modestly composed, so that there may be no jealousy between the Elephant and the author, the whole merit being left to the quadruped—who presents poses to the ladies of the harem—carries a letter from a distressed damsel to her lover—incarcerates a whole body of traitors—and, when two hostile armies are at

the point of joining issue, majestically walks between them, and does as much as to say, 'Put up your swords,' which they readily do. The sagacious arbitrator of war must have his banquet after such a toilsome exhaustion of the animal system and of the mental faculties, and he accordingly rings his bell, for dish after dish, and bottle after bottle, which, with his napkin under his chin, he consumes with evident satisfaction. Next he dances what may be well called a pas seul, for one leg most reluctantly follows the other, leaving it *à saut* for no short period. Finally, when the legitimate and the usurper are crossing blades, the Elephant majestically enters, takes the crown from the head of the latter, like 'a good and loyal gentleman,' places it on the head of the rightful sovereign, whom he lifts in the air, bearing him out of danger; and afterwards he carries the rightful King and his mistress upon his back in grand procession, a living sign of 'the Elephant and Castle.' In fact, the Elephant is well introduced, and between the narrow scenes he looks of an enormous bulk. In certain lights, his skin seems of a dark mouse-colour, and instead of the unpleasant appearance of the hard encrusted testaceous hide, it looks from above as if it had a fine coat of down. The house, this week, has been filled to overflowing, and with really good company."—On the recent occasion of Mr Vandenhoff's benefit at Liverpool, he received a substantial proof of the high estimation in which he is held by the patrons of the drama there. The house was crowded in every part; so great was the pressure in the pit, that numbers received back their money, and retired. The receipts amounted to £375.—There has been a terrible row at Manchester between De Bognis and the Manager of the Theatre-Royal. The latter, however, has made good his point, and prevented the Italians from performing operas in the minor theatre, which he looked upon as an infringement of his patent. They now give only concerts.—Master Burke, who has called himself ten years of age, for the last fifteen, is playing at Carlisle.—Alexander has opened the Theatre-Royal, Glasgow, with applause, but with a very indifferent company.—We regret to learn that Mr Macready is still in bad health, having been threatened with the return of an alarming constitutional complaint.—"The Youthful Days of Shakespeare," a new drama, which has been successful at Covent-Garden, is to be produced here next week; also the Christmas pantomime.

#### WEEKLY LIST OF PERFORMANCES.

Dec. 19—26.

SAT. *The House of Aspen, & the Youthful Queen.*  
MON. *Do. & The Robber's Wife.*  
TUES. *Do. & The Noyada.*  
WED. *Do. & The Youthful Queen.*  
THURS. *Do. & The Magpie and the Maid.*  
FRI. (Theatre closed.)

#### TO OUR READERS.

IN our next Number, which will commence the *Third Volume* of the LITERARY JOURNAL, we shall take an opportunity of informing our Readers of our projects for the future.

#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that, notwithstanding our double Number, we have been obliged to omit this week several articles by esteemed Correspondents, which are in types, and will appear speedily.

Our table is covered with new books, all of which we shall overtake in our next, and succeeding numbers.

We shall be glad to hear again from "Astholpho" at his convenience.—The Memoir of the late Mr Hacket of Invermay may be forwarded to us at any time that is most agreeable.

The Stanzas by "G. B." of Stonehaven, and "W. S. M." of Thurso, shall have a place.—Of many other poetical favours we can at present only acknowledge the receipt. Our list includes—"Medical Advice," and an "Epitaph," by "J. D." of Leith,—"Epitaph on a Lady of Quality at Bath,"—"Song," by "C. W."—"A Postical Epistle to the Editor,"—"A Poem, consisting of forty-one stanzas of *ottava rima*, written in pencil,"—"The Vision," by "E. F."—"and a Woman," by "W."

Of the Poems transmitted to us from West-Houses, we shall in a week or two insert, with a few alterations, that entitled "The Witch Dance." The others will be returned. Our opinion upon the longer poem alluded to is at the author's service.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.—In Mr Tennant's Remarks on the Psalms, for "paraphrases," read *periphrasis*; for "plethargy," read *plethory*; for "disordered the image," read *distorted the image*; and for "concerned to accompany," read *concocted to accompany*.

[No. 52. December 26, 1829.]

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